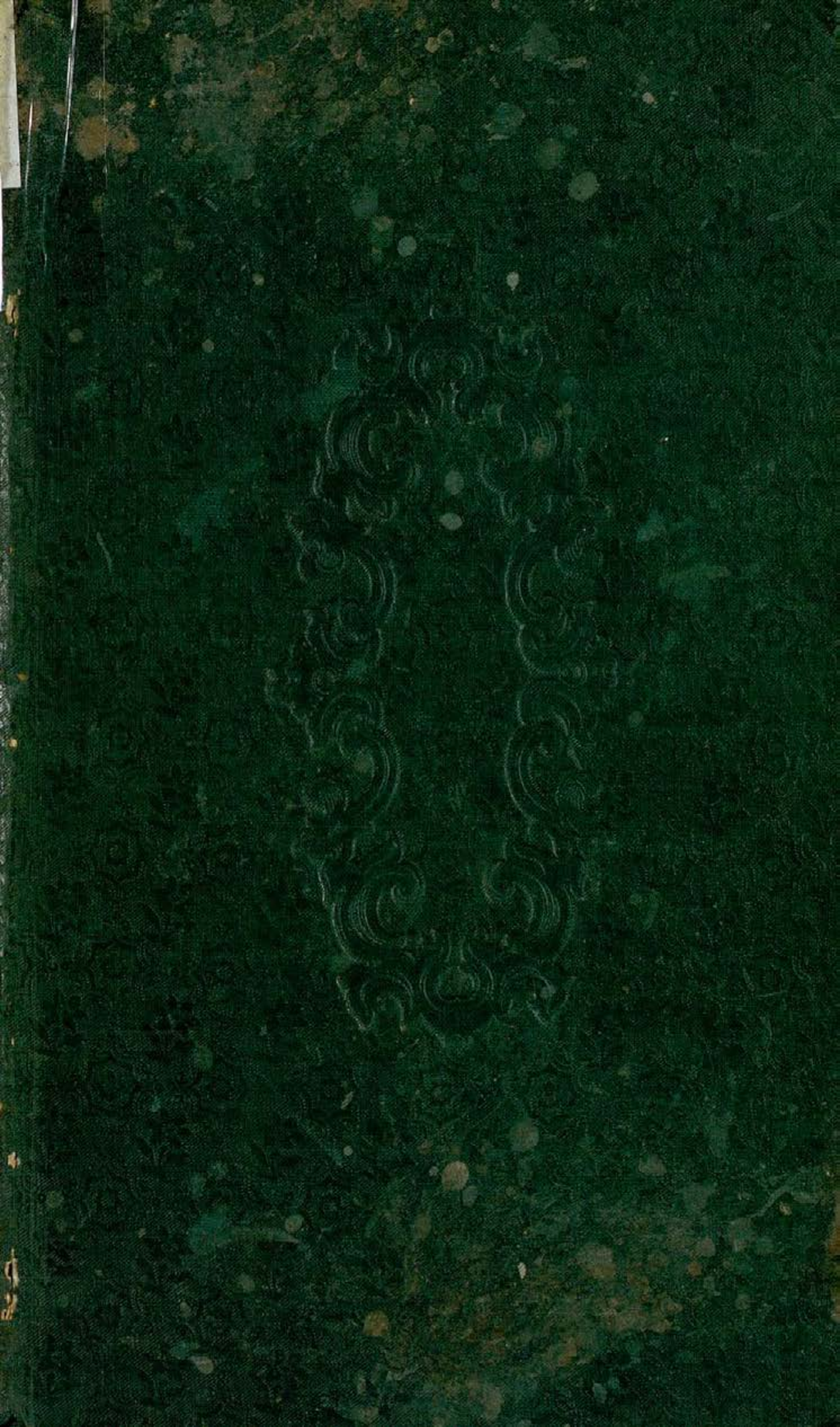
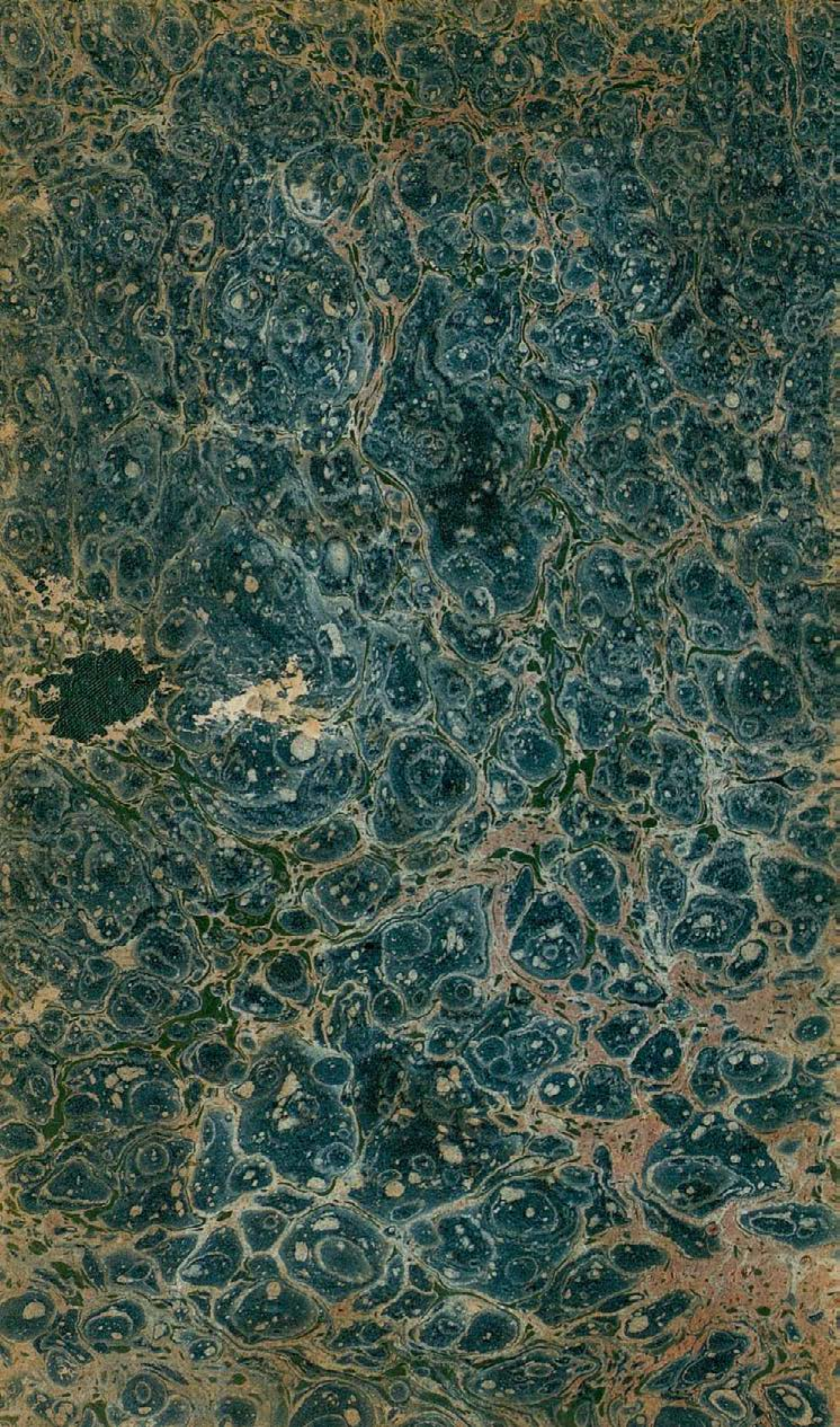
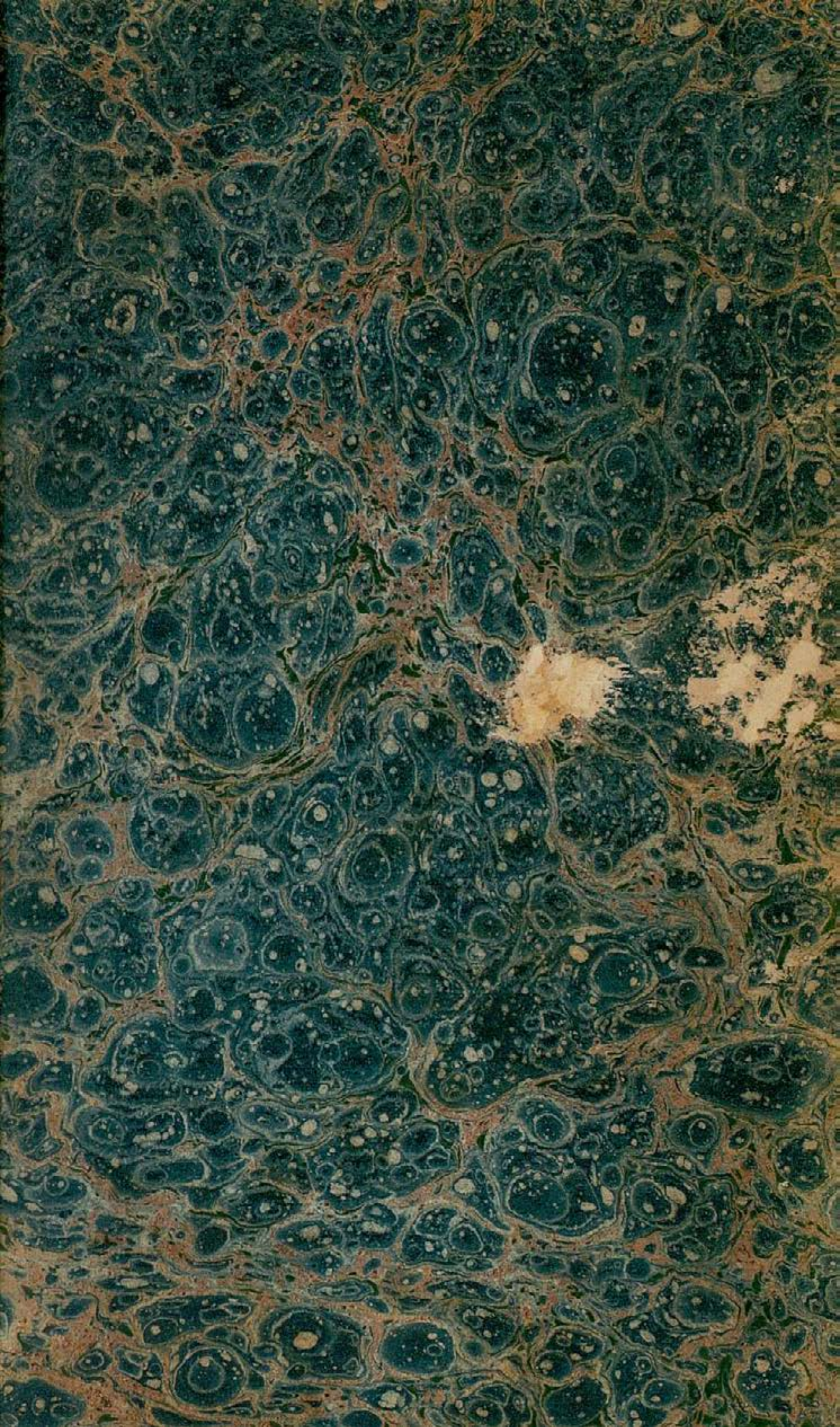

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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

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CONTENTS.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

A WINTER'S JOURNEY TO GEORGIA, U. S.

BY MRS. BUTLER.

On Friday morning we started from Philadelphia, by railroad, for Baltimore. It is a curious fact enough, that half the routes that are travelled in America are either temporary or unfinished,—one reason, among several, for the multitudinous accidents which befal wayfarers. At the very outset of our journey, and within scarce a mile of Philadelphia, we crossed the Schuylkill, over a bridge, one of the principal piers of which is yet incomplete, and the whole building (a covered wooden one, of handsome dimensions) filled with workmen, yet occupied about its construction. But the Americans are impetuous in the way of improvement, and have all the impatience of children about the trying of a new thing, often greatly retarding their own progress by hurrying unduly the completion of their works, or using them in a perilous state of incompleteness. Our road lay for a considerable length of time through flat low meadows that skirt the Delaware, which at this season of the year covered with snow, and bare of vegetation, presented a most dreary aspect, we passed through Wilmington (Maryland), and crossed a small stream called the Brandywine, the scenery along the banks of which is very beautiful. For its historical associations I refer the reader to the life of Washington. I cannot say that the aspect of the town of Wilmington, as viewed from the railroad cars, presented any very exquisite points of beauty ; I shall therefore indulge in a few observations upon these same railroad cars just here.

And first, I cannot but think that it would be infinitely more consonant with comfort, convenience, and common sense, if persons obliged to travel during the intense cold of an American winter (in the northern states) were to clothe themselves according to the exigency of the weather, and so do away with the present deleterious custom of warming close and crowded carriages with sheet-iron stoves, heated with anthracite coal. No words can describe the foulness of the atmosphere, thus robbed of all vitality by the vicious properties of that dreadful combustible, and tainted besides with the poison emitted at every respiration from so many pairs of human lungs. These are facts which the merest tyro in physiological science knows, and the utter disregard of which on the part of the Americans render them the amazement of every traveller from countries where the preservation of health is considered worth the care of a rational creature. I once travelled to Harrisburg in a railroad car, fitted up to carry sixty-four persons, in the midst of which glowed a large stove. The trip was certainly a delectable one. Nor is there any remedy for this : an attempt to open a window is met by a universal scowl and shudder ; and indeed it is but incurring the risk of one's death of cold, instead of one's death of heat. The windows, in fact, form the walls on each

side of the carriage, which looks like a long green-house upon wheels; the seats, which contain each two persons, (a pretty tight fit too,) are placed down the whole length of the vehicle, one behind the other, leaving a species of aisle in the middle for the uneasy (a large portion of the travelling community here) to fidget up and down, for the tobacco-chewers to spit in, and for a whole tribe of little itinerant fruit and cake-sellers to rush through, distributing their wares at every place where the cars stop. Of course nobody can well sit immediately in the opening of a window when the thermometer is twelve degrees below zero; yet this, or suffocation in foul air, is the only alternative. I generally prefer being half frozen to death to the latter mode of martyrdom.

Attached to the Baltimore cars was a species of separate apartment for women. It was of comfortable dimensions, and without a stove; and here I betook myself with my children, escaping from the pestilential atmosphere of the other car, and performing our journey with ease enough. My only trial here was one which I have to encounter in whatever direction I travel in America, and which, though apparently a trivial matter in itself, has caused me infinite trouble, and no little compassion for the rising generation of the United States—I allude to the ignorant and fatal practice of the women of stuffing their children from morning till night with every species of trash which comes to hand. Whether this is a custom which they pursue at home as well as abroad, of course I cannot tell; but, travelling, it appears to be universal; and I have often felt as if I must lay myself open to the charge of impertinent interference, and remonstrate against the cruelty and folly of such proceedings. As surely as you meet an American woman travelling with a child, there is a basket or a bundle in their society well filled with greasy cakes, sugar-plums, apples, peppermint-drops, &c. &c. The little wayfarer generally makes its appearance with both fists furnished, and a mouth full of such matter, and as soon as this is despatched begins clamouring for more. Between each supply the child, of course, becomes more uneasy, the torments of a sick stomach being added to the irksome confinement of a coach or cabin; and by the end of the day screams of distress and ill-temper, engendered by nausea, flatulency, and every species of evil naturally resulting from such a day's diet, proclaim the mistake of the half-distracted mother, whose line of conduct was dictated by the laudable desire of keeping her child *quiet*. I once took the liberty of asking a young woman who was travelling in the same car with me, and stuffing her child incessantly with heavy cakes, which she also attempted to make mine eat, her reason for this system,—she replied, it was to "keep her baby good." I looked at her own sallow cheeks and rickety teeth, and could not forbear suggesting to her how much she was injuring her poor child's health. She stared in astonishment, and pursued the process, no doubt wondering what I meant, and how I could be so cruel as not to allow pound-cake to my child. Indeed, as may easily be supposed, it becomes a matter of no little difficulty to enforce my own rigid discipline in the midst of the various offers of dainties which tempt my poor little girl at every turn; but I persevere, nevertheless, and am not seldom rewarded by the admiration which her appearance of health and strength excites wherever she goes.

I remember being excessively amused at the woful condition of an unfortunate gentleman on board one of the Philadelphia boats, whose

sickly-looking wife, exhausted with her vain attempts to quiet three sickly-looking children, had in despair given them into his charge. The miserable man furnished each of them with a lump of cake, and, during the temporary lull caused by this diversion, took occasion to make acquaintance with my child, to whom he tendered the same indulgence. Upon my refusing it for her, he exclaimed in astonishment,

"Why, madam, don't you allow the little girl cake?"

"No, sir."

"What does she eat, pray?" (as if people lived upon cake generally).

"Bread and milk, and bread and meat."

"What! no butter? no tea or coffee?"

"None whatever."

"Ah!" sighed the poor man, as the chorus of woe arose again from his own progeny, the cake having disappeared down their throats. "I suppose that 's why she looks so healthy."

I supposed so, too, but did not inquire whether the gentleman extended his inference. All this may appear puerile, though I have little fear of those condemning it as such who have children of their own, and know the importance of both quantity and quality in this matter. I appeal, too, from those who consider this subject as trifling to the beauty, vigour, and activity of the children in my own country; results which are acknowledged with admiration by all foreigners who visit England, and are derived more from the careful system of physical education there pursued than from any other cause whatsoever. In this diet forms a most important consideration, the neglect of which is to insure at once loss of health, and all the beauty that belongs to a healthy stomach, teeth, breath, and complexion.

We pursued our way from Wilmington to Havre de Grace on the railroad, and crossed one or two inlets from the Chesapeake, of considerable width, upon bridges of a most perilous construction, and which, indeed, have given way once or twice in various parts already. They consist merely of wooden piles driven into the water, across which the iron rails are laid, only just raising the cars above the level of the water. To traverse with an immense train, at full steam-speed, one of these creeks, nearly a mile in width, is far from agreeable, let one be never so little nervous, and it was with infinite cordiality each time that I greeted the first bush that hung over the water, indicating our approach to *terra firma*. At Havre de Grace we crossed the Susquehana in a steam-boat, which cut its way through the ice an inch in thickness with marvellous ease and swiftness, and landed us on the other side, where we again entered the railroad cars to pursue our road.

It is now only five years since I undertook this same journey from Baltimore to Philadelphia, at the same inclement season of the year. We travelled over a dreary and horrible coach-road for three days, sleeping two nights on the way. We were once in such imminent peril of being overturned that ropes were fastened to the top of the carriage, by which men who ran on each side of it preserved its equilibrium. We crossed the Susquehana at night, in an open boat, at infinite risk of being jammed to pieces by the floating masses of ice which were sweeping down the river, and over which the oars of our rowers scraped with a most ominous sound. Only five years ago! and now the same journey is performed with ease between breakfast and dinner-time, and the passage of the Susquehana, even though frozen from

bank to bank, is effected in a few minutes, with no more discomposing sensation than one experiences sitting quietly in one's own drawing-room. This is worderful indeed, and worthy of all praise, as well as thanksgiving, from those whose flight, like ours, is in the winter.

We arrived in Baltimore at about half-past two, and went immediately on board the Alabama steamboat, which was to convey us to Portsmouth, and which started about three quarters of an hour after, carrying us down the Chesapeake Bay to the shores of Virginia. We obtained an unutterably hard beefsteak for our dinner, having had nothing on the road, but found ourselves but little fortified by the sight of what we really could not swallow. Between six and seven, however, occurred that most comprehensive repast, a steam-boat tea; after which, and the ceremony of choosing our berths, I betook myself to the reading of Oliver Twist till halfpast eleven at night. I wonder if Mr. Dickens had any sensible perception of the benedictions which flew to him from the bosom of the broad Chesapeake as I closed his book. I am afraid not. Helen says, "'tis pity well-wishing has no body," so it is that gratitude, admiration, and moral approbation, have none, for the sake of such writers, and yet they might, peradventure, be smothered. I had a comical squabble with the stewardess, — a dirty, funny, good-humoured old negress, who was driven almost wild by my exorbitant demands for towels, of which she assured me one was a quite ample allowance. Mine, alas! were deep down in my trunk, beyond all possibility of getting at, even if I could have got at the trunk, which I very much doubt. Now I counted no less than *seven* handsome looking-glasses on board of this steamboat, where one towel was considered all that was requisite, not even for each individual, but for each washing-room. This addiction to ornament, and neglect of comfort and convenience, is a strong characteristic of Americans at present, luxuries often abounding where decencies cannot be procured. 'Tis the necessary result of a young civilization, and reminds me a little of Rosamond's purple jar, or Sir Joshua Reynolds' charming picture of the naked child, with a court cap full of flowers and feathers stuck on her head.

After a very wretched night on board the boat, we landed at about nine o'clock, at Portsmouth, Virginia. I must not omit to mention, that my morning ablutions were as much excepted at by the old negress as those of the preceding evening. Indeed, she seemed perfectly indignant at the forbearance of one lady, who withdrew from the dressing-room, on finding me there, exclaiming,

"Go in, go in, I tell you; they always washes two at a time in them rooms."

At Portsmouth there is a fine dry dock, and navy yard, as I was informed. We had not leisure to visit them, as we walked directly from the wharf to the railroad, which runs immediately through the main-street of the town. The appearance of the place in general was mean and unpicturesque. Here I encountered the first slaves I ever saw, and the sight of them in no way tended to alter my previous opinions upon this subject. They were poorly clothed; looked horribly dirty, and had a lazy recklessness in their air and manner as they sauntered along, which naturally belongs to creatures without one of the responsibilities which are the honourable burthen of rational humanity.

Our next stopping-place was a small town called Suffolk. Here the negroes gathered in admiring crowds round the railroad cars. They

seem full of idle merriment and unmeaning glee, and regard with an intensity of curiosity, perfectly ludicrous, the appearance and proceedings of such whites as they easily perceive are strangers in their part of the country. As my child leaned from the carriage-window, her brilliant complexion drew forth sundry exclamations of delight from the sooty circle below, and one woman, grinning from ear to ear, and displaying a most dazzling set of grinders, drew forward a little mahogany-coloured imp, her grandchild, and offered her to the little "Missis" for her waiting-maid. I told her the little missis waited upon herself, whereupon she set up a most incredulous giggle, and reiterated her proffers, in the midst of which our kettle started off, and we left her.

To describe to you the tract of country through which we now passed would be impossible, so forlorn a region it never entered my imagination to conceive. Dismal by nature, indeed, as well as by name, is that vast swamp, of which we now skirted the northern edge, looking into its endless pools of black water, where the melancholy cypress and juniper-trees alone overshadowed the thick-looking surface, their roots all globular, like huge bulbous plants, and their dark branches woven together with a hideous matting of giant creepers, which clung round their stems, and hung about the dismal forest like a drapery of withered snakes. It looked like some blasted region lying under an enchanter's ban, such as one reads of in old stories. Nothing lived or moved throughout the loathsome solitude, and the sunbeams themselves seemed to sicken and grow pale as they glided like ghosts through these watery woods. Into this wilderness it seems impossible that the hand of human industry, or the foot of human wayfaring should ever penetrate; no wholesome growth can take root in its slimy depths; a wild jungle chokes up parts of it with a reedy, rattling covert for venomous reptiles; the rest is a succession of black ponds, sweltering under black cypress boughs,— a place forbid. The wood which is cut upon its borders is obliged to be felled in winter, for the summer, which clothes other regions with flowers, makes this pestilential waste alive with rattlesnakes, so that none dare venture within its bounds, and I should even apprehend that, travelling as rapidly as one does on the railroad, and only skirting this district of dismay, one might not escape the fetid breathings it sends forth when the warm season has quickened its stagnant waters and poisonous vegetation.

After passing this place, we entered upon a country little more cheerful in its aspect, though the absence of the dark swamp water was something in its favour,—apparently endless tracks of pine-forest, well called by the natives, Pine-Barren. The soil is pure sand; and, though the holly, with its coral berries, and the wild myrtle, grow in considerable abundance, mingled with the pines, these preponderate, and the whole land presents one wearisome extent of arid soil and gloomy vegetation. Not a single decent dwelling did we pass: here and there, at rare intervals, a few miserable negro huts squatting round a mean framed building, with brick chimneys built on the outside, the residence of the owner of the land, and his squalid serfs, were the only evidences of human existence in this forlorn country.

Towards four o'clock, as we approached the Roanoke, the appearance of the land improved; there was a good deal of fine soil well farmed, and the river, where we crossed it, although in all the naked unadornment of wintry banks, looked very picturesque and refreshing

as it gushed along, broken by rocks and small islands into rapid reaches and currents. Immediately after crossing it, we stopped at a small knot of houses, which, although christened Weldon, and therefore pretending to be a place, was rather the place where a place was intended to be. Two or three rough-pine ware-rooms, or station-houses, belonging to the railroad; a few miserable dwellings, which might be either not half built up, or not quite fallen down, on the banks of a large mill-pond; one exceedingly dirty-looking old wooden house, whither we directed our steps as to the inn; but we did not take our ease in it, though we tried as much as we could. However, one thing I will say for North Carolina—it has the best material for fire, and the noblest liberality in the use of it, of any place in the world. Such a spectacle as one of those rousing pine-wood chimney-fuls is not to be described, nor the revivification it engenders even in the absence of every other comfort or necessary of life. They are enough to make one turn Gheber,—such noble piles of fire and flame, such hearty brilliant life, full altars of light and warmth. These greeted us upon our entrance into this miserable inn, and seemed to rest and feed, as well as warm us. We (the women) were shown up a filthy flight of wooden stairs, into a dilapidated room, the plastered walls of which were all smeared and discoloured, the windows begrimed, and dark with dirt. Upon the three beds, which nearly filled up this wretched apartment, lay tattered articles of male and female apparel; and here we drew round the pine-wood fire, which blazed up the chimney, sending a ruddy glow of comfort and cheerfulness even through this disgusting den. We were to wait here for the arrival of the cars from a branch railroad, to continue our route; and in the meantime a so-called dinner was provided for us, to which we were presently summoned. Of the horrible dirt of everything at this meal, from the eatables themselves to the table-cloth, and the clothes of the negroes who waited upon us, it would be impossible to give any idea. The poultry, which formed here, as it does all through the South, the chief animal part of the repast (except the consumers always understood,) were so tough that I should think they must have been alive when we came into the house, and certainly died very hard. They were swimming in black grease, and stuffed with some black ingredient that was doubt and dismay to us uninitiated; but, however, knowledge would probably have been more terrible in this case than ignorance. We had no bread, but lumps of hot dough, which reminded me forcibly of certain juvenile creations of my brothers, yclept dumps. I should think they would have eaten very much alike.

I was amused to observe that while our tea was poured out, and handed to us by a black girl of most disgustingly dirty appearance, no sooner did the engine drivers, and persons connected with the railroads and coaches, sit down to their meal, than the landlady herself, a portly dame, with a most dignified carriage, took the head of the table, and did the honours with all the grace of a most accomplished hostess. Our male fellow-travellers no sooner had despatched their dinner, than they withdrew in a body to the other end of the apartment, and large rattling folding-doors being drawn across the room, the separation of men and women so rigidly observed by all travelling Americans, took place. This is a most peculiar and amusing custom, though sometimes I have been not a little inclined to quarrel with it, inasmuch as it effectually deprives one of the assistance of the man under whose protection one is travelling, as well as all the advantages,

or pleasure of their society. Twice during this southward trip of ours my husband has been most peremptorily ordered to withdraw from the apartment where he was conversing with me, by coloured cabin-girls, who told him it was against the rules for any gentleman to come into the ladies' room. This making rules by which ladies and gentlemen are to observe the principles of decorum and good-breeding, may be very necessary, for aught I can tell, but it seems rather sarcastical, I think, to have them enforced by servant-girls.

The gentlemen, on their side, are intrenched in a similar manner; and if a woman has occasion to speak to the person with whom she is travelling, her entrance into the male den, if she has the courage to venture there, is the signal for an universal stare and whisper. But, for the most part, the convenient result of this arrangement is, that such men as have female companions with them pass their time in prowling about the precincts of the "ladies' apartment;" while their respective ladies pop their heads first out of one door and then out of another, watching in decorous discomfort the time when "their man" shall come to pass. Our sole resource on the present occasion was to retire again to the horrible hole above stairs, where we had at first taken refuge, and here we remained until summoned down again by the arrival of the expected train of railroad cars. My poor little children, overcome with fatigue and sleep, were carried, and we walked from the *hotel* at Weldon to the railroad, and by good fortune obtained a car to ourselves.

It was now between eight and nine o'clock, and perfectly dark. The cars were furnished with lamps, however, and, by the rapid glance they cast upon the objects which we passed, I endeavoured in vain to guess at the nature of the country through which we were travelling; but, except the tall shafts of the everlasting pine-trees which still pursued us, I could descry nothing, and resigned myself to the amusing contemplation of the attitudes of my companions, who were all fast asleep. Between twelve and one o'clock the engine stopped, and it was announced to us that we had travelled as far upon the railroad as it was yet completed, and that we must transfer ourselves to stage-coaches; so in the dead middle of the night we crept out of the cars, and taking our children in our arms, walked a few yards into an open space in the woods, where three four-horse coaches stood waiting to receive us. A crowd of men, principally negroes, were collected here round a huge fire of pine-wood, which, together with the pine-torches, whose resinous glare streamed brilliantly into the darkness of the woods, created a ruddy blaze, by the light of which we reached our vehicles in safety, and, while they were adjusting the luggage, had leisure to admire our jetty torch-bearers, who lounged round in a state of tattered undress, highly picturesque,—the staring whites of their eyes, and glittering ranges of dazzling teeth, exhibited to perfection by the expression of grinning amusement in their countenances, shining in the darkness almost as brightly as the lights which they reflected. My husband had especially requested that we might have a coach to ourselves, and had been assured that there would be one for the use of our party. It appeared, however, that the outside-seat of this had been appropriated by some one, for our coachman was obliged to take a seat inside with us; and, though it then contained five grown persons and two children, it seems that the coach was by no means considered full. The horrors of that night's journey I shall not easily forget. The road lay almost the whole way through swamps, and was frequently itself under water.

It was made of logs of wood, (a corduroy road,) and so dreadfully rough and unequal, that the drawing a coach over it at all seemed perfectly miraculous. I expected every moment that we must be overturned into the marsh, through which we splashed, with hardly any intermission, the whole night long. Their drivers in this part of the country deserve infinite praise both for skill and care; but the road-makers, I think, are beyond all praise for their noble confidence in what skill and care can accomplish.

You will readily imagine how thankfully I saw the first whitening of daylight in the sky. I do not know that any morning was ever more welcome to me than that which found us still surrounded by the pine-swamps of North Carolina, which, brightened by the morning sun, and breathed through by the morning air, lost something of their dreary desolateness to my senses. However, I had passed the night in terror; for when one carries two young babies along with one, it is astonishing how much one's appetite for adventure slackens, and how very little desirous one is of breaking one's neck, or even running little agreeably-exciting risks of it. I remember the time, and that not very far off either, when the roughest road was the one I should have chosen; but these precious burthens make one careful and cowardly, and I care not how level the way is over which I lead these poor little fellow-wayfarers. Not long after daybreak we arrived at a place called Stantonsborough. I do not know whether that is the name of the district, or what; for I saw no village,—nothing but the one lonely house in the wood at which we stopped. I should have mentioned, that the unfortunate individual who took our coachman's place outside, towards daybreak became so perished with cold, that an exchange was effected between them, and thus the privacy (if such it could be called) of our carriage was invaded, in spite of the promise which my husband had received to the contrary. As I am nursing my own baby, and have been compelled to travel all day and all night, of course this was a circumstance of no small annoyance to me; but as our company was again increased some time after, and that subsequently I had to travel in a railroad-car that held upwards of twenty people, I had to resign myself to this, among the other miseries of this most miserable journey.

As we alighted from our coach, we encountered the comical spectacle of the two coach-loads of gentlemen who had travelled the same route as ourselves, with wrist-bands and coat-cuffs turned back, performing their morning ablutions all together at a long wooden dresser in the open air, though the morning was piercing cold. Their toilet accommodations were quite of the most primitive order imaginable, as indeed were ours. We (the women) were all shown into one small room, the whole furniture of which consisted of a chair and wooden bench: upon the latter stood one bason, one ewer, and a relic of soap, apparently of great antiquity. Before, however, we could avail ourselves of these ample means of cleanliness, we were summoned down to breakfast; but as we had travelled all night, and all the previous day, and were to travel all the ensuing day and night, I preferred washing to eating, and determined, if I could not do both, at least to accomplish the first. There was neither towel, nor glass for one's teeth, nor hostess or chambermaid to appeal to. I ran through all the rooms on the floor, of which the doors were open; but though in one I found a magnificent veneered chest of drawers, and large looking-glass, neither of the above articles were discoverable. Again the savage passion for orna-

ment occurred to me as I looked at this piece of furniture, which might have adorned the most luxurious bed-room of the wealthiest citizen in New York—here in this wilderness, in a house which seemed but just cut out of the trees, where a tin pan was brought to me for a bason, and where the only kitchen, of which the window of our room, to our sorrow, commanded an uninterrupted prospect, was an open shed, not fit to stable a well-kept horse in. As I found nothing that I could take possession of in the shape of towel or tumbler, I was obliged to wait on the stairs, and catch one of the dirty black girls who were running to and fro serving the breakfast-room. Upon asking one of these nymphs for a towel, she held up to me a horrible cloth, which, but for the evidence to the contrary which their filthy surface presented, I should have supposed had been used to clean the floors. Upon my objecting to this, she flounced away, disgusted, I presume, with my fastidiousness, and appeared no more. As I leaned over the bannisters in a state of considerable despondency, I espied a man who appeared to be the host himself, and to him I ventured to prefer my humble petition for a clean towel. He immediately snatched from the dresser where the gentlemen had been washing themselves a wet and dirty towel, which lay by one of the basins, and offered it to me. Upon my suggesting that that was not a *clean* towel, he looked at me from head to foot with ineffable amazement, but at length desired one of the negroes to fetch me the unusual luxury.

Of the breakfast at this place no words can give any idea. There were plates full of unutterable-looking things, which made one feel as if one should never swallow food again. There were some eggs, all begrimed with smoke, and powdered with cinders; some unbaked dough, cut into little lumps, by way of bread; and a white hard substance, calling itself butter, which had an infinitely nearer resemblance to tallow. The mixture presented to us by way of tea was absolutely undrinkable; and when I begged for a glass of milk, they brought a tumbler covered with dust and dirt, full of such sour stuff that I was obliged to put it aside, after endeavouring to taste it. Thus *refreshed,* we set forth again through the eternal pine-lands, on and on, the tall stems rising all round us for miles and miles in dreary monotony, like a spell-land of dismal enchantment, to which there seemed no end. Frequently these huge pine-trees were barked half way up on one side, the turpentine, the sole valuable produce of the country, distilling in the sun from the wounded trunk. North Carolina is, I believe, the poorest state in the Union: the part of it through which we travelled should seem to indicate as much. From Suffolk to Wilmington we did not pass a single town,—scarcely anything deserving the name of a village. The few detached houses on the road were mean and beggarly in their appearance; and the people whom we saw when the coach stopped had a squalid, and at the same time reckless air, which at once bore witness to the unfortunate influences of their existence. Not the least of these is the circumstance that their subsistence is derived in great measure from the spontaneous produce of the land, which yielding without cultivation the timber and turpentine, by the sale of which they are mainly supported, denies to them all the blessings which flow from labour. How is it that the fable ever originated of God's having cursed man with the doom of toil? How is it that men have ever been blind to the exceeding profitableness of labour, even for its own sake, whose moral harvest alone — industry, economy, patience, foresight, knowledge—is in itself an exceeding great

reward, to which add the physical blessings which wait on this universal law, — health, strength, activity, cheerfulness, the content that springs from honest exertion, and the lawful pride that grows from conquered difficulty. How invariably have the inhabitants of southern countries, whose teeming soil produced, unurged, the means of life, been cursed with indolence, with recklessness, with the sleepy slothfulness which, while basking in the sunshine, and gathering the earth's spontaneous fruits, satisfied itself with this animal existence, forgetting all the nobler purposes of life in the mere ease of living? Therefore, too, southern lands have been always the prey of northern conquerors; therefore the bleak regions of upper Europe and Asia have poured forth from time to time the hungry hordes, whose iron sinews swept the nerveless children of the gardens of the earth from the face of their idle paradises; and, but for this stream of keener life and nobler energy, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete race of lotos-eaters than would now cumber the fairest regions of the earth. Doubtless it is to counteract the enervating effects of soil and climate that this northern tide of vigorous life flows for ever towards the countries of the sun, that the races may be renewed, and the earth reclaimed, and the world, and all its various tribes, rescued from disease and decay by the influence of the stern northern vitality, searching and strong, and purifying as the keen piercing winds that blow from that quarter of the heavens. To descend to rather a familiar illustration of this, it is really quite curious to observe how many New-England adventurers come to the southern states, and bringing their enterprising active character to bear upon the means of wealth, which to the north they lack, but which abound in these more favoured regions, return home, after a short season of exertion, laden with the spoils of the indolent southerners. The southern people are growing poorer every day, in the midst of their slaves and their vast landed estates; whilst every day sees the arrival amongst them of some pennyless Yankee, who presently turns the very ground he stands upon into wealth, and departs a lord of riches at the end of a few years, leaving the sleepy population among whom he has amassed them floated still farther down the tide of dwindling prosperity. It is difficult to imagine, however, that any energy — even that of a Yankee—could make much of a tract of pine-swamp, such as is the estate of most North-Carolinians; and when to the disadvantages of a barren soil and hot climate are added those of slave-labour and gold-mines, it is no wonder that a population such as the pine-landers of that state should spring up, the result of so many evil influences.

At a small place called Waynesborough, we had to get out of the stage-coaches we were in, and, after half an hour's delay, get into others. I could not understand why this change was made, more especially as we had but ten miles further to travel until we reached the railroad upon which we were to proceed to Wilmington. At this place I asked for a glass of milk, and they told me they had no such thing. Upon entering our new vehicle, we found another stranger added to our party, to my unspeakable annoyance. Complaint or remonstrance I knew, however, would be of no avail, and I therefore submitted in silence to what I could not help. At a short distance beyond Waynesborough we were desired to alight, in order to walk over a bridge, which was in so rotten a condition as

to render it very probable that it would give way under our weight. This same bridge, whose appearance was indeed most perilous, is built at a considerable height over a broad and rapid stream, called the Neuse, the colour of whose water we had an excellent opportunity of admiring through the numerous holes in the plankage, over which we walked as lightly and rapidly as we could, stopping afterwards to see our coach come at a foot's pace after us. This may be called safe and pleasant travelling. The ten miles which followed were over heavy sandy roads, and it was near sunset when we reached the place where we were to take the railroad. The train, however, had not arrived, and we sat still in the coaches, there being neither town, village, nor even road-side inn at hand, where we might take shelter from the bitter blast which swept through the pine-woods by which we were surrounded; and so we waited patiently, the day gradually drooping, the evening air becoming colder, and the howling wilderness around us more dismal every moment.

In the mean time the coaches were surrounded by a troop of gazing boors, who had come from far and near to see the hot-water carriages come up for only the third time into the midst of their savage solitude. A more forlorn, fierce, poor, and wild set of people, short of absolute savages, I never saw. They wandered round and round us, with a stupid kind of dismayed wonder. The men clothed in the coarsest manner, and the women also, of whom there were not a few, with the grotesque addition of pink and blue silk bonnets, with artificial flowers, and imitation-blonde veils. Here the gentlemen of our party informed us that they observed, for the first time, a custom prevalent in North Carolina, of which I had myself frequently heard before—the women chewing tobacco, and that, too, in a most disgusting and disagreeable way, if one way can be more disgusting than another. They carry habitually a small stick, like the small implement for cleaning the teeth, usually known in England by the name of a root,—this they thrust away in their glove, or their garter-string, and, whenever occasion offers, plunge it into a snuff-box, and begin chewing it. The practice is so common, that the proffer of the snuff-box, and its passing from hand to hand, is the usual civility of a morning visit among the country-people, and I was not a little amused at hearing the gentlemen who were with us describe the process as they witnessed it in their visit to a miserable farm-house across the fields, whither they went to try to obtain something to eat.

It was now becoming twilight, and the male members of our caravan held council round a pine fire as to what course had better be adopted for sheltering themselves and us, during the night, which we seemed destined to pass in the woods. After some debate, it was recollected that one Colonel ——, a man of some standing in that neighbourhood, had a farm about a mile distant immediately upon the line of the railroad, and thither it was determined we should all repair, and ask quarters for the night. Fortunately, an empty baggage-car, or rather a mere platform upon wheels (for it was nothing more) stood at hand upon the iron road, and to this the luggage, and the women and children of the party, were transferred. A number of negroes, who were loitering about, were pressed into the service, and pushed it along, and the gentlemen, walking, brought up the rear. I don't know that I ever in my life felt so completely desolate as during that half-hour's slow progress. We sat cowering among the trunks, my faithful M—— and I, each with a baby in

our arms, sheltering ourselves and our poor little burthens from the bleak northern wind that whistled over us. The last embers of daylight were dying out in dusky red streaks along the horizon, and the dreary waste around us looked like the very shaggy edge of all creation. The men who pushed us along encouraged each other with wild shouts and yells, and every now and then their labour was one of no little danger, as well as difficulty,—for the road crossed one or two deep ravines and morasses at a considerable height, and, as it was not completed, and nothing but the iron rails were laid across piles driven into these places, it became a service of considerable risk to run along these narrow ledges, at the same time urging our car along. No accident happened, however, fortunately, and we presently beheld, with no small satisfaction, a cluster of houses in the fields at some little distance from the road. To the principal one I made my way, followed by the rest of the poor womankind, and, entering the house without further ceremony, ushered them into a large species of wooden room, where blazed a huge pine-wood fire. By this welcome light we descried, sitting in the corner of the vast chimney, an old ruddy-faced man, with silver hair, and a good-humoured countenance, who, welcoming us with ready hospitality, announced himself as Colonel ——, and invited us to draw near the fire. The worthy Colonel seemed in no way dismayed at this sudden inbreak of distressed women, which was very soon followed by the arrival of the gentlemen, to whom he repeated the same courteous reception he had given us, replying to their rather hesitating demands for something to eat, by ordering to the right and left a tribe of staring negroes, who bustled about preparing supper, under the active superintendence of the hospitable Colonel. His residence (considering his rank) was quite the most primitive imaginable,—a rough brick-and-plank chamber, of considerable dimensions, not even whitewashed, with the great beams and rafters by which it was supported displaying the skeleton of the building, to the complete satisfaction of any one who might be curious in architecture. The windows could close neither at the top, bottom, sides, nor middle, and were, besides, broken so as to admit several delightful currents of air, which might be received as purely accidental. In one corner of this primitive apartment stood an exceedingly clean-looking bed, with coarse furniture, whilst in the opposite one, an old case-clock was ticking away its time and its master's, with cheerful monotony. The rush-bottomed chairs were of as many different shapes and sizes as those in a modern fine lady's drawing-room, and the walls were hung all round with a curious miscellany, consisting principally of physic phials, turkey-feather fans, bunches of dried herbs, and the Colonel's arsenal, in the shape of one or two old guns, &c. According to the worthy man's hearty invitation, I proceeded to make myself and my companions at home, pinning, skewering, and otherwise suspending our cloaks and shawls across the various intentional and unintentional air-gaps, thereby increasing both the comfort and the grotesqueness of the apartment in no small degree. The babies had bowls of milk furnished them, and the elder portion of the caravan was regaled with a taste of the Colonel's home-made wine, pending the supper, to which he continued to entreat our stay. Meantime he entered into conversation with my husband; and my veneration waxed deep, when the old man, unfolding his history, proclaimed himself one of the heroes of the revolution,—a fellow-fighter with

Washington. I, who, comforted to a degree of high spirits by our sudden transition from the cold and darkness of the railroad to the light and shelter of this rude mansion, had been flippantly bandying jokes, and proceeded some way in a lively flirtation with this illustrious American, grew thrice respectful, and hardly ventured to raise either my eyes or my voice as I inquired if he lived alone in this remote place. Yes, alone now; his wife had been dead near upon two years.

Suddenly we were broken in upon by the arrival of the expected cars. It was past eight o'clock. If we delayed we should have to travel all night; but, then, the Colonel pressed us to stay and sup (the bereaved Colonel, the last touching revelation of whose lonely existence had turned all my mirth into sympathising sadness). The gentlemen were famished, and well inclined to stay; the ladies were famished too, for we had eaten nothing all day. The bustle of preparation, urged by the warm-hearted Colonel began afresh; the negro girls shambled in and out more vigorously than ever, and finally we were called to eat and refresh ourselves with—dirty water —I cannot call it tea,—old cheese, bad butter, and old, dry biscuits. The gentlemen bethought them of the good supper they might have secured a few miles further, and groaned; but the hospitable Colonel merely asked them half a dollar a-piece (there were about ten of them;) paying which, we departed, with our enthusiasm a little damped for the warrior of the revolution, and a tinge of rather deeper misgiving as to some of his virtues stole over our minds on learning that three of the sable damsels who trudged about at our supper service, were the Colonel's own progeny. I believe only three, — though the young negro girl, whose loquacity made us aware of the fact, added, with a burst of commendable pride and gratitude, "Indeed, he is a father to us all!" Whether she spoke figuratively, or literally, we could not determine. So much for a three-hours' shelter in North Carolina.

GUY'S CLIFFE MILL.*

AN EVENING SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

A TRANQUIL beauty marks the spot
  Where stands the ancient mill;
The fetter'd waters heaveth not,
  The noisy wheel is still!
Ev'ning, with ling'ring step, draws on,
  As though it fain would stay
Its reign awhile, subdued and lone,
  To aid the parting day.

A light gleams from the miller's home,
  His cheerful meal is spread,
The tankard wreathes itself in foam,
  The fire is amply fed.

* This is one of those beautiful points of scenery with which Warwickshire is so plenteously studded. An additional charm belongs to this venerable structure, from the fact of a mill having occupied its site long anterior to the Norman Conquest, which was bestowed by Geoffrey de Clinton on his newly-founded monastery of Kenilworth, together with, as Dugdale quaintly observes, "both the miller and his children."

The good-man from his toil doth rest,
And with a smiling mien,
Shares in the story and the jest,
That cheerful intervene.

No lot more favour'd or secure
Could man in truth desire,
Than that where comfort's thrifty store
No further wants require.
Content grows with them ; who shall say
It is not happiness?
Where envious thoughts can have no sway,
And means, though few, can bless.

Have ye not feelings near akin
To awe, as thus ye stand
Beside the pile, that erst hath been
The work of Saxon hand?
Time after time, this site hath stood,
Devoted, as 'tis now,
Yielding to monk and baron food,
The produce of the plough.

By belted knight it hath been held,
And for his soul's estate,
The holy father's lands hath swell'd,
(A goodly estimate!)
Sacred from spoil, the feud's dark rage
Hath pass'd it harmless by,
And left it firm and strong, though age
Hath graven deep its dye.

Here, from yon sanctuary oft,
When sky and earth grew dim,
Would breathe around in accents soft
The hallow'd vesper hymn!
And as the solemn Ave smote
Upon the pilgrim's ear,
His heart hath risen with each note
In calm and thoughtful pray'r.

Here, too, the murd'rous culverin
The forest glades hath woke
From some near field of strife, whose din
The fane's deep rest hath broke.
And here the dying hath been laid
All blood-stain'd to be shriven,
Whilst, bending o'er, the priest hath bade
Their last looks turn to Heaven!

Now all is chang'd, the woods are raz'd,
The solitary's cell;
The chantry where a host hath prais'd,
Their sites alone doth tell!
But this old pile yet standeth now,
Unsear'd and quaint in form,
With added strength upon its brow,
To cope with age and storm!

The moon is shaded by a cloud,
Night closes round its vest,
The dew floats in a misty shroud
Upon earth's slumb'ring breast;
Whilst, through the gloom that gathers round,
That old mill seems to be
A temple in the waste profound
To Nature's deity!

THE ABSENT MANAGER.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

"All the world 's a stage."

Mr. Thornton was for many years the manager of several theatres in the west of England. He was a most eccentric, absent, and forgetful person; and for an actor to be absent or forgetful "is most intolerable, and not to be endured." Mr. Thornton's lack of memory was most extraordinary, particularly so for an actor, and above all for a manager.

In a country theatre, "no more cats are kept than catch mice," as the saying is, and "each man in his time plays many parts," frequently *two* in the same piece, which is professionally called "*doubling*." Actors have been known, for lack of numbers, to double Las Casas with the Sentinel, and Orozembo with the Blind Man (Pizarro), Tressel with the Earl of Richmond, and the Lieutenant of the Tower with the Duke of Buckingham (Richard the Third) and Juliet has been known to sing at her own funeral, with her back to the audience.

The variety of characters performed by most actors in small country companies is also very great—"to wit," Young Norval and Lubin Log. I have seen Doctor Panglos, Sir Charles Rackett, and Peter Fidget played, on the *same* night, by the *same* actor, in his own hair, so "wonderfully transform'd," as to answer for these very opposite characters; and on another occasion the same gentleman acted, on the same night, Hamlet and the Clown in a pantomime.

By such means only, in those days, could country managers keep their theatres open, every actor being engaged to make himself "generally useful;" in a few instances, "menial business excepted" was inserted in the engagement. There was this advantage in performers thus acting everything,—they discovered at length what they were best adapted for. Leading tragedians have, in many instances, commenced their theatrical career as comedians, and several first-rate comedians have started as tragedians. "We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

Mr. Thornton was a manager who always had an eye to economy, and the lowest "peace establishment." He was always foremost himself in taking parts at "a short notice,"—I cannot say studying them; for he either had not the application or the memory requisite for study. He was always ready to *double* or *treble*; "for his *own* good all causes *did* give way." He never paused to consider what he *could* or could *not* do, when there was any difficulty in obtaining a representative for any particular character, but instantly undertook it.

On one occasion he undertook to "go on" for Baron Wildenheim, in Lovers' Vows, the actor who usually played that part being too ill to appear. An apology was made, and the usual "kind indulgence" of the audience claimed for Mr. Thornton, "who had undertaken the character at a very short notice."

He went through his first scene tolerably correctly *for him*; but, alas! when he was called for his second, he had lost all recollection of

the subject, and was under the necessity of applying to his old friend the prompter for assistance.

Lovers' Vows being then very popular, and having been acted by the company several times, the prompter naturally imagined the manager, above all, must be thoroughly acquainted with the *plot*, and be aware that neither the Baron nor Frederick are supposed to know they are father and son until late in the play, when the discovery forms one of the most interesting scenes,—the prompter therefore merely said,

"In this scene, sir, you are supposed to be hunting with Count Cassel—you meet your son, who is in great distress, in consequence of the destitute situation of his mother, and his inability to relieve her — he solicits you to bestow a trifle for her assistance—you give him a piece of money—he asks for more—you refuse—he draws his sword—you call for assistance—your servants enter—they secure him, and you commit him to prison."

"Oh! very well; I understand it. You may begin the act. Ring up—I am ready."

Up went the drop-scene, and the act commenced.

"*Enter* FREDERICK.

To return with this trifle, for which I have stooped to beg!—return to see my mother dying!—What can I buy with this? Ha! what do I see?—a nobleman, I suppose, or a man of fortune—yes, I will once more beg for my mother.

[*Enter* COUNT CASSEL, *to whom he appeals in vain; then enters* BARON WILDENHEIM.

FREDERICK. Have pity, noble sir, and relieve the distress of an unfortunate son, who supplicates for his dying mother.

BARON. I think, young soldier, it would be better if you were with your regiment on duty, instead of begging.

FREDERICK. I would with all my heart; but at this moment my sorrows are too great. [BARON *gives him a piece of money.*] I entreat your pardon—what you have been so good as to give me is not enough.

BARON. Not enough!

FREDERICK. No, it is not enough. If you have a charitable heart, give me one dollar.

BARON. This is the first time I was ever dictated to by a beggar what to give him.

FREDERICK. With one dollar you will save a distracted man.

BARON. I do not choose to give any more.

FREDERICK (*drawing his sword, and seizing him by the breast*). Your purse or your life.

BARON (*calling his attendants*). Seize and secure him."

So Mr. Thornton *should* have said, and "*would* have said;" but memory did not "hold a seat in his distracted globe;" therefore, when Frederick solicited relief, he replied,

"Oh! I see, I see—your mother's not well off, eh?—Ah! no wonder. It has been a severe winter—there is a great deal of distress and sickness in the country—the weather still keeps cold, and the potato crops have not been good. Well, there's something to help her;"—

and, on Frederick's asking for more, he *complied*, saying, "Quite right. I dare say I didn't give you as much as I ought, under existing circumstances; so there's a little more for you."

Frederick whispered to him, not to be heard by the audience, "No, no; you must not give me any more, sir;" on which Thornton burst into a passion, and loudly exclaimed, to the horror of Frederick, and the destruction of the plot,

"D—n it, sir, what do you mean by no more? How dare you dictate to me? Surely I have lived long enough to know what is right and proper for a father to give. *You are my son*, and I must not see you starve. How is your poor mother, and how many more children has she? Take that, and be a good boy to her. Good day." And exit the Baron.

Thornton had his peculiarities *off* the stage as well as *on*. Mrs. Thornton would occasionally ask him what the performances were to be for the next evening, when he generally replied in a way so very explicit and clear, as to leave her quite as wise as she was before.

"The play, my dear," (pulling his nose,) "is to be that which we acted last winter."

"Which do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, my love, that comedy which we acted."

"Well, but, my dear, as we acted several, I can't tell which you mean."

"Dear, dear, dear, my dear, I mean that comedy in which our light comedian acts the part, you know, of a dashing young fellow."

"Bless me, Mr. T., there is generally a dashing young fellow in every comedy. Now, *what* play *do* you mean?"

"Good heavens! Mrs. T., you surely ought to know, it's that play in which the father gives his daughter to the young man, in the last scene."

"Why, goodness-heart-alive! Mr. T., that is what is done in almost every comedy. Do,—pray try and recollect the title."

"Mrs. T., you are becoming stupid. You ought by this time to know the name of every play. It's that five-act comedy, written by the author who wrote the play we acted one night only for a benefit."

"There, there, that will do; for if you go on for a month I shall be no wiser, I suppose. I shall see what it is to be, when the printer brings the proof-bill."

"To be sure you will, my dear; though, as he received his orders from me what to print, I can't see how he can possibly tell you more than I can."

Mr. Thornton, having written a letter, would sometimes ring for a candle to seal it, go to the window to read it with the candle in his hand, though the sun was shining full in his face, fold the letter up, and give it to the servant to post, unsealed and undirected.

On Mr. Thornton's return once from Newbury to Reading, after an absence of two or three days, having been to the former town to obtain a licence for opening the theatre there, Mrs. Thornton, on their retiring to rest, inquired, as she unpacked his portmanteau, where his shirts were, which she herself had packed up for him on his departure, and which now were not forthcoming.

"What shirts, my dear?" pulling his nose.

"Why, my dear, the three I put up for you,—I don't see one of them."

"Bless me, my dear," a pull, "did I take any with me? — I don't remember it."

"Yes, yes, yes — you did; three of your new set, making, with the one you had on, four."

"Bless me, my dear Mrs. T.," another pull, "how you do go on! it is as plain as the nose on my face that I took none with me whatever; for, if I had, they must have been in the portmanteau, and I never saw them, so don't bother. You'll find them in the morning, when you look over the drawers. Really you are getting very forgetful, Mrs. T., my dear."

"Well, I'm sure! What next, I wonder! You go away for a few days, lose your shirts as well as your memory, and then accuse me of having lost *my* memory. Memory, indeed! A nice thing you made of Baron Wildenheim the other night. Ruin'd the play! What you would, or could do without *me*, I can't think — (three new shirts lost, well!) — and what some women would do with *you*, I can't imagine. I only wonder, (no shirts can I find,) you don't forget to pay your salaries on a Saturday."

"No fear of that, my dear," — a pull, — "for the actors take great care to be at the theatre *then* in excellent time, and always contrive, somehow or other, to remind me of the day of the week."

"There — there, don't stand talking, pulling your nose, and shivering in the cold, till you get into bed like an animated icicle; but do make haste, — do now, I beg. Why, dear me, Mr. T., you are forgetting to put on your night-shirt! What will you forget next? I am obliged, positively, to remind you of everything you have to do."

Thornton gave first a pull at his nose, and then at his Irish linen. Off it came, and discovered under it another similar garment, to Mrs. T.'s infinite delight; off *it* came also, and disclosed a *third*, which, on being removed, to make way in like manner for his "cotton sleeper," as he called it, showed a *fourth*. Good, easy man! he was perfectly unconscious of his Irish bearing and possession.

The weather during his few days' absence had been exceeding cold, and daily, either from absence of mind or laziness, he had drawn one shirt on over another, until his travelling stock was exhausted, and his portmanteau emptied.

On the close of the theatre at Reading the company removed to Newbury; and, as the lodgings engaged there for Mr. and Mrs. T. could not be ready for their reception on their arrival, they resolved to remain that evening at the inn.

They were very comfortably seated in a snug sitting-room, on the first-floor, enjoying their tea and toast, Mr. T. now and then forgetting where he was, but never forgetting to pull his nose, or remembering that he had done so. Mrs. Thornton was looking over the "proof-bill" for the first night's performance, in the copy of which she found Mr. Thornton had neglected to insert no less than *three of the principal characters*, which were to be performed by "first appearances upon that stage," and, on her naming it to him, he exclaimed, pulling his nose,

"Dear, dear, dear! Bless me, my dear, I hadn't the cast of the play by me when I made out the copy, and the omission cannot be of much consequence; besides, my dear, the audience will be agreeably surprised in seeing more characters on the stage than are mentioned in

the bills. It may have a good effect, and excite curiosity, my dear." (A pull.)

"Curiosity, my dear! It must be a curiosity, indeed, to leave out of the bill of Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Desdemona. Why didn't you leave out Othello whilst you were about it?"

"Bless me, Mrs. Thornton," (a pull,) "don't make a mountain of a mole-hill. We can put in anything you wish. I see no objection to it whatever, and, I dare say it will please the people who are to act the parts to see their names in the bills."

Before the Thorntons retired for the night, the landlady, who was not in the way on their arrival, "did herself the pleasure of looking in upon them, to inquire whether everything was to their satisfaction?" She had scarcely uttered those words, when, on looking attentively at Mrs. Thornton, she appeared struck with amazement, and as suddenly bounced up to Mr. Thornton, who was toasting his toes by the fire and pulling his nose, and in a tone of violent anger exclaimed,

"Mr. Thornton, this conduct is infamous! I'm surprised that a person of your years and appearance should think of such a thing. In a house of such known respectability as mine! — I a widow, too! You ought to blush! And, then, to behave so when this is the first time you ever have had our theatre, and everybody has heard so good a character of you. However, the Mayor shall know it; and I insist on your going to some other inn directly."

"Bless me, ma'am," (a pull,) "what is it you mean?"

"Ay, you may well say *mean*,— for it is mean indeed. Come, get ready to go, for, snowing as it is, here you don't stay,—if I can help it."

"Dear, dear, dear! good heavens! my dear Mrs.—Mrs.—I really forget your name,—you astonish me," pulling his nose, "and my poor dear wife looks quite confounded."

"*Well she* may— the creature! Yes, I mean you, madam. Your *wife*, indeed! You ought to be ashamed to say so."

"Why, dear, dear, dear! I say she *is* my wife." (A pull.) "I surely ought to know by this time, for we have been married—I can't recollect how many years. I am not sure as to three or four; but I have every reason to believe she is my wife, and has been so ever since we were married."

"Wife, — and married indeed! I would not have it known you brought her to this house for any money you could offer me. A pretty thing for a widow to countenance, indeed!"

"Bless me, Mrs. — what's your name?" (a pull,) "I assure you, upon my honour, she *is* my wife. I surely ought to know. I will show you our marriage-certificate in the morning. Her maiden name was—" (a pull,) "was — was—" (another pull,) "what was your maiden-name, Mrs. Thornton, my dear?"

"Oh, I care nothing about her name. All I know is, this is not the Mrs. Thornton you had with you here when you came to obtain your licence for the theatre,—for, though I did not see *you*, sir, then, I did see *her*. However, you shall show me your certificate at once, or no bed do you have here. You don't sleep in 'The King's Arms,' madam, you may take my word. You had better move off to 'The Angel,' Mr. Thornton,—quite good enough for you,"—and out of the room she flounced, loudly calling "Waiter!—John, —boots! —'Liza, —chambermaid!"

Mrs. Thornton, until she heard of a *supernumerary* Mrs. Thornton, was "in amazement lost;" but when the dreadful disclosure took place, and the landlady had made her exit, she stood erect before her better half, like a tragedy-queen."

"So, Mr. T.—pretty doings, Mr. T.—very fine!—you are, indeed, a nice man, Mr. T.!—quite a pattern for husbands and managers, Mr. T.!—pulling your nose, there, like Cinderella in the chimney-corner!—this is your leaving home for a licence — great licence, indeed! — I did not think you capable of such a thing! — you might well forget where your shirts were. What have you to say for yourself? What is to become of me, and the theatre, after being so exposed? What could have induced you, sir, to act so? Wasn't I always all you could wish for in a wife? Come, how was it? I *will* know the truth. We shall be turned out directly, I suppose. Fortunately I *have* got our marriage-certificate in my pocket-book. This woman shall see that *I* am the real Mrs. Thornton, whoever the other was. I insist upon knowing all, Mr. Thornton! Pray, who was the *pro tem.?*"

Mr. Thornton, pulling his nose, replied, "Bless me, my dear, how you do go on, and bother me about a trifle. I have no recollection of the matter, and I can only say, that in the multiplicity of business I might possibly have mistaken one lady for another; but, as *I* do not remember anything *at all* of it, I can't see why you should concern yourself about it. At the same time, my firm belief is the landlady has lost her senses."

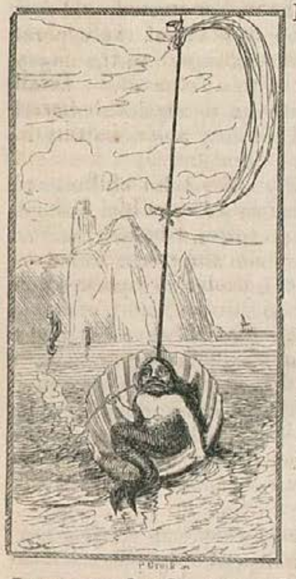
At this moment, just as Mrs. Thornton was about to insist upon a separation, the hostess re-entered, smiling most graciously, and courtesying most gracefully to the two Thorntons, assuring them, with a thousand apologies, she had been labouring under a very sad mistake, and sincerely hoped they would kindly be pleased to look over it.

It appeared, as she had before stated, she had not seen *Mr.* Thornton *at all* on his late visit, but only the lady who bore that name; and the waiter, to whom she had now flown in her anger, reminded her that at the time of Mr. Thornton's visit there chanced to be a traveller and his wife in the house, of the same designation, and that she only saw the lady, having, in the absence of the chamber-maid, shown her to her apartment; and *this* evening, seeing the present Mrs. Thornton in person so very unlike the absent Mrs. Thornton, it would, she hoped, excuse her behaviour, especially when they called to mind her anxiety to keep improper characters out of "The King's Arms."

The apology was accepted, promises were given by our hostess to support the theatre by every means in her power, and a request made that the Thorntons would at their earliest leisure pass a day with her, to be introduced to a few particular friends. She hoped they would now allow her to send up a comfortable "cheerer" each, and "by all manner of means" suffer the chambermaid to warm their bed.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION DOWN THE THAMES,

FROM THE EUSTON HOTEL, LONDON, TO THE ALBION HOTEL, BROADSTAIRS.



ICK, I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning, as I lay in bed, said Mrs. Brown to her husband, when she came down to breakfast. "Suppose you and I take little Dick to school this time, and then, as we happen to be in London, we can have a bit of an 'out' for ten days, or a fortnight. I must go somewhere this year, or I shall never live till next."

Now Mr. Brown was an easy man, pretty well circumstanced, engaged in a respectable business, and was always willing to indulge the reasonable wishes of his wife. He did not, however, immediately acquiesce in his wife's suggestion; indeed, he threw cold water upon it; but, secretly thinking it might prevent a more impracticable proposal, determined to verify Mrs. Brown's morning dream.

Accordingly, in the course of a few days he and his wife were *en route* to that well-frequented spot, London Bridge Wharf. Their journey was slow and sure. Jarvey made the best of his way, and at length informed Mr. and Mrs. Brown that the "Rial Villiam" vos alongside. This assurance was confirmed by a ticket-porter accosting Mr. Brown with "Margate, sir? Be quick!" which served to cheer up the pleasure-seeking pair.

It is necessary here to observe that Mr. Brown had formerly held a provincial office of responsibility, connected with the revenue, and in the plenitude of his official dignity, had set up a regular red-morocco-covered-blue-silk-lined-Bramah-lock-and-keyed diplomatic despatch-box, with name, residence, and office, all duly described thereon at full length in capital letters of gold; not forgetting to have his arms — for he had arms — duly embossed on a sunken shield in the centre.

Although his occupation was gone, he was unwilling to let the dignity go also; and, therefore, upon all suitable occasions, when he went from home this box went with him, containing what he called his "small things;" what they were is of no consequence; but, as his money and keys were always amongst them, he had the double motive of ostentation and necessity to make him watchful of the box.

Upon the present occasion he stepped from the hackney-coach with this box in one hand, an umbrella in the other; a great-coat over one arm, and a Macintosh over the other; thus encumbered, he found it impossible to get at his purse without emptying the hand

which held the box. Down it went, and the great-coat was thrown over it; the purse was abstracted from his pocket, but the money could not be got out without emptying the other hand also, so down went the umbrella upon the great coat, and the Macintosh over that. There was no time to be lost. The bell was ringing. The porter, urging him with an oath to "be alive," slung their luggage over his shoulder, and snatching up the red box, umbrella, and habiliments, proceeded with them and Mrs. Brown to the packet.

Just as Mrs. Brown stepped on board the vessel started, and her husband was left behind. Mr. Brown soon discovered the separation; and, although he did not, Leander-like, plunge into the angry tide, and endeavour to gain the packet *vi et armis*, he did — as all loving husbands ought to do — make an attempt to regain his bereft spouse by means more expensive, not less foolish, and resulting in precisely the same effects.

Malgré the loss of the red box, he boldly offered five shillings to any waterman who would overtake the packet, and put him aboard. "That 's impossible," said a dozen of these coat-and-badge men at once, but they would *try*, if he would give them the reward.

As soon as a waterman was engaged, and had obtained permission to pocket the money, he exclaimed,

"Vy sir, y'r honner, I 'm blow'd if the Red Rover arn't right astarn! I 'll clap you aboard in the twist of a quid, and then you 'll be all right." No sooner said than done.

Mr. Brown, being satisfied that he was in a steamer actually going to Margate, began, *more suo*, to smooth the asperities of the morning's disasters, and, without further mishap, set his foot upon Margate Pier at six o'clock, in his accustomed good humour, full of anxiety to recover his lost treasures.

Scarcely had he stepped upon the pier of that well-frequented, but not very fashionable watering-place, than——

But we must return to Mrs. Brown.

The reader has already been informed that Mr. Brown was well to do in the world, and respectably connected; but the pretensions of Mrs. Brown have not yet been set forth.

She fully realized the character so universally esteemed by gravestone-cutters, being a loving wife, an affectionate mother, and a kind friend; but what she piqued herself upon most was her family connection, for the superiority of which it will best suit our history to give her full credit: she was, consequently, always most attentive to appearances where she was known: and, although she did not — at convenient opportunities — hesitate to be both condescending and economical *incog.*, she had the greatest possible horror of being detected in either of these vulgar vices. Inseparable from this disposition were her personal vanity, and indefatigable contrivances to be acquainted, or appear to be acquainted, with great people. Her natural sense was of a small calibre, her education *nil;* with the exception, therefore, of a few common-place topics of conversation, an affected love of poetry, founded upon a superficial acquaintance with "The Beauties of the English Poets, in one vol. 8vo."; a capability of working Berlin pattern kettle-holders for bazaars for promoting Christian knowledge; of netting strong brown purses for her Dick, and of knitting various-coloured muffetees for herself, she was possessed of no accomplishments, and was profoundly ignorant of every-

thing which adorns the mind; and withal possessing a *naïve* effrontery, which, leading her, as it often did, into an awkward position, seldom failed to bring her out again, at the cost of a smile or a titter, which she invariably attributed to her wit, not to her folly.

With this insight into her character, it will be easily understood why Mrs. Brown's first consideration upon entering the packet was to take manual possession of the red box, which, independent of its valuable contents, her husband had taught her to consider no bad voucher of gentility in societies where some mark of separation from the "*profanum vulgus*" was advantageous. Her second consideration—equally intelligible—was to reconnoitre her fellow-passengers, and locate herself in that quarter which appeared to promise the most genteel neighbourhood. In this attempt, however, she was most unsuccessful, and was not long in discovering the very obvious fact, that not only was she surrounded by passengers who were not at all genteel, but that part of them were horridly vulgar, and some rude.

Mrs. Brown very sagaciously, therefore, resolved to seek an asylum amidst the pile of luggage which occupied the midships of the steamer. Here, little doubting that her husband would turn up again somewhere, she composed her mind to the toleration of present troubles. Whilst she was arriving at this philosophical conclusion, her eye accidentally rested upon a bonnet-box, upon which was inscribed, "The Dowager Lady Essex." Now, she shrewdly conjectured that the box must belong to the personage whose name it bore; and, moreover, that as there was no address appended to the name, the Dowager Lady Essex herself was actually in the packet.

"Oh! what *would* I give to find her out!" said Mrs. Brown to herself, as she fidgeted about between the paddle-boxes.

Heretofore Mrs. Brown's proceedings had been confined to the fore part of the packet, and it was only at this moment that she discovered the passengers "aft." Poor Mrs. Brown, on entering the packet, had gone "forward," being quite unconscious of the advantage, or even the existence, of such a place as the quarter-deck. The discovery was quite as gratifying to her as that of the bonnet-box; for, with her constant tendency to the genteel, she immediately concluded that the superior style of bonnets and shawls betokened a superior style of wearers. Again she paced up and down by the paddle-box; till at last, taking up the object of her repeated attention, she deliberately proceeded to break the ligature of narrow tape with which it was bound, and ransacked the contents. This was soon done, as it contained nothing but a pair of shoes, a pair of black silk stockings, a cap, a comb, a small hair-brush, some curl-papers which had been used, and — though last, not least — a small parcel directed, "The Dowager Lady Essex, Broadstairs."

This was confirmatory of the actual proprietorship of the box, and fully answered Mrs. Brown's expectations. She now bundled the contents into the box again, took it "aft," and proceeded to inquire from the most likely female passengers as to its ownership. After several unsuccessful attempts, she at last accosted a lady attired in black silk, a Leghorn bonnet, black lace veil, black silk mantilla lined with scarlet, a *real* sable boa rather the worse for wear, a gold watch and gilt chain duly festooned to her waistband, and an eye-glass suspended by a delicate fabrication of brown silk, — who, although she was eating pears, had a somewhat distinguished air,

and was rather good-looking. To Mrs. Brown's oft-repeated question, "Pray, ma'am, do you own this here box?" she at last received the welcome affirmative, immediately succeeded by the justifiable inquiry, "What are *you* doing with it?"

The very emphatic tone of the answer, and the petulant abruptness of the question, rather disconcerted Mrs. Brown; but she reconciled it to her feelings, on the score of its being undoubtedly aristocratic, and replied, with becoming humility,

"Why, my lady, I saw the box upon the floor of the ship, with the string broken somehow or other; and, as I dare say, ma'am,—your ladyship, I mean,—will find the things prettily tumbled, I considered it my duty to bring the box to your ladyship, and tell your ladyship all about it, ma'am."

"Oh! I'm vastly obleeged to you. Are you the stewardess?"

"I certainly have the honour of holding that situation, ma'am—I mean, my lady," replied Mrs. Brown.

Now, Mrs. Brown being anxious to play off the most dignified pretensions she had, referred to the situation she had filled, with great satisfaction to herself, of one of the stewardesses of the Orphans'-benevolent-clothing-and-putting-out-in-the-world-Society, of "Ragton-super-naturalibus," a hamlet of the parish in which she resided; consequently she replied to this question with an air of pride.

"Hem," said the lady; "I'll tell you what, good woman,—just tie the tape round the box again, and put it where you found it."

"Oh! of course," replied Mrs. Brown; "anything to oblige your ladyship, my lady." And Mrs. Brown did as she was bidden.

The lady Mrs. Brown had contrived to introduce herself to was, as we shall find in the sequel, a person of consequence, and apparently by no means unaccustomed to be addressed by the titular distinction which Mrs. Brown at once attributed to her.

The opportunity of improving such an aristocratic acquaintance now became a paramount consideration with Mrs. Brown; therefore, as soon as she had deposited the box as ordered, she returned to her new acquaintance, who was smartly pacing the deck; for the wind blew keenly up the river.

As Mrs. Brown approached, she was relieved from a little anxiety as to how she should resume the conversation, by the lady taking that upon herself.

"Now, Mrs. Thingumty," said she,—"stewardess, get me a glass of brandy and water, hot, with *one* lump of sugar;—mind, only *one*."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Brown. "I put your ladyship's box away quite safe. It really gives me great pleasure to be of service to so distinguished a lady."

She had again reached the funnel before the object of her second mission exactly impressed itself upon her perceptions, when she was suddenly posed to know where brandy and water was to be had. For once she took the right way to find out, by asking one of the crew, who to her inquiry answered, "Go a-aft, ma'am, and a-ask below."

He accompanied his lucid reply by pointing "aft," which was the only part of his explanation Mrs. Brown understood; for she considered his words as neither more nor less than downright insult. She went "aft," and was more successful in her inquiry from an elderly stout gentleman in a Macintosh jockey-cap, who politely showed her the way to the saloon.

"What! down this hole?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown; "down into the cellar must I go?"

"Yes, ma'am. It isn't called the cellar, but the saloon."

So down went Mrs. Brown in true sailor-like fashion; and when she reached the bottom she was both surprised and pleased,—such a capital cold "set-out," and everything so comfortable, as she afterwards told her husband.

When she turned round and stood in the saloon entrance, she was confronted by another stout man, but by no means the counterpart of the one above. This was a rubicund, burley, Nimrod-looking fellow, at least six feet three inches high, and weighing certainly not less than twenty stone. He was dressed in a green "cut-away" riding-coat, with gilt buttons, white cord breeches, leather continuations, strong shooting-shoes, a blue silk cravat with white spots, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, white felt hat, knowingly set forward and on one side, so as to shade his right eye, which, with the eyebrow, was rather the worse for sixty years' wear, and a slight paralytic affection which had deranged its utility a few years before. This gentleman sat astride a short bench, something in the way a crab might be supposed to do; one hand was thrust into the pocket of a striped cotton waistcoat, and the other held a glass of the very beverage Mrs. Brown wanted.

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Brown, "are you the landlord?"

"Why, ma'am, as for that, I live upon my own little farm of 123 acres, and have no other tenant but myself. But why?"

"O dear me!—I beg your pardon, sir; I did not mean that. I thought perhaps you could give me a glass of brandy and water."

"What,—stand treat, aye? "Well, I don't care about that; but I'd as leave you'd been rather younger, and rather better looking."

Mrs. Brown shrank from this unpalatable familiarity, and was perplexed to know how she was to accomplish her errand, when one of the steward's boys, always on the *qui vive* for a customer, presented himself to her with the question, "Brandy and water?"

"Oh! yes, if you please," replied Mrs. Brown; "I *do* want a glass of brandy and hot water, with one lump of sugar in it."

The word passed "Hot with," and before Mrs. Brown had time to take a second glance at the saloon, the brandy and water was forthcoming, and a shilling duly paid for the same. Mrs. Brown returned to deck again, and found her friend as impatient as a very cold lady ought to be, whose brandy and water does not arrive with that alacrity usually characterizing the movements of stewardesses of steamers.

When the lady had expressed herself somewhat aristocratically upon this point, Mrs. Brown was despatched below a second time for a plate of sandwiches, with an emphatic caution, to be quicker in her movements, a hint which her former experience enabled her to profit by. The sandwiches were produced with a celerity which admitted no reasonable cause of complaint; and, by the time this was done, her ladyship considered that a second glass of brandy and water might be disposed of to her bodily comfort. Down went Mrs. Brown a third time, and, singular as it may appear, it was with considerable satisfaction she handed over the second potation to her friend, and perceived no disposition to repay her the four shillings which she had disbursed for all these creature-comforts; "for," as Mrs. Brown argued with herself, "this trifling obligation is sure to



be remembered by her ladyship at some future time, and will most certainly secure the pleasure of her distinguished civilities at a time when they may perhaps be worth any money."

The conversation between Mrs. Brown and the lady had hitherto been upon indifferent subjects, and, as we have seen, interrupted. Mrs. Brown had one important piece of information to obtain, which the near approach of the packet to Margate made it desirable to elicit. This was the destination of her lady-friend; for she had determined to regulate, as far as she could, the movements of herself and Mr. Brown—if she should happily meet with him again—by those of her ladyship.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, opening at once upon the main subject, "that your ladyship intends to spend a few days at Margate?"

"Lawk! you wretched old stewardess!" exclaimed her friend, holding up both hands, brandy and water and all, and turning up her eyes very hysterically, "how could you suppose I should dream of anything so 'orrid? Stay at Margate, indeed! For my part, I shall be wretched till I get a mile out of the place, and shall not feel quite comfortable till I have been a day at Broadstairs. I generally travel with the carriage, and avoid these fishy places."

"Dear me! only think!" said Mrs. Brown, in astonishment, at her friend's account of Margate; "how shocking! So your ladyship is determined to go to Broadstairs?"

"Certainly," replied the lady. "It 's the only place in these parts fit for *decent* people to be seen at; and we have been there several weeks, and—"

Bang came the bows of the steamer against Margate pier-head, with somewhat more violence than usual, the effect of which threw the moiety of my lady's second glass of brandy and water into Mrs. Brown's lap, and abruptly concluded their conversation.

A few slight screams, and a great many inelegant oaths, were speedily overruled by the din of debarkation.

A swarm of useful impositions, called ticket-porters, pervaded the deck from stem to stern, and sought for the employment of their services with most vociferous diligence.

Mrs. Brown extricated herself without much difficulty from the prevailing confusion; and with the aid of a ticket-porter, safely established herself and "things" upon the pier.

The porter had deposited "the things" on his barrow, but Mrs. Brown strenuously resisted his stirring an inch with them; stating that she should not go from the spot where she was, until a gentleman arrived that she was expecting. In vain did the porter offer to go and inquire for the gentleman,—in vain did he propose that Mrs. Brown should go to an inn, and wait for him; she would neither give any explanation, or budge an inch. Down she sat upon the barrow, and no argument could move her.

Her attention was in less than an hour attracted to the near approach of another steamer, which, as it was evidently making the pier, occasioned Mrs. Brown to entertain lively anticipations that it contained her husband. They were not unfounded. In a few minutes Mr. Brown stepped from the deck of the Red Rover. Mrs. Brown presented the red box and herself, at the pier side, the safety of which, being ocularly demonstrated to Mr. Brown, he submitted himself to, nay, even returned the tender embrace of Mrs. Brown, with a cordiality rather unusual in such situations.

When Mr. Brown inquired of the porter which was the best inn to go to, he was cut short, and failed in obtaining any opinion whatever upon that point, by Mrs. Brown's most decisive declaration,—that she would not put her head into a Margate house. No — not upon any consideration whatever; moreover, she insisted upon quitting the place instantly; let the cost be what it would. Fortunately, she was enabled to carry her intention into effect with all possible expedition, and at no great cost.

One of those machines, like half an omnibus, was about to start. Their luggage was, therefore, soon transferred from the barrow to the roof of the vehicle, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown were deposited in the interior, with one other gentleman, who immediately invited acquaintance with them, by expressing how sorry he felt that some unlucky circumstance appeared to have brought them into collision with some rude people.

This touched a chord to which the heart of Mrs. Brown responded. She was excessively obliged to receive expressions of sympathy from a well-bred gentleman, and soon entered upon a detailed account of her voyage from London to Margate. Nothing could be more *à propos* than this opportunity of relating the account, as it at once amused the gentleman, informed her husband of that which up to that time he had not learnt the details of, and afforded herself a glorious opportunity of talking, and especially of communicating how gratified she was at having formed the acquaintance of "The Dowager Lady Essex," in a manner which, she had reason to believe, was mutually cordial and permanent.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown having arrived at Broadstairs, were met at the entrance of the Albion Hotel by Mr. Ballard himself, the civil, attentive, obliging young landlord of the house; who assured them

that they would find everything comfortable in his house, and with a slight degree of excusable warmth, informed them that his hotel was frequented by the first people in the country. To this Mr. Brown replied with a monosyllabic ejaculation, something between a grunt and a laugh, and then uttered another monosyllabic sound, which strongly resembled the word "Fudge."

Mrs. Brown was singularly silent, and did not utter a word until they were ushered into an apartment on the first-floor, and ascertained that the house did front the sea. She then acutely observed, as soon as the landlord and waiter had left the room,

"Well! this *is* the sea, however. But I am dreadfully disappointed with the gentility of the place, I *must* say. I expected we should have found a fine large hotel, with a grand entrance, and a large green-and-gold gas-lamp on each side the door, and a middle-aged, gentlemanlike-looking landlord, and a fine woman of a landlady, and a great many waiters with white napkins, and black silk-stockings, and several lords' servants with powdered hair, and two or three carriages waiting at the door, with the coachmen asleep upon the boxes, and a great many bells ringing at the same time, and a very strong and agreeable smell of soup, and——"

"Oh! my dear!" interrupted Mr. Brown, "what's the use of talking in this way? Here we are, and we must make the best of it: we shall not stay long, you know."

Here the landlord re-entered, and inquired whether his guests would please to dine.

At length dinner was served. The landlord not only placed the first dish upon the table, but waited upon his guests.

"This does not appear to be a very large place," said Mr. Brown.

"No, sir," replied the landlord; "but it is well-frequented."

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Brown, "do you happen to know whether the Dowager Lady Essex is here?"

"Yes, ma'am, she is; she is here a good deal."

"I suppose you know her when you see her?"

"Certainly, ma'am; I see her frequently."

"She is not in your house, of course?"

"No, ma'am; she has a private house; but she will be here this evening. She is coming to drink tea with Mr. Rogers."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Brown.

"Umph!" said Mr. Brown.

"Who is Mr. Rogers?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Mr. Rogers?—the poet, ma'am," replied the landlord.

The landlord was about to make some further remark, when Mrs. Brown rose from her seat, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed,

"Rogers the poet?—You don't say so?—What! Rogers the poet in this very house? Well, I never! Mr. Brown, my dear, I think we should have a bottle of wine."

"Certainly, my love," replied Mr. Brown; "by all means, if you wish it. Mr. Landlord, will you get us a bottle of—What would you like, love?"

"Oh! I don't care. Mr.—what's your name?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Ballard, ma'am."

"Well, then, Mr. Ballad, what wine does Rogers drink?"

"He generally drinks sherry, ma'am."

"Then bring us a bottle, Mr. Rogers—Ballad, I mean."

The change in Mrs. Brown's manner could not fail to be observed even by Mr. Brown, who did not, however, quite comprehend the cause why such a name as "Rogers" should produce such an effect; "for," said he, "I see nothing particular in the name."

"Nothing in the name!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Why, surely, Mr. Brown, you must have forgotten yourself. Don't you recollect those beautiful lines I have read so often to you and the children?

'The heart that has once loved never forgets,
But keeps loving that which it prizes,
So the sun-flower turns round with the sun till it sets,
And turns back again when it rises.'"

As soon as the landlord brought the wine, Mrs. Brown returned to this engrossing subject.

"Well, now, Mr. Ballad," (for she persisted in calling him "Ballad,") "do tell me—you say Mr. Rogers is really living here?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the landlord. "He occupies the next room. You may hear him talking now."

"Well, I declare, so I can!—delightful! Who is he talking to?"

"Mr. Dickens, ma'am."

Now came Mr. Brown's turn to be animated. He laid down his knife and fork, looked the landlord full in the face, and exclaimed, "Mr. Dickens!—you don't mean to say 'Boz?'"

"Yes, I do, sir," replied the landlord.

"What! the real Boz—the Boz that wrote the Pickwick Papers?"

"The same. He came in the omnibus with you from Margate."

"You don't say so! Only think, my dear, that we should have been talking to Boz, and not know him! How very unlucky!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown discussed this subject during the remainder of their dinner hour. They became excessively delighted with Broadstairs, which they had not yet seen; praised the extreme civility of the landlord; and, in fact, found everything now so comfortable, that they resolved to stay there the whole week.

As soon as they were left to themselves, they began seriously to consider how they could contrive to be of Rogers' tea-party. After considering every plan likely and unlikely, there was none so good as one suggested by Mrs. Brown, which was to throw herself in the way of Lady Essex when she arrived, and point blank ask her to introduce them to Mr. Rogers' party. She had no doubt that her ladyship would be glad to repay the civilities she had received from her in the packet, by an act so easy and so complimentary.

The plan being arranged, Mrs. Brown left the room. As soon as she had done so she heard voices below, and presently a lady in black made her appearance, attended by the landlord and a waiter. Mrs. Brown saw at a glance that it was not Lady Essex, therefore she merely stared her in the face, and passed on. As the landlord and waiter shortly returned, she thought she might as well inquire who it was.

"Lady Essex, ma'am," replied the obliging landlord.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Mrs. Brown, with the air of a person who feels that they are either being laughed at, or are asking information from a fool. Mrs. Brown was of the latter opinion.

Often did footsteps attract her to the door; but no one made their

appearance, except now and then the chambermaid. Her suspense became almost intolerable. The clock struck nine—no Lady Essex had arrived. Mrs. Brown returned grievously disappointed to her own room, where she found Mr. Brown fast asleep upon the sofa.

In vain did Mrs. Brown open upon him her entire battery of words, from the heavy metal of abuse down to the small arms of coaxing. She scolded, she remonstrated, she persuaded, she entreated—all was in vain. Mr. Brown passively endured; but nothing could rouse him to a reconsideration of the means how to accomplish Mrs. Brown's absurd desire. At last she sat down and cried, and then she ordered tea, and finally they closed the eventful day by peacefully retiring to bed.

Before they went to sleep, however, Mrs. Brown ventured upon this consolatory observation,

"Well, dear, it is *something* to say that we spent the evening in the very next room to the Dowager Lady Essex, Sam. Rogers, and Boz."

The following morning, as soon as breakfast was over, they strolled out to see the place; and, as they proceeded along the terrace, they were suddenly approached by a lady who emerged from the Library. As soon as Mrs. Brown saw her, she perceived it was her aristocratic friend; and, without communicating the fact to her husband, she commenced a series of bobbing courtseys, which the lady acknowledged by a nod as she passed.

"That's the Dowager Lady Essex, my dear," said Mrs. Brown. "You perceive she knew me. Now who's right and who's wrong?"

They walked a little farther, when a thought suddenly struck Mrs. Brown, and she said she wished to go into the Library. Luckily, just as she was about to enter the Library, who should encounter her but her friend.

Mrs. Brown, having drawn over her face a well-washed Buckingham lace veil, concluded that her friend did not recognise her; she threw it back, therefore, and immediately addressed herself to the supposed Lady Essex, in her usual strain of compliment.

"Oh! my good woman," said her friend, "I'm very much obliged to you; but don't call me 'my lady' here. You must call me by my right name,—Mademoiselle Romandin."

"Ma'mselle Romandin!!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, turning very pale. "Then, are you not the Dowager Lady Essex?"

"No; my name is Louisa Romandin."

"Then, pray *what* are you, Mam'selle Louisa Romandin?" asked Mrs. Brown, with great indignation.

"Why, Mrs. Stewardess, if you must know, I am the Dowager Lady Essex's own lady's-maid."

"Lady Essex's—mai—mai—a-a-a—"

"Get a glass of water, will you, my good man?" said Mr. Brown, who now began to understand better the proceedings of his wife during the last twenty-four hours.

"Well, dear," observed Mrs. Brown to her husband, as they sat in their own parlour the next evening, "it was too bad of that nasty slut to spoil our tour, and pawn herself off for the Dowager Lady Essex—a baggage! However, we did talk to Boz in the omnibus,—and we heard Rogers talk,—and I stared the real Dowager Lady Essex full in the face—that's something to say.—Dick, are you asleep?"

LINES ON THE LORD ASHLEY'S MOTION. June 7, 1842.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

There was deep silence in the Senate's walls,—
A deep and breathless silence, such as reigns
In the lone greenwood when the gentle Night,
With constellations round her, like fair nymphs,
And in her train the Spirit of Repose,
Comes, with her spells, to lull the wearied world.—
There was deep silence, and the busy crowd
Grew still, like waters when the winds are gone.
When lo! amid the many, One stood forth,
Upon whose brow, and in whose soft, bright eyes,
Youth, like the morning-star, serenely shone.
I mark'd him as he rose—long while his name
Thy synonyme, divine Philanthropy!
Had fallen, like songs of sweetness, on mine ear.
For he, regardless of the gilded scenes
Which Fashion opens to the highly-born,
Regardless, too, of aught that could entice
His spirit from its own most god-like task,—
Had been where Rank and Wealth but seldom tread,
Had seen what Rank and Wealth but seldom see,
Or seeing, disregard—the poor man's woe,
The misery that clusters round his home,
And deadens all the feelings of his soul.
He had observ'd it, pitied, and reliev'd;
He had been aye the generous friend of all
Who needed kindness in this icy world;
From earliest years the infant's advocate,
Who broke the bonds accurs'd which Av'rice bound
Round Childhood's frame,—And, therefore, much mine eyes
Desir'd to see, and ears to hear, him now.

With kindling eloquence his words came forth,
With eloquence born of the heart, not head;
Simple and unadorn'd, such as beseem'd
One on high mission sent. With words that wept,
Methought, at the sad tidings they convey'd,
He pleaded Childhood's, Girlhood's, Woman's cause;
The veil undrawn, what mis'ry was disclos'd!
What infant torture, what undream'd of wrongs,
What scenes to make the coldest bosom melt,
And paint the sternest cheek with blush of shame!
Childhood, that once in England's golden days,
When Peace and Plenty brighten'd all the land,
Gambol'd with fawn-like freedom o'er the sward,
Liv'd but for laughter, and for joyous sport,
Its hardest task to cull the summer-flowers,
Its only lesson prayers to its God,
Its happy smile, and rosy-beaming face,
And eyes that spoke the raptures of the heart;
How chang'd, alas! from what it once had been.
Condemn'd to work in mines in summer's heat
And winter's frigid days and dreary nights,
Inur'd to misery ere it well could crawl,
Indentur'd to draw chains, to creep through chinks
Delug'd almost with water, and to work
Naked for hours, amid a poison'd air;
To bear the savage blow when it grew weak,
To know not God, nor sunshine, nor a soul,

To live the life that never beast endur'd,
And curse the day that gave it to the world.

And Girlhood, gentle Girlhood, too, the slave
To Avarice, and victim of grey Guilt,
Work'd to deformity, crippl'd, debas'd,
Its finer functions, all its nobler gifts,
Given for great ends and loftiest purposes,
Thoroughly rooted out—not e'en a trace
Left to point out if they had ever been.
Those lips bestow'd by Heaven to charm, to soothe,
To chant His praises, made th' unholy fane
On which obscenity, the monster, sat.
Those gentle feelings (jewels of the sex)
Corrupted all, and turn'd to criminal deeds
That blush to see the light; their fairness gone,
And haggard wrinkles where smiles might have bloom'd;
Hearts harden'd, unredeemable; and souls
That scorn'd, if they knew, their priceless worth.

Womanhood also was crush'd down like weeds,
And knew not its own majesty; but toil'd
From day to day, in sickness and in health,
Even to the hour of travail woman toil'd,
Even to the hour most painful of all hours;—
She wore an iron fetter round her waist,
She bore a ponderous weight upon her back,
And labour'd naked among naked men.
She too, shut out from Heaven and heavenly things,
Careless of human, reckless of divine
Considerations, liv'd most wretchedly,
Rivalling man in blasphemy and crime,
A wretched libel on the form she bore.

Such were the scenes by Ashley's aid reveal'd,—
Such were the tidings that in horror burst
On England's crowded Senate, wakening all
To pity, and a burning wish to stay
Evils like this in mighty England's heart.
AND THEY SHALL BE ARRESTED IN THEIR COURSE!
So say the Senate—so with loud acclaim
Re-echoes England, so we soon shall find.
Will not our noble-hearted Queen assist,
By countenance and favour, to sweep off
This fatal stain which shames our annals thus?
Will she not aid to elevate her sex,
Hapless, degraded, and corrupted now,
From that most monstrous bondage of the mines?
My life upon her aid! The Queen, and all
Who bear the hearts of men within their breasts,
Who 've ever dropp'd a tear at sorrow's tale,
Who 've ever wip'd the dew from sorrow's eyes,
Will up, and gird them to throw off this foul
And national discredit of our age—
So shall their names be honour'd to all time!
So shall the deed be hallow'd to all time!
So shall our isle be blessed to all time!
So shall their children's children reap the fruit
Of prayers sent up to Heaven from thousand hearts,
Taught even now to look beyond this life,
To turn from vice, and enter virtue's paths,
And wend the way that leads to God and Heaven.

NOTES OF AN OVERLAND JOURNEY TO KENNINGTON.

BY OLD SCRATCH.

It was at about eight o'clock on a dull November morning that our little party, consisting of myself and a friend, started forth upon our long-projected expedition to Kennington. After about a quarter of an hour's harassing hop-skip-and-jump over a hedgey and ditchy tract of country, we came into the main road, a little above the Fever Hospital in Gray's Inn Lane, and instantly struck out our course in a south-westerly direction towards King's Cross, where we hoped to arrive in time for the omnibus. The peculiarly uninteresting country that lies between the point at which we joined the grand route and the top of Gray's Inn Lane will hardly repay the trouble of describing it. The inhabitants are distinguished by their vigorous exertions to cultivate the barren tracts of soil that are fenced in before their humble dwellings; but their efforts seem to be ill-repaid, if we may judge by the dying daisies and blackened stems of would-be evergreens that contribute their gloominess to a scene, which nature and the trustees of the Small-pox and Fever Hospitals appear to have conspired to render desolate.

Having gained the New Road, now one of the oldest thoroughfares in that part of the world, we pushed boldly across, in spite of a partial interruption from a native, who carried a broom in one hand, and stretched out the other towards us, in an attitude denoting that he contemplated the exaction of tribute. We now found ourselves at King's Cross, standing close to that splendid pile of hieroglyphical architecture, which has baffled the skill of travellers to describe, and of which no one on earth, but least of all its numerous proprietors and lessees, could ever tell the utility. King's Cross stands in the centre of about six roads, and was originally intended to serve the purpose of an enormous pump; but the projector of this scheme dying before its completion, both pumps, the human and the material, were forgotten. It afterwards occurred to some bold and speculative individual that the structure was the very place for a clock, and one was immediately put up, which answered every purpose but that of telling the time; for, though the clock was a very good eight-day affair, it was necessarily placed so high up, that no one could distinguish the figures marked upon it. At the suggestion of a spirited inhabitant, it was resolved that the clock should be rendered transparent; and transparent it certainly became, for everybody could see right through the face, but the figures remained invisible. This idea being abandoned, the elegant building attracted the attention of the toll-collectors, who converted it into a toll-house, for which purpose it answered admirably, as far as one out of the six roads was concerned; but, unfortunately, while money was being taken for the passing of a vehicle through one of the gates, carriages were being driven through the remaining five with impunity.

Myself and friend now ascended the omnibus that was to bear us on our journey, and having taken our seats on each side of the driver,—a place I generally prefer, as it gives an opportunity of seeing the country, and conversing with one who knows it,—the whip was thrust into

my hand, and the reins into those of my friend, while Jehu and the cad turned into one of the four public houses which stand within a stone's throw of each other at the spot alluded to.

During the first quarter of an hour we amused ourselves pretty well by conversing on the probable incidents of our contemplated trip, and we then whiled away a few minutes very agreeably in talking of the weather,—my friend observing it was dusty, and I replying that this might perhaps be attributed to the length of time that had elapsed since there had been any rain, — a view of the question in which my friend at length concurred with complimentary readiness.

The peculiar yell which is common to the whole of the tribe of conductors, or cads, now broke upon our ears, and the well-known shout of "*City, City,—Bank, Bank*,"—which may be called the national melody of the omnibus men, just as much as the *Ranz des Vaches* is said to be the song of the Alpine milk-boys,—apprized us that it was nearly the time for starting. The driver having mounted the box, he seized the reins from my friend, jerked the whip from my hand, and ingeniously awoke his horses, who, like Homer, had been occasionally nodding, by sawing at their mouths for some minutes with the bits, and lashing the tips of their ears with a precision that called forth our admiration of his great ability. A loud slamming of the door set off the gallant steeds without any intimation from the coachman, and we were now fairly off, at a pace just sufficient to satisfy the provisions of the act, which requires that the omnibus should keep moving.

The first object of curiosity which we came to was St. Chad's Well, a celebrated mineral spring, or spa, to which a pump is attached; and there is, or was, a room for the accommodation of subscribers, fitted up with a wooden bench, and a half-pint mug of white earthenware. St. Chad is little known; and, upon my asking for information from the driver regarding the saint, he only looked in my face, and laughed,—which I thought a confirmation of the truth, that no man is a prophet in his own country; for it is clear that Chad is not venerated as a saint ought to be among the inhabitants of his own immediate neighbourhood. The spa is seldom resorted to except by those who carry linen to be mangled on the premises; for, the mineral waters having long ceased to be attractive, the building has been let to a laundress, who keeps up the board which announces the terms of subscription, rather than incur the trouble and expense of removing it.

We now proceeded at a better pace, and had a fine view on our left of Coldbath-Fields prison, which stands on the brow of Mount Pleasant, and looks out upon the quiet little ville of Penton. The view from the corner of Calthorpe Street, is one of the finest things in this part of the country, for as far as the eye can reach it travels over a chequered landscape of hill and dale, while it rests at last, fatigued with its luxuriant repast, upon the chimney-pots of the Sir Hugh Myddleton's head, and catches a glimpse of the top of the neighbouring waterworks. We now pushed onwards, and passed the top of Liquorpond Street, so called from the bursting of a porter-vat at some remote period, of which there are no records, and when the liquor filled a pond of which there does not remain at present the smallest vestige.

We passed in rapid succession the celebrated outlets which run from Gray's-Inn Road on either side, and we noticed the pretty little street of Pash, in which there is nothing remarkable — though the pawnbroker's shop at the corner is an object of no ordinary interest.

Journeying still onwards, our vehicle took an easterly direction, and leaving Middle Row on our right, we found ourselves at Holborn Bars, which are something like the North Pole, inasmuch as the pole and the bars are neither of them actual substances, but certain landmarks for the guidance of travellers.

We soon commenced the perilous descent of Holborn Hill, which was achieved without any calamitous result; and, while the drag was being taken off, we had an opportunity of observing the awful steep of Snow, and caught a glimpse of the celebrated picture of the Saracen's Head as we turned off by the street of Farringdon. Here the *route* became extremely interesting, for on one side is the market, and on the other is the prison, reminding the poetical reader of Byron's beautiful lines:—

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A prison and a palace on each hand."

The imagination has only to picture the omnibus on which we were travelling as the Bridge of Sighs,— and indeed in size it would pretty well correspond,—while fancy might easily regard the market as a palace; and there, on your left, is the prison, to complete the illusion. In dreams like these I was almost beginning to forget where I was, when a shout from behind of "*The Celerity's coming, Bob!*" produced a frightful effect upon the conduct of our driver. With one hand he plied the whip, with the other he tugged at the reins, and we literally galloped up Bridge Street, at a pace which made me fancy I was in the position of Mazeppa, while my companion became so alarmed that he looked like Death upon the pale horse, himself being whiter than the colourless animal. Nothing could now exceed the exciting nature of my position. Placed by the side of a driver, who was belabouring his team with fearful energy, while the cattle snorted in the breeze, and clattered through the dust; a cad clamouring behind me, and a timid companion shivering at my elbow, it will be allowed that my situation was very distressing. In the midst of all this a woman was seen on the pavement,—there was a shout from the cad, a sudden pull up by the driver; the omnibus behind us did the same thing. Two men were seen struggling with one female; now she is led to the left, now dragged to the right; she asks a question; her bundle is snatched from her hand, and she clings to her umbrella (upon which a similar attempt is made) with desperate energy. The *trio* fell a little into our rear; there is the loud talking of two men, amid which is indistinctly heard the shrill expostulations of one woman; awful oaths are exchanged; there is a scream, a yell, a slam of the door, and all is over,—we are on our road to the Elephant.

Having waited a few minutes at this place, I am enabled to say from what I had time to observe, that the Elephant and Castle might probably have derived its name from an old castle, which formed, perhaps, the fortification of the Old Kent Road, by which Cæsar is said to have entered London. If any castle stood there, it is not unlikely to have been placed on an elephant's back; and if this notion be correct, the elephant and the castle are at once accounted for.

We now passed onwards at a good pace, and presently found ourselves at the Horns,—an inn of some repute, which is flanked on the west by a cab-stand. Here we alighted, and set off towards the common, it being our intention to make some geological researches into the soil in the neighbourhood.

We found it to consist of a grassy substance, which had been much worn by people passing over it. Having removed a little of the vegetation, we came to a muddy material, which we had no hesitation in pronouncing to be of the same quality as the earth in the neighbourhood of Islington, which had been the scene of all our previous researches. Having satisfied our curiosity, and completed the object of our journey, we got into the same omnibus that brought us, and ultimately reached King's Cross, fatigued in body and in mind by the various exciting incidents that occurred on our way to and from Kennington.

EXCELSIOR.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'midst snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—*Excelsior!*

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—*Excelsior!*

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam clear and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—*Excelsior!*

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion-voice replied—*Excelsior!*

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—*Excelsior!*

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height—*Excelsior!*

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the frosty air—*Excelsior!*

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—*Excelsior!*

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—*Excelsior!*

THE BARBER OF BEAULIEU.

BY MASK.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

On the skirts of the New Forest, and deeply embosomed in groves and orchards, stands the little village of Beaulieu, a name it richly merits, though the inhabitants have been pleased to vulgarize this descriptive appellation into the unmeaning sound of *Bewley*. The ground, in fact, may be called a circular valley, of considerable extent, and is surrounded by well-wooded hills, through the middle of which runs a forest-stream to the extent of nearly two miles above the village. Here, however, it swells into an ample lake, which meets the tide from Southton Water, ebbing and flowing with it beneath all that remains of the ancient abbey. These ruins, which form the present church, were, in olden time — alas for the days gone by! — the refectorium of the monks who belonged to the order of Benedictines.

In this quiet nook dwelt, some few years ago, Master Nicodemus Bibbet, who throughout all the villages of the New Forest was popularly known under the *sobriquet* of the Barber of Beaulieu, he being, in fact, the recognised lion of the district. And a very rare specimen of the genus HOMO was this same Barber of Beaulieu. It was generally held that he bore a striking likeness to that remarkable character in quadruped history, called *Puss in Boots*, his face being manifestly formed on the feline model.

Now, it must be obvious to the discerning reader that Nature, who in all things studies a certain fitness and proportion of means to ends, would never have dreamt of lodging any particularly good qualities of head or heart in such an uncouth tenement. To have vested either genius or philosophy in a form like this would indeed have been to hide her candle under a bushel, and accordingly the thrifty dame had animated this feline case with a soul that by no means deserved a better garment. Like George Selwyn, of gallows-loving memory, the supreme delight of our Barber was in witnessing the infliction of death either on man or animal, but more particularly the former. Yet Master Nicodemus had a crook in his lot:—it had never been his good hap to see a man strangled on the gallows. On this score, fate seemed to owe him a decided grudge; for though he extended his range of travel for that purpose even up to fifty miles, and executions had occurred over and over again within that limit, still, by some unaccountable chance, he had invariably been disappointed.

At length the annual assize came round again, and again the net of the law had caught a victim in its meshes. This time it was a woman, a poor servant-girl, who had been accused of attempting to poison her master and all his family, and was actually condemned upon the evidence of the very scoundrel that had himself mixed the arsenic in the oatmeal. Upon these glad tidings, our barber resolved not to give a chance away; but, taking occasion by the forelock, he set out for Winchester two days previous to the appointed morning of execution.

Even then how slowly did the time creep on! To his eager fancy it seemed as if the long minute-hand of the town-clock had been struck with palsy, and, instead of taking huge hops, as it did at other times, was moving along at the more deliberate pace of the hour-hand. At length, however, the blissful moment did actually arrive,

— the bell tolled out the death-summons to the living, — the plumeless hearse stood below the scaffold ready for the body, in which the life-blood was still flowing as fresh and red as in the veins of any of the speculators,—the hangman pulled the white cap over his victim's face,—he fixed the noose about her neck, and—a reprieve came. The girl's innocence had been discovered only just in time to save both judge and jury from the crime of murder.

Sad and disconsolate was the condition in which Nicodemus returned home,—so much so, indeed, that not even the sharp tongue of his wife could induce him to resume his usual occupation. For ten whole days not a head was clipped, not a beard was shaved in Beaulieu; and in fact the villagers were one and all beginning to look as bristly as their own swine that fed, troop-wise, in the forest; even the squire's poodle remained unshorn; and there is no guessing what might have been the consequence; when, one morning, he found neither butter nor bread upon his breakfast-table—but pure water — cold and hot, contained in two distinct jugs of equal size for his election. Suddenly the conviction flashed across his mind, that to eat he must work; and forthwith he handled his comb and scissors, stropped his razor, and, instead of deluging his stomach with the hot water, put it to the more legitimate use of working up a lather for the chins of his expectant customers. Still he went about his business like a man in a dream; he lost his appetite; rarely gossiped; could not sleep o' nights; nay, what was the worst sign of all, being invited by a friendly butcher to attend the slaughter of a prize-ox, he actually declined the invitation. After this, it was evident to all Beaulieu that their barber was a doomed man. The village-undertaker already began to talk of him as a certain job; the parson was heard to wonder if he would leave enough to pay the church's fees, as was the duty of every good Christian; sundry cronies of his Xantippe published somewhat too loudly their conjectures, whether his widow would marry the sexton, or the brewer's head-clerk, while a few whispered their votes in favour of his apprentice, a tall, rawboned lad, not quite seventeen years old, with locks of a fiery hue, a most capacious mouth, and a formidable squint in his left eye. Sad and dreary, as was Nicodemus, those friendly purposes had not escaped him, and forthwith he determined to disappoint the speculators. Early one fine morning, without previous notice given to any living soul, he decamped with his wife and household goods, including the fiery-haired apprentice, and set himself down in the Modern Babylon—need I explain?—in London.

Behold our barber now safely established in the metropolis, his tent being pitched on the skirts of the classical Saint Giles, where a long pole, duly garlanded with red circlets, announced his occupation to all whom it might concern.

About this time legal murder had begun to grow somewhat out of fashion; and the disappointed hangman even went so far as to petition the civic authorities for an increase of salary, upon the ground that though he was as ready and willing as ever to exercise his functions, yet the supply of necks for the halter was so scanty that he could scarcely earn salt to his porridge. Whether the *patres conscripti* of the city, the worshipful Lord Mayor and Aldermen were moved so far by the distress of their faithful servant as to open their purse-strings, does not appear upon the record; but just now an event occurred that proved Othello's occupation was not yet gone, and considerably miti-

gated his dolour. Courvoisier (for it is of this worthy we are about to speak,) impelled by a vindictive spirit, and not less, perhaps, by his thirst of gold, assassinated, it will be remembered, Lord William Russell. The miscreant—for Courvoisier really was a miscreant, and one whom no man could pity,—was duly tried, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, though his learned counsel swore by all the saints in the calendar that they were condemning a poor creature, who was as innocent as themselves. It was truly a fine burst of Irish eloquence, strong and fiery as Pat's darling poteen when from the illicit still; but the judge told the jury it was all blarney and botheration. Nicodemus had watched the whole course of the trial with as much earnestness as if his own life had depended upon its issue; it was a rare sight to see how his face lengthened or shortened, and his jaw fell or rose, according to the shifting nature of the evidence, and when the judge put on his black cap to pronounce sentence, he verily thought he had never beheld a more becoming head-dress. It was the evening of the day previous to the execution. Nicodemus sat in his back-parlour, luxuriating, over a glass of toddy, in sundry pleasing fancies on the spectacle of the morrow. He wondered how the murderer would look and act; what would he say? would he die craven, or make a bold face at the gallows? — what was he about at that very moment? — praying, eating, or sleeping, and, if he slept, of what stuff were his dreams made of? — did they allow him a lamp in his cell?

"I would give half my shop," said Nicodemus to himself, "and my wife into the bargain, to have a peep at him — only one little peep. I wonder if they have shaved him yet, — his beard was terribly long at the trial."

This was a grave doubt, and Nicodemus felt it to be so, wherefore he rocked himself to and fro in his arm-chair, and took a long pull at the toddy-jug to help him in the solution. Under the combined influence of these two stimuli, his imagination expanded most marvellously. All the paraphernalia of the morrow shaped themselves out to him in the fire as vividly as if they had been limned on canvass by the hand of some skilful artist; there were the gallows, and the culprit, and Jack Ketch, with the parson at his elbow, all flashing and twinkling as the live coals flashed and twinkled, and shifting as they shifted, with the falling together of the embers.

The clock from St. Giles's church struck nine, and Nicodemus, tossing off what remained of his toddy, started up in a prodigious hurry. "It is time; I must be off, and secure a place near the scaffold, or the mob will be beforehand with me, and then I shall see nothing, or next to nothing. 'Zooks! I would not give a rush to be there, unless I could look into the fellow's eye, and hear his teeth chatter."

Thus saying, he wrapt about him the cloak that served himself and his wife in common, it being, by virtue of a family compact, her property when she went to market in the morning, and devolving again on him, when he paid his nightly visits to the public-house at the corner. But, just as he emerged from his little snuggery into the shop, a stranger made his appearance from the street. He was a short, broad-shouldered figure, with a hooked nose, a long chin, a monstrously-high forehead, and ears that looked very like two horns, both from shape and situation, for they had a marvellous curl with them, and grew much higher up than is usual with such appendages. Then, too,

both his feet were clubbed, the right much more so than the left, which produced an awkward limp in his walk. His dress, moreover, was to the full as *outré* as his figure, that is, according to the present ideas of dress, though, probably, at one time it was the height of fashion; his breeches were of black velvet, large and swelling, like a Dutchman's slops; his frock-coat was of the same material; his flowered silk waistcoat being thrown open, and held only by a single button, discovered a curiously-slashed shirt, much in the style of an antique watch-paper; and his collar, rolled back, presented to view a stout bull-neck, that was excellently-well calculated to uphold the superincumbent weight of head and face—a burthen certainly much too great for any throat of ordinary dimensions.

"I want to be shaved," exclaimed this odd-looking customer.

"You do, indeed!" involuntarily ejaculated Nicodemus, struck by the bristly black chin of his visitant; "Courvoisier's beard was not half so long,—it may be, though, by this time."

"You are out there," replied the stranger, taking out his watch; "ten minutes past nine! they have this moment done shaving him."

"You don't say so!" cried the barber, in amazement.

"I do say so," repeated the stranger; "they have this moment done shaving him."

Nicodemus was thunderstruck. He could neither move nor speak from the excess of his astonishment.

"And you had best do as much for me," continued the stranger, "or you 'll be too late for the show."

"It must be Jack Ketch!" murmured the barber, elated beyond measure at coming in contact with so illustrious a personage. "It must be Jack Ketch!" he repeated to himself with increasing animation; "who else could know thus precisely what was going on within the walls of Newgate?"

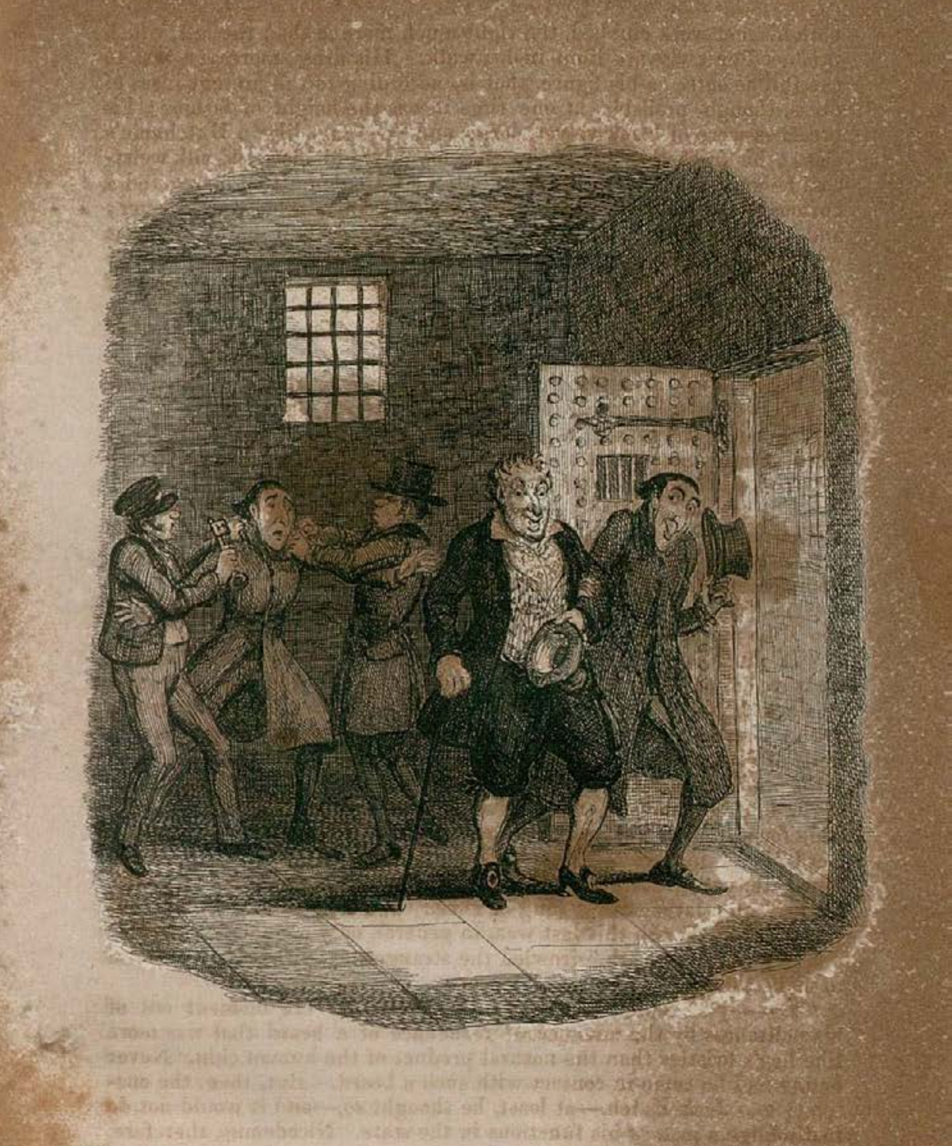
So profound was the barber's veneration for this supposed dispenser of the law's last favour, that he did for him what he would not have done for any other customer in London, though that other had been the Lord Mayor in person. Albeit, dying with impatience to set off for Newgate, yet he placed the arm-chair for him, stropped his best razor, worked up a lather fit for king or kaisar, and tied a clean napkin under his chin, though this last was, in general, only a Sunday luxury.

"My beard is tough," growled the stranger, as Nicodemus prepared to make the first sweep.

"D——y!" replied the barber, surprized for the moment out of his politeness by the unexpected resistance of a beard that was more like hog's bristles than the natural product of the human chin. Never before had he come in contact with such a beard. But, then, the customer was Jack Ketch,—at least, he thought so,—and it would not do to disoblige a man of his functions in the state. Nicodemus, therefore, took a fresh razor, and made a renewed attack upon the tough, grisly stubble. But, with all his efforts he did not gain much ground, or rather *chin-way*, and the stranger winced grievously under the operation. Alarmed at these unpromising signs, he asked, with a great show of sympathy, "Do I hurt you, sir?"

"D——y!" replied the stranger, giving him back his own exclamation, and precisely in his own tones.

The barber laughed, or at least affected to laugh, with infinite hilarity at this imitation of himself, that he might keep the great man in



The Barber of Beaulieu

London, Richard Bentley, 1842.

[illegible]

... this; for mere mortal hair never could [illegible] in such a fashion. Or was the stranger [illegible] would not pronounce the word even to himself. Such [illegible] ridiculous; and yet he could not help [illegible] of the club-feet. Stupid as the glance was, it did not escape [illegible] of the stranger.

"Handsome legs, are they not?" said he, stretching them out [illegible] to invite a more close inspection. Had they, indeed, been [illegible] of the Belvidere Apollo, he could not have regarded them [illegible] greater complacency.

"Handsome legs, are they not?" he repeated, in the [illegible] of self-satisfaction.

"Very," replied the barber, scarcely knowing what he said, [illegible] to such an awkward question.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the stranger; "you're a man of taste, I [illegible]—ho! ho! But shave on—shave on, anything else [illegible] we lose time."

"You need not tell me that," cried Nicodemus, again [illegible]

good humour; and this nice piece of flattery in some measure effected its object. The stranger replied to it by a gracious cachinnation on his part, and calling Nicodemus a fool, bade him proceed with his work, an injunction to which the latter was not slow in attending. Again he commenced operations, and with such determined energy, that the wiry beard rasped and grated against the razor, till it set his teeth on edge to hear it.

"The devil!" exclaimed Nicodemus.—— "Just so!" replied the stranger.

Nicodemus thought this a very odd reply; indeed, he did not know exactly what to make of it; but he shaved away with might and main notwithstanding. The clock chimed three quarters.

"I shall be too late!" he mentally exclaimed, and made a desperate cut at the obstinate beard, when the blade was forced back by the resistance offered to it, cutting the operator's fingers to the very bone.

"Lord have mercy on me!" ejaculated the barber.

"Don't swear, man," said the stranger, hastily, with a most sinister frown, or rather scowl, his bushy brows contracting so as almost to veil his eyes,—"don't swear man; I'll not allow it in my presence."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said the barber; "but really—"

"Lather away, fool!" roared the stranger, stamping vehemently with his club-feet.

It was plain that the stranger was a hasty gentleman, and one who in his wrathful mood might do mischief. Nicodemus, therefore, did not venture a reply, but assiduously applied himself to his wearisome and, as it well-nigh seemed, hopeless task of rasping away at the refractory beard. The clock struck ten.

"Too late, by Heavens!" muttered Nicodemus, forgetting at the moment all prudential considerations.

The stranger said nothing, but gave him a look that indeed rendered all words superfluous. It made his teeth chatter, and his knees tremble, and caused him to resume his work more earnestly than ever. One quarter—two quarters—three quarters—and the long grisly chin was still little more than half shaven. The perspiration trickled down the barber's face as much from exertion as from the agony of his impatience. There must surely, he thought, be some trick, some juggling in all this; for mere mortal hair never could have resisted the razor's edge in such a fashion. Or was the stranger the——. No; he would not pronounce the word even to himself. Such an idea was too ridiculous; and yet he could not help looking down very suspiciously at the club-feet. Rapid as the glance was, it did not escape the notice of the stranger.

"Handsome legs, are they not?" said he, stretching them out, as if to invite a more close inspection. Had they, indeed, been modelled after the Belvidere Apollo, he could not have regarded them with greater complacency.

"Handsome feet, are they not?" he repeated, in the happiest tone of self-satisfaction.

"Very," replied the barber, scarcely knowing what he said, in answer to such an awkward question.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the stranger; "you're a man of taste, I find—ho! ho! ho! But shave on—shave on, my fine fellow; it's getting late."

"You need not tell me *that*," cried Nicodemus, again carried away

by his impatience, for just then the clock struck eleven,—"you need not tell me *that*."

"Certainly not," replied the stranger, mildly. "You seem to have a tolerably long pair of ears on your head; and, as they are not particularly ornamental, it is but fair to suppose they may be useful. Of course you heard the clock from St. Giles's steeple."

Nicodemus was half mad with vexation, and no doubt his wrath would have boiled over in words, had it not been considerably cooled and qualified by fear. Still he could not control the irritation that tingled in his fingers; and making a last desperate sweep at the remaining portion of beard, it yielded to the steel, crackling and sparkling like an electric ball. Between joy at his accomplished task and anger at the lateness of the hour, he tore the napkin from the stranger's neck, and fell to snapping his fingers, dancing about at the same time, as if possessed by the spirit of St. Vitus.

"What am I to pay?" asked the stranger, as if quite insensible to the agitation of poor Nicodemus.

"Not a penny—not a farthing," exclaimed the latter. "Only leave my shop, or let me leave it. Death and the Devil! will you stand out of my way?"

"Very good," said the stranger, quietly taking a pinch of snuff, and placing himself in the doorway, so as effectually to prevent his host's egress.

"Curses!" cried the barber.

"As many as you like," said the stranger. "Go on. I like you wonderfully."

"And I wish you at the devil!" shouted the infuriated barber.

"No, you don't," was the cool reply.

"May I be d——d, then!" cried Nicodemus.

"Humph!" exclaimed the stranger; "there's no need of putting it on that footing either, seeing the trifling matter you allude to was settled long ago. But I see you are one of the right sort, and I'll help you to your wishes."

"Jack Ketch, after all!" exclaimed the barber: "I have been thinking so this half hour, My dear, good, invaluable friend!—to think that I should ever have the honour of seeing so great a man in my poor domicile!—seated in my own arm-chair!—my towel about his throat!—my hand upon his nose! Nicodemus! Nicodemus! little did the mother who bore you dream of your living to such an hour!"

"Calm your transports," said the stranger, with one of his singular smiles. "I am not exactly he whom you take me for."

"Not Jack Ketch?" sighed the barber, his under-jaw dropping considerably—"you are not Jack Ketch?"

"Don't let that disturb you," said the stranger. "You will soon see enough of him, I promise you."

The barber's jaw resumed its natural position, and his face became radiant with smiles.

"But let us cut the matter short, for the hour wears late," continued his visitor.

"It does indeed!" groaned Nicodemus, his thoughts reverting to Newgate, and the small chance that now remained to him of getting a convenient place for the morrow.

"Never mind; I will take you into Newgate—into Courvoisier's very cell; and I promise you the very best place upon the scaffold."

These last words were again accompanied by one of the stranger's peculiar leers; but the delighted barber only ejaculated in his transport, "Good Heavens!" Hereupon the former stamped with his club-feet till the dust flew up, exclaiming, "Have I not told you of this before? Swear again, and that instant I quit your house."

"A thousand pardons," cried the barber; "but will you indeed be so kind as to help me to a place on the scaffold?"

"I have helped many a man before now to as high a place," replied the stranger.

"Have you, indeed? Well, I shall always remember the obligation."

"I have no doubt you will," said the stranger, and again he gave one of his singular smiles,—"ay, to the last moment of your life, I'll be sworn for you. But put on your wife's cloak, and—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Nicodemus, with unusual vivacity, "not my wife's cloak, but mine, except in the morning."

"No matter; wrap the old blanket about you, and follow me; for the night is waning rapidly."

Nicodemus did as he was directed, and forthwith the two singular companions threaded their way to Newgate, where door after door opened as if by magic at the stranger's knock, till, at length, they found themselves in the very cell of the murderer. But what was the barber's surprise when he discovered in Courvoisier the exact similitude of his own form and figure, as he had often seen them reflected in the glass. Scarcely could he credit the testimony of his senses:—a resemblance of this kind seemed to go beyond all the bounds of possibility. He had little time, however, to dwell upon such feelings; they were quickly swallowed up in the revelations that now took place; for his companion had the singular faculty of drawing from the culprit a confession far beyond what judge or jury had been able to extract, even with the priest to back them. To this tremendous tale of guilt our barber listened with breathless attention, till his blood ran cold, and the hair stood erect upon his head. The cell seemed to grow colder, the dull light got dimmer, and the bell of St. Sepulchre's tolled out yet more hollowly, while the murderer narrated how he had stolen to his victim's couch,—how for a moment—only for a moment—he had hesitated to do the deed, and had palled in resolution; how, when he struck the first ineffectual blow, the wounded man struggled and prayed for life; how, when the victim rolled at his feet a lifeless corpse, the whole room suddenly appeared to be in flames—the flames of hell,—while all manner of strange and fearful shapes flitted about him, and his hearing was stunned by wild cries and uncouth laughter, and sounds that did not belong to earth,—and then, again, how the mere howling of a watch-dog, by the very alarm his voice inspired had at once restored him to his self-possession. Nicodemus felt relieved when the noise of unbarring bolts announced that the jailer was at hand to warn them of it being time to quit the prison.

"Now, gentlemen!" exclaimed the jailer, as he entered, followed for greater security, by a stout, grim-looking satellite, "I dare not let you stay any longer."

No reply was made; but the stranger and Courvoisier rose to leave the dungeon, arm in arm, much to the surprise of Nicodemus, who was about to follow them, when he was stopped by the heavy hand of the chief Cerberus.

"Where are you going to, my fine fellow?" growled the man of many keys.

"Where?" repeated the barber, somewhat disconcerted by this sudden check upon his free will, "why, home, if you have no objection."

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted the jailers in unison, while the stranger sighed out compassionately, in his blandest tones, "poor fellow! poor fellow!"

"Why, you surely don't mean to keep me here all night?" cried Nicodemus.

"Of course not," said Cerberus; "not by no manner of means; only stand back, will you, and let the gentlemen pass, or I shall be obligated to make you, and I should not like that either. I'm too tender-hearted, as everybody says who knows anything of Jem Ward."

During this self-eulogium of the susceptible jailer, Nicodemus glanced uneasily from one to the other, in the hope of discovering the latent joke, but not a smile could he detect on any of their faces. At once the idea struck him that, from the peculiar semblance of the murderer to himself, there had been some mistaking of persons, under which impression he hastily exclaimed, "Good heavens! gentlemen, you surely do not mistake me—me, the barber of Beaulieu, — for the unfortunate Courvoisier, though I must confess the extraordinary likeness."

"Very like indeed," cried the jailers, with a grim smile.

Nicodemus was confounded, as well he might be, though by no means inclined to give up his own identity. He turned imploringly to the stranger, "But you, my good friend, — surely you must know me, since it's little more than an hour or so that I shaved you, when you promised to get me a good place at the hanging."

This last notion seemed to tickle the fancy of both jailers. They actually relaxed into a loud laugh,— a most unusual sound in the cells and passages of Newgate.

"A good place at the hanging?" repeated the chief Cerberus, when the transient fit had passed away,—"a good place at the hanging! you may take your bible oath of that—the very best—and no mistake."

"Poor wretch!" said the stranger; "he has gone mad from sheer fright and agony, and now fancies himself some other person."

"Why, surely I am the barber of Beaulieu," half muttered Nicodemus to himself, with some incipient misgivings as to his actual identity. "I wish I had a glass to see myself."

"Come along! come along!" cried Cerberus; "he'll be quiet enough when he's alone, I warrant you, and if he is not, it's no great matter; his nonsense won't do no harm to nobody."

"Stop a moment, if you please," said the stranger compassionately; "it may, perhaps, soothe his frenzy, and make him better able to attend his religious duties, if I gratify him in this trifling matter. Look here, my poor fellow," he continued, holding up a small pocket-mirror, —"look here, and know yourself."

Nicodemus started back aghast. The mirror reflected not his face, as he had known it for many years in his diurnal shavings and washings, but presented a lank, cadaverous visage, of a foreign mould, and a huge head covered with long, black hair, that shone as if it had been steeped in oil. Anything more at variance with his previous ideas of himself could not well have been imagined. Was he mad? or only drunk? or did he dream? His brain went round, whirring and whizz-

ing, like a mill in a high wind; and, before he could recover himself, so as to collect his ideas, and give them words, they had all gone. He was alone! alone in the condemned cell! that fearful spot, where so many before him had passed through the horrors of their last night! In the frenzy of the moment he shrieked aloud, begging and cursing by turns, but not a step sounded along the vaulted passages, and, when his voice ceased from pure exhaustion, the gloomy silence of the prison seemed to settle down more deep and full of awe than ever.

In the transient calm of mind that now ensued, he endeavoured to account for his situation, to reason with himself upon the facts about him, and extort the truth from them. That he was no longer himself in outward semblance was too plain for doubt, and yet the idea of his inward identity was not the weaker from this conviction. He was conscious of the same thoughts, the same recollections, that for years had occupied him; and, therefore, he not unreasonably argued, he must be the same man, in spite of any outward appearances to the contrary. But, how was he to bring over others to his opinion? how was he to make the world believe a story which he scarcely could believe himself? No; he must die upon the scaffold, innocent as he was, by the hands of the common hangman, amidst the execrations of thousands, who would rejoice at the death of the supposed murderer. For the first time in his life he began to think it was a very cruel curiosity that led people to run after the execution of a fellow-creature. As a corollary to this very natural idea, his conscience twitted him with his own appetite for such exhibitions. Of course he could not deny it; and the inward monster growing more violent the more he was listened to, at last suggested that the present mysterious change, with all its unpleasant accompaniments, past and prospective, was no more than a fitting retribution for the offence.

But poor Nicodemus, though considerably beaten down by these inward prickings and objurgations, was not the more reconciled to the idea of being the chief performer in the morning's spectacle. On the contrary, he dwelt on the image of the gallows, till the cold sweat of agony ran down his brow, and the teeth chattered in his head, as if under the influence of a bitter frost. Then came the fever-fit of terror; his tongue was scorched till he felt as if a hot cinder were rolling in his mouth, his brain seemed literally on fire, and in the intenseness of his agony he made sundry efforts to smash his skull against the walls, though, from want of sufficient courage to do the deed effectually, he reaped only pain and bruises from his desperate mood.

At length the morning broke, and found him still a watcher; not a single wink of sleep had closed his eyes the whole of this long and fearful night. Then came the visit of the minister — the summons to the chamber where his hands and arms were to be pinioned,—the first shock of the bell that solemnly tolled out the funeral of the living man,—the march in grand procession through dreary passages, where daylight and lamplight faintly struggled with the darkness, — the unbarring of gate after gate, which, when they once closed behind him, would never again open to him in this life,—and, sad close of all! the scaffold, with its fearful appendages, and the crowd of spectators below, eager as he himself had been for the cruel exhibition. And now the cap was drawn over his face; the noose was fastened under his ear; Jack Ketch, as if in mockery of his odious office, had actually shaken hands with him, the same fingers which had tied the rope, and

which would presently withdraw the bolt, polluting him with the mimic grasp of good-will and friendship; another minute only, and he would be struggling in the death-throes. But in that minute what a world of thoughts passed through his brain! what years of his by-gone life were acted over again in that little speck of time! how inexpressibly dear to him became on the sudden the shop where he had almost starved, and had foolishly imagined that human wretchedness could scarcely go beyond his! how gladly, how more than gladly, would he have exchanged lots with the poorest beggar in the streets, ay, even with the wretched convict, who earned a scanty meal of bread and water, with gyved limbs, and gradually-wasting strength, till he sank into the grave hopeless and unlamented.

"Oh, that I could but call back the last two days!" he exclaimed in agony of heart, "only the last two days! — and that this was no more than a frightful dream!"

Scarcely had the last words syllabled themselves upon his trembling lips, when—he awoke; and found himself sitting in his little parlour, before the expiring embers of the neglected fire. The dream, however, had made an impression as deep as it was salutary. From that time forth the barber was an altered man, the change in his inward self being as wonderful as the outward change he had just been dreaming of in his person. He no longer hunted after executions, but grew sick at the sight, or even the talk, of blood; so that when at length he died, in the fulness of years, the whole village followed him to the grave. Even to this hour, when a child is seen prone to cruelty, the village-elders will send the young delinquent to the spot, where rest the remains of *The Barber of Beaulieu.*

THE FAIRIES' RING.*

BY WILLIAM JONES.

In the glowing light of a summer sky,
  When the fields are clad with green,
Oft in their midst, with a sunnier dye,
  May the Fairies' Ring be seen!
'Tis a circle form'd by the tiny feet
  Of the elves, as they dance around:
When the moon rides high it is there they meet,
  And merrily tread the ground!

The Fairies' Ring! 'tis a hallowing spot,
  That the plough itself doth spare;
And verdant still is the fadeless plot,
  Though Nature around is bare!
Woe, woe to him, who shall scornful tread,
  For many a curse 'twill bring,
But a blessing rests on the good man's head
  Who loveth the Fairies' Ring.

* In allusion to the superstition prevalent in country-places, that the rings often observed in fields are the work of elves, and are respected accordingly.

A VISIT TO THE BANK OF FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS LLOYD.

My friend, M. Delamane-Martin Didier, a regent (as the directors are called) of the Bank of France, having offered to conduct me over that noble establishment, I gladly embraced his offer; and to-day spent two hours there, in company with my very polite and obliging escort;* who, unlike Frenchmen in general, seemed most anxious to afford me information on every branch of the bank's affairs, without the slightest attempt at mystification or concealment. French "men of business," who really are men of business, practically as well as theoretically, are, in my opinion, by far the most agreeable of any throughout Europe. In finance, and all matters bearing upon accounts and figures, the French and Germans are systematisers to an extent difficult to conceive by persons unacquainted with their habits. But, though the book-keeping of the former is perfect, their stock-keeping is quite contemptible. They have, however, this advantage over us,—a uniformity of system is not only adopted, but enforced upon all by the syndicate of the *Tribunal of Commerce* at Paris, and by the *Chamber of Commerce* in all the larger towns. Every tradesman is obliged to keep a cash-book, journal, day-book, and ledger, under penalties, or what are equivalent to penalties, and very severe ones too. Even the books of small shopkeepers are numbered in printed figures by the authorities of the Chamber of Commerce. No interleaving or abstraction of pages can pass in France, should a tradesman become insolvent. The enactments relative to bankruptcy are almost penal, and anything like a delusion would inevitably cause the imprisonment and ruin of the bankrupt. I know several men, who, under the indulgent laws of England have practised the grossest frauds in all their commercial transactions; have raised money by bills of exchange for which no *bonâ fide* consideration was ever given; have borrowed large sums from their bankers under representations utterly false; and have, after becoming bankrupts for enormous liabilities, persuaded their creditors to sign their certificates of release before a dividend was paid, started afresh, and unblushingly figured away in the world as if nothing of the sort had happened. Some of these flagrant examples of our imperfect system, which rather incites than discourages fraud, may be seen driving blood-horses in handsome equipages about the streets of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, as I know to my cost; whilst the duped tradesmen their rascality has ruined are obliged to walk through the dirt. Whatever may be the laxity of morals, which it is our wont to attribute to the French (and how fond we are, too, of talking about English morality!) certain it is, that the assurance with which a bankrupt in England claims reinstation in society, before he has paid one quarter of his debts, avowing his intention openly never to pay the other three-quarters at all, is unparalleled in any other country except the United States.

The accuracy and redundancy of cheques in French book-keeping, is

* This gentleman is a banker in Paris (Delamane Martin Didier & Co.); in London, bankers are ineligible for the direction of the Bank of England.

shown to perfection in the Bank of France. I *do* love to see a set of well-kept books. Those of the Bank of England are well and neatly kept. No erasure is on any account allowed, under pain of dismissal; but even its noted hyper-correctness, which often becomes a subject of joke amongst the clerks of the private bankers against those of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-Street," sinks into slatternliness when tested by the double-double entry and duplicate-posting, rough waste-books, fair waste-books, cash-books, and ledgers, *nomen illis legio,* through which every entry must run the gauntlet before it become a debit or a credit with the Bank of France. Mark the superfluity of entries in the initiatory step, before the sum becomes, as it were, adopted into the great books of the concern. I take a cheque—say for 2000f. (£80.)—drawn by A.B., to the counter of the bank. I drop it through an aperture similar to that of a post-office letter-box. A clerk sitting below this receptacle takes the cheque, turns to the account of A.B. in a rough balance-book, a fresh one, posted up *to every day,* under a letter-press heading, being placed on his desk every morning. There being sufficient in the account to cover this cheque, he marks it, and hands it to a second clerk, who fills up a warrant for its payment, and enters it in the fair waste-book, which warrant is handed to a third clerk. Clerk No. 3. enters it in form in the cash-book; then files it, and notifies in a loud voice to a fourth clerk in the "*caisse,*" or money-counter, (fortified all round, up to the ceiling, with strong iron wire,) thus:—"*Deux mille francs,* A.B." I move round to a little aperture in the "*caisse,*" and say whether I will have it in four bills of the Bank of France, or in gold or silver; if in gold, five francs are deducted.

During the time that this formality is solemnly and silently proceeding, the cashier at my bankers in London would pay twenty cheques to twenty different persons. At the Bank of England a cheque passes through two hands before it be posted in the cash-book; but the same clerk who notes the cheque at the counter, pays it. What would be thought in London if the bankers were gravely to inform the public some fine morning that a small premium would be expected if sovereigns were required for cashing a cheque over the counter? The Bank of England had better take the hint—it would thereby be spared the humiliating necessity of going a begging, as of late, for gold to the Bank of France; a circumstance I never think of without a blush of shame. I would remark, that the Bank of France neither borrows from Government, nor lends to Government—a wise plan. Another feature which I think our Bank of England might borrow from it with advantage, is the tenure of the Governor's office. He is appointed for life by Government, and is generally the ablest and best-fitted individual that can be found to fill a post of such high responsibility. Our Government borrowed at one time thirteen millions from the Bank of England, which was repaid in sums of about six hundred thousand pounds annually; and I question whether not less than nine millions and a half be not still unpaid.

The Bank of France transacts more business—essentially banking business—than the Bank of England, independently of the transactions of the latter with Government; with no part of which operations has the Bank of France anything to do. This complete isolation from the administration of the country places the Bank of France in the same position, in that respect, as that of any other bank in the Metropolis. But, at the same time, the Bank of France discharges functions which

the Bank of England does not, nor probably ever will. The Parisian bankers perform little more than the functions of credit merchants, such as Barings, Rothschilds, Haldimand and Co., and many others, upon whom drafts are drawn from abroad and from the country, for credits lodged for them to honour. The Paris bankers are in the habit of paying into the Bank of France their bills of exchange for collection in the Metropolis; and as there is no "clearing-house," as in London, and acceptors make their bills payable at their own residences, a special labour is attached to the collection of each bill. These collecting clerks, who have each a district of Paris allotted to them, are sixty-five in number; their desks are partitioned off apart from each other, and the doors and windows wired over in the usual French precautionary fashion. One long room contains them all — an apartment resembling the "Long Room" at the London Custom House, or more nearly, perhaps, to those corridors of Greenwich Hospital, where the veterans are boxed up right and left in their berths,—and you have seen how snug and busy the old fellows are in that haven which is henceforward all the world to them after their long and perilous career. The chief of this department very politely drew my attention to all the leading features of that important portion of the business of the Bank. I inspected the books, questioned the clerks, and, in fact, made myself acquainted with every point upon which I desired information, or wherein I perceived a deviation from the system of bill-collection as practised in London.

It was three o'clock when I entered the "Collecting Room:" I found that the gross number of bills presented to-day in Paris by the bank was 41,174, amounting to 40,221,000 francs (averaging 40*l*. each bill, out of an amount of 1,600,000*l*. sterling,) and of these 6,000 were unpaid; but the Chief Bill-Comptroller told me he had no doubt but that all these will be, as no grace is allowed; and, if taken up before twelve o'clock to-morrow no expense will be incurred. These sixty-five clerks had to-day called at 17,420 houses. On the thirty-first day of every month a greater number falls due than on any other. In the average of the four last months, on the last day of each of these months, each clerk called at three hundred houses *per diem;* and in seven out of eight instances received sums of silver and copper, with a few notes of the Bank of France, and signed and gave receipt for the bills he thus left. I found to-day that upwards of 121,000,000 francs were received by the bank in Paris from different sources, and that last year about 700,000 bills were discounted, amounting to 850,000,000 francs. The clerks are obliged to return from their beat to the Bank of France many times in the course of the day, owing to the accumulation of specie that weighs them down; whilst those of the Bank of England traverse Pimlico and Marylebone, collect bills, and return at one journey with their proceeds within the leaves of their pocket-books; bank-notes and cheques performing the parts of napoleons and five-franc pieces, and the pocket-book conveniently performing the part of clumsy coarse bagging, of which their money-sacks are made.

I explained to the regents of the bank the operation of the London Clearing-House; that system so economic of time and trouble, and without which concentration and rapid settlement, the enormous *balances* between the banking-houses in the great emporium of the commercial world could not be so promptly struck,— or the wheels of our complicated monetary system could not revolve so evenly and

quickly. I have always thought that the system of making bills, drawn from whatever quarter of the world, or from whatever town or village in Great Britain, upon all parts of Great Britain, payable in one place, *i.e.* as effected daily by one hour's adjustment of the clearing-house—that such united regulation and acceleration of finance is to the complex machinery of banking what the fly-wheel and governor is to the steam-engine. You may imagine the regent's surprise when I told him that in the London "Clearing House," (a plain room, on part of the site of the old post-office in Lombard Street,) a clerk from each private bank in London attended twice a day for but half an hour; and commercial obligations were collectively discharged to the amount of three millions sterling every day in the year; with not more than a fifteenth of this sum in bank-notes. That, as to using coin, silver and copper, I could readily picture to myself the contemptuous and derisive expression of face which the most juvenile of these clearing-clerks would assume at the bare suggestion. A thousand millions of pounds sterling, I told him, were paid last year in this room by these clerks, not more than forty in number,—a sum larger than the national debt; and that all the money used for the operation — this balancing of a year's commercial enterprise in all quarters of the globe,—was effected without a single error, a moment's delay, and with bits of paper only —the promissory notes of the Bank of England.

The annual circulation of money through all the branches of the Bank of France is about eight millions. When I had explained the clearing system in all its bearings to the regents, and the great facility it conferred on banking operations, they unanimously expressed their admiration, and one said,

"Ah! sir, would to God that we could concentrate the energies of this country upon objects conducive to its wealth and prosperity, as you English are doing. We have energy enough and to spare in France, but, unhappily, that energy is, for the most part, misdirected by those who ought to know better."

This was the candid avowal of a wealthy and intelligent man, emulous of the true glory of his country; and the sentiments it contained appeared to coincide with those of the other regents who did me the honour to receive me to-day.

To return for a moment to the book-keeping system. In the ledger department is a feature I could wish to see adopted in all great banking-houses. Daily after the bank closes for receipts and payments, sheets are filled in with the balance of every man's account. The Bank of France may have several thousands, and the titles of each are printed on the sheets, with sufficient space between for the entry of the diurnal transactions in each account. These form a folio volume, placed before the clerk who first receives the cheques through the aperture already described to you, and the sum of his entries at the close of the day ought to agree with the sum of the clerk of the cash-book—in fact, be a duplicate of the ledger. Here I remarked how decimal divisions of value shortened labour, and lessened error. A specific return is also invariably made up, under printed forms of great minuteness; affording at one view the exact state of the Bank every evening.

With two regents, and one of the censors, I then passed through the entire establishment—from the gold vaults to the splendid apartments of Count d'Argout, the governor, who resides within the walls. The

silver coin is heaped up in barrels, placed in spacious cellars, resembling the subterranean store-houses of a brewery. Each tub, holding fifty thousand francs in five-franc pieces, and weighing about six hundred pounds. There were, I was told, eight hundred barrels piled up to the very crown of the arches, and rising much higher than my head. We walked through a long alley of these barrels for some time, until we came to a large stone-roofed and iron-floored apartment, wherein are to be seen large, square, leaden cases, resembling those used at vitriol and sulphuric-acid works. Each of these holds twenty thousand bags of one thousand francs each, and the whole are soldered up hermetically within the cases; several of which, it appears, have not been opened for nearly forty years, and, a regent told me, would probly remain untouched a hundred years longer, and would be the last of their stock dipped into. In these leaden reservoirs the treasure of the Bank of France is kept perfectly dry, and free, also, from any variation of temperature. The stairs leading to these regions of Plutus are narrow, and admit of only one person at a time, ascending or descending with a candle. This has been expressly contrived for protection and defence, and a large quantity of sand is kept in a room near the door at the head of the steps, sufficient to fill the staircase, in the event of an attack upon the bank by a mob. The regents told me that (from the steepness and narrowness of these stone stair-flights,) a couple of days, it was calculated, would be spent in clearing a passage, even were an insurgent force in possession of the bank itself. In one of the treasure-vaults are the precious deposits of the Rothschilds, and other wealthy capitalists, left for safety with the bank. To give you the length, breadth, and thickness of the ingots of gold piled up to the ceiling in this subterranean chamber would be fruitless, as well as unsatisfactory, for neither of our names did I see labelled on the tempting blocks.

Private individuals are in the habit of depositing their plate and valuables in these well-guarded strongholds. The richest noble of Europe, Prince Demidoff, has requested the Bank of France to keep his jewels in its custody; and on one of the shelves I saw a casket of diamonds belonging to the Russian Crœsus, valued at a million sterling. If the French had faith in one another, as Englishmen have, this great stock of bullion would never be needed. Want of confidence obliges the Bank of France to keep in its vaults a sum which might be reduced to a fourth, or even to an eighth part, with safety to itself, and of incalculable advantage to the wealth and prosperity of the country. As commerce, and dealings between man and man are at present carried on in France, this sacrifice is unavoidable; for in this country there is, and has been since Louis XIV. first turned the heads of the people for conquest, or wholesale robbery, which is the same thing, a lamentable want of good faith, engendered by the habit of plundering their neighbours.

A plan was suggested to me not long ago for establishing a bank here, which should circulate small bills of exchange not re-issuable, based upon ample capital, in connection with the post-house stations, of which there are six hundred principal ones, as agencies for redeeming the notes. The postmasters are always men of substance and character, and pay in some instances enormous sums for their *brevets*, or licenses, which are under the regulations of Government. I have known as much as twelve thousand pounds sterling given for a *brevet*,

the lowest price of a brevet being two hundred pounds sterling. Sooner or later a system of banks-of-issue analogous to ours, either as separate establishments, or based upon those already established agencies, must prevail. Gold and silver form an inadequate medium in trade to any profitable extent. The regents of the Bank of France are fully aware of this; but they cannot change the dispositions of their countrymen. At Fontainbleau, not thirty miles from Paris, I found it difficult to obtain change for a five hundred franc note (only twenty pounds sterling,) and in many towns at the South of France it might be attempted for a week in vain.

In a statement shown to me of the present condition of the Bank of France, it appears that the specie in the Bank amounts to 190,477,735 francs; the bills discounted, to 158,378,741 francs; the advances on bullion, to 4,436,000 francs; and the loans on public securities, to 8,696,586 francs. The other side of the account shows that the amount of notes in circulation was 223,685,200 francs; the balance due to the treasury in account current, 104,287,376 francs; and the balances due upon private accounts current, to 44,929,117 francs. It appears, therefore, that the specie in the Bank of France on the day this account was made up, is only 33,211,465 francs less than the amount of their notes in circulation (a difference equal to about 1,300,000*l.* sterling), or, in other words, they hold about 7,470,000*l.* specie, against an issue of about 8,770,000*l.* sterling of notes. I compared this with the official statement for the end of 1840, and it appears that the decrease in the specie is 42,750,017 francs; the increase in the amount of bills discounted is 2,502,621 francs; the decrease in the advances on bullion is 19,343,600 francs; the increase on the advances on stock is 315,965 francs; on the other side of the account, the decrease in the amount of notes in circulation is 17,936,810 francs; the decrease in the balance due to the treasury is 1,819,247 francs; and the decrease of the amount due upon deposit accounts is 25,794,926 francs.

If I compare the operations of the Bank of France with those of the Bank of England, I find a remarkable difference in the management of the two establishments. The Bank of France, with a circulation of about 8,700,000*l.* sterling, holds nearly 7,500,000*l.* in specie. The Bank of England issues 16,000,000*l.* of circulation, with a provision of bullion of about 5,000,000*l.*; or, taking the average of the last eight years, from 1832 to 1839, the circulation of the Bank of England was about 18,300,000*l.* with an average stock of bullion of about 7,200,000*l.* The amount of bills under discount by the Bank of France is about 6,200,000*l.* sterling, whilst the advances on public securities are only 340,000*l.* Now compare this with the amount of bills under discount by the Bank of England. From the return published by the last Bank Committee, it appears that there have been periods when the circulation was above 20,000,000*l.* and the amount of private bills under discount below 1,000,000*l.* and, with the exception of the latter end of 1836, and the year 1837, when the Bank discounts were unusually large, it will be found that the average of the amount is much below that of the Bank of France.

In fact, with the Bank of France the bills under discount form the principal item in the account of their securities; whereas, with the Bank of England the case is completely reversed, and the securities are chiefly made up by advances on Government funds.

In conclusion, I may add that the Bank of France is directed by men of unquestionable talent, sound judgment, and high principle. It was founded in 1803, by a law which gave it the exclusive privilege of issuing notes during a period of forty years. It is directed by a Governor, two deputy-governors, fifteen regents, and three censors. It discounts bills, guaranteed by at least three signatures, including the drawer, and transacts the ordinary business of bankers; besides taking charge of ingots, foreign coin, diamonds, &c. at a commission which cannot exceed an eighth per cent. for every period of six months. The capital of the bank is a hundred and eight millions of francs, in ninety thousand shares of twelve hundred francs each, upon which a dividend of from twelve to fifteen per cent. is generally paid. It is admirably managed, and rarely becomes the subject of those unseemly controversies and perpetual commentaries in newspapers which prove so weakening to the moral force of the Bank of England. I never read a single article of critical disquisition on the affairs of the Bank of France during the past year that I have been in Paris; whilst, on the other hand, I never take up the "Times" or "Post" at Galignani's reading-room without finding interminable columns of angry and unprofitable squabbles between the Whigs and Tories of our monetary system — for, in finance, as in politics, there are conservatives and radicals.

Above all, we shall never, I hope, disgrace our country by asking assistance again from other nations of the Continent; for, rely upon it, our credit as a commercial country suffers thereby to an extent which people in England can form but little idea of. I never hear it mentioned at the tables of bankers and commercial men except in a tone of self-complacency, while glances at myself, and affected consideration for my wounded feelings, accompany their provoking attempts to change the unwelcome topic of conversation. Count d'Argout, the governor, is a peer, and a proud one; he has all the acumen and tact of Lord Lyndhurst, with the ready conception for accounts and industry of Lord Ripon. He is a favourite of the King's; but his position as governor for life of the Bank of France renders his lordship not only independent, but disregardful of the frowns or smiles of the Tuileries. I only wish the cabinet of Downing Street had an acquaintance equally slight with that of the "Old Lady in Threadneedle Street."

Still, in what commercial city of the world, except London, are men like the Gurneys, the Mastermans, and the Barings, to be found? Honour intact in its highest sense; with every quality that should appertain to the great and good, and every attribute of a practical and disciplined Christian gentleman, have deservedly raised to their present eminence these wealthy individuals, of whom the metropolis may be justly proud. You may seek Paris, Frankfort, or Hamburg, in vain, for such men; and, let me tell you, you cannot be too sufficiently thankful for the privilege of having such examples perpetually before the public eyes; and also, that a cycle of our great bankers and merchants is sufficient to redeem the character of our country, financially compromised as it has so often been by incompetent statesmen.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DERBY DAY.

(REPORTED WITHOUT HAVING BEEN TO THE RACE.)

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WE are by no means a sporting character. We never kept a racer; we do not care a straw which horse wins or loses; and have about as much idea of what is meant by the fluctuation of the odds in the sporting divisions of the newspapers as we have of playing upon the ophicleide,—an instrument we never could bring ourselves to learn, for fear of some day tumbling into it and never being heard of again. Neither did we ever make a bet on the course higher than half a dozen pairs of gloves with some dark-eyed Peri in lined muslin and *guirlandes Josephine*, or a foolish half-crown at a roulette-table,—a very precarious chance in either case. We know as much of Tattersall's as Geoffrey Chaucer did of Musard's quadrilles; and yet we always look forward to the Derby as one of the greatest treats in the whole twelvemonths.

With these sentiments it may be conceived that we were not overpleased at being compelled to stay in town on the last Derby day,—the more so, that we had already received several invitations; and similar despatches to the following were continually dropping in:—

No. I.

[Hurried writing, and no wafer: brought by a little boy in buttons.]

"DEAR AL.

"Will you have a go in at a drag to Epsom? It won't come to much—about £2. 10*s*. each, including feed. We shall take something better than cape and gooseberry. Let 's know soon; and learn 'The Monks of Old' and 'The Irish Quadrilles' on your cornet.

"Yours always,

"HARRY ———.

Lincoln's Inn."

This was refused, for obvious reasons hereafter stated. Besides, we know how these parties always end, where the charm of female society is wanting to check the exuberance of youthful spirits. We joined one some time back, of which our last reminiscence is that of endeavouring to cut up a cold fowl with the cork-screw, and drinking champagne out of a mustard-pot. We have a faint idea of leaving the course with a thousand other vehicles, all jostling along in one whirling cloud of dust and confusion, and disputing about a turnpike ticket—somewhere,—and offering to decide the quarrel by the ancient ordeal of trial by battle with the tollman; but this scene is as indistinct and evanescent as an unfixed Daguerreotype.

No. II.

[Lace-work envelope, scented paper, medallion wafer, stamped with an unintelligible coat-of-arms, and small, formal, angular handwriting—a good specimen of "a style after six lessons."]

"Mrs. —— is very happy in being able to offer Mr. A—— a seat

in her landau to Epsom. Should he feel inclined to join her party, an early answer will oblige."

This was received, and also refused, on Tuesday morning. We were evidently pitched upon to fill up a sudden hiatus at the eleventh hour: besides three very plain daughters, all single, and carrying flaring parasols all different, — servants in gaudy liveries, who would have made capital harlequins if put into a kaleidoscope,—nothing for lunch but warm sandwiches and flabby cucumber, peppered with dust,—together with an air of intense *parvenu* dash flung over the whole set-out;—all these combined were too much even for the sake of a cast to the Derby.

No. III.

[A dirty piece of paper, folded in that peculiarly ingenious and intricate manner which only the inferior orders can contrive; closed with a common red wafer, ornamented with five distinct impressions of the end of a watch-key.]

"Hond sir i Take the librty to Inform you of A wan as will start from My shop on Wensday for The Darby to epsm for a Sovrin there And back and shall be onnord by your cumpny from your obedient and Humbil servent

"JOHN HIGGS."

This was from our friend the green-grocer in the next street, and was gratefully declined, as was also the request from a neighbouring shopkeeper that we would inspect the celebrated six-and-sixpenny Derby blouse. But these were not all the inducements to go. A kind friend, who resides close to the downs, actually offered us a bed before and after the race. Placards of "superior four-horse coaches to Epsom" stared at us from every office in London; all the railways, annihilating every idea of space, endeavoured, we know not how, to prove that some of their stations were near the course, — we are not certain whether we were not told that the Eastern Counties was the best line to take; and all the world seemed wrapped up in the idea that the Queen would grace the course, — which not proving true, was a remarkable instance of the Derby and *hoax* taking place on the same day. We believe the joke to be original; if not, we humbly crave pardon for having introduced it.

To be candid, the plain truth of the matter was, that we could not afford the trip. The season had been, up to the period in question, comparatively very expensive, and much more gaiety was yet to follow, which would make a great diminution in our exchequer, although we inhabit chambers on the fifth floor in a cheap inn (of court), and contrive occasionally, by dint of extreme caution, to make the same pair of white trowsers appear two consecutive days in Regent Street. But our darling boots — the especial favourites with the bronze morocco tops and patent feet — had begun to evince the first symptoms of decline in the soles, brought on by over-waltzing. Moreover, the invincible stock, with the tiny bouquets embroidered thereon, seemed to have fallen out with our chin, unfortunately, "like a stubble land at harvest-home," and was also on the decay; and a new black waistcoat of plain satin had been shot by some champagne, and tastefully ornamented with red spots, more palpable than pleasing, which rendered another absolutely necessary. We argued with ourselves a long time,

which controversy is always an obstinate one; and at last, reflecting that the money which we should kick down at the Derby would go a great way towards replacing these things, if it did not actually cover the expense, we decided *not to go.*

The instant we had come to this determination we assumed a calm resignation, which was almost supernatural, when the sacrifice which we had made is considered. This lasted until the evening before the day, and then our first discomforts began. We gradually became restless and uneasy, feeling as satisfied as a person who, upon principle alone, has given up attending a pleasant evening party "to go to bed early," and consequently lies awake until four in the morning, picturing to himself all the time what is going on at the *reunion* in question, and listening to chimerical cornets-à-piston playing imaginary quadrilles, until every article on his wash-hand-stand appears having a dance to itself in derision.

We went to the theatre to help out the evening; and when it was over, not feeling tired, we entered one of the night-taverns to supper. It was Evans', and the room was crowded with sporting men,—the two names "Coldrenick" and "Attila" perpetually ringing in our ears. This reminded us too keenly of our position, so we rushed away to the Cyder Cellars: here the same subject formed the only topic of conversation. It was the same at the Albion and the Coal-Hole,—for in our nervous irritability we took supper at all,—we do not think we ever bolted so many poached eggs in our life; and finally, when we dropped into the Wrekin, where the usual talk is unmixedly theatrical, we found the same two names still echoing in every corner of the room. We now gave up all ideas of distraction, and went moodily home to bed.

We are not an early riser; but on the Wednesday morning a villanous clock that hangs in our room, whose alarum has obstinately refused to ring for many months, went off by itself at five in the morning, and roused us from a troubled slumber. In our anger we seized a boot that was within reach, and with a good aim entirely stopped its proceedings:—it will never ring more. Going to sleep again was out of the question. The morning was most lovely, and the bustle all over the house, even at that early hour, proved that the happy men who were going to Epsom had already commenced their preparations. Anon came an unwonted clatter of vehicles in the thoroughfare below; every instant a fresh pair of legs bounded up alternate stairs; and once in every ten minutes a knock was given at our door by one or the other of the floors, to borrow a corkscrew, a clothes' brush, a wicker-covered tumbler, a pepper-castor, or something of the kind. These annoyances were brought to a climax at seven o'clock by the intrusion of a wretched boy, who insisted upon leaving a raised *paté*, which, he said, we had ordered and paid for the day before, at some pie-builders in the Strand. We sent a boot-jack after him down stairs in extreme wrath; forgetting at the moment that our own name being by no means exclusive or uncommon, there was a man on the ground-floor who revelled in the same felicitous cognomination.

That universal eccaleobion, the sun, had been hatching the countless events of the day into action for some hours — in plain terms, it was about ten o'clock when we finished breakfast. By that time our neighbours had all departed, and a sense of overwhelming wretchedness stole over us. Robinson Crusoe on his uninhabited island, and the an-

cient mariner who shot the albatross in his lonely boat,—Jacques Balmat, when he got to the top of Mont Blanc,—and Sinbad the Sailor, when he got to the bottom of the Diamond Valley,—Mr. Green, the aeronaut, up in a balloon at an altitude of twelve thousand feet,—and Mr. Deane, the diver, amidst the sea-bound relics of the Royal George,—Elizabeth Woodcock, when she was frozen in the snow,—the only Sunday occupant of a Bow-Street cell, having failed to obtain bail,—a Gresham lecturer—the last man of the season,—may all have their peculiar ideas of solitude, but they were cheerful to our own loneliness. We were the left-behind of a pilgrim caravan,—the locomotive oasis of a vast desert!

After walking up and down our room for about half an hour, in the manner of a caged panther at the Surrey Zoological Gardens during the fireworks from St. Angelo, we determined to sally forth into the streets; and, mechanically following the sun, we bent our steps towards the West. Several carriages on their way to Epsom passed us; we imagined their inmates looked upon us with pitying eyes, and perceived that we were completely within the rules of our own ill-temper. We felt almost ashamed of being seen, and we sought the retirement of by-courts and back-thoroughfares.

At the Regent Circus all was life and gaiety. The thoroughfare was literally blocked up with carriages about to start, on nearly all of which we recognised an acquaintance, who bawled out in a satirical and insulting manner, "I suppose we shall see you on the Downs." One even pushed his cruelty so far as to inform us that we should find lobster-salad after the race at their drag on the hill. They went off, and others arrived: we scarcely thought there were so many vehicles and horses in London as, until half-past twelve, collected between the County Fire-Office and Carlton Chambers. At length the very last turn-out rolled away down Regent-Street: it seemed to be the tie that bound us to the world. "The last links were broken," and when we had followed it with our eyes until it diminished in the distance, and turned round the corner of Pall Mall, we could have cried for very despondency.

The Quadrant was deserted as we strolled up it. Here and there two or three persons in thick boots, and badly-cut strapless trousers, carrying dropsical umbrellas, were staring in at the shops: but these, and others of the same uninteresting class, constituted the sole occupants of the colonnade. We turned sulkily into one of the billiard-rooms for distraction. There was no clicking of balls as we ascended the stairs: the public *salle* was unoccupied, the marker amusing himself, as markers always do, with countless endeavours to perpetrate impossible cannons. Our apparition did not interfere with his pastime. It was evident that he thought nothing of a man who could coolly walk into a billiard-room at the same instant that the horses were exercising in the Warren,—that we could be nobody worth caring for, or we should not be in London. He regarded us for a minute with a glance of mingled contempt and unconcern; then whistled part of "*Dell con te*" out of tune, made a red hazard, drank some beer from a pewter-pot, that stood on the mantelpiece, and continued his sport.

The *trottoir* of Regent-Street was equally lonely. It presented nothing but a line of unrelieved hot pavement, which blinded you to look at: over which, at certain intervals, a few individuals of that class of the animal kingdom known and spoken of as "gents." were endeavour-

ing to strut their little hour in the absence of the usual dashing *flâneurs*, like the German company attempting Norma upon the same stage and with the same scenery and appointment that had whilom been graced by Adelaide Kemble, and her vocal contemporaries.

We had heard a great deal about Catlin's American Indians,—the Mandaus, Ojibbeways, Stumickosuchs, and other euphonical tribes, and we determined upon paying them a visit at the Egyptian Hall, to carry on time. But the same unpleasantly pursued us, — the exhibition had closed the day before, and there was nothing to be seen but a diagram of the Missouri Leviathan, and a notice that the room was to be let. As we turned away in sorrow, a Kew-Bridge omnibus passed. Lucky idea! we had a pretty cousin at a young ladies' establishment at Turnham-Green, and we would pay her a visit. "*C'est si gentille —d'avoir une belle cousine,*" as Paul de Kock says: and, besides, perhaps we might see some of the other girls—who could tell? We hailed the omnibus, and, after waiting at the White Horse Cellar until we had inspected all the perambulating manufactures there offered for sale, we proceeded on our journey, and were finally put down at the seminary.

After knocking twice at the door, hearing a bell ring inside, and seeing divers heads *en papilottes* bob up over the front blinds, and then bob down again with most extraordinary celerity, we were allowed to enter, and were shown into a room that was the perfect picture of a school-parlour. There was a cabinet-piano (not for the pupils,) and a pair of globes; some chalk copies of French heads; a vase of dead flowers, in greenish water, on the table; and some worsted ones in a paper-basket on the cheffonier, planted in a bung wrapped round with frizzled green paper; straw spill-cases on the mantel-piece, and pasteboard card-racks at the sides, adorned with little square views of gentlemen's seats cut out of the last year's pocket-books, and stuck on with gum. These things, together with a small table, on which were displayed a stuffed bird, two blown-glass ships, a guitar pin-cushion, and a pen-wiper made of little round bits of coloured cloth, with a transfer card-case, completed the garniture of the room,—not to omit two grape-jars, painted green, and covered with birds cut from chintz bed-furniture. The mistress chanced to be engaged for a few minutes,—schoolmistresses always are when you call. During which time we inspected the curiosities of the room; listened to the jingling of the practising piano through the wall, pitied the teacher, and then began to think what a god-send Bristol-board, perforated cards, and coloured floss-silk must have been to young ladies' establishments, until the mistress herself entered. Accumulation of despair! we were informed that, pursuant to agreement, some friends had called for our cousin that very morning about ten o'clock, to take her to Epsom! We made a most ungainly *congé* to the lady, and, quitting the house, savagely stopped an omnibus on the high-road, and, violently forcing our way into the interior, travelled back to London. We then wandered—we cannot tell how, to Hungerford Market; and, having looked at all the shrimps and periwinkles until we knew them by heart, we inspected the preparations for the foot-bridge, and then made a fourpenny tour to Vauxhall in the "Lightning" steamboat, returning in the "Thunder," by way of variety.

We scarcely know in what manner the rest of the day passed: but evening at length arrived, and we sauntered over to Kennington turn-

pike, to see the race-goers return. After waiting there an hour, a carriage-full of friends drew up close to where we were standing, its progress being interrupted by the ticket-nuisance at the gate. There was a vacant seat in the rumble, and, upon the invitation of the owner we took possession of it, heartily glad to have some one to speak to. The party had all been winners, and were returning home, in high spirits, to a capital supper, at which they were good enough to request our company. But we stedfastly refused, and got down at Waterloo Bridge, feeling no inclination to join a party where all the conversation would necessarily turn upon an event which we knew nothing about. A comfortable repast in our own chambers did not put us in better humour, and we retired to bed at an early hour, after the dullest day we ever remember to have spent; inwardly resolving we would never again miss seeing the Derby run, if we were even compelled by circumstances to travel thither on the top of a ginger-beer cart.

THE RUINED TREE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

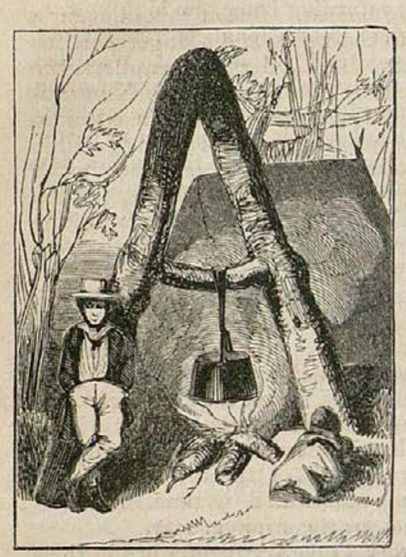
A BLIGHT hath fall'n on the forest king,
His days are numb'ring fast;
He who hath woke at the breath of spring,
And mock'd the whirlwind's blast,—
With dark'd form rear'd,
By lightning sear'd,
Is mourning the days of his glory past!

Lonely he stands in his ruin'd state,
Spoil'd of his sceptred right;
A thousand years may have been the date
He grew in noble height!
But now not a leaf
Doth whisper his grief
To the breeze that comes on the wing of night!

The veteran! many a tale he bears
Of ages long since o'er,
Young Love, with its trembling hopes and fears,
Hath breath'd them there of yore!
In many a vow,
'Neath its shelt'ring bough,
But the trysting haunt is known no more!

And, now, how chang'd! with boughs outspread,
Scaring the passer-by,
With a weird-like form for ever dead,
E'en 'neath a summer sky.
A relic of eld,
In its beauty fell'd,
Left like a flow'r uprooted—to die!

THE BOOT.



T the base of the long and beautiful line of chalk hills which run from Dover to Folkstone, and thence towards Lyminge, not far removed from that dull and quiet sea-bathing place, Sandgate, lies the village of Cheriton. There are several roads and byeways to this rural spot; but the one which we shall now describe is that which conducts us from Folkstone to "The Boot!" The road from Folkstone to Sandgate is interesting to the geologist, the lover of nature, and the admirer of sea-views and of hilly scenery. The old church of Folkstone rises on the rocks as a fine and glorious signal to the homeward-bound mariner. On the right, at a distance of about two miles, lie the splendid chain of hills we have already mentioned. There is the Sugar-loaf Hill, so symmetrical and pretty, with the sheep-walks, and the sheep too, by hundreds, feeding on its short grass. There is the Castle Hill, behind which Cæsar once had a magnificent and commanding camp, and about which hill it is said, by the lovers of old tales and legends, that the castle which once stood upon its summit was removed, stone by stone, by a fairy band, to its present site, in tranquil and monotonous Sandgate. Then there is the Cherry-orchard, situate in a hollow between two fine, bold, perpendicular hills, with its gushing stream at the foot of the mountain, and its cottage, where the traveller or the wanderer may obtain frugal refreshment and temporary repose. There are also the little woods and copses, where nutting and blackberrying amuse even more than the *youthful* population, and where, it is said, you may meet "the Old Gentleman himself, on a certain day in October," on which said day he is always to be found "nutting." Then there is the pretty hamlet of Foord, whose chalybeate spring deserves notice, and whose sylvan and rustic scenery and population merit the attention of the sojourner or traveller in these interesting parts. Foord has no church, no lawyer, no doctor; but it has flowers, springs, streams, lanes, hills, shades, and a notable "Red Cow," whose milk, however, is "Ash's Entire," in the shape of good beer and excellent ale.

But we must leave all these to our right, and pursue the straight Macadamized high road from Folkstone to Sandgate; and an admirable road it is. The mighty sea, with its innumerable vessels ever and anon to be seen on the left; whilst to the right high-soaring hills bound the horizon. At about the distance of a mile

from Folkstone the descent to Sandgate commences, and both sea and hills are lost for a short time between the high and grassy banks. On arriving half way down the hill, the scenery again opens; the fine bay, which extends from Dungeness to Folkstone, now presents itself to the view; and there lies, sleeping in the valley, the Castle of Sandgate, and its few surrounding houses. But at this moment a small country-road presents itself to the right, and a finger-post indicates that it conducts the gypsies, the higglers, the strollers, the tramps, and all honest people as well, to "CHERITON AND NEWINGTON." This country-road is a great favourite with the dwellers in tents; for the hedges are high, and protect them from that terrible south-west wind which renders Sandgate, during a great portion of the year, so unpleasant a resting-place; and besides which, in this country-lane no "Peelers" from Folkstone can interfere with the vagrant's life, or disturb their arrangements for visiting the fine houses in the neighbourhood. And oh! how pretty a lane it is! The sea behind, and in the distance; close, high, warm hedges, with the sloe, the blackberry, the elder, the thorn, and thousands of weeds, and herbs, and flowers around! And before, the broad high hills, with the fine seat of Beachborough; to the left, the pretty fir-trees overlooking the valley of Horn Street; to the right, the smoke of a lime-kiln gracefully creeping along the side of a hill; and Cheriton and Newington churches in the distance, reminding us of generations long since passed away, and of those "rude forefathers" of hamlets, which have been unchanged by time, and unaltered by the foot either of civilization or the schoolmaster.

When the sun shines warmly, and when the hedges are in their prime, and the wind is not south-west, this lane is one of the prettiest things we know in almost any part of Kent, and conducts to some farms and cottages called Coulinge. There, "retired, the world shut out," with flowers, banks, hills, and hedges, the moralist *might* moralise, and even the politician *might* muse; but as we leave Coulinge, and walk up the rising-ground, a stile, a large gate, and a newly-painted windmill will be seen to the left. We must open the gate, or cross the stile, according to taste, avoid the cottage, keep under the hedge, and proceed in the direction of the new windmill. The old barracks and the barrack-ground, where once twelve thousand troops were assembled, and where the Duke of York passed many of the happiest days of his life, at the time of the threatened descent of the French upon our sea-girt shore, now appear in sight, and now a sudden descent conducts us into a small and close valley, where hills and woods, sea and barracks, are all obscured from the view, and where "green grow the rushes," as a rippling brook runs over land as yet unturned by the plough. In this sort of long slip, or valley, lying between two high grounds, we will repose a few minutes; for here it is that professed mendicants of various degrees assemble, in small and large parties, when the weather is favourable, and their arrangements permit, to relate to each other their discoveries of the places which are to be avoided, as well as to send their kiddies to beg bread in Sandgate, Cheriton, and the environs, and to tell "the folk their poor mudder 's bad at the lodging-house, and that their farder 's at home nursing mudder."

But what is that little barn, and what are those thatched roofs,

not fifty yards from where we are sitting? There are *two* extremes to this corner in the world, to this "Toad-in-the-hole" sort of place, —the one by the route we have followed,—the paths and byeways across the fields; the other by Cheriton Street, and a thorough gypsey-looking lane which turns out of it, and conducts to Taylor's farm. This "Toad-in-the-hole,"—this "World's end,"—this place, which looks like "nothing more beyond it," with its beggars' barn, where tramps and poor travellers, gypsies and higglers, match-sellers and wandering merchants, each seek in their turns shelter and straw, is no less a place of note and importance than

THE BOOT.

Why it is called "The Boot" we have not been able to ascertain; and what *boots* it to our readers? since it has long since been decided that "an *onion* will smell as strong with any other name." So here we are at "The Boot."

"Where are you going to now?" I asked a little girl, who had entreated me in the most pitiful terms to give her alms, and had made up a capital story.

"I am going to 'The Boot,'" replied Hannah Bray, who had the tone and manner of a woman of forty, but on whose young and guilty head only twelve summers had rolled.

"And what are you going to 'The Boot' for?"

"To enjoy ourselves."

"What with, and how?" was my inquiry.

"Oh! we have made a good day of it, and we are going to have a fire under the hedge outside in the lane, and be very comfortable."

"And who are you going to meet at 'The Boot?'"

"I don't know, I'm sure. There's a good lot o' them, I believe. There's muddy, fardy, and three kiddies, besides myself; and they say Bob Johnstone will be there to-night,—he was at Dover yesterday,—and a good many others."

"And who is Bob Johnstone?" we inquired, with some curiosity, as the child spoke of him with evident enthusiasm.

"Oh! he's the great matchman," replied Hannah Bray. "Don't you know Bob Johnstone? Have you never heard of him? I thought everybody knew Bob Johnstone."

It was quite clear to us that *not* to know Bob Johnstone was, according to this young vagrant, to "argue ourselves unknown,"—and so we replied, at mere random,

"Ah! the fashionable matchmaker,—the genteel matchmaker?"

"Yes," replied Hannah; "I see you know him. He shaves every day, washes his own cravat, brushes his hat, and puts on a clean handkerchief every morning. He made nine shillings and fourpence by matches last Monday as ever was at Dover, and seven shillings and fivepence on Tuesday. Oh! if fardy could but be as lucky as Bob, he wouldn't sleep at 'The Boot' to-night, but go to 'The Three Mackerel.'"

"And where are 'The Three Mackerel?'" I asked Hannah Bray.

"Why, at Folkstone, to be sure,—and that's the house to go to; but not for such as us."

We had won the heart of Hannah by a silver fourpenny-piece. "It was not often," she said, "that she touched anything but 'browns.'"

"And where do you live when you are at home?"

"*At home?*" replied the girl, with a good deal of sly wit about her. "And pray, say what do you call my *home*, since I have had no home for five years?"

"Why, when your father was in business, and earned his bread by hard work."

"Oh! that's what you mean. Why, then, he's in business now, and earns his bread by harder work than ever he did before."

"Why, what is his trade?"

"He asks charity of ladies and gentlemen who pass along the high road."

"Where were you born?"——"At Walton, in Hertfordshire."

"Why didn't you stop at Walton?"

"Because fardy and muddy wouldn't leave their eldest kiddy behind them."

"What was your father's business?"——"A shoemaker."

"Why did he give up his trade?"

"'Cause his trade gave up him.* It gave him no more work and no more money."

"How long was this ago?"——"Five years."

"And have you been travelling about ever since?"

"Yes, ever since."

And then turning round on her heels with great rapidity, she set up a sort of a dance, and a low shrill note, to the words,

"Pity me, pity me now, sir, I pray;
I shall starve to-morrow, though I dance to-day."

"Where have you been during the last six months?"

"Oh! I'm sure I don't know—all the country over, and then over again."

And again she turned round and round with her perpetual twirl, and her oft-repeated lines of "Pity me, pity me," &c.

"Well, where have you been *lately?*"

"At Woolwich: that IS a nasty place. At Greenwich, where I *starred the glaze of a Peeler's house,*† for trying to catch me and lock me up: I paid him off famously. At Rochester; a dangerous place for us beggars. At Canterbury, where we *did* get a lot of browns, to be sure. At Margate, where the Peelers sent us all out of the town, but not till we'd gone to some fine kens. At Ramsgate, where we stopped four days. But Dover's the best place of all, except a place down in Lincolnshire, right down in the mud. Oh! how we did eat and drink there!—fowls every day."

"How long do you generally stop in a place?"

"Not above two nights. People begin to know us then, and to laugh at us. When we tell them our stories about wanting bread

* These were her precise words.

† Broke the window of a policeman's house.

and clothes, they won't believe us; but we soon *should* want if we did not go begging."

"Which do you like best—the big towns or the country?"

"Oh! sometimes one, and sometimes the other. When the Peelers are not very bad to us, we like big towns; but when they are, we like farm-houses. We had a capital dinner yesterday up by a farm-house, near Folkstone, at T——'s farm. The farmer was very good to us; and we had two puddings, one with meat in it, and another without any meat; and some tea, and milk, and sugar."

During this conversation Hannah had been wending her way along the lane we have described towards Coulinge, in the direction of "The Boot." She had made a good day's work. One of her little sisters, Betsy, was by her side. She looked about six years of age, but could "patter" with her tongue nearly as well as the elder



one. Of a sudden Hannah slackened her pace. She had come to the gate and the stile which conducted to the field and footpath leading to "The Boot," and it appeared evident to us that she no longer wished to be followed. Her conversation slackened, her fingers played with each other, or picked up stones and threw them short distances; then she sat down by the road-side, called her younger sister to her, and said something in a low tone of voice, who, with her, set up a loud laugh; and, finally, as we did not move on, said she was not going further that day, but should stop there all night.

We asked her where was "The Boot?"

She said she did not know, had lost her way, and began to cry.

We offered to go back a few steps to Coulinge and inquire at the cottages; but she said, "No—she and her little sister wished to be *alone*."

The afternoon was a grey one, occasional snatches of sunshine passed over the uplands which were before us, and the autumn was not sufficiently advanced to be either cold, damp, or gloomy. Hannah Bray and her sister evidently desired to reach "The Boot" without us for their companions; whereas our object was to find out the spot in question, which had hitherto wholly escaped our notice. Indeed, no one would know of the existence of "The Boot," without it was pointed out to them, since the entrance to the beggar's barn is from the inner yard of an outer farm-yard with a footpath across it, and the back of the *sleeping barn* is the only part of the building visible.

"Come, Hannah, show us the way to 'The Boot;' or go first, if you like that better, and we will keep in the distance. Here 's a silver sixpence for you; but mind, if you make another stop on the road, or play us any trick, we will send the Folkstone police after you."

Hannah began to titter, and then to laugh, and her little sister evidently knew her secret. It was only, however, that of her joy at being able to make so good a report on her reaching head-quarters. Plenty of victuals, and two shillings and twopence collected by her sister and herself, were enough to turn the head even of a beggar-girl. Having now twisted and twirled a few times round and round in whizzing and giddying movements, our guides crossed the stile, marched rapidly along the fields, and neither spake, laughed, nor slackened their steps until they arrived near the brow of a sudden, though short, descent. Hannah then returned on her steps, and with a serious air "begged us not to come any farther for a few minutes, that neither her muddy nor fardy, nor any of the travellers, might think she had taken us to 'The Boot;'" and told us "that we could not miss our way, as the barn was straight before us, and we should be sure to see some people about." She and her sister then left us.

After a brief interval we descended the short and rapid declivity and reached the quiet dell to which we have already adverted. To the right we saw a higgler's cart, painted green and red, with a small chimney, from which issued dense black smoke. Two horses grazed in the gypsy lane, with the avidity of those who eat seldom but eat much. Three or four dogs basked or played with each other amongst the rushes. Several half-clad children were grouped about, most of whom came running towards us to ask for charity as we approached. Hannah and Betsy were not among the number; they were hidden at "The Boot" in the sleeping-barn. A tall man, with pantaloons of varied hues, adorned with patches, but artfully holey at the knees, so as to show his skin, with dark sandy hair hanging in profusion over his cheeks, with a black coat which had once been a frock, but had been by him converted into a sort of hunting-coat, his feet unshod, and with a hat of indescribable colour placed waggishly on one side of his head, was sitting at the root of

a fallen tree. As we neared him, he rose, saluted us with an air of ceremony, and then asked us, ironically, *if we had come to take lodgings* at "The Boot." A short, idiot-looking woman, nursing a squalid child, was seated on the ground, in an attitude by no means picturesque, and looked at the tall, gravelly-haired man with apparent respect, but when he saluted and spoke to us in so extraordinary a manner, burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"You have pleasant quarters indeed," we replied, "and any one might be tempted to lodge at 'The Boot' such fine weather as this; but we are merely rovers, who have rambled as far as this to see the valley."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the tall man,—"that 's a good un, at any rate! Come to 'The Boot' to see the valley! not to see the beggars!"

"Cadgers," we replied, "sir, not beggars. We know your craft better than thus to insult you."

In less than one minute the tenants at "The Boot," who lay concealed in the little barn on that particular day, made their appearance, and we were by no means pleased with their aspect.

Bob Johnstone, the king or the prince of the match-makers, was the dandy of the party. He looked like a worn-out tradesman, shabby-genteel; for his coat, though clean from mud and dirt, was literally bright with brushing, and white with age. The colour had once been black; and then the seams having become white, had been inked over. He told us he was a draper who had failed in business, and apologized for being found in such *low* company, since match-sellers of his stamp, we were led to infer, never kept company with cadgers either on the *downright* or *on the fly*, much less with the sort of Merry-Andrew fellow who had just saluted us, and whose wife had sounded the alarm.

Bob Johnstone had a pair of drill pantaloons curiously patched with bits of nankeen and blue stripes, and shoes which he had saved from his former stock "of the genteelest cut"; his whiskers might have vied with some of the perruquier's models in the Palais-Royal. He talked fluently as to his former condition, and imaginary woes. He showed us his matches, which he declared were the best in the trade, and accounted for this by the *fact* that he purchased the best wood, and the best sulphur, forgetting that he always begs his wood at carpenter's shops, and often, too, asks for sulphur instead of halfpence from charitable shopkeepers. This fashionable match-maker seemed ashamed of his company, and said he was not in the habit of sleeping in barns, and that he meant to get on to Hythe that night. This was not true, since "*The Boot*" had been chosen as the place of rendezvous for himself and some of his fraternity prior to the breaking up of the sea-bathing season on the southern coast. Bob is the most successful of the match-making trade, but he does not live *wholly* on his profession.

He leaves his bundle of matches at some central spot: then places a shilling's worth in his hat; visits gentlemen's houses for victuals and pence, only shows the matches when his *other* importunities fail; and returns to his bundle when his shilling's worth of slips of wood, dipped in sulphur, are exhausted. Thus he "cadges" and

"matches" together, and makes sometimes seven, eight, and even nine shillings *per diem*.

We observed at the entrance of a sort of inner farm-yard, where the sleeping-barn is situated, a young woman of great personal beauty. She appeared to be thoughtful and dejected. She could not be more than twenty; yet sorrow had shaded her youth, and had stamped its seal on her visage. She saw us noticing her, and her first movement was that of one desirous of retreating. She seemed to think we knew her, as she explained afterwards, and a sense of shame was the first feeling which our observation of her excited; as we advanced towards her, talking all the while to Bob Johnstone, her cheeks became mantled with no affected blushes. She was right: we *had* known her in childhood; but some years had passed away, and her face and figure were so altered, that we had not the slightest recollection of her.

"I see you know me," said Maria. "I know *you* too. It is all my father's fault. He refused to forgive me."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the idiot-looking woman, who followed close on our heels, "here's Miss Molly fretting again about her old father. What a fool!"

We turned round to reprove her for her heartlessness; but she abused Maria the more, and it was not till we turned into the inner-yard, and leaned against the posts of the sleeping-barn that she desisted from her interference. A few pence had operated quite magically on the troublesome creature, and Maria told us the tale of her sorrow and suffering.

"You knew me when a little girl at Ramsgate. In an evil hour I was betrayed, deceived. He to whom I looked for protection forsook me as soon as my condition would not allow of concealment, and my father turned me out of doors. In my helpless condition, I then went to my aunt's. She shut the door in my face. I had no other relations. My whole stock of money was five shillings, and I had only one change of clothing. I was confined of my child in a barn. No bed, no linen, no doctor, no nurse. The child died, thank God! and the world was before me. The beggars had compassion on me. I was also helped by the parish; and during a part of last winter I was taken into the union at ——. I wrote to my father, and made him acquainted with all my misery and woe; and prayed for forgiveness. He did not answer me. I wrote again. The master of the union wrote too; but no reply arrived; and when the spring weather opened, I was sent from the union to seek my fortune — and a pretty fortune it is! As I have no one to protect me, I am often insulted, and sometimes ill-used. I travel about with others for the sake of company, and carry other women's children, and beg my daily bread."

"Whom are you travelling with, now?" we inquired.

"With that Merry-Andrew kind of man you spoke to just now, whose wife laughed at me for telling you about my father. He knows something of fortune-telling, of juggling, and sleight of hand; and in villages and places where there are no policemen, he will get sometimes three or four shillings a day. He employs me a little in carrying the smallest child, or else the little table on which he places his conjuring-cups, and for this I have a right to a part of the broken

victuals. When any one gives me some half-pence, he makes me divide them with him."

"And, where do you all sleep?"

"Oh! sometimes in barns, and, sometimes, in warm weather, under the hedges, when the barns are full; and, sometimes, when they have made a good day of it, in lodging-houses."

"What do you pay them for your lodging?"

"Three-pence per night for each grown person, and less for the children."

"And, do you all dress and undress in the same room."

"Oh! yes. Sometimes I do not undress at all."

"And, are you not often exposed to robbery, rudeness, and bad conduct on the part of your fellow-travellers?"

"Very often, indeed. When I have a sixpence or shilling of my own over and above my lodging, I leave it with the landlord before I go to bed, for fear it should otherwise be stolen from me in the night."

"But why do you not try to quit this mode of life, and become a servant, or work at washing, ironing, or needlework, or even labour in the fields."

"I have tried often, but always failed. People will not believe my story. They ask that some one should be answerable for my character. I cannot blame them. They are afraid of taking a thief into their house, I suppose. But I am no thief. I was unfortunate enough to believe the man who seduced me, and now I am a beggar and a vagabond, but not a thief."

We asked her if she would go to service, provided we could find her a place.

"To be sure I would," she replied; "but, how am I to know whether you find me one? To-morrow I shall not be here. Which road the conjuror is going he never tells even his own wife, and, indeed, I think he often does not know himself. Much depends on the weather, and on the news he picks up as to where there is the best chance of success. "But, let me see," placing her beautifully-formed hand on her sorrow-lined forehead,—"let me see. I know we are going to Hastings. If you write to me in the course of a week to the post-office there by my real name, I could get the letter. If there be no letter for me at Hastings," she said, "I will write to you, and tell you which is the next great place we shall stop at. Perhaps it may be Brighton. I will save up all my half-pence till I hear from you, that when you say 'Come,' I will come at once."

In the whole of this scene there was no affectation, no display, no other tears than those which the heart shed, and to which our hearts responded.

"There is *hope* for you," we said, as we placed half-a-crown in her hands.

Our exertions were successful. We wrote to the master of the union at ——. We inquired at Ramsgate all the particulars of her sad history. We corresponded with her at Brighton, and she is now comfortably settled in the family of a country clergyman, who, with a perfect knowledge of all her sorrows and sins, has received her into his happy and innocent circle, where she is *"the best servant he ever had in his life."*

But, to return to "*The Boot.*" As we turned out of the inner yard, and gained the lane which we have styled "*The Gipsy Lane,*" and which leads into Cheriton road, the inhabitants of the red and green cart met us, and eyed us attentively "from top to toe." The man had the appearance of a runaway soldier, who had changed not only his dress, but his hair, whiskers, and general *tournure*, to escape detection. He was many years younger than his female companion, who was at once commanding, arch, and playful. We remarked on the disparity of ages between herself and her husband. She smiled most waggishly.

This is my *fifth* husband, and I never had an *old* one.

"Your fifth husband!" we exclaimed; "why you cannot be above thirty.

"Thirty this very day," replied the higgler; "and so you 've made a good guess of it."

We asked them what they did in that part of the country?

"Sell brushes and brooms, mend chairs and stools, deal in old clothes, and hats, and anything else to get an *honest* penny," replied the female merchant, laying a strong accent on the word *honest.*

"Or tell fortunes?" we inquired.

"No—not much of that; but if you walk round the corner there, you may see the oldest fortune-teller in all England. Never was the like of her. She 'd puzzle old Scratch, that she would."

The young merchant looked up at his wife, who was at least a foot taller than himself, with evident satisfaction. She was his goddess. The children who surrounded them, five in number, were the offspring, not of her present, but her past husbands; yet the fifth husband seemed to take a deep interest in them all. None of them begged of us; but all smiled as we put our hands to our pockets; and these itinerant kiddies were instructed to be most apt in genuflexions on the receipt of our coin. Some knelt, others bowed, and the rest curtsyed, but all were profoundly grateful. The green and red cart was guarded by right-trusty dogs. The woman returned with us to her four-wheeled messuage, and showed us the interior. At the front was a half-door, which opened or shut at pleasure. The under part was closed during both day and night; but the upper half was only closed at night. At the back part of the cart was a bed, or, rather, a soft mattress, on a bedstead,—on which slept herself, her young husband, and two of the youngest of the children. This bedstead, and its fittings-up, took up at least one-third of the cart. Half way between the bedstead and the door, on one side of the cart, was the little iron stove, small, but serviceable, and over which hung a small cauldron. It contained pork and greens, and was simmering away in a manner most satisfactory to our guide. On the same side, in the corner of the cart, was a cupboard nailed against the wooden boards, on which were hung the small kitchen-gear — for we cannót call them ware. On the opposite side was a sort of one-sided cot, into which three children were stowed at night, two with their heads towards the bedstead, and one with the head towards the door. There were no chairs, but stools; no plates, but small earthenware dishes; no mirror, but a fourpenny hand-looking-glass; no silver, but three or four iron, spoons; no carpet, but a piece of stout matting; and when all the five children, and the

young husband, with his thirty-years-old wife, were shut up for the night, we suspect the heat must have very much resembled, in character, that of the black-hole at Calcutta.

The red-and-green cart stood with its back to the gipsy tent, which was planted at the corner of Gipsy Lane, on the road towards Newington. The tent was ugly, dirty, and uninviting; and we were really hesitating as to whether we should visit it, when a tall, Meg Merrilies sort of woman started on her legs, more than half naked; and two other beings of the gentler sex, but scarcely more gentle, followed her example.

"Come here, my pretty gentlemen,—come here, and listen to what the poor old gipsy woman has to tell ye. Don't be afraid; there's no harm in a gipsy tent; but I've much to tell ye, so come this way—come this way."

And there stood before us, leaning over a bar of wood, fixed at one end into the hedge, and at the other to a pole made fast in the ground, three of the most awful-looking women we have ever yet met with in this world of beauty. Their hair was neither curled, bound up, nor even brushed; in fact, they heard our voices as they were engaged in their evening *toilette*. From the bar of wood on which they reposed their six brawny, uncovered arms, hung a piece of sacking. This was one of the sides of the tent. Without stockings, and with only a petticoat on each of them, and some sort of excuse for a shawl on each of their shoulders, they received us at the entrance of their uncovered tent. The fire burnt deadly. Their faithful, growling, clever, almost speaking dog, regarded us with fixed eyes, and resolute air. Whilst his patronesses were all civility, he looked all suspicion. He was the only male of the party, and seemed to object to interlopers of his own sex.

"Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty gentlemen," cried the old granny, at the top of her broken, but yet piercing voice; "I see by your noble forehead that you are born of high family, well and honourably known to all the great folk in this land. I see by your eyes, and the planet that governs your fate, that you also will live to see great events, and wonderful advancement. You have had much trouble—very much; but the light in your eye shall become a strong blaze, and joy shall come after sorrow, as morning comes after night. Give me your hand, and I will tell you something more; but first cross the poor old gipsy-woman's hand with a piece of silver."

One of us took out a sixpence. It was too little. We exchanged it for a shilling. She received it without apparent satisfaction; but when we added to it the original sixpence, a smile was to be seen on her aged lips, and she continued as follows:—

"I see by your hand, pretty gentleman, that you have loved a *fair* lady, but she has been faithless. Never mind, pretty gentleman, she will love you yet. She already mourns for you; and you will receive a letter from her. But what have *you* done with the *brown* lady? Did you not desert her for the fair one? Fie on you! fie on you! But all shall be right in the end. Much happiness is in store for you, my pretty gentleman, but not yet. Wait a little while with patience, and all will be explained. Then shall you hear of the happiness of the brown lady, and she shall give you a pledge

of her love, and you shall be happy, most happy, to the close of your days."

And then, approaching her mouth to the ears of the "pretty gentleman," she whispered as well as she could,

"You are fond of the ladies. You love good company. You have a right merry heart. But, take care. The wine-bowl has poison in it. Flattery is destructive. Beware of a false friend."

Then, releasing my hand, she asked, "What have you to say to the old gipsy-woman now, my pretty gentleman, have I not told you your true fortune?"

"Not as I understand my own fortune," I replied; on which she turned from me, with evident disgust, to the other member of our party.

"Come now, my pretty gentleman," continued the old hag, "let me tell you *your* fortune. I can see by your planet that there is something remarkable in your destiny."

"I would rather it should remain in the planet," he replied; "'a fool and his money are soon parted'; I do not mean to waste *good* silver for bad fortunes."

"Then keep your money to yourself," growled Meg Merrilies; "but it shall melt, it shall waste, it shall fly. Your purse shall have no bottom. Your gold shall turn out counterfeit. Your bankers shall fail. Your houses shall be destroyed by fire. If *you* will not remember the old gipsy in *your* alms, she will not forget *you* in *her* curses."

Then, turning from us both, she screamed at one of her granddaughters, who was evidently deaf, "to put some sticks on the fire," and we got from her clutches and her curses with all convenient rapidity. The dog followed us, barking; the twilight had come rather suddenly upon us; the old fortune-teller's ravings were to be heard in the distance; and we left the environs of "The Boot" with mingled feelings of pity and interest. Oh! how little do the various classes and grades of human society know of the other grades and classes to which they do not individually belong!

When we arrived at home we were both *minus* one silk handkerchief; but how and where we lost them we could not tell. Still we resolved on visiting "The Boot" again, and on becoming still better acquainted with the manners and modes of life of that large and deplorably increasing class of our fellow-subjects, who wander from time to time, or from county to county, some in search of work, others of bread, of lodging, and of the means of existence. Some are entitled to our compassion, some to our anger, and many to our rebuke; but all who, like ourselves, have known and seen them, must admit that this rapidly-increasing system of mendicity cannot continue, without danger to the property, morals, and lives of a very large portion of our population.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which the hero of this history, and his two companions, hold up their hands at the Old Bailey; and wherein it will be seen that all criminals are not prisoners in Newgate.

When we were first taken to the Gate-house, and consigned to our several cells, such was the disturbance in my mind, such the confusion of the past scene within it, that there was no room for the entertainment of hope, or for the admittance of fear.

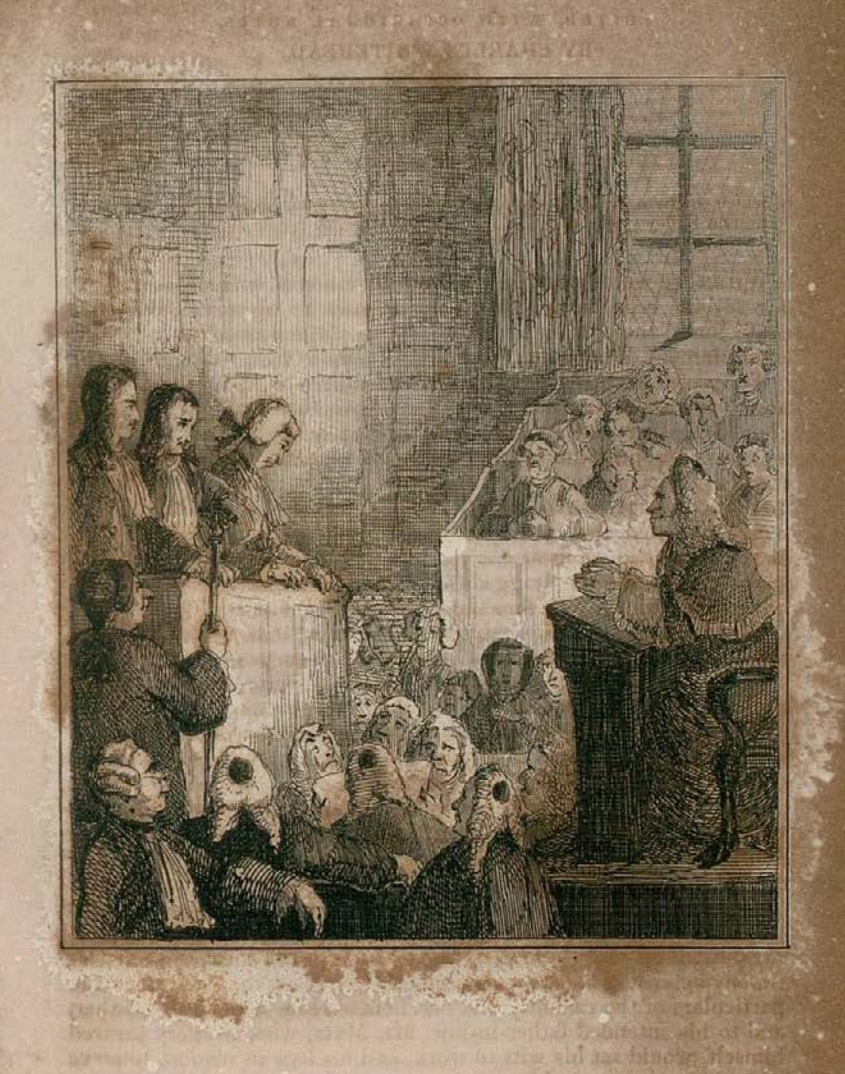
The paved yard was set round with similar cells. Of these all, or nearly all, were occupied; some by fellows who clamorously complained against the abuse of power that had placed them there, — others by penitent or fear-begnawn rogues, who as loudly lamented their unhappy condition, — others by gentlemen who had met Justice face to face so often, or who had so little care about seeing her, that they wore out the time till she held her levee with merry songs and catches.

What a relief to be dragged (as we were, with great rudeness and unnecessary violence) before the three justices, who heard the charge against us with a solemn indifference of mien that greatly fortified the courage of Merchant, who listened to the suggestions of hope as readily as he obeyed the impulse of fear, and who mistook the composure of the justices, which was the result of a long-accustomed intimacy with similar cases, for a belief on their parts that our particular case was no more than an ordinary tavern brawl, which would be visited with a light and transient punishment.

Before we were remanded, Gregory solicited and obtained leave to send to an attorney, a friend of his father. On the arrival of this gentleman at the Gate-house, we laid our case fully before him, and craved his professional advice and assistance.

He presently left us, to seek out the men who had witnessed the affray, and to rake up such evidence against the characters of Nuttal, Mrs. Edersby, and the rest, as would weaken the effect of their testimony against us. He promised, at the same time, to break the particulars of the calamity that had befallen him to Gregory's father, and to his intended father-in-law, Mr. Myte, who, Gregory assured himself, would set his wits to work, and his legs in motion, to serve us by every means in his power.

We were removed to Newgate by the constables, where a more humane treatment awaited us. We were placed apart from the common criminals, and confined in the Press Yard with others in like circumstances to ourselves, that is to say, with persons who had not yet stood their trial.



The Trial

London Richard Bentley, 1842

[illegible] and brought in a [illegible] and that after hearing the witnesses who had [illegible] case than they had presented to the justices. He assured them that the grand jury could not find a true bill against us for murder.

We were surprised on the following day by a visit from Harding, [illegible] us very gravely.

"[illegible] gentlemen," said he, "you have killed between you [illegible] and friend. What may a plain man think of [illegible] carried a sword but to use it in [illegible]

[illegible] I stopped him.

[illegible] said that he had lived and [illegible] to your [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] together [illegible] but he [illegible] what do [illegible]

[illegible] Lenore says he means to [illegible] a great respect for you [illegible] but he tells me there is [illegible] against you."

[illegible] to be so," said [illegible]

[illegible] the surprise was, if not the

In the meantime Mr. French visited us, and let us know that the coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of manslaughter against us; and this, after hearing the witnesses, who had made a much worse case than they had presented to the justices. He augured from thence that the grand jury could not find a true bill against us for murder.

We were surprised on the following day by a visit from Burridge. He accosted us very gravely.

"And so, gentlemen," said he, "you have killed between you your old schoolfellow and friend. What may a plain man think of this, who never carried a sword but to use it in self-defence! O Richard Savage! O James Gregory!"

"My dear sir," began Gregory. I stopped him.

"Had Sinclair done so, Mr. Burridge," said I, "he had lived, and might, perhaps, have continued to listen to your exhortations with patience, which, I confess, I shall hardly do, if you come here to insult without provocation, or to condemn without knowledge."

"Do I deserve this?" said he, turning to Gregory; "*you* know I do not. Mr. Savage, I remember I once asked you in jest never to proclaim yourself my pupil. I hope you will not give me cause to make that request in earnest."

"In our condition, dear sir," said Gregory, "much may be forgiven. We are wrongfully charged with a heinous crime; and when our best friends doubt us, may we not stand excused?"

"Ah, well! say no more," cried the old man, taking us by the hand; "perhaps I was too hasty. The poor lad's dreadful death has touched me, as the death of one of you had done. Cannot we sit down here? I want to talk awhile with you.—You will now, young men," said he, when we had retired to a less crowded part of the yard, "have it in your power to separate your real from your nominal friends. I am sorry to say that Mr. Myte, whom I have called upon on your account, is one of your nominal friends. His son-in-law, Mr. Langley, however, is concerned for you, and will come to see you."

He now inquired whether it was chance alone that had carried us to Robinson's Coffee-house; "for Lemery, one of the fellows, tells me," said he, "that Mr. Merchant knew Sinclair had returned from Scotland, and might have been pretty certain of lighting upon him at that place. Lemery says, he himself informed Merchant that it was Sinclair's usual haunt after midnight."

Upon hearing this, I beckoned Merchant towards us. He acknowledged that he knew Sinclair was in town; and confessed he was aware Robinson's was his common resort. He said it was possible he might have taken us there with a view of setting us together by the ears; "for what will not drunken men do?" said he; but he did not recollect whether he had such a design; "for what do drunken men remember?"

Burridge shrugged his shoulders. "Lemery says he means to swear to the truth; for he has, it seems, a great respect for you, Dick. I hope he may show some respect for truth; but he tells me there is one Mrs. Rock who is inveterately malignant against you."

"I believe she is, although I never gave her cause to be so," said I. "Mrs. Ludlow, sir."

Burridge was lost in astonishment. His surprise was, if not in-

creased, prolonged when I related all that had passed between Sinclair and me on a former occasion at Robinson's.

Burridge then went away, promising to see us again before the day of trial.

Whatever hopes we might have entertained of the issue of our trial were well-nigh swept away by the intimation made to us on the day before, that Justice Page was to preside at it. Page, like his betters, left his character behind him, which was this:—He was a gross, facetious dog, but only towards misfortune and misery. The calamitous were sure of his scornful jeer, his evil eye, his malignant heart. He wielded the law, not as a sword to punish the wicked, but as a dagger to stab the innocent.

The morning of our trial arrived. We were led into court guarded by constables. Gregory had maintained from the first a decent manliness, which did not now desert him. I was firm and composed; but Merchant was by no means present to himself. A more abject spectacle of cowardly weakness never held up his hand, or attempted to do so, at the bar. His appearance excited pity amongst the women, of whom there were many, and from the men provoked contempt. The court was crowded.

The indictment was laid against Thomas Gregory, Richard Savage, and William Merchant; and in that order we were placed at the bar.

Whilst Merchant's arraignment was proceeding, I had leisure to observe the countenance of Sir Arthur Page. I thought I could perceive in his devilish face — but this might have been merely prejudice—that he had already resolved on my destruction. There was at least a pleased expression in it, which disclosed the delight he took in the trial of cases that contained blood in them. I never saw such a horrible leering, vital villain. Had his father made him anything else but a lawyer, he had been hanged to a certainty.

The counsel for the prosecution, who stated his case as fairly as a lawyer could, — for I defy a lawyer to state any case, whether legal or otherwise, quite fairly, — having closed his speech, Nuttal was called, as the first witness.

Mr. Nuttal tendered his evidence with an air of candour that recommended him to the attention of the court. He detailed the insult that had been offered by Merchant, which, he said, I drew on the instant to justify; that Gregory then, with an oath, drawing, commanded Sinclair and himself to give up their swords, which they had not unsheathed,—but that when he was about to do so, and, as he supposed, Sinclair,—Gregory flew upon, and would have killed him, but that he (Nuttal) seized him by the wrist with one hand, and snapped his sword in two with the other; and that, while the struggle was going on between them, he saw me stab Sinclair, who held his point towards the ground.

Lemery and his brother were in one story, which differed slightly from Nuttal's evidence. They acknowledged that Gregory did not demand the swords till Nuttal's was drawn; and that I did not draw until after Sinclair had put himself in attitude. They said further, that they did not see the wound given.

Mrs. Seth Lemery, her husband and brother-in-law having seen too little, saw too much. She deposed that Gregory struck Sinclair's sword out of his hand, and that I stabbed him when he was disarmed.

I was astonished at hearing the hideous Mrs. Edersby speak the truth. She had not witnessed the brawl, she said, and therefore did not know by whom the wound had been given. She had supposed it must be Merchant, from his conduct towards her before the prisoners entered the coffee-room, and from his rushing past her in the passage immediately after she heard the clashing of swords. She had been since informed, however, that Mr. Merchant wore no sword on the occasion.

When Mrs. Rock was put into the witness-box, the thronged audience, who had listened to the evidence of the others with breathless attention, re-arranged themselves in their seats,—such, I mean, of them as had obtained a sitting,—whilst the crowd on the floor of the court on either side pressed still more anxiously forward. Even Page himself seemed to interest himself in the appearance of this woman.

Her face was pale to ghastliness, her lips livid, her teeth dull and chalky, her eyes dim, and deep-set in their sockets; but there was a clamorous loudness in her voice, and an energy in her gestures, when she answered the questions that were addressed to her, which accorded so strangely with her emaciated face and person, as to render her a spectacle to shudder at.

Her evidence, which referred solely to me (she had not seen the scuffle between Gregory and Nuttal), was given at first with a loud confidence, "That was the man that stabbed him before he had drawn his sword," with a bold finger shot towards me, and a shake of the head, as much as to say, "and he knows I speak the truth;" and a look towards me at the same time, which said, "You know I lie; but I 'll hang you if I can!"—at first it was all this; but as she proceeded, and became involved in a mesh of contradictory statements, — more hopeless of extrication every moment, — the wretch absolutely was embarrassed, ashamed, confused.

The next and last witness against us was the doctor who attended Sinclair in his last moments. I forget his name, nor is it of importance.

He recapitulated his evidence given before the justices; stating that, from the nature of the wound, and from the direction the sword had taken he could not conceive how a man standing upon his defence could have received such an injury, unless he had fenced with the left hand.

The case for the prosecution being closed, a moment's pause ensued. Gregory nudged me with his elbow.

"Savage," said he, not looking at me, and in a low voice, between his set teeth, "there is a woman in a hood—a lady, on the other side of the court, has been gazing at us — at you more particularly, ever since we have stood here. Her eyes make me quite sick. Avert your head from her. My God! such an expression!"

"Mrs. Brett, no doubt," said I; "I thought we should have her company here."

"Gracious Heaven!" and he turned very pale, "support yourself, my dear fellow," grasping my hand. "Go through it, like a hero. I pity you."

I needed not Gregory's pity. Whatever concern I might hitherto have felt, and did at that instant feel, at the unhappy fate of Sinclair, the knowledge that his friend and confederate was by, watch-

ing, perhaps heartening, animating the base gang in their efforts to destroy me, at once dissipated it. She supplied another motive to me, to carry myself with spirit and dignity. The unfortunate may sometimes break down under the sense of their misfortunes; but the persecuted are mostly strengthened by their oppressor, and do not fall, but are stricken down.

Gregory now was called upon for his defence. He was very brief, giving a plain statement of as much as had occurred in the coffee-room, as his active share in the quarrel had enabled him to observe. He submitted that testimony so various, and in some points so contradictory as had been brought against us, was not entitled to credit; and that the characters of the men and women who had offered it were so infamous that, even had they preserved a consistence and integrity of evidence, it would not, or ought not, to weigh heavily against us.

My speech occupied a considerable time. I examined and sifted the evidence which had been tendered against us. I laboured, and I believe successfully, to show that, with the exception of the doctor's surmise, it was utterly unworthy of a moment's consideration. I explained how it came to pass that Sinclair received his wound on the left side of the body; by describing how Gregory's arm, sweeping in the direction of Nuttal, had caught Sinclair's sword-arm, and had swung him half round. But, I proceeded to contend that, even if the jury were to believe that portion of Nuttal's evidence, (which, however, like the rest, was false,) which asserted that I had stabbed Sinclair when his sword was held towards the ground, I was not, in reason or justice, bound to wait till a lunge was made at me, which might incapacitate me from returning it, and which, had I so waited, and had it taken such an effect, would have caused Mr. Sinclair to stand where I then stood.

Merchant, by a motion of the head, intimated that he declined saying anything; indeed, he subsequently informed me that his tongue was as dry during the trial as an old shoe, and that he believed, had he attempted to utter a word, he should have been choked.

The three men who had run into the coffee-room during the affray were then called. Their evidence varied but slightly. There was just so much discrepance in it as it was natural to expect, and as was unavoidable, considering the hurry and tumult of the whole proceeding; and it supported our defence in all its main particulars.

It was next shown on our behalf that Nuttal was a fellow who hung loose upon society, that he was a man accustomed to violence and brawls, and that he had been heard to threaten that he would "do for us" if we escaped "this bout," and he could catch us alone. The Lemerys, and the wife of the latter, were proved to be disreputable creatures, — the woman only less infamous than Mrs. Rock, and about on a par with Mrs. Edersby, by whom, it appeared, both were supported, although on a different footing, —which I need not describe or explain. The house itself was well-known.

Lastly, witnesses were called to our characters. The gentlemen who appeared on behalf of Gregory were all of them of the highest respectability; many of those who testified to mine were of no common distinction. Let me remember amongst them my friends, Mr.

Wilks and Mr. Aaron Hill, Thomson and Mallet, Lord Tyrconnel and Major-General Churchill, the friend of Mrs. Oldfield. Langley and Burridge, our common friends, spoke in behalf of us both jointly. Myte hung about the court, and was seen both by Gregory and me; but by no inducement could he be prevailed upon to enter the witness-box. At length, tearing himself from Langley's detaining grasp, and drawing in a long breath, he rushed wildly out of the court.

When Page was about to sum up, a woman in the dress of a widow, made her way to the witness-box, and having been helped into it, after bestowing a low obeisance upon the judge, turned towards us, and smiling, though the tears rolled plentifully down her face, nodded encouragingly at Gregory and me. It was some time before I recognized her; but when at last I did, the spirit that had upheld me all along had well-nigh deserted me. Had I not checked on a sudden a rebellious rising in my throat, my eyes had overflowed.

"Please your honourable worship," said poor simple Mrs. Martin, with a low curtsey, "I know the two young gentlemen yonder. The youngest of 'em — he was but a boy then — came to lodge with my good master and me (I wish he was alive and here, — he could have told you better than I can). Well, your worshipful lordship," curtsying again, "he was treated very barbarously by his lady-mother, one Madam Brett——"

"What does the woman mean?" cried Page,—"to what does this lead? What do you know of the prisoner? What have you to say in his favour?"

"I was coming to that, please your worship," cried Mrs. Martin. "She wanted to put him on board ship, — to make away with him, like. Well, my master——"

"Stand down, woman!" exclaimed Page roughly. "We are not to be amused with these old wife's tales. Bid her stand down."

A constable laid his hand upon her arm, "You must stand down, missus."

She did not resist; but, curtsying as before, went out of the box.

"I wouldn't speak falsely for the world, and all it's worth," said she, appealing to the people about her; "but, gentlemen, I wanted to say this: I know the dear young creature there, whose life's in the hands of God Almighty, not in no one's here, wouldn't kill a fly, much more a Christian, unless he had call to do it."

The commotion caused by this little incident having subsided, Page proceeded to sum up the evidence against us; which he did with extraordinary unfairness and partiality. He remarked that whatever difference there might have been, and was, in the depositions of the witnesses, it by no means amounted to inconsistency, and that it was easily explained by the suddenness and confusion with which the whole business had been carried on. He observed, further, that the difference itself was sufficient to satisfy the jury of the general truth of the testimony offered by those who had appeared against us.

"If," said he, their evidence had been one, it might reasonably be suspected that it was false, since it is impossible they could each have seen all; or, granting that possibility, that they could have been suf-

ficiently collected to have remembered it with such exactness as would justify you in giving implicit credit to it. They all agree, nor do the prisoners themselves deny it, that Merchant gave the first provocation. With regard to the witnesses they have called, their evidence can weigh but lightly with you, as they were not present till the murder was, as I may say, on its course. But, gentlemen of the jury," raising his voice, and casting a hideous leer first towards us, and then at the twelve fellows in the box, who, having enjoyed his peculiar humour before, or having heard of his talents that way, relaxed their muscles, and sat prepared to furnish a requiting grin,—"but, gentlemen of the jury, this, I doubt not — all this is a very light matter to the prisoners at the bar, more especially to Mr. Savage, who, as you no doubt have perceived, has carried himself to-day as though killing a gentleman were a very praiseworthy occupation of a gentleman's time. Must we not teach Mr. Savage a different lesson? Gentlemen of the jury, consider, I pray you, that Mr. Savage is a very great man, — oh! a great man, indeed, — a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury. But, gentlemen of the jury, is it not, after all, a hard case, a *very* hard case, that Mr. Savage should, therefore, kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

I cannot describe the rage, horror, and disgust, with which I listened to the infamous harangue.

"Gentlemen of the jury," I called out, "this judge, whom you have just heard, appears to love his joke better than justice. This is not Smithfield, this is a court of law; nor ought we to suffer because fortune has misplaced him. Mr. Page,* when he seeks by these means to obtain a conviction against me for murder, is endeavouring to commit one. Gentlemen, you ought not to listen——"

"Silence, fellow!" interrupted Page, all the irresponsible and licentious devil flaming forth out of his face,—"silence!" he roared, "take the fellow from the court. What! does he resist? Drag him away by force! What! what! what! do you mark him, gentlemen of the jury?"

Three fellows laid hands upon me, and haled me out of the court, amid the murmurs of the spectators.

"You'll swing for this, master, I'm sorry to tell you," said one of the fellows. "Lord bless you! why did you break out so? it's only his way; he always plays with his fish before he kills 'em."

While the jury were deliberating, I was re-admitted, that I might hear the verdict pronounced. They were closeted more than an hour: and on their return found Gregory and me guilty of murder, and Merchant of manslaughter. The instant it was pronounced, a female figure, rising from her seat, uttered a piercing shriek, and went into strong convulsions. My Elizabeth! A crowd gathered about her to tender, as I suppose, assistance. There was but an instant. The gaolers had us by the arms, and were about to lead us out of the court. In the centre of it, and in the midst of a multitude pressing to leave, — for the court had risen, — I beheld Mrs. Brett. Her eyes encountered mine. Such eyes! I wonder not they sickened Gregory to look upon them. A smile, too, upon her lip, which a stranger would have called irresistible; but of which I knew the deadly import, she knowing that I knew it.

* Page was not knighted till some years after Savage's trial.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IDLENESS.

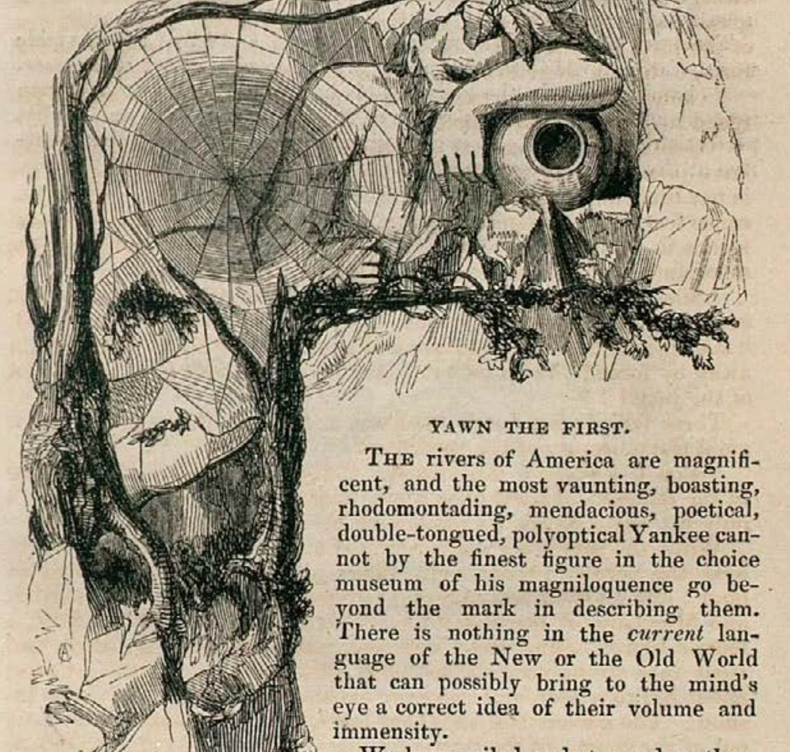
EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"La paresse est une belle vertu
Quand elle est bien entretenue."

The best of men have ever loved repose.—THOMSON.

Præstat otiosum esse quàm nihil agere.—PLIN. EPIST.

Quicumque dormit, non peccat, qui non peccat, salvabitur, ergo qui dormit salvabitur.



YAWN THE FIRST.

THE rivers of America are magnificent, and the most vaunting, boasting, rhodomontading, mendacious, poetical, double-tongued, polyoptical Yankee cannot by the finest figure in the choice museum of his magniloquence go beyond the mark in describing them. There is nothing in the *current* language of the New or the Old World that can possibly bring to the mind's eye a correct idea of their volume and immensity.

We have sailed and steamed on them all, and have anchored in their natural bays and harbours, and landed on many of the innumerable little aits or islands which stud them—like bright emeralds on the heaving bosom of a giantess.

But we have sought in vain from map or man to discover that delectable river, — so congenial in its course to our own indolence, — that

river, which a native American has described as "too lazy to run down a hill!" What a gem is that river—a gem of the first *water!*

How wise it is to keep its bed! How unlike those turbulent and unruly streams—those graceless *runaways*, that are only fitted by Nature for the sea to which they rush.

YAWN THE SECOND.

Man is a machine, *ergo*, the more friction he suffers from activity, the more rapidly will he wear out. That great philosopher, Diogenes, whose happiness and contentment even Alexander envied, was so perfectly convinced of this axiom, that he wisely contracted his worldly estate and possessions to the narrowest possible limits, and tenanted a tub. Happy mortal! that, like a snail, could carry his house upon his back.

A counterpart of this sage of antiquity was that simple shepherd, who wished for wealth that he might eat fat bacon, and swing all day upon a gate!

Thomson, the poet of the seasons, possessed a spice of this enviable spirit; for he loved to saunter about his cool garden at a tortoise-pace, —his hands resting in the hollow of his broad back, and ever and anon to stop and nibble the ripe peaches as they hung upon the wall. What perfection of idleness! It is only given to transcendent genius to arrive at thy pinguifying pinnacle.



"Time lost."

YAWN THE THIRD.

A portrait.

Listless Slow was theoretically an industrious man,—practically a pattern of indolence. He was sleek, fair-haired, and, by habit, had superinduced a plumpness that bordered upon the chubby. The house was a very hive of industry, and he a drone.

By the influence of his father-in-law he had obtained a situation under government; the fatigues of office were his constant theme, and the ever ready excuse for his repose.

Poor fellow! he generally took his chocolate in bed at eight, read till nine, and then, by an effort, leaped into his dressing-gown and slippers, and submitted his chin to the operations of a barber.

At ten the omnibus called at his door, and transported him to the office—the hours of business being from eleven to two o'clock — where, in winter, he sat with his feet on the fender, punching the inoffensive round coals in the glowing grate, while a junior clerk read the newspaper aloud.

In summer he ate strawberries or cherries, and killed time by shooting at the blue-bottles which busily buzzed about his prison, for such he deemed it.



"Under government."

Harassed with the toils of the day,—having probably been compelled to sign his name half-a-dozen times in the course of his incarceration, — he hailed the advent of the omnibus with the glee of a school-boy going home for the holidays; and returned to his domestic retreat to count the tardy minutes till dinner was announced.

His little active wife and children all sympathised with the parent; and while his affectionate partner proffered a jelly or an ice, or an anchovy sandwich, to recruit his wasted energies, his eldest girl would gently lull his mind by playing soft airs upon the piano, while he lolled at full length upon the yielding sofa.

In fact, he had the art of turning all their tenderness and activity to the promotion of his own peculiar enjoyment.

Poor Slow! he was as nearly arriving at perfection in the art of idleness as any mortal breathing, when, unfortunately, the world suddenly lost the benefit of his bright example and profound experience, through the intervention of an apoplectic fit.

"Man never is, but always to be, blessed!"

YAWN THE FOURTH.

"My dear Tom," said an exquisite to a brother idler, "how *do* you spend the four-and-twenty hours?"

"In charity!" replied his friend.—"In charity?"

"Yes," continued Tom. "Firstly, I give, twelve hours to sleep,—



and of the remaining twelve I give two to dress, — four to eating and drinking,—four to the play or opera,—and two to smoking and building!"



"Waist of Time."

"Building?"

"Yes—castles in the air; and I do assure you 'tis a most agreeable pastime. And now, what do you think of my disposition?"

"Equitable as 'tis amiable, Tom," replied his friend; "and I must positively take a leaf out of your *day*-book."

"My *waste*-book, call it," said Tom, "in which the initials L. S. D. may be appropriately construed Lounging, Smoking, Dreaming, and the sum total the luxury of Indolence—the *dolce far niente.*"

Tom was a philosopher of the school of Epicurus. Life was made for enjoyment; it is a delicious draught, which your labourer in the vineyard gulps with the avidity of thirst; while your idle man sips, and sips, and enjoys it to the last drop!

"The pleasure of life is in ACTIVITY," said the Bee.

"The pleasure of life is INACTIVITY," echoed the Tortoise.



And we agree with the more rational reading of the latter.

YAWN THE FIFTH.

The most commendable idleness is, perhaps, that which assumes the mask of industry. Knitting, knotting, and netting, oriental tinting, wafer-basket-making, card-work in general, and rug and worsted-work in particular, are all the labours of ingenious idleness.

Why, we have seen young ladies undertake a *canvass* with all the earnestness of a committee-man at a contested election, and yet give up, like an unsuccessful candidate, as soon as they got — *worsted;* while some have actually spread their canvass for a *sale* (at a fancy fair), and yet never passed the *needles!*



"A pair of slippers."

We must, however, pay a passing tribute to the fair Lucinda. She *did* commence and finish a pair of slippers in two years, which was about the rate of a stitch per diem,—for which she gained our especial favour, or, as we might more truly express it, "got the length of our foot," — for she had them fitted; and we now behold them before us on our sofa, in all the butterfly beauty of their variegated colours, and, sooth to say—our toes are in them!

Dear, indolent Lucinda, ("friend of my *sole!*") how amiable dost thou appear!

A sofa is the throne — slippers and morning-gown the regalia, the paraphernalia, the trappings of idleness. Plump goddess of the dreamy eye! — mother of yawns! — patroness of patchwork! whose leaden hammer is ever raised with murderous intent against the venerable sconce of old Time!—alas! how unavailingly; for thou dost only retard him in his flight, and hammer out the old greybeard to an immeasurable length!

YAWN THE EIGHTH.

Fruitless would prove the attempts of the sapient elephant to dance on the tight-rope, or that mimic-man, the monkey, to excel in elocution; but three-fold are the difficulties in the paths of some who endeavour to reach the Temple of Idleness. It requires a rare and peculiar combination of mind, body, and estate.

The mental energies of many are in such a motive state of speculation and calculation as totally unfits them for repose, which is the broad base—the pedestal on which the loose-robed goddess reclines.

The physical powers of others, again, render them so peripatetic, so saltatory, that you might as well endeavour to stop a cannon-ball or a steam-carriage in its career with the simple index of your right hand as to convince them of the loveliness of a lounge; and, however they may boast of their habits of business, certain it is these human locomotives would never succeed in the *stationary* line; for they are all legs and wings, like a daddy-long-legs, — which *will* buzz and rattle about, till it ultimately bobs into the flame and perishes.

And lastly, those who really possess the many qualifications, physical and mental, which true idleness demands, are too often destitute of the *means* to attain the desired object.

Money alone—(the golden key which is said to open all locks—Chubb's and Bramah's inclusive)—is useless. One might as well attempt to enter a freemason's lodge without the sign.

Who has not heard of the rich tallow-chandler who, disposing of his business, retired to indulge in the luxury (*otium cum dignitate*) of idleness? — and who returned and solicited as a favour that he might be permitted to assist his successor on "melting-days."

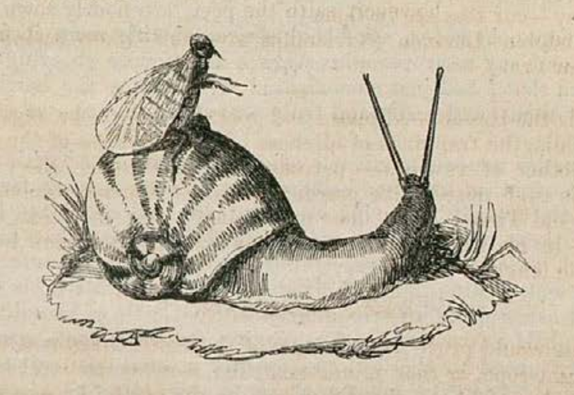
Therefore when we hear a tirade against idleness, we look upon the scoffer in the same light we regard an old maid, who, possessing neither beauty nor money to steal a heart or buy a husband, irreverently rails against love and matrimony from the commencement to the terminus of her mortal existence.

Idleness, in fine, must be as insensible to external influences as the cobbler's lapstone to the hammer—as elastic as a horse-hair cushion—as easy as an old slipper.

It must have the valuable ponderosity of gold — and its malleability

—the bright reflections of the diamond — the brains of a poet — the coffers of a Crœsus—the digestion of an ostrich—the—But why should we continue the catalogue?

The ignorant detractors of idleness will be amply gratified with this enumeration of the barriers and impediments which oppose the progress of her votaries.



The Drone's Snailway.

ENSIGN MARVEL'S FIRST DETACHMENT AT CORGARFF, AND WHAT HE SAW THERE.

BY HENRY CURLING.

> This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE castle of Corgarff was, as we have seen, no air-built fortress—it was a real *bona fide* castle—real as the very rock its foundation was cemented on, and rising from the "firmest earth" as harsh and hard-looking as though some huge unhewn block of granite had been hurled from the moon, and pitching upon the side of one of the most barren and ill-favoured hills in Strathdon, had there lain imbedded, and bleaching in the gusts of heaven, since the world was first created. I had indeed at length achieved it, discovered it, made my way to it, spite of the fury of the elements, and the Siberian region it was situated in, and actually stood entombed within the "roundure of its old-faced walls." I looked with "lack-lustre eye" at the drowsy guard, who, shivering in their grey great-coats, hung crouching over a blazing turf-fire withinside a sort of hole, or dog-kennel, situated close beside the gateway. I gazed upon the Bardolphic-nosed sergeant who stood before me saluting with one hand, and uprearing a huge fragment of blazing pine in the other, and at length heaved a deep sigh, as I thought that for such an iron-bound and solitary-looking bastile I had

left "the light, the life," the new scenes and uncommon adventures of the head-quarter department, and all its pride and circumstance. A huge flanking wall, pierced every three or four feet with loop-holes, surrounded the building, which was a square, heavily-built, and thick-ribbed tower, its few windows being secured by iron stanchions, more strong and massive than are often to be met with in many a Scottish tollbooth.

Fresh hopes, however, saith the poet, are hourly sown in furrowed bosoms; and my next thoughts were a trifle more cheering when I recollected that I had just emancipated myself from the howling wilderness without, and really and truly was at length safe—*at home*—at Corgarff.

The worthy non-commissioned officer, who had stood with military propriety, rigid as his own halbert, and quietly waiting for orders, immediately brought down his saluting palm, and clutching the huge bunch of keys which hung at his girdle, selected that particular one which unlocked the iron-studded door giving entrance to the building, and, coming to the right-about once more, lifted his torch on high, and ushered me into the interior of the Castle of Despair. After ascending half a dozen steps of a winding staircase, the sergeant, my conductor, turned to the left, and opening a small door, admitted me into a small closet-like apartment, containing, as far as I could perceive by the flame of his torch, one chair, one table, one seaman's chest, and an iron bedstead in one corner. The slimy walls were of great thickness, the chimney was of vast size, and a single arrow-slit served the turn of window to the dungeon. Applying his flaming brand to the candle, which stood upon the table, the sergeant thrust the torch into the half-extinguished turf upon the hearth. He then informed me that he would find some place fitting for my steed, and take especial care of the guide; saying which, he made one salute towards myself, and one towards the bed, and going to the right-about, once more he betook himself to the court of guard.

Supposing the sergeant had ushered me into the quarter which had been in the occupation of my subaltern predecessor, and whose hasty order to embark with a draft for the Sugar Islands of the west had sent me thither, I laid violent hands upon a black bottle of full-proof whiskey, which stood most invitingly upon the table beside me, and proceeded to help myself to a comfortable glass.

No one, except he hath sat in the dungeon of a solitary tower, situated in the mountainous region of the north, somewhere amongst the Grampians, and during the depth of winter, and this, too, in the dead of night, and during a tempest of wind and snow, can conceive the oddity of such a situation, and the villanous compound of horrible sounds which whistled, shrieked, and bellowed around the castle of Corgarff. The winds roared like the continuous rush of some mighty cataract, the chimney piped and groaned in concert, whilst the sentinels who paced around the building, calling to each other with "dire yell," and naming the progress of the night every quarter of an hour, added to the discord.

> "Lamentations heard i' the air, strange screams of death,"

thought I. O worthy Shakspeare! what situation during life's fitful fever can we be placed in that we do not think upon thee and thy

wondrous page? "A largess universal like the sun" thou art to us poor mortals. The roaring and whistling of the storm became music as I thought upon the weird sisters untying the winds to fight against the churches, "making the yesty waves confound and swallow navigation up," and "toppling castles on their warders' heads."

"On such a night as this," methought, "did Duncan's horses,
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn wild in nature, break their stalls, fling out,
And eat each other."

The thick-walled and chilly cell, in which I was a sort of prisoner, immediately became of interest as I thought upon the words of the bard, and remembered that I was in the country of the Highland Thane,—nay, perhaps, "neighboured by his battlements,"—and I began to consider seriously, and compute from all I knew, all I had gathered *en route*, and the way I had that day travelled, whereabouts I really and truly had got to.

"Here," said I, rising, and taking up my sheathed rapier from the table where, having unbuckled it, I had laid it on my entrance,—"here, where I point my sword, the sun arises, 'which is a great way growing in the south;' and here lies Toumantoul. Here," continued I, turning to my right, "here lies Inverness, as I conceive some fifty miles away across the hills. Here," said I, coming to the right-about, "lies Perth and 'bonny Dundee;' and here," — I was about to conclude, as I turned to the other quarter of the globe,—"here lies—"

"Captain Archibald Fergusson M'Tavish M'Lean," said a voice out of the corner of the apartment I was pointing towards, "*very much at your service.*"



"Angels and ministers of grace!" I was about to say, as my eyes, now fully directed for the first time towards the corner of the room

where the truckle-bed was deposited, beheld an exceedingly lank visage, surmounted by a thick red woollen night-cap, gradually lift itself up from the coverlet, and stare at me with no small amazement.

"Captain Archibald Fergusson M'Tavish M'Lean, very much at your service," again repeated the head. "May I beg the favour of *your* name?"

I was somewhat startled at this sudden apparition. The flickering rushlight, which in the gusty, stone-walled, and dreary room had quite enough employment to hold its fitful flame upon its own particular wick, without being at the trouble of dispensing sufficient light to see even to the extremity of the dungeon, gave me but an imperfect view of the speaker; and the turf-fire, during my meditations upon the weird sisters, the blasted heath, and the Thanes of Glamis, Cawdor, and Fife, had altogether been snowed out and had expired. The repetition, however, of the name which the armed (or rather night-capped) head gave itself, at once explained the circumstance of my having been shown into, and in consequence broken the rest of the commandant of the garrison; and, after begging pardon for my unceremonious and free-and-easy conduct, I proceeded to do that at last, which I ought to have thought of at first, and reported to Captain Archibald M'Lean my arrival at the castle of Corgarff.

The Captain was extremely glad to make my acquaintance,—welcomed me to the Highlands,—told me to take down and sound three notes upon a bugle which hung over the fire-place, as a summons to his rascal, as he was pleased to term his servant,—and thrusting his Highland legs out of bed, proceeded to encase himself in his outward garments, in order to give me a regular "*Highland welcome.*" So that in a few minutes we had a roaring turf-fire, which sent twice as much smoke into the room as up the chimney, a kettle of water thereon, clean tumblers, fragrant cigars, the before-named bottle of full-proof whiskey, and part of what appeared to be the buttock of a full-grown donkey, but which in reality was red-deer venison, set before us;—and, but that the thick smoke from the turf-fire was continually blown with violence into the cell, and rolling in huge volumes, enwreathed us so completely that occasionally we were hidden from each other's sight, we might have absolutely felt comfortable.

"To a man," said the Captain, hitching to the fire the tub of spirits his servant had rolled from beneath his bed, and which he had appropriated as a seat, for want of a second chair,—"to a man who is secluded here, like Don Quixote in the Brown Mountain, believe me, Ensign Marvel, it is no small gratification to get up in the dead of the night to make you welcome; and, although I am extremely delighted to see you at Corgarff, I am free to confess that I marvel exceedingly, Ensign Marvel, how the devil you have managed to get here. Fill your glass."

"What masks," said I, willing to turn the conversation, "what dances, what abridgment have you to ease the anguish of the torturing hours in this lone and desolate Corgarff? How shall we beguile the lazy time, if not with some device?"

"Ha! ha!" returned the Captain. "There spoke the juvenile, whose sole idea is, that to dance at a ball with a chivalrous port, and a laced jacket, forms one of the most essential employments of the soldier's life, and here is an actual subaltern of Highlanders, hardly three hours old at his first detachment, and already almost disgusted with

the service. Depend on't, my good sir, if you look with my experience upon the matter, you will find yourself in exceeding good quarters here at Corgarff. For mine own part I volunteered here out of my turn, and mean to remain the whole two years I conceive this party will be kept employed upon the hills.

"Two years!" I exclaimed in dismay, — "two years, my dear sir! Did you say two years was the likely term we are to be employed in this service? Give me but a sergeant's party, two days rations, and full powers, and I swear to thee by the white ridge of Benlidi that I will destroy every bothie in Strathdon. Two years! Captain M'Lean, perish the idea of such a waste of life."

"And when, pray, do you expect, Ensign Marvel, to return to head-quarters?" inquired the Captain.

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "at the end of three months (the usual term,) when another subaltern will be sent out to relieve me."

"INDEED!" returned the Captain, "the idea is not an unpleasant one; but, unhappily, no such regulation exists. There is no stated period for relief of this detachment, Mr. Marvel. Once here, you will remain until the regiment gets a route for some other quarter of the globe. Yes, Ensign Marvel, you are a young soldier, and have much to learn. Fill your glass. How long did you say you had joined?"

"Two months." I sighed.

"But two months. Good. Then you have been sent here out of your turn. You will, I see plainly, be out here four years instead of two, unless, indeed, (which is more than probable from the quantity of deaths I perceive by the last returns from the west,) you are wanted to feed the land-crabs in Demerara."

"I'll volunteer there," said I. "Immediately send in my name to head-quarters, Captain, if you love me."

"Ah! ah!" said the commandant; "so will the whole detachment, drummer, piper, pioneer, and all, if the Colonel would but listen to their cravings. That's the burthen of the song — anywhere but Corgarff."

By this time our bottle had become a body without a soul. The Captain's nose gave token that he was in the arms of "Nature's soft nurse;" the rush-candle had burnt down to a snuff; the wind sounded in the huge chimney, like some demon struggling to burst his torments; the turf-fire was altogther swamped; and the shivering sentinels within the loop-holed walls, "the third hour of drowsy morning named." So the Captain's highland serving-man having ere he retired, with infinite celerity and cleverness, shaken down a quantity of cloaks and blankets beside his master's bed, by way of a couch for me, I followed the example of my superior, and, rolling myself up amongst these habiliments, was soon fast as "weariness upon the flint."

By computation, and the report of the still-howling sentinels, I must have enjoyed some two hours' repose, when the loud beat of an unbraced sheepskin, rattling and rolling scarce ten feet above, "drummed in my ear," at which, starting, I awoke,

> "And, being thus frighted, swore a prayer or two,
> And *tried* to sleep again."

Presently, however, the ear-piercing fife went through my brain like a sharp bodkin, and effectually aroused me. If the reader has

never heard an infantry brass-drum, beaten as a British drummer can and will beat it, and that, too, under the same roof with himself,—although he may have, Petruchio-like, listened to "great ordnance in the field," and "Heaven's artillery in the skies," heard lions roar, and even been violently assailed by woman's tongue,—he can yet have no proper conception of the villanous compound of noises which now disturbed "the curtain'd sleep" at Corgarff.

To add to this concord of sweet sounds, the screaming skirl of a Highland bagpipe, blown with tremendous energy, and rendered ten times more villanously discordant than I had ever before heard that sweet instrument, from the circumstance of its being apparently almost in the same apartment, began also to blow up a terrible yell, whilst the heavy tread of some sixty or seventy individuals rushing from their beds, added to the clamour.

"Hallo!" said I, sitting up in my "flinty and steel couch," "this will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have all my music for nothing. What, in the name of the fiend, is the matter now! The place smells like a jail. What a horrible savour of rank tobacco and vinegar wine. Best rouse the captain; the castle's surely on fire! What, Lucius, ho! Lucius, awake, I say! 'I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.'"

"Hallo, there! what's ado?" growled M'Lean. "What the de'il, man, are ye making such a rout about? Go to sleep, Ensign Marvel, —go to sleep, man."

"Sleep, my good, sir," I said, "do you talk of sleep amidst such a din as that above. Get up, Captain, and strike a light, for the love of Heaven! the castle's sure on fire, or the frame of things disjoint."

"Pshaw!" said the Captain, turning on his pillow. "Go to sleep, Ensign Marvel, till parade-time. You'll find plenty of dull hours on hand at Corgarff, without stealing them from the night. That's only the reveillé sounding. When you have been fain to eat, drink, and sleep at the sound of the drum for forty years you'll repose as soundly to its accompaniment as I do."

"O heaven! methought, better be with the dead, as Macbeth says, than be obliged to sleep in the affliction of these terrible dreams, that (apparently here,) shake us nightly."

Curses both loud and deep also now began to ring out, as the men in the ill-boarded floor above jostled and scrambled about, in the endeavour to get lights, don their clothes, and turn out at the summons of the non-commissioned officers. Meanwhile, the noise having in some sort subsided, and the men having rather rushed down than descended the winding stairs, borne open the huge door with their united strength, and commenced digging the castle out of the snow, ("their custom always in the early dawn,") I ventured again to coax myself into a sort of fitful and feverish slumber, from which I was awoke by a tremendous buffet, which seemed to have demolished half the teeth in my head.

"Hallo there!" I exclaimed, as soon as I in some measure recovered my breath and senses, "what kind of treatment is this for a gentleman and a soldier. Captain, thou abominable d——d cheater! —thou rascally, yea, forsooth, knave!—thou whoreson Ahithophel! if you have put this thing upon me, thou shalt rue the hour within the hour."

Saying this, I tried to arise; but apparently one of the coping-stones of the tower had fallen from its pinnacle, and been dashed in my face, whilst a sort of cross-beam lay athwart my legs, and a dead weight pressed heavily upon my *epigastrum*. I clutched the offending object nearest to my hands, and, hurling it into the air, transferred it from my own features to the proboscis of Captain M'Lean, who in turn sent it spinning to the other side of the dungeon, with a bellow like the roar of a highland bull.

"Eh, sirs! God be here! but what's yon — Ensign Marvel, sir, what's this you have done to me?"

"I know not, Captain," I replied, "the usages of this fortress; but it appears to me 'some airy devil hovers in the sky and pours down mischief.' I am battered and bruised here in a most unhandsome style. To all appearance the roof of the tower above is being blown piecemeal into the Dee, and fragments of the battlements are falling upon our heads. For my own part I'll take it on my damnation, there's not a square inch of my body that is not pounded into mummy, my nose is flattened to my face, and my jaws apparently are half-disfurnished.

"Donald M'Dunnie," said the Captain to the serving-man, who just at that moment entered the cell, in order to advertise his master that it was time he rose, and prepared for the morning-parade,— "Donald, man, look upon that knapsack, pouch, firelock, and bayonet, and observe which of my unlucky scoundrels has allowed them to fall through the flooring above us."

It was even so: the flooring over head was in so dilapidated a condition that it was no uncommon circumstance for the men's accoutrements to come tumbling through some chasm into the apartment beneath.

Such was Corgarff, and such was my first night on detachment in the Highlands.

"Ensign Marvel," continued the Captain as soon as the serving-man had left the room, I presume you hear the clamour of that drum, which, reverberating over the hills so pleasantly, advertises us that the men are on parade. Perhaps you will excuse my soliciting the favour of your attendance upon that ceremony; after which you will oblige me by rejoining me here at breakfast, and reporting the state of the detachment."

Upon this order I patched up my dilapidated jaws, replaced some half-dozen of my front teeth, arose, and shook myself like a Newfoundland dog, and girding on my rapier, sallied outside the walls of the castle.

I looked around me as soon as I emerged from the sally-port in the loopholed walls, and was fairly outside the building, in order to observe the outdoor aspect and appearance of the extraordinary region I had got into. There was not much to interest or make me in love with the view presented. Dreary wastes of snow extended for miles and miles eastward, fogs and bogs, mosses and morasses, were to the westward; craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills, were to the north; and a lonesome glen, through which the rapid Dee wound its course, was to the south. No tree was to be observed, no hut or cottage was to be seen. The castle looked like some tomb or pyramid of the desert; and the drum, which rattled out, and was borne far away

in the rushing blast, sounded like a hopeless signal of distress from a solitary vessel alone in an unknown sea.

The detachment, consisting of seventy hapless exiles, including myself, and the "still sleeping Captain," was assembled upon a little esplanade, which had been cut out by themselves for the purpose of parading on, a sort of shelf in the rock, where they stood two deep in rank, and knee-deep in snow. They stood with ordered arms, and quite at ease,—albeit that, unlike any other soldiers I had ever before seen, they were so far from carrying themselves erect and soldier-like as they stood, that each man was bent forwards into a hoop; and, such was the force and fury of the winds on the hill upon which the castle was situated, that it was all they could do to stand at all.

"The power of man," says a great writer, "at no time appears more contemptible than when it is placed in contrast with scenes of natural terror and dignity. The army of Montrose, when in the act of ascending the passes, and traversing the Highlands, seemed a contemptible handful of stragglers about to be devoured by the jaws of the mountain." The truth of this saying of the great Sir Walter struck forcibly upon me as I regarded the handful of individuals before me, their tartans fluttering, and their accoutrements clattering in the furious blast, huddled "shoulder to shoulder," and looking like a flock of scarts, or sea-gulls, perched upon the shelving rock, and almost frozen to the spot they clung to.

"Company — at-ten-tion!" shouted the Bardolphic Sergeant, as he stepped up, and presented me with a small strip of paper, containing the state and history of his power. "The men are all present, sir, except those employed to slaughter the ox, — those employed to bake oat-cakes and barley-scons,—those employed to heave the snow out of the rooms and dungeons of the castle, and those employed in heating water for the men who will be frost-bitten when parade is over. Have a care, sir, how you move!" he continued, as I was about to approach the company, in order to peruse them in rank; "if you get too much headway in this wind, you'll be carried clean down the mountain-side, an awa' over the hills, into Invernesshire. We've already lost four men in that way sin' we came here, who have been reported as deserters ever since."

Now, be it known this was the first time I had ever had greatness thrust upon me, and been in command on parade. But two months joined, saving the goose step, part of the manual and platoon, and right and left about, I was perfectly innocent of the knowledge of military matters, had never "set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinster."

In few, the Highlanders were infinitely amused with the oddity of this drill parade. Their features, spite of discipline, became affected with sundry convulsive twitchings; and even the face of the grim sergeant, which ordinarily bore a most unaccountable resemblance to a bass viol, was now (in his efforts at maintaining a proper and dignified deportment, drawn into the exact resemblance of a spout.

Finishing the exercise by a volley, which sent sixty bullets across the waste, and awakened all the echoes from Lonach to Leichtsoidhar, I was about to express my satisfaction at the efficiency of the detachment, when a harsh voice beside me, superseded me in command, and reduced me to a cipher.

"Sergeant Bendochie, order arms, unfix bayonets, and march the men in. Ensign Marvel, sir, you are under arrest — mind, close arrest."

I turned round, and beheld Captain Archibald M'Lean "standing in slippers, which his humble haste had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

"Go to your room," he said.

I attempted to expostulate, but it was all in vain.

"The room, Corporal Mactavish, below the foundations of the castle, the subaltern's quarter, show Mr. Marvel into. Place a sentinel over him, and order my servant to bring me breakfast immediately."

Angry winter passed away, and the approach of spring still found us howling in the wilderness, and lying at pleasure at Corgarff. Each day was a month. Captain M'Lean, having so effective an officer, had given himself leave of absence, and left me sole and solitary in command, and king of Strathdon. To incessant snow had succeeded constant rain. I had laboured in my vocation, and carried the war so successfully into the glens and fastnesses around, that the blackened rafters and umbered remains of what were once the bothies of the hardy whiskey-brewers, are now all that the adventurous grouse-shooter can discover of that popular trade, when, one wet morning, the Captain, returning in haste, ordered a heavy marching-order parade, formed an advance and rearguards, locked up the castle, and putting the key in his pocket, prepared to depart.

"*Seid suas!*" he shouted, as he drew his claymore, "strike up there—quick march!"

The detachment moved forwards; they descended the slope upon which the castle was situated, and, as the head of the party was seen to emerge from the mists they had so long been dwellers in, the pipes, after sending forth a wailing cry, struck up the celebrated dirge with which the Highlanders march to the shore when about to embark to some distant clime—"*Cha till mi tuille,*—we return no more."

"M'Lean," I said, as I ventured to accost him, after we had safely stemmed the torrent of the rushing Dee, "are we fairly quit of these fastnesses? Do you really mean to say we are sounding 'farewell to Strathdon?'"

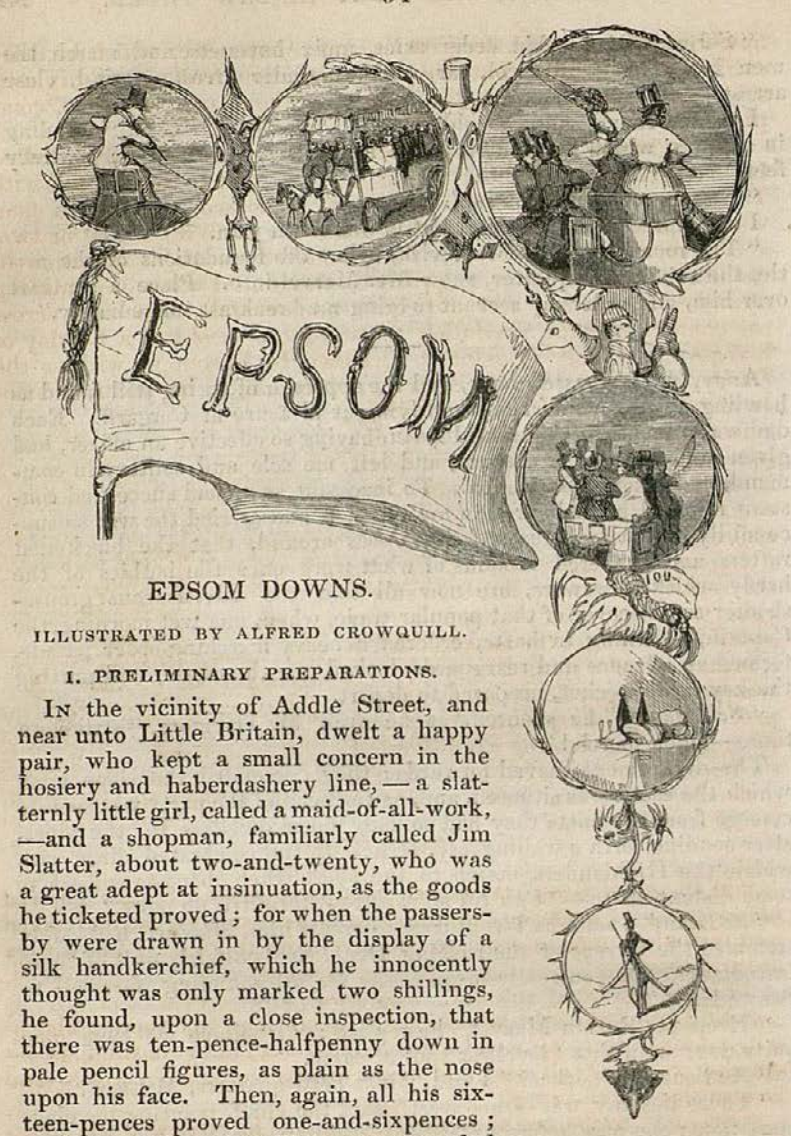
"Even so, Ensign Marvel," he replied; "I believe we have now quite done with that 'loveliest spot of earth.'"

"And our destination?" I said, "is it head-quarters, M'Lean?"

"There lies my way—due west," said the chief, pointing his claymore down the pass before us."

"Then, westward, ho!" said I joyfully, "for England, cousin, if that be the case——"

"Not so, good swabber," returned the Captain, putting an official into my hand; "you are to hull here a little longer. Although the mortality in the west hath made it necessary to order out an extra draft, till we sail, good sir, we have to pursue our present employment. Accordingly, I am marching this morning, Ensign Marvel, to relieve the detachment of the forty-twa stationed in the castle of Bræmar."



EPSOM DOWNS.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

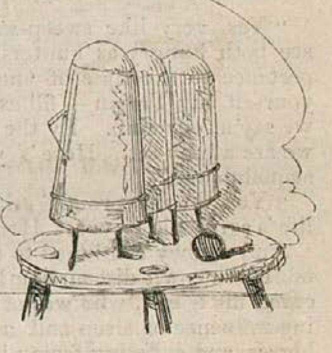
I. PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS.

In the vicinity of Addle Street, and near unto Little Britain, dwelt a happy pair, who kept a small concern in the hosiery and haberdashery line, — a slatternly little girl, called a maid-of-all-work, —and a shopman, familiarly called Jim Slatter, about two-and-twenty, who was a great adept at insinuation, as the goods he ticketed proved; for when the passers-by were drawn in by the display of a silk handkerchief, which he innocently thought was only marked two shillings, he found, upon a close inspection, that there was ten-pence-halfpenny down in pale pencil figures, as plain as the nose upon his face. Then, again, all his sixteen-pences proved one-and-sixpences; and his articles of "*silk*" were preceded by the drawback "equal to" down in little. In fact, he was a perfect master of his business, having been an observing errand-boy in a first-rate establishment, when he was transplanted to Diggs's, and first combed up his lank hair to the semblance of a Brutus.

He possessed a great flow of that peculiar kind of eloquence called "small talk," and was a particular favourite with all the old women and servants who came for a ball of cotton, a skein of thread, a paper of "Whitechapel pints," or a "paper o' pins." As for measuring tapes or ribands, he was "beyond measure" excellent. What between the brass-nails on the counter and his adroit thumb-nails, he generally made eleven yards measure twelve. The only wonder is,

how Jim Slatter could sleep under that counter over which he daily exhibited his tricks; but his early education had seared his conscience, and he certainly did *lie* there without any feeling of compunction.

Mr. and Mrs. Diggs's estimation of Jim Slatter was only excelled by his own. In the course of business he became acquainted with Tom Sharpwit, the town-traveller of a wholesale house,—a man who, according to his oft-asserted dictum, was up to a thing or two, and down to everything. He first planted the seeds of ambition in the humble breast of the quiet Jim Slatter, and it was really amazing how they flourished. The consequence of several whisperings across the counter was the resolution to endeavour to obtain a holiday of his governor, and accompany Sharpwit to Epsom to witness the Derby. After considerable manœuvring he gained his point, and determined to do the thing handsome; Sharpwit was to borrow the vehicle—that is, he proposed to drive down, instead of going his usual rounds, and excuse his want of orders to the Epsom excitement.



A funny rig.

Of course Diggs was not let into the secret, and entertained no suspicion that his steady shopman was going to exhibit on the Downs. After a great deal of "lying like truth," he was permitted to sleep out the night preceding the auspicious day; and Mrs. Diggs, impressing on his mind the necessity of being in before eleven, generously gave him half-a-crown to spend on his holiday.

II. THE SUPPER.

"Well, old fellow," exclaimed Sharpwit, as Jim Slatter entered his lodging, "I began to think the old un had smelt a rat, and nailed you to the counter, in order to preserve your morals. I know they are stiff uns."

"I'm not so easily put out," said Jim.

"No; but I thought you might be easily kept in," replied Sharpwit. "But come, we won't waste time. See, here are the togs,"—opening a box,—"all snug and spicy; there's a pair o' cords!—and look at these mud-pipes."

"Prime!" exclaimed the gratified Jim, as he reviewed the sporting suit in which he was to appear on the morrow, and all procured a bargain by his kind friend.

"How much tin have you scraped together?" demanded Sharpwit.

"Twelve *pun* ten, and an odd half-crown," answered Jim.

"Excellent!" cried his friend. "I think, with a little of my advice, you may double it. But let's to supper. Mother Davis is doing us a dish of steaks and onions, and—what do you drink?"

"Usually a pint of half-and-half."

"Half-and-half!" exclaimed Sharpwit. "That'll never do for a sporting man. No—we must prime with gin or rum and water."

"You know best," said Slatter; "I put myself under your wing entirely. In for a penny in for a pound—it's on'y once a-year."


A heavy Bet.

"Bravo! spoke like a man of spirit. I shall make something of you, I see."

"No doubt of it," said Jim. And Sharpwit really had no doubt of it.

The savoury dish was served up, and the two friends sat down with a glorious appetite.

"Rather done too much, as the jockey said, when he betted fifty to one and lost," observed Sharpwit, holding the steak upon his fork.

"Smoked and black — wanted a clear fire, Mother Davis," remarked Slatter.

"Yes, very like sweep-*steaks*," said Sharpwit. "However, we are both hungry as hunters, and the 'course' is of very little importance to a couple of 'bolters.' But you don't drink — mix for yourself, my Trojan — fill as you like — but drink what you fill, as we say at our club. By the by, I must propose you. I assure you we are a jolly set. Here's your health, Slatter, and to our better acquaintance."

"You do me proud," said Jim; "and may you live as long as life's agreeable to you. Here's *your* health!"

And so they continued to eat, and drink, and talk for an hour or more, Sharpwit discoursing learnedly upon horse-flesh, and enlightening his friend, who was at last obliged to yield to the overpowering influence of sleep and grog, and retired to bed, — dreaming of horses, and suffering from nightmare.

III. THE ROAD.

At the Elephant and Castle, at nine o'clock on the following morning, Sharpwit and Slatter were imbibing brandy and soda-water. The "turn-out" looked very well; and Slatter, with his white cords, "cut-away Newmarket" coat, with gilt buttons, his green neckerchief, and tops, looked very "spicy," — and exceedingly pale, from the effects of his last night's excess.

Vehicles of all sorts, shapes, and sizes were on the road,—four-horse coaches, tandems, cabs, omnibuses, wagons, vans, go-carts with horses that had but little "go" in them, and chaise-carts with six and eight fellows sitting "stern foremost" to the spectators,—ginger-beer carts and trucks looking very spruce, — the splendid drags of the nobility and the squalid dregs of the mobility, all mingled and crowded together, nobs and snobs, cobs and cabs, presented to Slatter a novel and entertaining mixture, all pressing forward to witness the doings of the day of days, swearing, laughing, joking, poking quips and whips, forming altogether a variety which, like the discord of harmony, was charming from its very confusion. When within sight of Kennington turnpike there was a full stop.

"What's the matter now?" said Jim.

"Some gentleman in a donkey-cart wanting change for a five-pound note at the 'pike, I suppose," replied Sharpwit. "See what a line there is."

"Yes, a precious line you've got me into," said Slatter.

"The 'stationary line' at present," said Sharpwit; "and yet it's something like an angler's, too,—for you see there's a '*pike*' at the end of it."

"Brayvo!" exclaimed Slatter, on whom the brandy and soda-water began to have an exhilarating influence.

At last, after no small trial of patience, our two heroes succeeded in getting through the turnpike,—or, as Sharpwit said, they "were called to the *bar*," and passed.

"Ain't this prime, Jim, eh?" remarked Tom. "No scene in a Coburg melodrama was ever more 'moving.' There's all sorts, though unassorted. Look at that stiff cove in a borrowed turn-out trying to tool a tit, that seems as if he had more corns in his tight shoes than corn in his digester, he shows such a precious deal of daylight under his girth. And look how iligantly his sweetheart lolls back in the shay, a-fretting the back of her satin spenser, and trying to do it handsomely."

"Look ye, Tom!" exclaimed Slatter; "there's four hulking fellows in a donkey-cart, with a driver on the shafts. They are surely not 'going down?'"

"Ain't they?" answered Sharpwit. "Look! Dapple won't stand it—he kneels in the road—and it's down with the dust they are, and no mistake! Now, gentlemen, draw your Arabian on one side, or you'll tie a knot in the line. You had better get up and go home; for you'll never get down with that spirited animal! If you want *ass*-istance, there's plenty more donkeys on the road."

"There goes a tight-laced stay-maker," cried one of the "fallen."

"Exactly!" replied Tom; "but I only work at home; you make a *stay* on the highway. Good-b'ye." And, whipping up his nag, he passed on.

IV. FRAGMENTARY COLLOQUIES.

Such a medley of high and low, polite and vulgar, trampers, beggars, lords of high degree, and ladies of no degree, men of character, and women of none; dustmen and dandies, jugglers, higglers, cabmen, gentlemen in carriages, and gentlemen of no carriage at all,—produced a scene, if not of instruction, of great excitement and amusement,—the language being a Babylonish mixture of St. James's and St. Giles's, with all their varieties of dialect.

Had we as many arms as Briareus, or as many quills as a flock of geese, it would be a vain and fruitless attempt to chronicle all the sayings and doings on the way—a task as bootless as a red-legged Irish gossoon or bog-trotter.

We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few elegant extracts, which may, perhaps, serve as choice *morceaux* for contributors to ladies' albums, or other repertories of scrawled nonsense.

"Hullo!" exclaimed a red-faced bagsman, with a broad brimmed hat, and a green shawl round his bull-like neck. "Where are you driving to? Why, you've scratched the back o' my shay with your pole, you have!"

"Come, that's a good 'un," said the driver of the van, "for you

for to go for to cry out ven you 've actilly scratched my pole with your shay. A man as *backs* a oss as von't go—must be a mule!"

"You 're right, I *am* a mule, for I 'm just now between a horse and an ass," replied the bagsman.

"Now, old stick-in-the-mud! slip your tile over your left ear, and pay into the ribs of that piece o' hanimated dog's-meat o' yourn."

"Vot can I do? would you have me drive into that 'ere wan?"

"No! that 's impossible! you 'll never be in the *van*, try your best, nor get that knacker's delight o' yourn into a *rear*,—as long as you breathe. If your mother don't know you 're out, how distressed the old 'un will be, for you 'll never get home to-night with that specimen o' horse-flesh! he 'll be doubled up like a clothes-horse, and come to a *stand* long before he reaches the course."

"Now, drive on, mister,—vy don't ye drive on? Vip up that 'ere hanimal o' yourn, vill you?"

"Would you have me drive over a coal-waggon? How can I drive on? I wish you 'd hold your nagging."

"And I wish you would not hold *your* nag in, but go for'ard!—Hist! hist!"

"Keep on your right side," said a smart fellow in a chaise-cart, with a sorry nag. "There, now, you 've grazed my vehicle, fellow."

"If I had *grazed* your tit, instead of your vehicle, as you call it," replied the other, "it would have been a charity."

"I 'll bring an action for damages."

"Haven't you got damages enough by the action already? Come, go a-head, there 's a good young gentleman; a slight brush will mend what a slight brush has done. It 'll cost more to panel a jury than to new panel your precious vehicle."

"That 'ere seems a *fast* horse of yours," said an omnibus-driver to a man who was in vain endeavouring by dint of whipping to make his horse draw his chaise-cart out of a ditch, into which he had driven it.

"Werry!" said the man, grinning.

V. THE DOWNS.

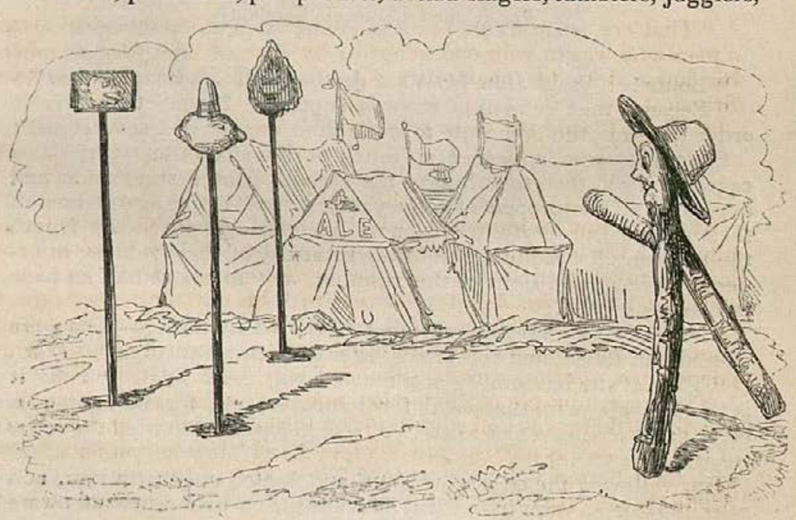
We once saw an immense, Daniel Lambert sort of harlequin exhibited in a Christmas pantomime; and the patched and variously coloured crowd reminded us of that parti-coloured hero. We imagined that the obese Agility, wearied with his exertions, had spread himself over the Downs in a sort of restless repose, as if tumbling about the wide expanse in a nightmare sleep! Swarthy gipsies, and fair women,—satins, velvets, silks, and rags, were intermingled.

There were people of distinction mingling with people of no distinction,—there was a perfect equality in the pleasures and pursuits of the day,—the men of low degree found themselves on a level with their betters,—for there were *betters* among the lowest.

The Queen (God bless her!) was there; and there was no lack of

sovereigns to keep her in countenance, which appeared and disappeared rapidly at the various gambling-booths, thimble-rigs, and other temptations to the votaries of chance, who got beggared, in the hope of bettering their condition.

Touters, policemen, pickpockets, ballad-singers, tumblers, jugglers,



knock-'em-downs, and the distributors of Dorling's cards, with correct lists of the horses, all contributed to the Babylonish clamour.

"My heye!" exclaimed Jim Slatter, "what a precious lot o' people. I can see nothing but *heads*."

"I'll show you plenty of legs presently," replied Tom.

"When will the fun begin? Where's the racers?" said Jim impatiently.

"Don't be in a hurry, Jim," said Tom. "I must show you some of the life on a race-course yet. You see that fellow with a three-legged table, with a parcel o' fools about him, with more money than wit, — he's a thimble-rigger. That smart cove on his right hand, and the country-joskin on the left are bonnets."



The Ruffian and Swell Bonnets.

"Bonnets?" said Jim. "What do they call 'em bonnets for?"

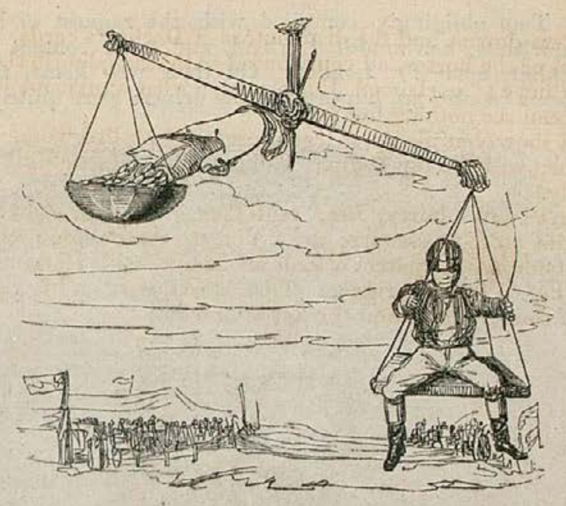
"Because they're men of straw, I suppose. He lets them win in order to decoy the innocents to stake their crowns and sovereigns."

Sharpwit, who appeared as much at home on the "turf" as a caged skylark, then took him to the various booths and stands, and explained all the process of conveyancing, and easing gentlemen of their personal property in the most handsome manner. At length the bell rang for saddling, and they returned to their vehicle, in order to have a good sight of the running, and in about half an hour the horses started.

There was an unusual movement of the whole body, — bets were offered and taken, and the utmost excitement prevailed.

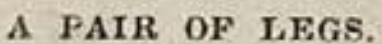
"Talk of the immorality of a race-course," said Tom. "I say it is the best place in the world for improvement; for here many a *good* man becomes a *better*, and yet sometimes finds himself the *worse* for it."

Jim followed the advice of Tom, and betted only with him, and *after* the horses were in, which, of course, Sharpwit was not aware



Weighing a Jockey.

of, betted ten to four against Attila, (though five to one was the closing price of the exchange,) and found, upon inquiry, that he had lost, for Attila had won!



A PAIR OF LEGS.



Left leg losing. Right leg winning.

Tom was very much surprised at his friend's ill-luck; and Jim, not over-pleased at the termination of his first day on a race-course. He lost his spirits with his money, and expressed himself anxious to get home, as he had promised not to keep the "old uns" up after

eleveu. Tom obligingly complied with the request of his dear, weary, spiritless, half-muddled friend, and quite content with his day's exploit, made for London. On their way home, they saw many *horses knocked up*, but most of the drivers were quite *fresh.*

KENNINGTON STOPPAGE.

VI. THE WIND-UP.

Although Jim considered his loss as a mere "matter of course," as Tom expressed it, he made a resolution never to undertake a trip to Epsom again.

Before he laid his aching head upon his pillow, he took up the card with the pedigrees of the running-horses, and listlessly read them over,—concluding, with a sigh of regret and bitterness,

"*Jem Slatter* out of *Cash* by *Jingo!*"



The Human Race.

A TRIP TO KILKENNY.

AN HIBERNIAN WAITER.—BEGGARS AND BLARNEY.—THE COMFORTS OF AN IRISH *SHAY*.—CROSS COUNTRY ROADS. SPORTSMAN'S HALL, AND THE BALLYRAGGET HOUNDS.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

AUTHOR OF "KATE KEARNEY."

Reader, if you have never been in Ireland, you have a treat in store, and one that will amply repay you for your time and trouble. After an absence of several years from poor old Erin, the land of my birth, I returned to it for a short visit, in the winter of 1841, with all my feelings of nationality freshly awakened, and full of that highly-wrought expectation with which, when the mysterious interest of the "Great Unknown" was in its zenith, we used to open his last "just published" novel, anticipating, from the pleasure its predecessors had afforded us, a rich and varied treat. Memory gave back to me the scenes of my youth, the frolics I had shared in, and the kind-hearted characters I had encountered; and imagination, viewing the past through the gauzy medium which old father Time throws over all he touches, gave to the retrospect a tinge of that romance which heightens feeling, but too frequently blinds the judgment.

Imbued with this sentiment, I looked forward to my visit as a source of unmixed pleasure and agreeable excitement. I calculated upon encountering at every turn humour, wit, ludicrous adventure, and droll character,—in short, I prepared my note-book after the fashion of the day, with the determination of totally eclipsing all that Mrs. Hall, or all the other ladies of the creation, had done towards the portraiture of the sons of the Emerald Isle; and more particularly that portion of them known as "The Boys of Kilkenny." But, alas! I had yet to learn what my slumbering judgment should at once have suggested, that Time had been busy with all that I was about to revisit; and, amidst the manifold changes he had effected, the temperament of my own mind had not escaped his magic influence; and that I could no longer clothe reality with the beauteous but deceitful robe of fancy, as in early youth I was wont.

Those scenes so charming,
My young heart warming,
How oft in some beautiful vision I 've seen;
Thy valleys and mountains,
Broad lakes, and bright fountains,
Seem'd brilliants surrounded by emerald green.

A very brief experience served to dispel all my enthusiastic feeling; where I looked for fun, frolic, and drollery, I saw but sadness, poverty, and squalid misery. I could not look upon the truly "dull reality," and think of humour,—so I threw aside my note-book "more in sorrow than in anger." Enough, however, of what occurred during my short ramble through the country lives in my recollection to fur-

nish some entertainment, "lenten" though it may be; and for my own satisfaction, if not for that of my reader, I will throw together some few scraps and facts from the *materiel* which should have formed my diary.

I steamed away by land to Liverpool, and by sea to Dublin; found the overland conveyance rapid but uninteresting, the sea-trip delightful. Cannot help railing against railroad travelling, as compared to the good old-fashioned stage-coach and four. In the capital I found, notwithstanding the many changes in the circle of my former acquaintances, the same warm-hearted, never-dying hospitality which has ever characterized the nation. Invitations came in thick and fast as hail, so that I was fairly bothered, not knowing which to take, or which to refuse; in short, my chief embarrassment arose from the fact of my being unable to take the fair Capulet's hint, and "cut *me* up in little stars;" or, like Sir Boyle Roache's bird, to be in two places at once. I am not an alderman, nor the son of one, yet I hope I may be excused saying, that it was vexations, though unavoidable, my not being able to do ample justice to *all* the invitations that were heaped upon me. My time, too, was limited, and I could scarcely do more than shake my old friends by the hand, being obliged to set out for the south; but I promise them I will soon take another trip, and then won't I stay *more* than a little-while. In Dublin I was joined by the friend who was to accompany me to Kilkenny. He was an excellent fellow, an *actor* who had done the stage some service; full of noble and exalted feeling, wholly exempt from selfishness, and that professional pride of person which is the besetting sin of half that tribe.

At the end of our first day's journey (for my friend the actor liked journeying by easy stages,) we found ourselves comfortably seated *fornint* a cheerful turf-fire, in the most respectable inn of the town of Portarlington; supplied with all that moderation could require in the way of *comfort*, which is at all times meant to include some excellent whiskey, parliamentary or *potteen;* and most admirably attended by old Mike Dolan, the head-waiter. Now, Mike was a bit of a character in his way. He could tell the traveller all about everybody of any consequence, or of the nobodys of no consequence, for miles round about him, and, accordingly, the offices which his duty required him to perform, were very agreeably relieved by conversation "amusing and instructive." Mike was a mighty good waiter, but he had one weakness upon him,—and who has not? He could not bear to see the good things of this life wasted, so, after the parlour-guests were gone to bed, if he found any whiskey left in a stray bottle, or decanter, he would for very grief and shame at their want of taste, sit down by the fire, and endeavour to make amends for their remissness. This amiable weakness of Mike's, however, sometimes led him into particularly unpleasant scrapes, for, if the guests had been so devoid of good taste as to leave *much* whiskey after them, Mike had a great deal to encounter, and, consequently, he was often found the next morning "alone in his glory;" stretched before the ashes of the turf-fire, arranging in his dream, not a repeal of the Union, but a repeal of the bitter-bad laws that prevent the small still, or "*potteen*" distillation. This was the case on the occasion of our visit; Mike, like a pig refreshed from a a muddy slumber, rose, Phœnix-like, from the *ashes* of the grate, which, by location, were *sty*-led his own. Aroused, when morning dawned, by the *gentle* remonstrances of the household, and renovated

by the extra glass which he would have taken in the night, had he not fallen asleep, he was able to get our breakfast with a tolerable grace. Our morning meal over, our chaise was brought round in style to the door, and we prepared to beat a safe retreat. At the door of the inn stood Mike (outside) napkin in hand, shivering and shaking in the cold December blast, like a pup drinking half-frozen butter-milk. The cold was so intense, that not all the caloric my friend had imbibed the night before could fortify him against it; his light, and long, but scanty hair streamed wildly in the wind, like the fringe of tatters which flutters on the edge of a faded and well-worn union-jack, which for years "had braved the battle and the breeze;" his little grey eyes just peeping knowingly from amidst the long labyrinth of wrinkles in which they were embedded; his nose of fine expanse, and variegated hue, giving evidence of the struggle that was going on between the heat within and the cold without; and his "shrunk shank" looking still more slender for the hose, which were "a world too wide." Behind this interesting specimen of an Hibernian waiter stood the buxom chambermaid, bobbing and blushing like a peony in the summer-breeze, by turns all simpers and smiles, or curtsys and grins; and in advance of both, as became his station, was the landlord, a sedate and sober-looking person, all bows and blarney. Forming a semi-circle in front of the door were ranged a *posse* of squalid and ragged, but fine-limbed beggars — chiefly females — miserable in person, yet merry in humour; clamouring for alms, and pleading their causes with alternate touches of pathos and of wit, of entreaty and of expostulation. In the distance on either side and around, were assembled the idlers of the town, the "*Vulgi stante corona*," collected by the news of the important fact, that two gentlemen — one a great actor — were about to set out in a post-chaise! Such is generally the scene on similar occasions in an Irish provincial town. Tormented into impatience by the importunity of the beggars, who assailed us on every side, I exclaimed rather hastily,

"I wish you would not persecute me so."

"Parsicute ye!" cried a woman, who seemed the boldest of the bold group—a sort of "*dux femina facti*,"—"is it parsicute, you mane?—Sure, then, who would the poor parsicute, in Heaven's name, if they wouldn't parsicute them that has got something more than a *thrifle* to give away. Arrah! then, it 's hard times these is for the poor craturs, and a cold day it is anyhow, as our bones know; and we nothing to warm us within or without, not even the value of a drop of whiskey; and wouldn't your honour's glory be afther laving us a thrifle to remimber you by, and to pray for your honour's father's and mother's souls that 's in blessed purgatory; and that your honour might have a safe journey this cold day?"

"But," said my friend, "it is impossible to give to all. What can we do amongst so many?"

"Good look to your elegant happy face this blessed *mornin'*, its yourself that will *lave* a light heart in our *bussoms* before you go, for its your honour that 's kind and good to the misfortunate; and won't we divide among us whatever your honour gives, if it 's ever such a *thrifle*?"

Here, thinking to puzzle the old one, I said,

"How can that be, if I only give you a halfpenny?"

With the quickness of lightning she answered me,

"Sure, then, isn't it a hap'orth of turf we'll buy, and divide it among us; and won't it warm the poor dark woman yonder, who can't see that your face is as sweet as your voice, and that would wheedle the very birds out o' the bushes?"

I have always prided myself upon being a "kindly-spoken man,"—how, then, could I resist this home-thrust? I could no longer hold out; and, throwing a trifle amongst them, I converted the scene into a scramble, in which the *lame* and *blind*, joined with equal activity, and I freed myself for a moment from the annoyance. By this time my fellow-traveller was comfortably seated in the chaise, the post-boy was mounted, and my foot was on the step, when I recollected that it was necessary to stipulate for the advantage of being driven to some good posting-house, when it should become requisite to change chaise and horses. Having expressed my anxiety on this very important point to travellers in Ireland, Mike cried,

"Never fear, your honour; it's an elegant chaise, and magnificent horses, fit to take a judge to the assizes, you'll get in Abbeyleix; and that's the place you must change in. So, Darby, you devil! mind and *dhrive* the real *gintlemin* to the best inn, and it isn't out o' pocket you'll be, for it's none of the *mushroom-gintry* that's *travellin'*."

With this assurance, and showers of blessings, pointed, pleasant, and poetic, I took my place, and we were driven off with all the *eclat* that might be expected from the scene I have described.

Our route was by cross-country roads, along which a public conveyance never passes; we were, therefore, wholly dependant on such post-chaise accommodation as we might meet with. Our post-boy had a musical turn, and chanted away right merrily, not forgetting to sound his own praises, which he did to the tune of the "Groves of Blarney," and in words somewhat after the following style:—

"A roomy chaise this,
Fit for a lady,
Or a Lord *Liftenant* to take a ride,
'Tis safe and easy,
All for to *plase* ye,
And the post-boy civil, can't be deny'd."

The only place in the line of our journey at which such an accommodation as a chaise was to be met with, lay full seventeen miles (Irish) before us. But what of that? Mike had assured us that all would be right; and, dismissing anxiety, we looked forward to a speedy arrival at Abbeyleix, and anticipated the comfort of a lunch there. However, to make all sure, when we drew near the town, the name of which has so much comfort and music in its sound, I charged our post-boy to be sure to drive to the best inn.

"Your honour may depend on it," he exclaimed, "I'll take care of ye."

At length we entered the town Abbeyleix; and, as we passed through the suburbs, I observed that our charioteer quickened the pace of his steeds, and that when he entered the main street, he had, by dint of voice and whip, established a rapidity of motion which quite astonished me, and which I considered altogether inconsistent with the work the horses had already done. I, however, settled the matter in my own mind, by supposing that it was merely a bit of professional pride in the post-boy, that induced him—

To rattle our bones over the stones,
To astonish the natives, and 'waken the drones.

We passed a tolerably decent-looking inn, outside of which stood a respectable-looking chaise, as if on the look-out for a tenant. Here we doubled our speed, and I could have no doubt that this was the second-rate inn, and that it was necessary for *our dignity* to pass it in a most slashing and triumphant manner. On we drove, as if the devil was hot-foot after us, to the great admiration of the loiterers, and astonishment of the paving-stones. I looked anxiously around for the "Head Inn," but could discover nothing claiming that title, although we had passed through the heart of the town. At last our post-boy drew up, with a magnificent flourish, opposite a wretched-looking *shebean,* or small public-house.

"Tim Nolan," he shouted, as he threw the ribands on the backs of his panting steeds, "Tim, my *darlint*, is the horses at home?"

A brief pause ensued, during which Tim seemed considerably flabbergasted at the question; it was, however, soon terminated by some masonic or telegraphic sign from our post-boy, and Tim, as if newly-enlightened, exclaimed, "To be sure they is — where would they be?"

"*Orther* them out, then, for the gintlemin's in haste," said our post-boy, as he leaped to the ground. The door was opened, and we alighted. I inquired for the inn, and was informed it was "hard-by." A chaise of most exceptionable appearance stood near, and to it some half-dozen fellows began to transfer our luggage, without waiting for orders. I was too hungry to parley, so I suffered the transfer of our travelling-stock to proceed, and begged to be conducted to the house. A *gossoon* led the way, and we were ushered into the aforesaid *shebean*. We were a little astounded, but,

"To be nice about trifles is not over wise."

An uncultivated-looking damsel, rough-headed and barefooted, was rocking herself backwards and forwards before a good turf-fire; she rose on our entrance, and presented herself to wait on us. She was a perfect representation of the fair one described in the following old Irish ditty:—

"My shining daisy,
You 're black and greasy,
And always lazy,
To spin your wheel;
'Tis in the *mornin'*
When you rise early,
It 's in the ashes
You stick your heel."

To our demand of what we could have for lunch, she answered, "anything we wished." After divers inquiries, however, this "anything" resolved itself into one thing, and that, nothing like what it was intended to represent; for, by the shade of the great kitchener, it was a beefsteak, as tough and tasteless as a blacksmith's apron, and about the same colour! However, necessity has no law—we contrived to swallow, though we could not masticate, so that, by dint of hard labour, we managed to bolt a sort of lunch. This operation being over,

we betook ourselves to the spot where we had left our luggage, and there we found it carefully packed in and upon the chaise that was to be our conveyance to Kilkenny. The horses were put to, ("sure such a pair!") and all was ready for starting,—save the cattle. Now for the first time, hunger being postponed, we had leisure to inspect our equipage. And such an equipage! One of the horses was stone-blind and broken-winded, the other lame of at least two legs. The knees of both bore proofs of their devout practices; and both were so high in bone, and low in flesh, that it seemed almost insanity to expect them to move an inch. The harness—but that defies all description—it was a mixture of odds and ends, made up of all sorts, from the plough to the jaunting-car, except that it could boast of nothing properly belonging to a chaise, and it was evidently in a state of rapid decay. One horse had no winkers, (and he was not the blind one,) and the winkers of the other involuntarily hung backwards, as if conscious that to a blind horse they could be of no use. What could be *traced* of the *traces* threatened to snap at the first pull; and the *reins* certainly would have availed nothing in case of a run-away; for they would have gone like *ribands*. But of this there was no danger. The only doubt was whether the horses could move at all; or, if they could, if they might not make good the words of our immortal bard, and

"Die with harness on their backs."

The chaise itself presented a most disheartening appearance. The braces which suspended it to the springs were in a perilous condition, and seemed as if one good jolt must sever them for ever. The body hung in a position which might describe an angle of about forty-five degrees, leaning to the off or right-hand side; and, altogether, the exterior of the fabric was most uninviting to the eye. But what was our horror when we beheld the interior! Not an atom of lining graced its sides—all, all was gone—it was a cold, comfortless shell; and the cushions, such as they were, had evidently been borrowed for the occasion. When the door was opened, and this *naked* truth, this appalling sight, was revealed to us, we shrunk back aghast, and declared we could not travel by such a conveyance. But expostulation and remonstrance were vain; we were doomed men. The fellows about us answered all our objections with some pleasantry or other, and actually by a *coup de main*, with good-natured force, forced us to enter the chaise. All our objections were jocularly overruled. As to the horses, they said "they were

"Rum 'uns to look at, but good 'uns to go,
Fit to run any race, and win it too."

"Then, for the lining—to be sure it was gone—it was torn out a few nights ago by some gintlemin for a *spree*; and a good riddance of bad rubbish it was; for it was awfully inoculated by the moths. But still the *shay* was mighty comfortable and convenient to ride in, in wet weather, and a d——d deal better nor a *sedan* with no bottom, anyhow!"

In short, evening was coming on; we had seventeen miles to travel through a somewhat dangerous country, and there was no time to be lost. We knew we had been imposed upon, and that the post-boy, to serve some *crony* of his own, had brought us past the proper inn to the

wretched house where we had been so miserably served. We saw that the horses were just borrowed from the plough, and that the chaise had not been tenanted since the *Union*, and was only waiting for the *Repeal* to be renovated, or, perhaps, more *disunited*. But time pressed, and we were fain to make the best of a bad bargain.

In a state of feeling mighty far from agreeable I set out upon this part of the journey, having before my eyes the dread of a break-down on the one hand, and a broken head on the other; for we had to pass through one of the most disturbed districts in the country. My fellow-traveller, however, made himself quite easy. He said he was alone in the world—nobody cared whether he lived or died; and if he fell, he should not be missed, not even by an "enlightened British public," before whom he had not had the good fortune to appear for the two last seasons. He therefore enveloped himself closely in his travelling-cloak, and, fancying himself either *Cato* or *Coriolanus*, tried to sleep. But, unfortunately for his promised repose, he was on the side to which the angle I have mentioned declined; and I could not avoid continually sliding down from my exalted position upon him, so sleep he could not. Besides, to increase his comfort, rain began to pour down in torrents. He was on the weather, as well as the *nether*, side of the *shay*, and neither force nor cunning could raise the glass, if there was one, so that he had the "*full benefit*" of the storm. He was a patient, enduring fellow, and bore his misery like a martyr. Night came on, and with it my nervous trepidation increased. I expected every moment to hear the springs give way, to leave us desolate in a barren wild, far from house or home, or to hear the word "STOP!" in a voice that *would* be obeyed. I was determined, however, in the latter case, to have a bit of a fight for it, so got the barking-irons ready, and laid them beside me on the seat. Pleasant travelling this! I knew I was in the midst of the "*White-feet*," and that, if any of the *boys* were out, we stood a chance of being shot at by mistake for some offending party, if not for the sake of mere plunder. But, as luck would have it, we escaped unharmed, though somewhat *agitated* in mind and body; and, after a little patient endurance, (for sufferance should be the badge of all post-shay travellers in Ireland,) we reached the *elegant* town of Ballyragget with whole skins. "Here," thought I, "some portion of our suffering must end; for we shall get another and a better chaise." But when I questioned the driver, he said,

"Chaise, indeed!—the devil a chaise there's in the town, barring a jaunting-car, and that's gone to Kilkenny to-day to a wedding."

He then called for some "male and wather" for his horses, and, to my terror, he took off the bridles without letting us out of the conveyance.

"Bad luck to you, you scoundrel!—open the door, and let us out," I cried.

"Softly," said my fellow-traveller; "don't alarm yourself. You may take my word for it, the sorry jades won't run away."

A moment's reflection told me that they could not, poor devils!—and I again became patient,—as patient as a man in such circumstances could be. The horses and driver having been refreshed, we again set forward, and had not gone much more than four miles from Ballyragget, when we were somewhat startled by a most d——e thump on the back of the chaise. The post-boy immediately turned

round, and in a most mysterious sort of whisper said, "Did ye's hear that?"

On our inquiring what it was, he informed us, "It was the warning —a stone that was *threw* at us, as notice to stop. We 're in a bad place. Have you got any pistols about you?"

Thinking this might be only a trick to try whether we were prepared, I held up my growlers, and said, "Here they are. Would you like to hear their music? They don't require much pressing when called upon to sing."

"I am glad of it," said he; "but I 'll push on."

And push on he did for some miles, and no mistake. I did not think the horses could have moved so briskly. At last they stopped on the rise of a hill, and positively refused to go forward another inch; their strength was exhausted; the chaise was actually carrying them backwards down the hill, and we were obliged to get out and walk.

"I don't care now," said our charioteer, "we 're safe. But that was a mortal bad place we was in a while ago. There was two policemen almost murthered there a few nights since."

"Consolation for travellers," thought I. Fortunately for us, we had escaped, and we reached the city of Kilkenny late at night, after a day of excitement, such as I have no wish to encounter again.

If our trip to the far-famed city of Kilkenny was rather unpleasant, we were amply repaid by the kind-hearted and warm welcome we met with during our visit in its vicinity. The gentleman at whose mansion we had taken up our residence was a fine hearty specimen of the Irish fox-hunter. His house was large and well-stored, his grounds spacious and well-stocked, and the heart in his body was as big as a bushel. He lived like the son of an Irish king, sporting by day, and feasting by night,—was an excellent companion, (one who could keep the table in a roar,)—sang a capital song, and wrote all he sung. On the second day of our visit, there was a great *meet* at the hall. The Scarlets came out in fine fig, and they had a glorious run, killing in capital style, after a desperate run of some fourteen or fifteen miles. On this occasion the red-coat-boys dined at the hall, and then I saw mine host in all his glory. The decanters flew around the tables so fast, that one would have imagined they were hunting on their own account, and not likely to meet with a stopper. But though they travelled fast, they did not run long; for, after some ten or a dozen loyal and patriotic toasts, their places were taken by a *creature* of a more congenial *spirit*. Sundry jorums of well-brewed punch now smoaked upon the board, and every man filled a bumper to do honour to the toast of mine host, which was as follows:—

Here 's a smiling lass, and a cheerful glass,
And success to the boys that got over the grass.

Drank with all the honours — Hip, hip, hurra! — and delightfully wound up with the "view halloo." Then came a new song from our worthy host, written by himself for the occasion, and adapted to the popular air of "Rory O'More."

"Here goes, boys," said the master; "so don't forget the chorus."

Och! the finest *divarsion* that 's under the sun
Is to follow the game on our steeds or with gun;
To be up in the *mornin'* before break of day,
And salute Paddy Phœbus with "Hark, hark—away!"

To gallop on gaily, our dogs in full cry,
Each striving his comrade to give the go-by,
With whip, spur, in action to see every man,
Och! these are true pleasures, deny it who can.

CHORUS.

For the finest *divarsion* that 's under the sun
Is to follow the game on our steeds or with gun;
To be up in the *mornin'* before break of day,
And salute Paddy Phœbus with "Hark, hark—away!"

When at evening we sit round a blazing turf-fire,
Each his jorum of punch,—say, "What heart can desire
A happier life than the sportsman enjoys,
Free from care and vexation, ill-humour and noise?"
With a smile on the brow of the lass we adore,
What mortal would seek for a kindlier store?
Then who half so happy, so merry as we,
With a friend and a glass, and a lass on our knee.

CHORUS.

Och! the finest *divarsion* that 's under the sun
Is to follow the game on our steeds or with gun;
To be up in the *mornin'* before break of day,
And salute Paddy Phœbus with "Hark, hark—away!"

The song was well sung, and the chorus unexceptionable; for "they were the boys that could do it in style."

A dapper little country squire, who was seated on my right hand, now broke silence by addressing me in the following manner:—"Ah! *thin*, how was it we hadn't the honour of your company in the field to-day? We had a glorious day's sport, — devilish hard run, — and I 'd the good luck to bear away the brush. Do *ye niver* hunt, Mr. Collier?"

"I never followed the hounds on horseback in my life; but I had the misfortune to try it once in a gig, and nearly broke my neck," I replied.

"*Och!* murder, boys!—did ye's ever hear the likes of that? By the holy-nelly, but you 're a marvellous man!"

"You may well say 'marvellous,' my friend," said I; "for I had a most marvellous escape; and I 'll just tell you how it happened. I was returning to Dublin from the county Wicklow, some years ago, with an uncle of mine,—a fine good-hearted fellow, and as fond of a lark as any man alive. He was driving a splendid high-couraged blood-mare at a quiet, steady pace, when all of a sudden our ears, as well as those of the mare, caught the sound of the 'sweet voices' of a pack in full cry. The mare came to a dead stop; up went her ears, and out went her nostrils, and in an instant she faced about and took the ditch on the off-side of the road in gallant style. 'BESS means to give us a bit of a treat this morning; so sit fast,' said my uncle, 'and we 'll let her have a run, if it 's only for the novelty of the thing.' And run she did for at least two miles, across a common covered with furze, and I verily believe would have come well up with the pack, had we not suddenly descended into a gravel-pit. The gig was smashed to atoms,—both knees of the mare were broken,—while uncle and nephew, 'marvellous' to relate, escaped with only a few slight bruises. This, gentlemen, is a full, true, and circumstantial account of my first and last exploit when *out* with the hounds."

"Bravo!—bravo!" shouted my merry companions.

"Hunting, my dear sir," said the little gentleman who had already addressed me, "is, as our worthy host elegantly expressed it in his bran-new song, 'the finest *divarsion* that's under the sun;' and I've no objection to measure *tin* paces with any man who may be obliging enough to differ in opinion with me; for I always like to support my assertions. If, however, the *gintlemin* present will lend me their ears for a few minutes, I will endeavour to describe our *mornin's* sport, for the amusement and, I hope, edification of those who were not present at it."

"Bravo, Buck Barton!" shouted the scarlet-runners.

"Wet your whistle first, and *thin* give tongue," said mine host.

"Well, boys, here goes! We started this *mornin'* soon after day-break, to meet the Ballyragget hounds; for we had a good five miles to ride to cover. The *mornin'* was favourable, and the company pleasant; and I think, *gintlemin*, ye will all allow that ye have seldom witnessed a finer field of *sportsmin*. In about *tin* minutes after throwing into cover, a favourite hound gave tongue, and didn't he discourse most eloquent music? 'Steady, boys!—steady!' and 'Hark to Charmer!' was now the only sound that met the ear from at least twenty voices. The knowing-ones knew all was right, and prepared for action. Charmer spoke to his game again, and no sooner had the whole pack sworn to it than the view halloo was given. 'Charmer has it!—go along!'—and off started a fine dog-fox, the hounds close to his brush, and all in full cry. *Och!* I'll be bail you never heard such melody within the walls of your London Opera-house. On he went helter-skelter, turned sharp to the left of the high wood, and bore away for the Castle-Comer coal-pits, where we dogged a little for a few seconds, and lost sight of the *old un*. Soon unkennelled him, again, and away he went for the hills, with a stiff nor-wester in his nose — being closely pressed, altered his scheme, and ran down wind into Blackthorn ford, which he crossed in gallant style, and away he went for dear life at a killing pace. It was now mighty evident that this game could not last long; for the *old un* must have got a stiff neck, as he never once turned to bid us the time o'day. The field by this time began to look rather shy; for there were more horsemen in the mud than in the meadows — some were cutting a splash in the river, with more water in their boots than they could conveniently hold; so we left the shy ones to shift for themselves to follow old Charmer, who still had the lead. Glorious dog that Charmer! After a gallant run of two hours and a quarter we came to a check, and found that staunch old hound, Charmer, busily employed unlacing Master Reynard's jacket."

During this description, the red-coat boys appeared highly delighted, and by their gestures and actions gave great *eclat* to the account of the "run with the Ballyragget hounds." The glass now circulated freely; and long after my host, my friend, and myself had retired to rest, I heard several of my merry companions "going the pace in style."

"Drink, boys, drink: the whiskey's good, and the *divil* a head-ache's in a bucket-full of it;" — a fact I have no reason to doubt; for next morning I found nearly the entire party in their old situations, in the full enjoyment of a most comfortable nap.

These are some of the sports of the "Boys of Kilkenny;" and in another chapter I may relate a few more for the amusement of my readers.

A WINTER'S JOURNEY TO GEORGIA, U. S.

BY MRS. BUTLER.

I HAD been very much struck with the appearance of the horses we passed occasionally in enclosures, or gathered round some lonely road-side pine-wood shop, or post-office, fastened to trees in the surrounding forest, and waiting for their riders. I had been always led to expect a great improvement in the breed of horses as we went southward, and the appearance of those I saw on the road was certainly in favour of the claim. They were generally small, but in good condition, and remarkably well made. They seemed to be tolerably well cared for, too; and those which we saw caparisoned were ornamented with gay saddle-cloths, and rather a superfluity of trappings for *civil* animals.

At our dismal halt in the woods, while waiting for the railroad cars, among our other spectators was a woman on horseback. Her steed was uncommonly pretty and well-limbed; but her costume was quite the most eccentric that can be imagined, accustomed as I am to the not over-rigid equestrian equipments of the northern villages. But the North-Carolinian damsel beat all Yankee girls I ever saw hollow, in the glorious contempt she exhibited for the external fitness of things in her exceeding short skirts and huge sun-bonnet.

After our departure from Colonel ——'s, we travelled all night in a railroad car. One of my children slept in my lap, the other on the narrow seat opposite to me, from which she was jolted off every quarter of an hour by the uneasy motion of the carriage, and the checks and stops of the engine, which was out of order. The car, though full of people, was heated with a stove, and every time this was replenished with coals we were almost suffocated with the clouds of bituminous smoke which filled the carriage. Five hours, they said, was the usual time consumed in this part of the journey; but we were the whole mortal night upon that uneasy railroad, and it was five o'clock in the morning before we reached Wilmington, North Carolina. When the cars stopped it was yet quite dark, and most bitterly cold; nevertheless, the distance from the railroad to the only inn where we could be accommodated was nothing less than a mile; and, weary and worn-out, we trudged along, the poor little sleeping children carried by their still more unfortunate, sleepless nurses,—and so by the cheerless winter starlight we walked along the brink of the Cape Fear river, to seek where we might lay our heads. We were shown into a room without window-curtains or shutters, the windows, as usual, not half shut, and wholly incapable of shutting. Here, when I asked if we could have some tea, (having fasted the whole previous day, with the exception of Colonel ——'s bountiful supper,) the host pleasantly informed us, that the "public breakfast would not be ready for some hours yet." I really could not help once again protesting against the abominable tyranny of the travelling many over the travelling few in this free country. It is supposed impossible that any individual can hunger, thirst, or desire sleep at any other than the "public hours,"—the consequence is, that let one arrive starved at an inn, one can obtain nothing till such hours when those who are not starving desire to eat;—and if one is foredone with travel, weary, and wanting rest, the pitiless

alarum bell, calling those who may have had twelve hours' sleep from their beds, must startle those who have only just closed their eyes for the first time, perhaps, for three nights, — as if the whole travelling community were again at boarding-school, and as if a private summons by the boots or chambermaid to each apartment would not answer the same purpose.

By the way, in New York, at the Astor House, they are beginning to understand a little better the comfortable accommodation of travellers; and, but for the horrible gong, which the national taste for herding to eat renders necessary, one may live as one pleases there, provided one pays as they please. A Christianly house it is, and much to be commended therefore. We were, however, so utterly exhausted, that waiting for the public appetite was out of the question; and, by dint of much supplication, we at length obtained some breakfast. When, however, we stated that we had not been in bed for two successive nights, and asked to be shown to our rooms, the same gentleman, our host, an exceedingly pleasant person, informed us that *our* chamber was prepared, — adding, with the most facetious familiarity, when I exclaimed "our chamber!" (we were three, and two children,)

"Oh! madam, I presume you will have no objection to sleeping with *your infant*," (he lumped the two into one); "and these two ladies" (Miss —— and ——) "will sleep together. I dare say they have done it a hundred times."

This unheard-of proposition, and the man's cool impudence in making it, so astonished me, that I could hardly speak. At last, however, I found words to inform him that none of our party were in the habit of sleeping with each other, and that the arrangement was such as we were not at all inclined to submit to. The gentleman, apparently very much surprised at our singular habits, said, "Oh! he didn't know that the ladies were not acquainted," (as if, forsooth, one went to bed with all one's acquaintance!) "but that he had but that one room in the ladies' part of the house."

Miss —— immediately professed her readiness to take one in the gentlemen's "part of the house," when it appeared that there was none vacant there which had a fire-place in it. As the morning was intensely cold, this could not be thought of. I could not take shelter in my husband's room; for he, according to this decent and comfortable mode of lodging travellers, had another man to share it with him. To our common dormitory we therefore repaired, as it was impossible that we could any of us go any longer without rest. I established —— and the two babies in the largest bed; poor Miss —— betook herself to a sort of curtainless cot that stood in one corner; and I laid myself down on a mattress on the floor; and we soon all forgot the conveniences of a Wilmington hotel in the supreme convenience of sleep.

It was bright morning, and drawing towards one o'clock, when we rose up, and were presently summoned to the "public dinner." The dirt and discomfort of everything was so intolerable, that I could not eat; and having obtained some tea, we set forth to walk to the steamboat, Governor Dudley, which was to convey us to Charleston. The mid-day sun took from Wilmington some of the desolateness which the wintry darkness of the morning gave it; yet it looked to me like a place I could sooner die than live in,—ruinous, yet not old,—poor, dirty, and mean, and unvenerable in its poverty and decay. The river

that runs by it is called Cape Fear river; above, on the opposite shore, lies Mount Misery, — and heaven-forsaken enough seemed place and people to me. How good one should be to live in such places! How heavenly would one's thoughts and imaginations of hard necessity become, if one existed in Wilmington, North Carolina! The afternoon was beautiful, golden, mild, and bright,—the boat we were in extremely comfortable and clean, and the captain especially courteous. The whole furniture of this vessel was remarkably tasteful, as well as convenient,—not forgetting the fawn-coloured and blue curtains to the berths.

By the by, what a deplorable mistake it is—be-draperying up these narrow nests, so as to impede the poor meagre mouthfuls of air which their dimensions alone necessarily limit one to. These crimson and yellow, or even fawn-coloured and blue silk suffocators, are a poor compensation for free ventilation; and I always look at these elaborate adornments of sea-beds as ingenious and elegant incentives to sea-sickness, graceful emetics in themselves, all provocation from the waters set aside. The captain's wife and ourselves were the only passengers; and, after a most delightful walk on deck in the afternoon, and comfortable tea, we retired for the night, and did not wake till we bumped on the Charleston bar on the morning of Christmas-day.

The William Seabrook, the boat which is to convey us from hence to Savannah, only goes once a-week, and we shall therefore be compelled to remain here till Friday. This unfrequent communication between the principal cities of the great southern states is rather a curious contrast to the almost unintermitting intercourse which goes on between the northern towns. The boat itself, too, is a species of small monopoly, being built and chiefly used for the convenience of certain wealthy planters residing on Eddisto Island, a small insulated tract between Charleston and Savannah, where the finest cotton that is raised in this country grows. This city is the oldest I have yet seen in America—I should think it must be the oldest in it. I cannot say that the first impression produced by the wharf at which we landed, or the streets we drove through in reaching our hotel, was particularly lively. Rickety, dark, dirty, tumble-down streets and warehouses, with every now and then a mansion of loftier pretensions, but equally neglected and ruinous in its appearance, would probably not have been objects of special admiration to many people on this side the water; but I belong to that infirm, decrepit, bed-ridden old country, England, and must acknowledge, with a blush for the stupidity of the prejudice, that it is so very long since I have seen anything old, that the lower streets of Charleston, in all their dinginess and decay, were a refreshment and a rest to my spirit.

I have had a perfect red-brick-and-white-board fever ever since I came to this country; and once more to see a house which looks as if it had stood long enough to get warmed through, is a balm to my senses, oppressed with newness. Boston had two or three fine old dwelling-houses, with antique gardens and old-fashioned court-yards; but they have come down to the dust before the improving spirit of the age. And as for Philadelphia, a house —— owns, and which has actually been built fifty years, is, I believe, the most ancient private tenement in it; and no day passes that I do not hear it reviled for an old brick Methuselah, that should be made to cease cumbering the ground. One would think, to hear the people talk, that after ten years

a house gets weak in the knees. Perhaps these houses do; but I have lodged under roof-trees that have stood hundreds of years, and may stand hundreds more,—marry, they have good foundations.

In walking about Charleston, I was forcibly reminded of some of the older country towns in England — of Southampton a little. The appearance of the city is highly picturesque, a word which can apply to none other of the American towns; and although the place is certainly pervaded with an air of decay, 'tis a genteel infirmity, as might be that of a distressed elderly gentlewoman. It has none of the smug mercantile primness of the northern cities, but a look of state, as of *quondam* wealth and importance, a little gone down in the world, yet remembering still its former dignity. The northern towns, compared with it, are as the spruce citizen rattling by the faded splendours of an old family-coach in his new-fangled chariot — they certainly have got on before it. Charleston has an air of eccentricity, too, and peculiarity, which formerly were not deemed unbecoming the well-born and well-bred gentlewoman, which her gentility itself sanctioned and warranted —none of the vulgar dread of vulgar opinion, forcing those who are possessed by it to conform to a general standard of gentility, unable to conceive one peculiar to itself. This "What'll-Mrs.-Grundy-say" devotion to conformity in small things and great, which pervades the American body-social from the matter of church-going to the trimming of women's petticoats,—this dread of singularity, which has eaten up all individuality amongst them, and makes their population like so many moral and mental lithographs, and their houses like so many thousand hideous brick-twins.

I believe I am getting excited; but the fact is, that being politically the most free people on earth, the Americans are socially the least so; and it seems as though, ever since that little affair of establishing their independence among nations, which they managed so successfully, every American mother's son of them has been doing his best to divest himself of his own private share of that great public blessing, liberty.

But to return to Charleston. It is in this respect a far more aristocratic (should I not say democratic?) city than any I have yet seen in America, inasmuch as every house seems built to the owner's particular taste; and in one street you seem to be in an old English town, and in another in some continental city of France or Italy. This variety is extremely pleasing to the eye; not less so is the intermixture of trees with the building, almost every house being adorned, and gracefully screened, by the beautiful foliage of evergreen shrubs. These, like ministering angels, cloak with nature's kindly ornaments the ruins and decays of the mansions they surround; and the latter, time-mellowed, (I will not say stained, and a painter knows the difference,) harmonize in their forms and colouring with the trees, in a manner most delightful to an eye that knows how to appreciate this species of beauty.

There are several public buildings of considerable architectural pretensions in Charleston, all of them apparently of some antiquity, (for the New World,) except a very large and handsome edifice which is not yet completed, and which, upon inquiry, we found was intended for a guard-house. Its very extensive dimensions excited our surprise; but a man who was at work about it, and who answered ——'s questions with a good deal of intelligence, informed us that it was by no means larger than the necessities of the city required; for that they

not unfrequently had between fifty and sixty persons (coloured and white) brought in by the patrol in one night."

"But," objected ——, "the coloured people I thought were not allowed to go out without passes after nine o'clock."

"Yes," replied our informant, "but they will do it, nevertheless; and every night numbers are brought in who have been caught endeavouring to evade the patrol."

This explained to me the meaning of a most ominous tolling of bells and beating of drums, which, on the first evening of my arrival in Charleston, made me almost fancy myself in one of the old fortified frontier towns of the Continent, where the tocsin is sounded, and the evening drum beaten, and the guard set as regularly every night as if an invasion were expected. In Charleston, however, it is not the dread of foreign invasion, but of domestic insurrection, which occasions these nightly precautions; and, for the first time since my residence in this free country, the curfew (now obsolete in mine, except in some remote districts, where the ringing of an old church-bell at sunset, is all that remains of the tyrannous custom) recalled the associations of early feudal times, and the oppressive insecurity of our Norman conquerors. But truly it seemed rather anomalous hereabouts, and now-a-days; though, of course, it is very necessary where a large class of persons exist in the very bosom of a community whose interests are known to be at variance and incompatible with those of its other members. And no doubt these daily and nightly precautions are but trifling drawbacks upon the manifold blessings of slavery, (for which, if the reader is stupid, and cannot conceive them, see the late Governor M'Duffy's speeches;) still I should prefer going to sleep, without the apprehension of my servants' cutting my throat in my bed, even to having a guard provided to prevent their doing so. However, this peculiar prejudice of mine may spring from the fact of my having known many instances in which servants were the trusted, and most trustworthy friends of their employers, and entertaining, besides, some odd notions of the reciprocal duties of *all* the members of families, one towards the other.

The extreme emptiness which I observed in the streets, and absence of everything like bustle or business, is chiefly owing to the season, which the inhabitants of Charleston, with something akin to old English feeling, generally spend in hospitable festivity upon their estates; a goodly custom, at least in my mind. It is so rare for any of the wealthier people to remain in town at Christmas, that poor Miss ——, who had come on with us to pay a visit to some friends, was not a little relieved to find that they were (contrary to their custom) still in the city. I went to take my usual walk this morning, and found that the good citizens of Charleston were providing themselves with a most delightful promenade upon the river, a fine, broad, well-paved esplanade, of considerable length, open to the water on one side, and on the other overlooked by some very large and picturesque old houses, whose piazzas, arches, and sheltering evergreens reminded me of buildings in the vicinity of Naples. This delightful walk is not yet finished, and I fear, when it is, it will be little frequented; for the southern women, by their own account, are miserable pedestrians, — of which fact, indeed, I had one curious illustration to-day; for I received a visit from a young lady residing in the same street where we lodged, who came in her carriage, a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, to call upon me.

It is impossible to conceive anything funnier, and at the same time more provokingly stupid, dirty, and inefficient, than the tribe of black-faced heathen divinities and classicalities, who make believe to wait upon us here, — the Dianas, Phillises, Floras, Cæsars, et cetera, who stand grinning in wonderment and delight round our table, and whom I find it impossible, by exhortation or entreaty, to banish from the room, so great is their amusement and curiosity at my outlandish mode of proceeding. (I presume it must be me, as Mr. —— is native, and to the manner born.) This morning, upon my entreating them not to persist in waiting upon us at breakfast, they burst into an ungovernable titter, and withdrawing from our immediate vicinity, kept poking their woolly heads and white grinders in at the door every five minutes, keeping it conveniently open for that purpose.

A fine large new hotel was among the buildings which the late fire at Charleston destroyed, and the house where we now are is the best at present in the city. It is kept by a very obliging and civil coloured-woman, who seems extremely desirous of accommodating us to our minds; but her servants (they are her slaves, in spite of her and their common complexion) would defy the orderly genius of the superintendent of the Astor House. Their laziness, their filthiness, their inconceivable stupidity, and unconquerable good humour, are enough to drive one stark-staring mad. The sitting-room we occupy is spacious, and not ill-furnished, and especially airy, having four windows and a door, none of which can or will shut. We are fortunately rid of that familiar fiend of the north, the anthracite coal, but do not enjoy the luxury of burning wood. Bituminous coal, such as is generally used in England, is the combustible preferred here; and all my national predilections cannot reconcile me to it, in preference to the brilliant, cheerful, wholesome, poetical warmth of a wood fire. Our bedrooms are dismal dens, open to "a' the airts the wind can blaw," half-furnished, and not by any means half clean. The furniture itself is old, and very infirm,—the tables all peach with one or other leg,—the chairs are most of them minus one or two bars,—the tongs cross their feet when you attempt to use them,—and one poker travels from room to room, that being our whole allowance for two fires.

We have had occasion to make only two trifling purchases since we have been here; but the prices (if these articles are any criterion) must be infinitely higher than those of the northern shopkeepers; but this we must expect as we go further south, for, of course, they have to pay double profits upon all the commonest necessaries of life, importing them, as they do, from distant districts. I must record a curious observation of ——'s, on her return from church, Tuesday morning. She asked me if the people of this place were not very proud? I was struck with the question, as coinciding with a remark sometimes made upon the south, and supposed by some far-fetching cause-hunters to have its origin in some of their "domestic institutions." I told her that I knew no more of them than she did; and that I had had no opportunity of observing whether they were or not.

"Well," she replied, "I think they are, for I was in church early, and I observed the countenances and manner of the people as they came in, and they struck me as the haughtiest, proudest-looking people I ever saw!"

This very curious piece of observation of hers I note down without comment. I asked her if she had ever heard, or read, the remark as

applied to the southern people? She said, "Never," and I was much amused at this result of her physiognomical church speculations.

Last Thursday evening we left our hotel in Charleston for the steam-boat which was to carry us to Savannah: it was not to start until two in the morning; but, of course, we preferred going on board rather earlier, and getting to bed. The ladies' cabin, however, was so crowded with women and children, and so inconveniently small, that sleeping was out of the question in such an atmosphere. I derived much amusement from the very empress-like airs of an uncommonly handsome mulatto woman, who officiated as stewardess, but whose discharge of her duties appeared to consist in telling the ladies what they ought, and what they ought not to do, and lounging about with an indolent dignity, which was irresistibly droll, and peculiarly southern.

The boat in which we were, not being considered sea-worthy, as she is rather old, took the inner passage, by which we were two nights and a day accomplishing this most tedious navigation, creeping through cuts and small muddy rivers, where we stuck sometimes to the bottom, and sometimes to the banks, which presented a most dismal succession of dingy, low, yellow swamps, and reedy marshes, beyond expression wearisome to the eye. About the middle of the day on Friday, we touched at the island of Eddisto, where some of the gentlemen-passengers had business, that being the seat of their plantations, and where the several families reside — after the eldest member of which, Mr. ——, the boat we were in, was named.

Eddisto, as I have mentioned before, is famous for producing the finest cotton in America — therefore, I suppose, in the world. As we were to wait here some time, we went on shore to walk. The appearance of the cotton-fields at this season of the year was barren enough; but, as a compensation, I here, for the first time, saw the evergreen oak-trees (the ilex, I presume,) of the south. They were not very fine specimens of their kind, and disappointed me a good deal. The advantage they have of being evergreen is counterbalanced by the dark and almost dingy colour of the foliage, and the leaf being minute in size, and not particularly graceful in form. These trees appeared to me far from comparable, either in size or beauty, to the European oak, when it has attained its full growth. We were walking on the estate of one of the Mr. ——s, which lay unenclosed on each side of what appeared to be the public road through the island.

At a short distance from the landing we came to what is termed a ginning-house — a building appropriated to the process of freeing the cotton from the seed. It appeared to be open to inspection; and we walked through it. Here were about eight or ten stalls on either side, in each of which a man was employed at a machine, worked like a turner's or knife-grinder's wheel, by the foot, which, as fast as he fed it with cotton, parted the snowy flakes from the little black first cause, and gave them forth soft, silky, clean, and fit to be woven into the finest lace or muslin. This cotton being noted for its beauty, —— was very desirous of securing some of the seed, and sent a request to Mr. ——, asking leave to take a small quantity, which demand was complied with immediately, and without any limitation whatever. This same process of ginning is performed in many places, and upon ——'s own cotton-estate, by machinery; the objection to which, however, is, that the staple of the cotton—in the length of which consists its chief excellence—is supposed by some planters to be injured, and the threads broken, by the substitution of an engine for the task per-

formed by the human fingers in separating the cotton and presenting it to the gin.

After walking through this building, we pursued our way past a large, rambling, white wood house, and down a road, bordered on each side with evergreen oaks. While we were walking, a young man on horseback passed us, whose light hair, in very picturesque contempt of modern fashion, absolutely flowed upon the collar of his coat, and was blown back as he rode, like the dishevelled tresses of a woman. On Eddisto island such a noble exhibition of individuality would probably find few censors.

As we returned towards the boat we stopped to examine an irregular scrambling hedge of the wild orange, another of the exquisite shrubs of this paradise of evergreens. The form and foliage of this plant are beautiful, and the leaf, being bruised, extremely fragrant. but, as its perfume indicates, it is a rank poison, containing a great portion of prussic acid. It grows from cuttings rapidly and freely, and might be formed into the most perfect hedge, being well adapted by its close bushy growth, to that purpose.

After leaving Eddisto we pursued the same tedious wandering course, over turbid waters, and between low-lying swamps, till the evening closed in. The afternoon had been foggy, and rainy, and wretched. The cabin was darkened by the various outer protections against the weather, so that we could neither read nor work. Our party, on leaving the island, had received an addition of some young ladies, who were to go on shore again in the middle of the night, at a stopping-place called Hilton Head. As they did not intend to sleep, they seemed to have no idea of allowing anyone else to do so; and the giggling and chattering with which they enlivened the dreary watches of the night, certainly rendered anything like repose impossible; so I lay, devoutly wishing for Hilton Head, where the boat stopped between one and two in the morning. I had just time to see our boarding-school angels leave us, and a monstrous awkward looking woman, who at first struck me as a man in disguise, enter the cabin, before my eyes sealed themselves in sleep, which had been hovering over them, kept aloof only by the incessant conversational racket of my young fellow-travellers.

I was extremely amused at two little incidents which occurred the next morning before we were called to breakfast. The extraordinary-looking woman who came into the boat during the night, and who was altogether the most masculine-looking lady I ever saw, came and stood by me, and, seeing me nursing my baby, abruptly addressed me, with "Got a baby with you?" I replied in the affirmative, which trouble her eyes might have spared me. After a few minutes' silence, she pursued her unceremonious catechism with "Married woman?" This question was so exceedingly strange, though put in the most matter-of-course sort of way, that I suppose my surprise exhibited itself in my countenance, for the lady presently left me — not, however, appearing to imagine that she had said or done anything at all unusual. The other circumstance which amused me was to hear another lady observe to her neighbour, on seeing —— bathe my children (a ceremony never omitted night and morning, where water can be procured,) "How excessively ridiculous!" Which same worthy lady, on leaving the boat at Savannah, exclaimed, as she huddled on her cloak, that she never had felt so "*mean* in her life!" and, considering that she had gone to bed two nights with the greater part of her day-clothes on her, and

had abstained from any "ridiculous" ablutions, her *mean* sensations did not, I confess, much surprise me.

When the boat stopped at Savannah, it poured with rain; and in a perfect deluge we drove up to the Pulaski House, thankful to escape from the tedious confinement of a *slow* steam-boat,—an intolerable nuisance and anomaly in the nature of things. The hotel was, comparatively speaking, very comfortable; infinitely superior to the one where we had lodged in Charleston, as far as bed-room accommodations went. Here, too, we obtained the inestimable luxury of a warm-bath; and the only disagreeable thing we had to encounter was that all but universal pest in this crowd-loving country, a public table. This is always a trial of the first water to me; and that day particularly I was fatigued, and out of spirits, and the din and confusion of a long *table d'hôte* was perfectly intolerable, in spite of the assiduous attentions of a tiresome worthy old gentleman, who sat by me, and persisted in endeavouring to make me talk. Finding me impracticable, however, he turned, at length, in despair, to the hostess, who sat at the head of her table, and inquired in a most audible voice if it were true, as he had understood, that Mr. and Mrs. —— were in the hotel? This, of course, occasioned some little amusement; and the good old gentleman being informed that I was sitting at his elbow, went off into perfect convulsions of apologies, and renewed his exertions to make me discourse, with more zeal than ever, asking me, among other things, when he had ascertained that I had never before been to the south, "How I liked the appearance of 'our blackies' (the negroes)? — no want of cheerfulness, no despondency, or misery in their appearance, eh, madam?" As I thought this was rather begging the question, I did not trouble the gentleman with my impressions. He was a Scotchman, and his adoption of "our blackies" was, by his own account, rather recent, to be so perfectly satisfactory; at least, so it seems to me, who have some small prejudices in favour of freedom and justice yet to overcome before I can enter into all the merits of this beneficent system, so productive of cheerfulness and contentment in those whom it condemns to perpetual degradation.

Our night-wanderings were not yet ended, for the steamer in which we were to proceed to Darien was to start at ten o'clock that evening, so that we had but a short interval of repose at this same Pulaski House, and I felt sorry to leave it, in proportion to the uncertainty of our meeting with better accommodation for a long time. The Ocmulgee (the Indian name of a river in Georgia, and the cognomen of our steam-boat,) was a tiny, tidy little vessel, the exceeding small ladies' cabin of which we, fortunately, had entirely to ourselves.

On Sunday morning the day broke most brilliantly over those southern waters, and as the sun rose, the atmosphere became clear and warm, as in the early northern summer. We crossed two or three sounds of the sea. The land in sight was a mere forest of reeds, and the fresh, sparkling, crisping waters had a thousand times more variety and beauty. At the mouth of the Altamaha is a small cluster of houses, scarce deserving the name of a village, called Doboy. At the wharf lay two trading-vessels; the one with the harp of Ireland waving on her flag; the other, with the union-jack flying at her mast. I felt vehemently stirred to hail the beloved symbol; but, upon reflection, forbore outward demonstrations of the affectionate yearnings of my heart towards the flag of England; and so we boiled by them into this vast volume of turbid waters, whose noble width, and rapid rolling

current, seem appropriately called by that most euphonious and sonorous of Indian names, the Alatamaha, which, in the common mode of speaking it, gains by the loss of the second syllable, and becomes more agreeable to the ear, as it is usually pronounced the Altamaha. On either side lay the low reedy swamps, yellow, withered, Lilliputian forests, rattling their brittle canes in the morning breeze, and waving their tawny curtains over the muddy waters of the river. Through these dreary banks we wound a most sinuous course for a long time; at length the irregular buildings of the little town of Darien appeared, and as we grazed the side of the wharf it seemed to me as if we had touched the outer bound of civilized creation. We were hurried out of the cabin by ——, who took his baby in his arms and —— by the hand. As soon as he showed himself on the deck he was hailed by a shout from the men in two pretty boats, which had pulled alongside of us, and the vociferations of "Oh, massa! how you do, massa? Oh, missis! oh! lilly missis! me too glad to see you!" accompanied with certain interjectional shrieks, whoops, whistles, and grunts, that could only be written down in negro language, made me aware of our vicinity to our journey's end. The strangeness of the whole scene, its wildness, (for now beyond the broad river and the low swamp lands the savage-looking woods arose to meet the horizon,) the rapid retrospect which my mind hurried through of the few past years of my life; the singular contrasts which they presented to my memory; the affectionate shouts of welcome of the poor people, who seemed to hail us as descending divinities, affected me so much that I burst into tears, and could hardly answer their demonstrations of delight. We were presently transferred into the larger boat, and the smaller one being freighted with our luggage, we pulled off from Darien, not, however, without a sage remark from ——, that, though we seemed to have travelled to the very end of the world, here yet were people and houses, ships, and even steam-boats; in which evidences that we were not to be plunged into the deepest abysses of savageness she seemed to take no small comfort.

We crossed the river, and entered a small arm of it, which presently became still narrower and more straight, assuming the appearance of an artificial cut or canal, which indeed it is, having been dug by General Oglethorpe's men, (tradition says, in one night,) and afforded him the only means of escape from the Spaniards and Indians, who had surrounded him on all sides, and felt secure against all possibility of his eluding them. The cut is neither very deep nor very long, and yet both sufficiently to render the General's exploit rather marvellous. This General Oglethorpe was the first British governor of Georgia. The banks of this little canal were mere dykes, guarding rice-swamps, and presented no species of beauty; but in the little creek, or inlet, from which we entered it, I was charmed with the beauty and variety of the evergreens growing in thick and luxuriant underwood, beneath giant straggling cypress-trees, whose branches were almost covered with the pendant wreaths of grey moss peculiar to these southern woods. Of all parasitical plants (if, indeed, it properly belong to that class,) it assuredly is the most melancholy and dismal. All creepers, from the polished, dark-leaved ivy, to the delicate clematis destroy some portion of the strength of the trees round which they cling, and from which they gradually suck the vital juices; but they, at least, adorn the forest-shafts round which they twine, and hide, with a false smiling beauty, the gradual ruin and decay they make. Not so this

dismal moss: it does not appear to grow, or to have root, or even clinging fibre of any sort, by which it attaches itself to the bark or stem. It hangs in dark grey, drooping masses, from the boughs, swinging in every breeze like matted, grizzled hair. I have seen a naked cypress with its straggling arms all hung with this banner of death, looking like a tree of monstrous cobwebs, — the most funereal spectacle in all the vegetable kingdom.

After emerging from the cut, we crossed another arm of the Altamaha (it has as many as Briareus)—I should rather, perhaps, call them mouths, for this is near its confluence with the sea, and these various branches are formed by a numerous sisterhood of small islands, which divide this noble river into three or four streams, each of them wider than England's widest, the Thames. We now approached the low, reedy banks of ——'s island, and passed the rice-mill and buildings surrounding it, all of which, it being Sunday, were closed. As we neared the bank, the steersman took up a huge conch, and in the barbaric fashion of early times in the Highlands, sounded out our approach. A pretty schooner, which carries the produce of the estate to Charleston and Savannah, lay alongside the wharf, which began to be crowded with negroes, jumping, dancing, shouting, laughing, and clapping their hands (a usual expression of delight with savages and children,) and using the most extravagant and ludicrous gesticulations to express their ecstasy at our arrival.

On our landing from the boat, the crowd thronged about us like a swarm of bees; we were seized, pulled, pushed, carried, dragged, and all but lifted in the air by the clamorous multitude. I was afraid my children would be smothered. Fortunately Mr. ——, the overseer, and the captain of the little craft above-mentioned, came to our assistance,—for —— was in no case to help us, being utterly unable to extricate himself,—and by their good offices the babies and nurse were protected through the crowd. They seized our clothes, kissed them—then our hands, and almost wrung them off. One tall, gaunt negress flew to us, parting the throng on either side, and embraced both —— and me in her arms. I believe I was almost frightened; and it was not until we were safely housed, and the door shut upon our riotous escort, that we indulged in a fit of laughing, quite as full of nervousness as of amusement. Later in the day I attempted to take some exercise, and thought I had escaped observation; but, before I had proceeded a quarter of a mile, I was again enveloped in a cloud of these dingy dependants, who gathered round me, clamouring welcome, staring at me, stroking my velvet pelisse, and exhibiting at once the wildest delight and the most savage curiosity. I was obliged to relinquish my proposed walk, and return home. Nor was the door of the room where I sat, and which was purposely left open, one moment free from crowds of eager faces, watching every movement of myself and the children, until evening caused our audience to disperse. This zeal in behalf of an utter stranger, merely because she stood to them in the relation of mistress, caused me not a little speculation. These poor people, however, have a very distinct notion of the duties which ownership should entail upon their proprietors, however these latter may regard their obligation towards their dependants; and, as to their vehement professions of regard and affection for me, they reminded me of the saying of the satirist, that "gratitude is a lively sense of benefits to come."

THE HOUR OF VIGILS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"Earth,
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison
Lifts still its solemn voice."—ALASTOR.

It is the hour of rest! Earth sleeps
Untroubled in repose;
The dew upon the flow'ret weeps,
The fire-fly brightly glows;
The night-wind's sigh in mournful mood
Alone breaks on the solitude!

The last faint gleam of day hath bade
Its farewell to the skies;
And Nature, wearied, seems to fade
Before the mists that rise—
That, slowly gathering, shadow o'er
Those spots that gleam'd with light before!

A strange, mysterious influence
Comes on the wing of Even;
Our hearts, we know not how or whence,
Claim kindred with high Heaven,
And, leaving earth with all its care,
Seek out a sanctuary there!

Blest thought, that in the boundless range
Of ether spread above
Endear'd ones dwell, who interchange
With us their themes of love!—
The holy, who have wing'd their flight
Beyond the pale of mortal night!

We trace them in the starlit zone,—
In some whose living rays,
More tremulous, do seem to own
The spell of by-gone days!
We see their features in each gem
That gleams upon Eve's diadem!

Sweet Eventime, whose soothing calm
O'er the lone spirit steals!
Whose veil, endued with heav'nly charm,
The heart of sorrow heals!
How many bless thee whom the day
Had mock'd! With light their hopes decay!

How many bless thee! Twilight dim
Awakens from the breast
The solitary's plaintive hymn
To yon abode of rest!
The mother's song to slumb'ring child,
The pray'r from out the desert wild!

How many bless thee, and commune
With memories of old;
And strike a chord unused to tune
Since they it knew lie cold!
Who worships not thy mystic pow'r,
And loves thee not, sweet Evening Hour?

"DON'T BE TOO SURE;"

OR,

THE DISASTERS OF A MARRIAGE-DAY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

James Inkpen was the confidential clerk of the highly-respectable firm of Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble, appearing in the Law List annually as duly-certificated attorneys, located in Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn. The adage says, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus,*" —which, being interpreted, means, "*it takes five years to make an attorney,*" as some wag of ancient days rendered it; and though Jemmy had long since filled this *lustrum* as a limb of the law, still by some occult process, known and valued alone by "gents., &c.," Inkpen never rose to the dignity of a certificate; in fact, he was nothing more nor less than the confidential clerk.

For nearly a dozen years steadily, punctually, and diligently, did James Inkpen attend to the dull routine of a law-clerk's duty. Wet or dry, hail, rain, fog, sunshine, showery, or fair, he was as reckless of the weather as the most desperate disbeliever in the prophetic powers of Murphy. His *post* was his *desk*, and no jockey ever made for *the post* with greater, more certain and assured steadiness than did Inkpen for his seat of dignity as "Chancery-clerk, and confidential ditto," in the middle room in the offices of the "respectable" firm above-mentioned. Jemmy was a man of small stature and of sharp features. He was of remarkably placid temperament, and never was known to have exhibited any disturbance of mind, save on two occasions; once when he found, by the mangle-marks in the fob of a pair of "ducks," that a sovereign which he carefully concealed therein upon the principle of the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter's guinea, "*to have, but not to spend,*" had been unfairly appropriated by either his laundress or her mangle-woman, or both. The damning fact, that the impress of the George and Dragon which the calico presented, did not move them to repentance and restoration of the coin, caused Jemmy's indignation to become rife in the extreme. The second occasion was, when in a fit of abstractedness he lit his pipe at a meeting of his club, "The Knights of the Blue Plume," with the *memoranda* of an important affidavit, which he was to get a certain worthy, famous for supplying deficiencies in evidence, to swear to the next morning. With the exception of these two cases, we have every reason to believe that Inkpen had hitherto passed through life and its alternations of pleasure and pain comfortably.

In fact, he was a happy man; he had one hundred and fifty pounds per annum "sal.," as he abbreviated it; the implicit *confidence* of his "respectable" employers; the *friendship*, that is to say, the deferential subserviency of the other clerks from the fact of his being the cashier, and the general good-will of all with whom he had business, from his unaffected disposition to be obliging and civil. But, though Jemmy voted himself, and, moreover, was voted by all his acquaintance, "a good sort of fellow," still there was wanting, as he felt (at times acutely), a something to complete the measure of his felicity; and when Joe Spriggins, Past Noble Grand of the Blue-Plume Knights,

and common-law clerk to Diddlem & Co., used to pump out in a cracked voice the line of Moore's murdered ditty,

"But oh! there is something more exquisite still,"

Inkpen would every Saturday evening remove his yard of clay from his lips, throw himself back in his chair, turn up his eyes, make his middle-finger do duty as a tobacco-stopper, heave a deep sigh, and finish the display of feeling by convulsively drinking off the *residuum* of fourpen'orth of gin warm, which invigorated him so, that, amidst the din of hammering, bravoing, applauding, he could muster up the power to tell "the waiter," ere he left the room, in a demi-stentorian strain, to bring him another "*go*."

The fact was, Inkpen thought it was time that he had a "Mrs. I.;" he felt the necessity of perpetuating the dynasty of the Inkpens, and ere it was too late, ere he fell into "the sere and yellow leaf," he determined upon committing matrimony, and, eschewing all stale bachelor-comforts, boldly to dash into the beatitudes which belong to the life of a Benedict. Nor was he long after he had come to this resolution in making his selection. A prim damsel, of neat attire, once honoured Jemmy by accepting half the shelter of his gingham in a summer's sudden evening storm. She was a dress-maker of some talent, and was "well to do." He was fortunate in protecting her, for she had a flimsy ball-dress under her arm, which would have been spoilt by the sudden torrent that poured down, but for his timely aid. "What great effects from little causes spring,"—this act of attention won her heart; and when she revealed the fact of her frequenting Dr. Thumpcushion's chapel, under whom *she sat*, every succeeding Sunday evening found Jemmy a "decidedly pious" attendant close by the side of Miss Juliana Fipps. We say nothing about their moonlight rambles in the romantic locality of Kennington Common,—(Inkpen lodged in Lambeth Walk, where also, did the divine Juliana wield her needle,) or the numerous delicious *tête-a-têtes* they had in certain arbours, over brown-painted tables, in certain places of public resort yclept *tea*-gardens—we believe because they afford accommodation for smokers and porter-drinkers. Suffice it to say, the course of their true love *did* run most smooth, and in the month of May, 1842, "last past," the *ultimatum* and definitive treaty of alliance for life was agreed upon, to be signed, sealed, and delivered, between James Inkpen, bachelor, on the one part, and Juliana Fipps, spinster, on the other, in the presence of the rector of St. Mary, Lambeth, at such a day.

It was observed by every knight of the "Blue Plume," that on the Saturday evening near the end of May, Jemmy Inkpen was particularly jocose — a rise in spirits which was in some degree attributed to a display of opulence and generosity not exactly reconcilable with his previous habits. He was noticed to have ordered half-a-dozen cigars and insisted upon standing "goes round," laughed at everything within fifty degrees of a joke, and with a still stronger, and more commendable spirit of pleasantry, broke out into a hearty guffaw, when the rest of his associates were merely meditating merriment.

As Jemmy wended his way home, he could not refrain from rubbing his hands, rejoicing within himself, and, as the moon shone beautiful and bright, beaming over the surface of the broad Thames, he thought he would walk down to the river's edge, and contemplate in romantic

gratification for a few minutes the beauteous orb, as it cast its glow over the sacred edifice, which in the morning would be the spot whereat his future happiness or misfortune would be sealed. Placing his back to the wooden-paling, he regarded the venerable palace with feelings of awe, and letting his eye fall upon the church of St. Mary adjacent, he involuntarily exclaimed,

"Ah! to-morrow—to-morrow! there my fate will be sealed; and, by the blessing of Heaven, it shall be *the happiest day of my life*."

He had hardly uttered this exclamation, when a voice struck upon his ear, and the words, clearly and slowly enunciated, "DON'T BE TOO SURE!" rang through his brain. Inkpen started, trembling, and cast a hurried glance around; but saw nothing save the shadow, as he imagined, of a crouching body stealing along the Palace walls. For a moment he was fixed to the spot, and a cold sweat came over him. After waiting a minute or two to regain his composure (for he was no coward), he rallied, and laughing at his fancy, walked slowly home, occasionally turning to see if he was followed, forgetful of all, his mind being solely filled with the blissful anticipation of the morrow, when he, in pride of heart, would lead Juliana Fipps to the altar, returning from it with Mrs. Inkpen.

The morrow came—bright and glowing sunshine ushered in the day, and gave goodly promise of a glorious continuance, when James Inkpen, confidential clerk to Messrs. Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble, from whom he had obtained three days' leave, on the plea of visiting a sick relation in Warwickshire, gaily and jauntily attired in a stylish frock-coat, figured green satin waistcoat, striped trowsers, and well-fitting Wellingtons to match, gay, sky-blue stock, Paris white velvet hat, and kid-gloves in pocket, started from his abode to escort his Juliana to the temple of Hymen; due time being allowed, of course, to admit of the arrival of Miss Amelia Snooks, Miss Fipps' particular friend and bridesmaid. Inkpen, it must be here stated, had determined upon keeping his marriage a *profound secret;* hence his subterfuge of the *sick relation in Warwickshire* to his employers. He calculated upon a pleasant four-and-twenty hours at the Isle of Wight, and then a rapid *retour* to Lambeth by the whirlwind agency of the railway. "Nobody would be a bit the wiser." In order to forward proceedings, he engaged a cab to take a carpet-bag, portmanteau, and band-box, containing his and his spouse's temporary wardrobe during their excursion, and which was to convey them immediately after the ceremony to the Southampton railway station at Nine Elms. Everything was, in fact, done with the tact of a general of division; and everything, to tell the truth, *came off* exceedingly to his satisfaction.

The ceremony was performed; Jemmy was in raptures; Mrs. Inkpen seemed delighted. The weather was lovely in the extreme; very few seemed to be attracted by the solitary cab waiting at the turn of the road. Amelia Snooks kissed, with tears in her eyes, Juliana Inkpen, late Fipps, a salutation which was returned with equal pathos. Inkpen was quite cock-a-hoop; and, after handing his spouse into the cab, could not refrain from ejaculating, in the exultation of his heart,

"Well! dearest July! this promises indeed to *be the happiest day of my life!*"

He had hardly said the words, and closed the door of the cab, when the same voice which he fancied he had heard over night broke again upon his ear, and the same words again rang through his head, "DON'T

BE TOO SURE!" The cabman whipped on for the station. Juliana fondled and looked charming, and Jemmy, after a moment's flush at the exhorting repetition of the warning, thought nothing more of it.

In due time Mr. and Mrs. James Inkpen reached Nine Elms; fare paid, and luggage stowed away. They were just in time; the engine was hissing with a twenty-thousand-snake power, and the leviathan train lay like the defunct body of the great black sea-serpent, ready to be lugged along at the word "all right." Mrs. Inkpen had already entered one of the first-class carriages, and Jemmy was just on the point of following her, when, in a voice indicative of the deepest dismay, she discovered she had either left her reticule in the cab, or at church, or dropped it.

"Oh! James, love! it's gone!"—"What, dear?"

"My reticule!"—"Pooh! never mind; only a handkerchief, smelling-bottle, glove, eh?"

"More! James,—my gold watch and small trinket-box,—I would not lose them for all the world. Run—James, run!—oh! dear, offer a reward. What shall I do?"

James was petrified; but he was a prudent man, and as he afterwards said, "How could *I* stand the loss?" So, without hesitation, he rushed to the entrance, and dashed down to where the cabs assembled, in hopes of catching the one that brought them. No sooner had he given his first hurried scrutiny than the ominous bell, proclaiming the start of the train, sounded dolefully in his ears. In a state of bewilderment beyond expression, poor Jemmy for a moment seemed fixed to the spot, and then rushed up to the passengers' room! But oh! what a sight presented itself! The bell was sounding like the death-knell of his departed hopes. The long black train was moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour, bearing his beloved away from him. There he stood, mute, motionless, the picture of agony and despair. Who shall describe his feelings?—'tis beyond the power of pen. They may be conceived; they cannot be told!

How long he might have remained in this state it is impossible to say, had he not been aroused by a smart tap on the shoulder by one of the railway-police, who intimated "he must not stand there."

"Stand!" muttered James, in a melancholy tone. "I can't stand anywhere. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels."

"What's the matter, my good sir?" said the policeman considerately.

"She's gone—gone!" said Inkpen.

"Who?"

"My wife! only married this morning. Oh! oh!" and he groaned more intensely than before.

The policeman hardly knew whether to laugh or look serious, but it suddenly occurred to him that he had closed the door upon a lady who asked about her husband just before the train started, so he soothingly said to Inkpen, "Come, come, sir; it will be all right! You can go by the next train. Your good lady will only be at Southampton some three hours waiting for you. So keep up. The next train goes at two."

The drowning man catches at a straw; so poor Jemmy Inkpen, after heaving a few deep sighs, meandered in a musing melancholy mood, to the Railway Tavern, and sat down to ruminate upon this unfortunate incident in "*the happiest day of his life,*" over a glass



"Don't be too sure!"

of brandy-and-water, cold without; and by the time he had finished that and another, he had managed to persuade himself there was nothing very grievous after all, when the sudden recollection of the missing reticule, which the loss of his wife had driven temporarily from his memory, rushed upon him, and, seizing his hat, he dashed amongst the cabs to make his search. Alas! the first intimation he received was from the waterman, who "rekollicted werry vell as ow he vos the ginelman as vos axin' arter Black Bill, vot druv him from the chirch, and he vos blowed if Bill didn't vip off the blessed minute as he seed the ginelman!"

This unsatisfactory intelligence opened the sluices of unhappiness again upon the heart of Inkpen. What! lose his wife, her watch, her rings, her trinkets, "All—all her little ones, at one fell swoop!" Oh! Macduff's agony was nothing to Inkpen's. The chancery-clerk's soul sank within him; he already looked ten years older than he did two hours before. Two o'clock at length came, and Inkpen, anxiously gazing towards the west, fancied the blue-eyed maid, Hope, was beckoning him with smiles to her whom his heart loved most dearly; with alacrity he jumped into the carriage, and far different now was the sound of the starting-bell, — the monster-engine gave forth its last grunt, and away rolled the *mail-train*. Now they whizz past Wandsworth, Kingston comes and goes like the "baseless fabric of a vision;" in fact, the journey was a series of dissolving views, worked upon by lightning. Southampton is gained at last, and out Jemmy Inkpen jumped, to make anxious inquiry after his missing better-half.

Alas! at the station he could gain no tidings. Her description answered that of at least a hundred other ladies; and, with a face the picture of despair, the poor disconsolate chancery-clerk wandered joyless amidst throngs of happy faces, casting his lack-lustre, but enquiring, eye around him. Hotels were visited; barmaids, waiters, chambermaids questioned, but it was all fruitless; not a vestige of Mrs. Inkpen was to be discovered. At last the idea struck him, could she have returned to town?—a train had started during his sojourn! He felt assured she was *not* at Southampton. To think was to act; and Jemmy walked quickly to the station, and took his place in the slow luggage-train, determined to inquire at every station they stopped at, offering a reward to any one who would bring him intelligence of Mrs. Inkpen.

When he arrived at Basingstoke he received information, conveyed certainly in a very vague sort of manner, that a lady answering his wife's description had been taken ill going down in the morning-train, and was at the Coach and Horses at Southampton. Jemmy's heart beat within him; and, without waiting for the next train, he ordered a post-chaise at Basingstoke, and directed the post-boy to drive as fast as possible on towards Southampton. After proceeding some distance, by some unlucky mischance or other, the off-horse broke down. This determined Jemmy to walk the five miles, being, as he said, quite fresh. The night was oppressively hot, and it was evident a thunderstorm was brewing aloft, so Jemmy, a capital walker, now animated by a feeling which would throw the speed of a redshank into a cripple, started off briskly. He had not, however, cleared half-a-mile before down it came in pailsful. The thunder rolled, making a magnificent uproar in the firmament, and the vivid lightning flashed, dazzling the poor, drenched Inkpen, and distracting him at every step.

We have already specified his attire — our readers may then well imagine his condition. His trowsers hung like wet sacks to his shaking legs; his new superfine coat was rapidly losing its brilliancy; the Paris-velvet white tile was a shapeless mass. However —what will not love do?—onward he ran, now puffing and blowing hard, now pulling up to recover wind, then rushing on with desperation. At last he reached Southampton, and made directly for the Coach and Horses. He rang lustily at the bell, which was quickly answered by Boots.

"You have a lady, I think, who came by the train to-day, who has been taken ill," said Jemmy, shaking his drenched hat with one hand, and wiping down his coat with the other.

Boots stared at him, and said "he 'd ausk!" Chambermaid having answered summons, and replying in the affirmative, which gave a glow of satisfaction to Jemmy, he was told to walk in.

"What a dreadful night!" said Jemmy, "to get this terrible soaking in only so short a distance!"

"Lauks me! so you have, indeed," said chambermaid, — "sich a little ways, indeed. The lady has been expecting you ever so long."

"Ah! I dare say," said Jemmy, "no doubt of it,—no doubt of it. Sad business; but these things will happen."

"So they will, sir," said she.

"Yes," interrupted Jemmy, "so they will. Better late than never, though, eh?"

"Ah! very true, sir. That 's what I say when gentlemen rings in sich a hurry. The lady wanted to send for somebody else."

"The devil she did!" said Jemmy.

"Yes," said chambermaid; "but my missis said as how she was sartain sure you 'd come."

"Much obliged to her," ejaculated Jemmy, relieved.

"I 'll just go and tell the lady you are here, sir, and be back in a minute. Please step in the coffee-room."

"Well," thought Inkpen, "though bad began this day, let me hope *now* that nothing worse remains behind. Here I am at last under the same roof, after all my anxieties, with my adorable Juliana—a pretty pickle, I must confess, though, for a bridegroom on his marriage-night. Never mind—let fate do its worst."

Jemmy perked up, and actually tried a whistle, when the chambermaid returned.

"Please to walk up, sir—this way," ushering the ardent and impatient Jemmy into No. 3, second pair front. "Here is the gentleman you wanted to see, ma'am," said the damsel, closing the door, leaving the happy couple alone.

Speak of Robinson's rush for the Derby,—the struggle for the best place at a sight,—speak of anything indicative of onward powerful impulse, and our readers will but faintly come up to the affectionate ardour of Jemmy Inkpen. To seize her in his arms with rapturous grasp, —to stifle her with kisses, was the work of a moment,—and but the work of a moment; for, when relaxing for a second to draw breath and gaze upon her, he uttered "Oh! Juliana—my life, my love!" he was astonished to find himself by a violent effort shaken off, while the lady replied to his exclamation by a loud, wild shriek, shouting with a very unfeminine howl, "Och! murther! murther!—robbery!—mur-

ther!" adding to every word, by way of accompaniment, a terrific pull at the bell.

It need scarcely be told that the house was in a few minutes in an uproar. Doors were heard opening in every direction, and, following the sound, No. 3 was soon filled with men and women, clothed with what things they could huddle on. There stood Jemmy Inkpen, shivering like a dog in a wet sack, his eyeballs glaring in a wild stare of astonishment, — the lady in either real or affected hysterics. In the midst of the confusion, when everybody was questioning, and nobody answering, in bounced a big, black-whiskered, mustachioed man, a light in one hand, and a boot-jack in the other, followed by the chambermaid trembling.

"What the divil 's all this?" said he, banging down the candlestick, and hitting the drawers a crack that disordered its *chest* for the term of its natural life,—"what the blazes is all this about?—spake, Katty, —spake," said he, "spake, my heart!"

"Och! Mike," groaned the lady, "some vagabond, like the divil drawn through the Liffey, has broke into my room."

"Is it dramin' you are?" said Black-whiskers.

"Och! sure, no drame at all at all," said the lady, rising up in bed; and giving a faint scream, sank down, pointing to Jemmy, saying, "There 's the murderin' villain!"

Black-whiskers would have annihilated Jemmy on the spot, but for the chambermaid. He had already grasped the unfortunate Chancery-clerk by the throat, and was strangling him very scientifically, shaking him as an ogre might an infant,—the boot-jack was vengefully uplifted, when the chambermaid held his arm, and said there must be some dreadful mistake, and begged him not to commit murder.

"Who are you?" said Black-whiskers, in a voice of thunder, his wild eye flashing fire, "spake!" A horrible guttural sound alone escaped from Jemmy.

"He 's Dr. Leech's new assistant," said the chambermaid, "and come to see your sister. Hasn't been here more than two minutes."

"Oh ho!" said Black-whiskers, somewhat mollified, and perhaps not altogether desirous of continuing the scene; "then, by the powers, he 'll see the last of her."

So saying, he dragged the unfortunate Jemmy out of the room, and fixing him at the head of a rather precipitous flight of stairs, took full measure of his distance, and with a furious kick sent the doomed Chancery-clerk, head first, down to the bottom of the flight. Aided by the instinct evoked by desperate circumstances, Jemmy in the hubble-bubble contrived to reach the door, and bolted out like a shot from a shovel.

The flashing of lights at an unusual hour, the screams that were heard distant at the dead hour of midnight, as may be imagined, roused the peaceful vicinity, and the police on duty were attracted to the spot. Poor, luckless Jemmy, breathless, gasping, groaning, soaked through, half-choked, his bones aching, through his shaking, kick, and fall, stumbled rather than walked across the street, where he sank down in the last stage of anguish and despair on the steps of a door, wishing death might come and relieve him from the miseries of his situation. Poor devil! he groaned aloud, but none cheered his

woe; he held his head drooping between his knees in helpless agony, while his frame shook and quivered with every heart-drawn sob.

Such was the bridegroom on his wedding-night,—such was his situation through no fault of his,—such is the result of the vanity of human expectations, even while acting up to the best intentions.

Jemmy had not remained in this dolorous position five minutes before he was awakened from a drowsiness, the combined result of over-anxiety, fatigue, and their concomitants, which he was falling into, by the broad, blinding glare of what is called a policeman's *bull's-eye* held up to his face.

"Come, get up," said the constable, gruffly, "Mister — I wants you."

"Do you?" said Jemmy, faintly. "What for?"

"Oh! you'll know soon enough what for; but I thinks you knows what for without my telling of you."

"I say, and I'll swear, and I'll prove it was all a mistake," said Jemmy.

"Very well," said the constable, "prove it if you can; but things look very dark against you. But come along." So saying, he took hold of Inkpen by the arm, and brought him to the station-house.

Arrived there, the inspector and another constable were seen intently examining a printed paper, and alternately reading it and scrutinizing Jemmy, who by this time appeared to possess the feelings of a man who has got as far as the Press-room at Newgate, and declares himself quite resigned to his fate.

"Humph!" at last said the inspector, "the description does not exactly answer; but yet he may be the accomplice. What's your name?" said he, addressing Jemmy.

"James Inkpen," was the answer.

"What are you?"

"I don't care what becomes of me," thought Jemmy, "After what has happened, I'm a ruined man. So here goes—I'll out with all.—Chancery-clerk to Messrs. Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble, of Gray's Inn," said Inkpen, boldly.

"A bold and open avowal, to say the least," said the inspector, "and it saves me a great deal of trouble. Do you know one John Smith?"—"I do."

"What was he?"—"Common Law-clerk in the same office."

"Good again. This fellow thinks to turn approver," thought the inspector. "You are aware that John Smith is charged with forgery, and that you are supposed to be his accomplice?"

Jemmy sank for a moment, and a cold dew came over him. In a minute, however, the impenetrable magic panoply of innocence, which ever protects honest hearts, braced him up, and James Inkpen, the confidential clerk of unsullied character, stood erect, if not in the majesty, in all the strength, of conscious rectitude.

"And," continued the inspector, "you are distinctly charged with embezzlement."

"Who charges me?" said Inkpen, with a coolness and steadiness of manner that surprised those who had witnessed his previous prostration of mind and body.

"Your employers, whom you have just named, Messrs. Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble. As you have answered openly, I'll read you their communication, received this afternoon.



Interview between Miss Winifred and Thames in Newgate.

To the Superintendent of Police, Southampton.

[illegible]

"'To the Superintendent of Police, Southampton.

"'SIR,—Enclosed is the description of two clerks of ours, recently absconded: one, John Smith,—(the description here given,)—charged with forging on us, &c., and the other James Inkpen, suspected of embezzlement, and of being an accomplice of the said Smith. Inkpen obtained leave of absence from us, in order to visit relations in Warwickshire, yesterday, which we have found to be a false representation, and, upon inquiry, we have reason to believe he has gone to Southampton to escape abroad. He is supposed to have with him an abandoned female.' (Here Jemmy's strength began to fail, and he wiped his eyes.) 'Inkpen has long been in our employ, and we have always put the greatest faith in him, which, up to this moment, we have never found misplaced; but we are afraid he has been led into evil courses by Smith.'"

Poor Jemmy could stand this no longer — he sank upon his knees, and wept aloud. He would have called upon Heaven to bear witness to his innocence, but his utterance was choked; and, in pity to his now real state of suffering, he was led away, and, by the consideration of the inspector, placed in a bed. And the day that found James Inkpen at morn a blithesome bridegroom, leading in the sunshine of the heart and of the heavens a beloved wife to the altar, left him at midnight a prisoner, charged with felony—his solitary bed the gift of a policeman!

The nine o'clock train next morning brought down to Southampton three individuals, the most important to James Inkpen's human happiness; and, as in trains where hundreds, ay, and thousands, can be steamed along without any knowledge that they are mutual passengers, so it was in this case. *Imprimis* came Mrs. Inkpen, who had stopped at Basingstoke, and returned immediately, upon finding that Jemmy did not follow her, the poor fellow having passed her there in the mail-train, which goes direct. The next was Mr. Squeezer, with a Bow Street officer; and the third no less a personage than John Smith, the delinquent clerk. Mrs. Inkpen and Mr. Squeezer, though with very different objects, made their way to the police-office, — the wife as the best place to inquire in a strange town after her missing spouse; the attorney for any tidings of his missing clerks. Mr. Smith, of course, studiously avoided that mansion of safety.

Mr. Squeezer and the Bow Street officer entered the station-house first, and were followed by Mrs. Inkpen, who felt an incontrollable nervousness come over her. The officer soon made himself known to the inspector, introduced Mr. Squeezer of Gray's Inn, and a conversation in a whisper for a few minutes ensued. Meanwhile, Mrs. Inkpen ventured to address Mr. Squeezer, a man of prepossessing appearance, saying, tremulously,

"Pray, sir, are you the Mister Squeezer in the legal profession in London?"

"I am, madam."

"Well, sir, would you be so kind as to tell me if you know one James Inkpen?"

Squeezer looked at her as though he would read her soul, and then relaxing his features into a professional smile, replied, "Yes, I think I do. Is he a relation of yours?"

"Oh, sir! we were married yesterday, and, by a mischance on the railway, I have never set eyes on him since."

"Humph!" said Squeezer; but at this moment the Bow Street officer came up, and said, "Smith is certainly about here. We are on his track; for the other chap, Inkpen, is caged here."

"What's that you say?" shrieked Mrs. Inkpen. "Speak!—my husband in prison!"

"Ma'am," surlily and impudently observed the officer, looking at her as though she was a confederate.

"Hush!" said Squeezer, laying his hand upon the officer's arm, and mildly taking the hand of Mrs. Inkpen, "don't alarm yourself — step this way for a few minutes, and this mystery may be cleared up.— Jones," said he, turning to the officer, "search for Smith. Something assures me he is not far off."

In a few words Mrs. Inkpen stated how she had won and how she had lost Inkpen; and on poor Inkpen's being introduced, what with joy at seeing his wife, and joy at seeing his master, whom he knew he could conscientiously convince of his innocence, he alternately wept and laughed. The scene was equally comic and affecting.

"Oh! sir," at last he stammered, throwing himself on his knees to Mr. Squeezer, "with what am I charged? I have never, never wronged you by word or deed."

"Why was that cheque not paid in on Saturday morning," said Mr. Squeezer, gravely, "which I gave you over night?"

"Good God!" cried Inkpen, "I see it all! — I forgot to lock my desk, and Smith must have taken it."

"We have ascertained that you were *not* the person who procured the cash for it," said Mr. Squeezer, "which looks somewhat in your favour. But, though I am sincerely sorry for your position, at present, until you more sufficiently exonerate yourself, I cannot allow you to be out of custody."

Poor Inkpen sank trembling on a chair, the picture of death, — his wife falling on him in a fainting-fit. Mr. Squeezer was evidently affected, as he had always valued Inkpen. At this moment a noise was heard at the door of the station-house, and a happy change came o'er the scene by the Bow Street officer bringing in Mr. Smith, handcuffed, but looking very bold and reckless.

"As you thought, we have found Mr. Smith," said Jones, "not far off, Mr. Squeezer!"

Smith, at the sound of his master's name, turned to the quarter where he stood, and looked the picture of death, all his confidence forsaking him.

"Villain!" said Inkpen, rushing at him, "confess that you have plundered my desk, and save an innocent man."

"Smith," said Mr. Squeezer, "you know your course of guilt is now run—your character is well known to me. It will be better for you to say whether what Inkpen says is true or not."

The felon's boldness completely forsook him at his master's last remark; he knew the infamy of his past character, and that his hour was come. After a silence of a few seconds, he faltered out, "Inkpen is innocent—I am alone the guilty man!"

The rest is soon told. Mr. Squeezer rejoiced to find that his favourite clerk had not forfeited his confidence, and extended his leave of absence for a week.

Inkpen's joy was unbounded; and as he that evening fondly caressed his Juliana, she affectionately returned his embrace, exclaiming that this was *the happiest day of her life.* "Ha!" said Jemmy, with a start that alarmed her, "the day is not over yet—*don't be too sure,*"—a remark that elicited from him the recital of his mishaps and sufferings, which we have faithfully chronicled for you, gentle reader!

STANZAS.

How merrily in yonder hall,
With votive garlands crown'd,
Swell laugh and song, and clarion call,
A rapturous sea of sound;
While 'mid the dance's dazzling maze
Voluptuous figures twine,
And madd'ning, streams in woman's praise,
The soul of Scio's vine.

And as the trancéd spirit soars
On music's wings above,
In beauty's ear the warrior pours
His manly tale of love;
And pleasure speaks from every eye,
And every heart is gay—
Then come to-morrow's misery
With morrow's coming day!

And come it will, for storms will lower
Across the brightest sea;
And never yet pass'd sweetest hour
Without its agony!
And lo! where rose a lordly hall,
In heaven's light arrayed,
Now casts a cold and crumbling wall
Its solitary shade.

Where are the fair, the brave, the young?
And where the minstrel's tale?
That came, as suited him who sung,
In welcome or in wail;
All joyous, as it proudly told
Of dauntless deed and high,—
Now wailing for the fallen bold,
Beneath a Syrian sky.

Silent the strain, and dim and cold
The once commanding eye,
In pride of life and light that rolled
As if it ne'er could die;
The vaunted strength of manhood now
Sinks in its last decay;
The grace that shone on woman's brow
Hath charmed, and passed away.

Edinburgh. K. I.

A VISIT TO MALTA.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

"The sunset of life gives us mystical lore," says the poet, and thus it may be with second-sight in the Highlands; but it is at sunrise we see farthest on the ocean, albeit, sunset has its capabilities, if the shadows of night come not too quickly upon its revelations. It was at sunrise that we first saw Gozo, looming in the distance; higher the sun rose, and, like a morning dream, Gozo had melted away; we even questioned whether we had seen it. The day advanced, — again the little isle grew out of the deep-blue Mediterranean sea.

Yes! there is land — land that we shall press as balm to our feet, long is it since they last enjoyed such a luxury, for Gozo and Malta are now before us: there is but little wind, and it will be night ere we gain the few miles between us and La Valetta. Now sets the sun behind us—our unerring guide for many a long day on the wide waste of waters. It is the voyager who especially feels that there is a sun to rule the day, and the moon and stars the night; the illumined saloons of the reveller and the mummer are not on the waves, and the midnight oil burns but in the binnacle.

Now twinkle the lights on the shore, until one brighter than the rest attracts all gazers: it glows in the lighthouse of St. Elmo. There is the hum of a busy city. Caïques, each with its lantern, like fire-flies on the water, are darting in every direction within the harbour. The shrill pipe calls "all hands bring ship to an anchor," and for the night our berth is to be outside the fort. The fortress of St. Elmo, the tomb of Abercrombie, rises now above us, battlement and column; its red eye looks down upon our deck. A quarantine officer now runs his boat alongside of us, most politely to inquire after our health. We are remarkably well, having come from a land where there is no plague—save politics and influenza. Good night, La Valetta! I have gazed my fill upon your white mansions and terraced roofs, bathed in the bright moonlight; still ring out those "convent bells," and the boats are yet darting around us, but it is only one night out of three that a submarine gets "all night" in his cabin,—though, as the lying story goes, he undertakes the whole sleeping-department of the ship; and I must avail myself of being off duty to prepare for the toils of to-morrow:—I mean, to run half over Malta, and finish at the Opera.

It is morning, and, taken in tow by a steamer, the Howe follows the Britannia into a port, which, considering all its advantages, is the finest in the Mediterranean, abounding, as this sea does, with commodious harbours. The "City of Palaces," its wharfs, walls, and terraces crowded by a picturesque multitude, welcomes us on our right, while on our left are the strong batteries of Fort St. Angelo; which have never yielded but to treachery or famine, and well do they protect two spacious creeks, where, lying at anchor, is a fleet of merchant-vessels and men-of-war. Now, opening their blazing mouths, the guns of our vast ships pour forth their customary salute, loud echoes on the hills taking up the thunder of their voices; a December's sun shines above us with an English sum-

mer's glow; bands are playing on the poops of the three-deckers; crowds of boats are around us. We pass the Castor refitting; she bears the marks of the part she took in the glories of the Syrian war —for which we, luckless dogs! have arrived too late. The ship is moored; the sails are unbent; and now to visit Valetta.

It is 10 o'clock. I have landed, and, to use a *familiar* phrase, "such a getting up stairs I never did see." Oh! thou planner of the city of Valetta! hadst thou no compassion upon legs that have for weeks only had to carry a body along a smooth deck? Was it not possible to have serpentined an inclined plane into the heart of the town, just by way of practising the new-comer? Then a man, to be sure, must necessarily *take steps* to see the lions, but a fair start would have brought his limbs into play. "Nix mangiare sal Navarino (nothing to eat since Navarino), signor," has only just gone out of fashion with the beggars when they demand charity. Let Napier and his heroes come, and, in compliment to the Syrian warriors, the rascals will take the date of their starvation from the capture of Acre. Now we, who have arrived too late for the fight, have to endure the old story of "Nix mangiare for ten days, signor!" from the mendicants who keep *step* with you along the dislocated way into La Valetta called "Nix Mangiare Stairs." A boy runs before you, carrying a paralytic sister (of charity) across his shoulders. "Ah! signor! nix mangiare! deika miscena oh't!" (my poor sister!) you cannot resist the appeal, and inadvertently give him a few pence. This never fails to draw around you a whole regiment of beggars; —they are upon you, like flies upon a drum of Smyrna figs. You give, and give — still they are not satisfied; all your small change is gone, and your temper to boot. Amiable is the man who does not feel inclined to lay a stick across the backs of some of the ragged regiment thus self-appointing themselves his guard of honour into the town.

Strada Reale is the Regent Street of Valetta. It is nearly three quarters of a mile in length, and reaches from the fort of St. Elmo, at the entrance of the harbour, along the brow of the hill on which the town is built, to the principal gate leading from the country. About midway commences the fashionable lounge of Valetta, where everybody meets everybody in the course of the day, when the sun is not at boiling, or rather at broiling, heat. Here, in the Piazza S. Giorgio, the grand military parade, is the Governor's Palace, an imposing-looking structure, about three hundred feet square, externally pretending to little architectural beauty, but containing well-proportioned galleries and saloons, including some spacious halls, and a magnificent armoury. On the opposite side of the parade is the main guard-house, and, forming a wing of this building, the *casino*, much resorted to by the merchants. Again taking up Strada Reale on the left, adjoining the palace, but considerably thrown back, rises the portico of the public library, while on the right is the post-office, from whence, broken but by intervening streets, two long lines of public buildings, shops, and private houses, conduct us to Porta Reale.

But, how are we to describe the mixed multitude that people this busy thoroughfare? Greek, Turk, and Moor, are sufficiently blended with the European in variety of costume to mark the Mediter-

ranean port; but these are not frequent in the crowd. The soldier jostles the sailor on the pavement, no doubt thinking that "Jack" has no right to be at liberty, or, at all events, should have kept himself on the Birmula side of the harbour — the Southwark of Malta, where the scene of his amusement generally lies. The cowled monk moves noiselessly along. A full third of the street appears to be taken up by other orders of the Catholic priesthood; for, imitating them in square-cut garb and three-cornered hat, many are the mimic *padrès,* lads of all ages, who puzzle the uninitiated into believing them ecclesiastical, when they are only academical, and belong to the college of the island. Naval officers have gathered into knots outside the *cafés,*—tired of eating ices within,—and dispute the sailing merits of their respective ships during their last cruise; unless they find a more shore-going topic of discourse in the brightness of a dark eye beneath the tantalising *onnella* of some pretty Maltese. The military officer off duty is killing time by sauntering along the *pavé,* and in his turn amuses himself by peering under the aforesaid sombre *onnella* of the black-robed sex, who here walk about like mourners at a funeral; nor is the simile less apt, that there is many a merry face under their solemn hoods.

Busy tradesmen are passing to and fro, or looking out for custom and the news of the day from the doors of their shops. Your Maltese is an inveterate gossip, and he is sure to find a neighbour to talk with. Now, with an active driver running by its side, rattles along the clumsy "*calesse,*" a cross-breed between the body of an old-fashioned English post-chaise and a sedan-chair, slung by leathern thongs upon the straight shafts of a water-cart. The better sort are well-painted, and have gilt-mouldings, but all are of the same awkward construction, while the ill-contrived harness of the single horse which drags the machine at its heels, is apiece with the rest of the equipage. But, clear the way for a charge of cavalry! If you have not a handy little stick wherewith to knock the horses over their noses, it may be as well to get a shop-door behind you, as a *dernier ressort.* A party of middies are scampering off to Città Vecchia, the great show-place of Malta, of which more anon. The "young gentlemen,"—and boys they are, from the volunteer of yesterday up to the mate fifteen years "past,"—are mounted upon every variety of steed, from the raw-boned broken-down "bit of blood," to the shambling pony. Off they go, shouting to each other, as though calling upon every one to be at the "top-gallant of his joy," — the devil take the hindmost. If they dash on the pavement, what matter? you have the privilege of going into the carriage-road—it is not every rider that can make his horse go the way he wants him. The uproarious cavalcade disappears through Porta Reale, and well it is that our Nelsons in embryo are gone. A military-band is heard in the distance; it comes nearer; clarion answers clarion, and then the droning pipe blends its wild music with the shrill fife and rattling drum. The gallant 92nd, its soldiers kilted as though their feet were on their "native heath," march down the street.

We will now leave the *pavé* of Strada Reale, dine, and then go to the opera. The "Méditérranée" is close at hand, a very fair *restaurant* in one of those large mansions turned from their original uses since the order of St. John became extinct at Malta. Here you may dine well, by the "*carte,*" for less than two shillings; and for

half that money get your bottle of light wine. While at the "Méditerranée" a circumstance occurred which for the moment caused me some confusion of face.

I was enjoying a bottle of iced claret — it would cost me no more to make it Lafitte *now*, but it was not, — when a gentleman entered the room, where he had just before dined, in search of a missing pocket-handkerchief. He felt certain that he had left it there. Where was it? "Is dis that, signor?" said a waiter. The scoundrel! I detected him behind my chair, drawing *my* pocket-handkerchief from beneath me, where I had a minute ago thrust it. I was in plain clothes; and whether he thought I had accidentally or intentionally appropriated the handkerchief, I know not. I, of course, defended my right of property, and the Maltese now poured forth an apology in a *patois* compounded of so many languages as to be perfectly unintelligible. In the meantime, the loser of the handkerchief and I had recognised each other: we were old comrades, and had not met for years. In the pleasure of this unexpected meeting I forgot that I had just been put in an awkward position amidst a host of strangers, and while my friend shared with me in another bottle of thin potation, we merrily jested over the circumstance attending our reunion.

But now to the opera. A very neat and sufficiently large theatre, about the size of the Olympic in London, was well filled by a highly-respectable audience, and its appearance especially enlivened by the uniforms of the military and naval patrons of song, who are its constant frequenters. Patrons of song they are literally, for ballet there is none; nor is the opera on an extended scale, having little more than a *prima* and *secunda donna, contrallo, tenore,* and *basso.* No small part of my amusement consisted in watching the grave faces of a boxful of bearded Syrians belonging to the suite of the Emir Bechir, Prince of Libanus, who now resides at Malta. They took much interest in the opera; but they, nevertheless, looked to me uncomfortable; smoking is not allowed in the theatre, and their pipes had evidently been put out. Between the acts a considerable clearance of the male portion of the audience took place. The *cafés* in the neighbourhood are now filled: there are several to which the naval and military officers more particularly resort; the Maltese rather shun these, and numerous are the *cafés* where the native and the naturalised are alone to be seen. Coffee and liqueurs discussed, we re-entered the theatre. It appeared to me rather remarkable that we found no one to demand sight of the half-tickets that had been returned to us on our entrance as pass-tickets. Either the door-keepers have most extraordinary memories to bear in mind some thousand faces, or an implicit confidence in the honesty of the Maltese population. It would seem that any one may walk into the opera-house after the first act without paying, if he can only call sufficient impudence to his aid. Before eleven o'clock the opera ends, and again we return to the *café*, according to a rule in that case made and provided, and I had determined to see "life" in Valetta. Midnight arrives, and the mirth "grows fast and furious."

Our young friends had returned late from their ride—too late for the opera, and were *finishing* their evening—not with coffee. A fair sprinkling of military officers was to be found in most of the houses;

each, indeed, formed a kind of United Service Club, but subject to no regulations that I could at all make out. An aged *buffo*, who, years ago, performed his part at the opera, now fallen into the "sere and yellow-leaf," has been mounted upon a table at a well-known *café*. Grog is to be his reward, and his song is worthy of his hire. If any are listening to the *aria*, I cannot tell; but certainly every one joins in with a *recitative* of his own. Gentlemen begin to be too much attached to their seats to approach an acquaintance previous to addressing him; all kind of conversation is carried on at the length and breadth of the room, and many are the cross-questions and crooked answers, the noise altogether becoming of an indescribable character. A new crotchet enters the heads of the revellers. Impatient of what they consider the slack attendance of the waiters, they hit upon the expedient of throwing their decanters and tumblers at the bar of the *café*, that they may be refilled with due expedition. Not wishing to intercept another man's glass or bottle, I now made my way out of the house. A crowd of boatmen, each with his lantern, were in waiting, all anxious for my custom. One actually offered to *carry* me to his boat, and row me on board for sixpence. Gentle reader, I did not look as though I required to be *carried*, but such is the humorous *custom* of some of their *customers*, who are at times to be seen mounted upon the shoulders of these active Maltese, darting down the streets-of-many-stairs towards the water. Strange to say, the bearers and their riders generally perform the trip in safety, though certainly at the risk of their necks. Preferring a walk to my boat, I made a more orderly descent to the harbour, and in a few minutes I was again on the tranquil waters, amid a flotilla of caïques, bearing the pleasure-seekers of the night to their respective ships, and thus ended my first day's "cruize" in Valetta.

We have discovered a new way into Valetta, one that all strangers should certainly ascend upon a first arrival. Following a central road ascending from the causeway of "The Great Harbour," we pass through "Calcara gate," leading to "Floriana." The grey-stone buildings of this suburban town, their sculptured balconies, cumbrous piazzas, and convent-towers, are on our left; before us lie the botanical gardens—a fashionable resort in the cool of the evening—and on our right hand, rising from a glacis of hot, sun-burnt earth, are the strong walls of Valetta. Here is situated "Porta Reale," which it will be recollected opens upon the principal street of the city. Again we find ourselves going up and down long hills, on either side of which are shops, and churches, and palaces. Yes! many of the *auberges*, once belonging to the knights of St. John, may well be termed palaces; and how must it grieve the ghosts of the proud warriors who conquered with La Valette, and set up their rest in those stately halls, to behold them, as they are now, turned from their original uses.

The auberge de Castile, abounding in ornamental sculpture, and possessing a staircase that might shame the palace of old St. James's at Westminster, is allotted to the officers of regiments as a barrack and a mess-house. The walls of the ancient auberge of England contains a bakery; the auberge of Duvergne is vexed by the presence of the courts of law; that of Provence combines within its precincts an auction-mart, a ball-room, and the chambers of "The Valetta Union Club;" the auberge of Italy is the civil arsenal and go-

vernment printing-office, while the auberges of France, Germany, and Arragon, are made the residences of public functionaries.

Let us now enter the church of Saint John. Here the rich and the poor meet at last. The exterior is an inelegant mass of masonry: the towers that flank the principal entrance, surmounted by extinguisher-looking summits, appear heavy and ungainly. But, pass within the portals, a boldly-arched roof stretches high above us, where the pencil of no mean artist has depicted the most striking incidents of St. John's life. The colours are now fast fleeting, and the tapestry that hangs below, once worked to imitate, now rivals it in freshness; but enough remains to show the master-hand. The nave of the church is long and wide, the walls are fretted in curious devices, gilt with *sequin* gold (so say the chroniclers), and on approaching the aisles on either side, we behold, as through golden arches, a range of small dome-crowned chapels, the altar-pieces of which are fair paintings; and here stand out in bold relief many noble monuments in marble and in bronze, with emblems and inscriptions recording the triumphs and the virtues of the departed brave: they mark the mausoleums of Grand Masters of the Order. One chapel, hidden from the body of the church by the choir, is dedicated to the Virgin, and possesses a balustrade of massive silver before its altar; a coating of black paint saved this from French plunderers when the island of Malta fell under the dominion of Bonaparte. Here are to be seen the keys of three cities of strength, over which the Knights of St. John once ruled, Jerusalem, Acre, and Rhodes,—now all have passed from them! A similar vanity gives the title of Archbishop of Rhodes to the Bishop of Malta: by the way, he who now wears these mitres of the present and the past is an excellent old man, well worthy of all honour, and a fine specimen of the dignified Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. But an *arch* bishop he must be if he can contrive to exercise any authority over the worshipers who now bend their heads to the dust in the desecrated church of St. John at Rhodes.

Return we to the church of St. John at Malta. Again we enter its portals. The high altar is before us, glistening with silver, and gold, and gems, its many tapers, like tiny columns, rising in the midst. This "holiest of holies" occupies the centre of the choir, and on either hand are low diasks beneath crimson canopies, with a solitary chair on each; one for the Bishop of Malta, the other dedicated to Protestant England's monarch, and above this seat are the royal arms: a *Catholic* mode of blending church and state. And now, turning from the pomp of worship, the eye rests in happy repose upon a work of fair statuary. Standing from out the dark paneling of the choir immediately behind the altar, sculptured in white marble, is represented "The Baptism of Christ." This piece of sculpture, designed and wrought by Maltese artists of the seventeenth century, is a proud monument of native talent. But let us look down upon the pavement we have been treading—it is a mosaic-work of tombs! The warrior-knight sleeps no longer on his shield—the herald's blazonry is above his perishing remains in many-coloured marble, and "the King of Terrors" supports the escutcheon of living pride, his bare ribs mottled with jasper, agate, and sardine-stone, making at once a mockery of life and death.

It is broad day; but the light that penetrates into the church of St. John through the deep-set windows high above us, falls with a

chastened ray upon the tapestry around. Still, ever and anon a wandering sunbeam lights up with splendour some pictured incident of sacred history.

Moving noiselessly from chapel to chapel, we find here and there a solitary devotee, — women young and old, but of men none, save the sexagenarian and the infirm, — apparently lost in pious contemplation. Again we go forth, and approach the high altar. An aged beggar, whose rags hung on him in such abundance that they would seem the gathering of long years,—the only property of his misery, —kneels before the shrine, but afar off, as though he felt not worthy to draw near.

Having lingered so long in the church of St. John, we must now abruptly quit Valetta, or our memoranda on other parts of these shores will remain unrecorded. Let us mount our hacks, and, at a more moderate pace than would please our friends the middies, start for Città Vecchia, or "La Notabile;" and notable indeed is this ancient city, the earliest mentioned in the history of Malta, situated as it is in the midst, and on the most elevated part, of the island. The country through which we pass is such as might, at the first glance, deter a traveller from penetrating farther into a land where it would seem "no water is." The arid plains around look almost at a white heat; for little is there of verdure but what is concealed behind stone walls which impound the crops of wheat and clover, or cotton, melons, beans, and indian corn of this really productive soil. Now and then a few fig-trees look out from a similar inclosure, or a thicket of the prickly-pear puts forth its ungainly proportions; while afar off in the distance there stands a solitary palm, seemingly a stranger in the land, a relic of the olden knights who had fought and ruled in a more eastern clime, though certainly not under a hotter sun. Villages, here called casals, are numerous on this part of the island, — gatherings of white, flat-roofed houses, around churches that in England might pass for little cathedrals. The facility of obtaining material, where the whole land may be worked as a quarry, and the ease with which it is hewn, while it makes strongly-walled habitations abound in Malta, fails not to adorn the worship of this most catholic country with stately temples.

But see! we approach the "city on a hill." A broad and well-kept road winds up to it by a gentle ascent. Strangely, though the effect is highly imposing, do the ecclesiastical structures, surmounted with dome and spire, blend with the bastions of defence, making Città Vecchia no contemptible fortification; and well does that proud pile look the citadel of the knightly friars who once possessed it. Here, in days gone by, the inauguration of the Grand Master always took place, attended by a pageant half military half priestly.

But now to enter Città Vecchia: pass we through strong portals within massive walls. Stately buildings are on every side; the ancient magisterial palace, where dwelt the hakem, or ruler, appointed by the Grand Master for the government of the town; the cathedral, a magnificent structure, said to have been built on the site of the house of Publius, the Roman governor of the island at the period of the shipwreck of St. Paul; the bishop's palace; the theological college; and if we take the suburbs of the city, called "Rabbato,' into our survey, we may count half a score of monasteries and cha-

pels, besides two hospitals; and all these, thanks to the piety of other days, are well endowed. In Rabbato is St. Paul's cave. Here, according to tradition, the saint, with St. Luke the Apostle as his companion, resided for three months, during his well-authenticated stay on the island. Whatever faith *we* may put in this story, a Spaniard, a citizen of Cordova, known by the name of Fra Giovanni, in the seventeenth century, found in *his* belief of the sanctity of the place a sufficient reason for abandoning country and kindred, that he might live and die in the saintly cell.

But we must descend even deeper than the cave of St. Paul, leaving the light of the bright sun to illume marble altars and jewelled shrines. All that we have yet seen is but of yesterday. A deserted city is beneath us, that has neither record nor tradition,—a city built, not for the living, but the dead, whence even the dead have departed—have become dust. Such are the catacombs,—a vast labyrinth under the suburbs and town of Città Vecchia, extending far away among passages, the communications with which have been choked and walled up, that explorers, more curious than cautious, may not be lost within their intricacies. Descending by a well-worn staircase into these vaults, the tapers carried by our conductors show us that we are in the midst of numerous low galleries, branching away in every direction, and niched in the walls thereof, generally about breast-high, are cavities for the dead; some single sepulchres, long and narrow, wherein the resting-place for the head is distinctly marked, others in which husband and wife, "friends, brothers, and sisters, have lain side by side." As we go on, we find the last home of a whole family scooped within these walls; partitions for small, perhaps female frames, and some for tall men, and little cells where the infants of this unknown race, passing from the sleep of innocence to the sleep of death, have slept in peace, whatever might have been the creed of their sires. And now we reach a rude hall, in which either the dead were washed for the sepulchre, or the living assembled to hold the burial-feast; or, in times of persecution, the persecuted came to hide.

BALLAD.—MY NORA!

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

My Nora—dear Nora, is dreaming,
The moon on her fair cheek is gleaming;
  Whilst the fairies unseen,
  Kiss her forehead serene,
As her eyes—through their lashes are beaming.

My Nora—sweet Nora is weeping,
The pearls through those lashes are peeping;
  Oh, the fairies, I fear,
  Have just breath'd in her ear
That my love from her bosom is creeping.

My Nora—loved Nora is waking,
Her heart with its anguish is breaking;
  Nora, come to thy rest
  On my fond, faithful breast—
Of thy soul's grief, love, mine is partaking.

THE NIGHT-CAB.

"Now, sir, if *you* please!—cab, sir, cab?" exclaimed the driver of No. 370 *odd*, in a voice that seemed the peculiar compound of gin and bad weather. I answered the man's appeal by a nod, and No. 370 odd was presently drawn up to a close parallel with the curb-stones. A fellow with a waddling run came bustling up, his body and arms shuffling about with an activity that seemed impatient to anticipate his legs, which were none the fleeter for a pair of wooden-soled shoes. He was the waterman of the stand, and immediately put in his oar.

"Come, old un, *you* take and mind the hoss, and *I'll* let *the job* in."

"The job," in so far as it consisted of the two ladies who were with me, (my wife and sister,) was forthwith let in; while I mounted the box of the cab, adjusted a woollen comforter round my neck, closed up the breast-work of my great-coat, and put a friend into my mouth, in the shape of a cigar, which soon afterwards burned to do me service, and finally (by the way) exhausted itself in my behalf.

During these preliminaries, my previous doubts would not be wholly silent. From the stand to the farther end of the Mile-end Road, which was the place of our destination, seemed rather a long pull under existing circumstances.

"Can I depend upon you to take us safely?" inquired I of the driver, as he settled himself at my side, and took the stunted whip and flabby reins into his gloveless hands.

"D'ye think I am *too old*, then?" answered the man, in a tone of some little asperity.

"Nay," said I, "we'll say nothing about that. But the animal and the carriage—*they* certainly do appear to be considerably the worse for wear."

"Pretty well for a *night-cab*, sir," replied he, with an emphasis as distinctive as his foggy utterance could manage.

"There's plenty of *go* in it yet, master, though it ain't jest the dandy thing," observed the waterman, shutting one eye, and with the other appearing to consider curiously our turn-out, while his hands rested upon his hips, and his mouth took its own private diversion by performing the office of a squirt.

We moved off at a very tardy rate, though I soon discovered that *any* pace at which we could go, with such a vehicle, must be a *rattling* one. The poor horse—a piece of half-animated frame-work, an article in osteology with a skin cover—was a moving object in the sense of passion still more than of action. The whip could not accelerate his course; it served only to galvanise his body,—for one of his legs was so lame, that it acted as a drag upon the other three, and kept down to a very low mark the maximum of his speed. In his efforts to get forward, his long ridgy back heaved painfully up and down, an epitome of the mountain in labour. His irregular deviations from right to left showed that he was what is called groggy—drunk with excess of toil. It was evident that the poor creature had long since gone through the whole duty of a horse; but life and labour are inseparable ideas in relation to horses; these noble animals, like the followers of Wallace, must "do or die." At length my fears with respect to the quadruped were somewhat abated, and I turned a closer attention to the charioteer. He was a man who must have seen more than sixty winters. His spare figure was inclined to stoop; and his face, forlorn and

haggard, was seamed with strong lines, all pulling downwards, the way of the grave. His coarse great-coat hung loosely upon him, the worst of misfits, and was mended up in sundry places with patches a shade or two darker than itself, as if to distinguish how much it had been out of repair. The man and the animal seemed altogether so much "of a piece," that they might have made up into a very good centaur on his last legs.

"This is a hard life for you to lead," said I, as I renewed my glance at the poor man by the fitful glare of the gas-lights, as we drove by them.

"Ay, indeed it is, sir," replied he. "But I expect nothing better in such a world as this. 'Tis a world for the young, but not for the old."

"The world does indeed appear to have treated *you*, at least, rather shabbily," I observed.

"The world!—the world!—I am sick of this blood-sucking world," exclaimed he, with a bitterness to which the peculiar huskiness of his voice gave a strange effect; "but it will all be over soon. I shall drop into my hole of earth, and then it will be all—"

"*One!*" said the solemn tone of St. Paul's clock, filling up the pause with singular and startling aptitude.

We graduated onwards through Cheapside, the small but close rain drifting against us continually with an insinuation not to be evaded. Our situation was uncomfortable enough; but I felt by this time my curiosity and sympathy strongly aroused towards the blighted being who sat by my side,—a specimen of the human structure in ruins. The declamatory burst which had suddenly come forth from the depths of his dejection showed him to be too sensitive in feelings for an ordinary cabman, to whom, in general, the habit of a life supplies a pretty tough defence against the shocks of the world. I put a few questions to him, and the interest expressed in them presently drew from him an outline of his chequered career.

"Sir," said he, "ten years ago I was a commercial man, of the most respectable standing — one of the principal sugar-brokers in Mincing Lane. I was enabled to live at a handsome rate, kept my house on Clapham Rise, and hospitably entertained my friends—*friends!* that word seems to blister my tongue while I speak it. I speculated largely for a rise in the market, and was induced to venture everything upon what seemed the strongest of probabilities. Sugars fell — and I was undone. My dinner companions — I had taken them at their own valuation, and thought them bound to me for ever—deserted me as hastily as if I had been struck with the plague. I was then past fifty years of age, and had to begin life again, as it were, at that unseasonable time. Those who had advised me to my ruin, shunned me the most: I could get no assistance from *friends*, so I tried slighter connexions and common acquaintance, persons who had never borrowed my money, nor planted their legs under my table. These did what they could for me in the way of recommendation to employment, for I was fain to turn clerk, and drudge for a maintenance; but the pressure of misfortune tried me heavily. I was found fault with by my principals for being slow, very slow, and I was sometimes flatly informed that I was *too old*. After shifting about for several years from pillar to post, from one counting-house to another, at a salary decreasing as my age advanced, I came to a stand-still in *that* line, and got into

another employ as warehouseman in a silk house in the city. I couldn't long keep that, however, for I was parted with in favour of a younger and more active man. At last I was obliged to take up with a ticket-porter's situation; but I found little to carry in the way of burthen, except myself, for people generally selected the stouter and younger sort before me. The next thing I fell into was the place of conductor to an omnibus; but I was not able to make much of such a rough-and-tumble sort of life as that. Well, sir, I was unable to keep along with the *bus*: the time-keeper thought I was *too old*, and the proprietor agreed with him; and so I was taken off the step. What was I to do? I wandered up and down, sometimes half-famished, and seeking everywhere in vain to obtain work. I tried to get put upon a cab; none of the cab-masters would set me upon their work. I was not eligible for day-driving. At last, after hard entreaty, I got leave to work with a night-cab. The worst of carriages, and the worst of cattle, are thought good enough for a night-cab; and a broken-down broker is, of course, good enough for the driver of one; yet I do confess, sir, that it adds one pang more to the list of my sufferings to find myself obliged to wring out the dregs of life, drop by drop, as it were, from such an animal as this. It seems like retaliating my own treatment upon a dumb creature. There is one remembrance that sometimes comforts me a bit, when I look back upon the past. Sir, I had a wife,—she has not lived to see my decline, and to share its privations and its bitterness."

A strange history, thought I, and yet, in its nature, not an isolated one. Amid the trading-concerns of this huge mart of the world, this leviathan London, not a few are the instances in which "vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself," and comes down, utterly broken by the fall. Little account is taken of those who are thus prostrated — for the eye of society is fixed eagerly on the successful; but, could the career of these rash unfortunates be duly traced out in its sequel, how many of them should we discover to be slaving in our streets, or pining in our workhouses! I could not but feel much commiseration for the case before me. From the topping commercialist to the depressed cabman, what a descent in the ladder of life! I made an observation or two with a view to cheer the spirits of the narrator; but to little purpose.

"Sir," said he, "I'll tell you what it is; there is a law wanted—a law, sir, for the sake of humanity; and they shouldn't long wait for it, either, if I had *my* way."

"Nay," observed I, "we have too many laws already; but, what should be the purport of the one you propose?"

"Why, just this, sir. Every man that comes to the dark side of fifty years, with indifferent health, and no money to fence off beggary with, and make him independent of the world, should be *hanged*, sir, out of the way—I say *hanged!*"

(Here he made a stamp so impressive upon the footboard, that I verily feared we should lose the support of that uncertain piece of plank.)

I attempted to laugh him out of such an idea as this *à priori* method of suppressing misery by strangulation; but I found that on this point the poor man was possessed with a touch of monomania—was riding a grim hobby,—and so I gave up the endeavour. We reached my house at length, and I settled with our desolate driver, slipping into his hand a couple of half-crowns beyond his fare.

HOME.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

In lonely mood, Old Home, I tread
  Thy threshold once again,
With rev'rent steps I traverse now
  Thy precincts, oh, lov'd fane!
Bear with me whilst I check the grief
  That rises when I see
How heavily and sternly Time
  Hath laid his hand on thee!

Dear spot! how thou art chang'd!—a wreck
  Of what thou wert before,
When roses deck'd thy lattice-work,
  And woodbine crown'd thy door!
When o'er thy walls in sportive wreaths
  Would fold the clust'ring vine,
Where now the ivy darkly coils
  Around each stone of thine!

With aching brow I mark the change
  A few short years hath made,
And marvel that so brief a lapse
  Should cause thee thus to fade!
The hingeless gate, and wicket too,
  Unlatch'd and open'd wide,
As if inviting all to view
  Time's ravages inside!

The garden-plot, where once were spent,
  So many happy hours;
Scarce better than a waste of weeds,
  Where bloom'd the sweetest flow'rs.
Save here and there a plant may be,
  That sickly droops forlorn,
As if the storm had left it thus
  For brighter ones to mourn.

The arbour, too, from whence, old Home,
  We gaz'd upon thy pile:
Where ev'ry eve would bring a song,
  And ev'ry morn, a smile.
Dismantled, roofless now it stands,—
  The sounds of mirth are gone;
And through its porch the wind swells out
  In melancholy tone.

Oh, shatter'd and deserted Home!
  Thou seemest thus bereft,
To sorrow for the lov'd ones who
  Their resting-place have left.
Like trees whereon a blight hath fall'n,
  Whose wither'd boughs outspread,
Doth seem to deprecate the blow
  That mark'd them for the dead.

POPE JOAN.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

The existence of Pope Joan was verified by the manuscripts of Martinus Polonus, a Cistertian monk, and confessor to Gregory the Tenth, and the fact that this extraordinary female held the pontifical chair for two years, five months, and four days. The first who mentions the occurrence is Marianus Scotus, a monk of the abbey of Hulda, who died at Mainz, (Mayence,) A.D. 1086; but the time of the reign of Pope Joan is placed by several chroniclers in the series of popes between Leo the Fourth and Benedict the Third, about A.D. 853.

Joanna Anglica was born at Mainz, Mentz, or Mayence, in Germany. She was of noble birth, dazzling beauty, and ample fortune. Nature had endowed her with a very powerful mind, which was cultivated in a wonderful manner. She had so far fathomed into books, men, manners, reason, and religions, that she could dispute with the most learned. A passion for a learned, but apostate monk, whose name does not appear, induced Joanna to accompany him to Athens, where she shared his studies. After a time this monk died, and Joanna travelled through Italy, Spain, France, and Germany. Here she was invited to the court of the Duke of Saxony. The Duke was married, and had one son, a fine high-spirited young prince; but although the Duke was tenderly attached to his Duchess, the beauty and talents of Joanna Anglica made so powerful an impression on his mind, that he could not help avowing his love for her. Now the Duke was a very fascinating man, and Joanna unguardedly listened to his proposals, and became his mistress; and with the unhappy fate of the sex, which doats on its destruction, the love of Joanna increased to the wildest extent, while the affection of the Duke gradually declined to positive coldness. But Joanna Anglica was not of a temper to endure this, and, deeming his conduct barbarous, determined to reward him like a barbarian. Her slighted love was at length converted to the most mortal hate, rage, and revenge; and in this mood she suddenly quitted the court of Saxony.

Weary of her own sex, she assumed the habit of a man, and entered into the order of the Benedictine monks, where her learning raised her to fame and admiration, under the name of Brother John. For some time she underwent all the austerities of the fraternity, and was looked upon as a prodigy of erudition, — so much so that she became by election prior of the monastery.

About this period it happened that the confessor of the Duke of Saxony, an aged prelate, died; and Prior John, on account of his celebrity, aided perhaps by bribery, was recommended to fill that onerous office. She bore her disguise most admirably, and, by becoming the Duke of Saxony's confessor, his bosom and his soul were all her own. After a time she was appointed private secretary to the Duke. In the meantime the good Duchess of Saxony died, and the Duke fixed his affections on a fair-haired Hungarian lady; and making his confessor his confidant in the amour, all the bad feelings of Joanna Anglica were revived, and she laid a plot for the destruction of the Duke. As secretary, she held a correspondence with Damasus, a celebrated German heretic. Unknown to the Duke, she promised Damasus, in the Duke's name, rebellion to break the Roman yoke, re-

nounce the Pope, and draw all Saxony to the revolt. She wrote all the letters, and ordered all returns to be directed to her hand. Accordingly the replies of Damasus fell into her possession; and these letters, being filled with treason against the papal supremacy, she carefully concealed.

Partly by the influence of the Duke of Saxony, this extraordinary adventurer became Cardinal of Santa Rufina; but, instead of evincing gratitude for this additional mark of favour, Joanna Anglica one day, on hearing the fair Hungarian lady express her sentiments of affection to the Duke, could no longer endure it, and, stimulated by the most violent jealousy, determined to poison the Duke. This she effected by secretly putting a subtle powder into a bowl of wine; and while the Duke of Saxony was quaffing to the health and beauty of his sweet mistress, he imbibed his dreadful death. The son, who greatly loved his father, was not at all at ease as regarded the manner of his death, and instituted a posthumous examination and inquiry, which led to the discovery that poison had been administered; but as he had no positive proof then, nor did he at the time suspect Joanna Anglica, immediate measures were not taken, so that the murderess escaped.

Seven years passed away, and John, Lord Cardinal of Santa Rufina, was, from his learning, his superior sagacity, his writings, and, outwardly, his *morality*, the most popular of the distinguished prelates who, in their humility, were striving to exchange their scarlet hats for the pontifical mitre. Thus stood events when Leo the Fourth died, and the conclave was summoned for the election of the new Pope.

About this time there dwelt at Rome a celebrated beauty, by name Aurelia Aldeano, the fame of whose charms was so extensively spread, that the young Duke of Saxony determined to behold this paragon of loveliness, and he journeyed *incognito* to Rome for the purpose. Here he discovered the lady was more enchanting than she had been represented, and he became violently enamoured of her. He sought her love, and won it, and she became Duchess of Saxony. Having passed a delightful honey-moon, the young couple prepared to return to Germany. One evening, as Aurelia was looking tenderly at her husband, she perceived his brow overcast, and gently inquired what melancholy thought oppressed him? The Duke reverted to the fate of his beloved father, and told her that he had been poisoned by a canting villain, his confessor; that he, the Duke, had now ample proof that the priest had committed the diabolical act, and that he would seek him, if on earth; and, although seven years had elapsed since the untoward event, he should recognise him anywhere. To divert her husband from his melancholy reflections, Aurelia begged of him to accompany her to view the procession of cardinals to the Vatican, after hearing a solemn mass *de Spiritu Sancto*, preparatory to the holding of the conclave. They accordingly went, and the Duke and Duchess of Saxony occupied a balcony from which a sight of the ceremony could be readily obtained. As the gorgeously-attired churchmen passed, Aurelia perceived her husband suddenly to turn pale, and as he pointed to John, Cardinal Santa Rufina, he exclaimed, "Yonder is the murderer of my father! — and he is a candidate for Rome's bright triple diadem! I will bring my cause before the consistory, and publicly expose the vile prelate."

Joanna Anglica, by extreme art, had contrived to keep her sex effectually concealed from all but two individuals. The first was a wo-

man named Amiran, her confidant and waiting-maid; but, as it would have created censoriousness throughout Rome that any churchman should admit a female into his dwelling, this confidant was habited as a page, and was sworn by the most solemn oaths to keep the secret of her mistress. The second individual, with the nominal appointment of secretary to Cardinal John, was occupied as *cicisbéo* to Joanna Anglica: his name was Moldeschini, a person of mean extraction. These two confidants flattered their mistress, who, though of a powerful mind, was *a woman*, and could not withstand flattery.

"For seven long years your disguise and your designs have blinded the world," said Moldeschini; "but how much prouder would you feel, should chance in this election throw Rome's diadem at your feet!"—"Ah!" exclaimed Joanna, "that were Fate's masterpiece. I 'd reign within my Rome's seven hills as glorious as once the famed Semiramis within her Babylonian towers. Her female hand guided the world's sceptre, and why not mine?"

This conversation was interrupted by an attendant, who demanded an audience of the Cardinal for the Duke of Saxony. The Duke entered the chamber with a firm tread, and with a menacing look.

"Cardinal," he exclaimed, "your scarlet mantle shrouds the cankered fiend that stung my father dead."

Joanna quailed not, but replied, "Sir, we understand your provocations, and, therefore, can forgive these wild expressions; but, to restore your peace, you shall have justice. I am a churchman, and should disgrace the sacred robe I wear should I attempt to stop the course of justice. Name me both my judge and my tribunal."

The Duke bit his lips at the unparalleled effrontery of the poisoner. "Bold Cardinal! I take you at your word, and bring my cause before the consistory."

"Meet me there quickly, then," replied Joanna. "Your tongue has raised a blister on my name, nor can I come too soon to the ear of justice."

As the Duke proudly retired, Joanna smiled maliciously, and in a low voice, exclaimed, "I laugh at this poor animal. Why was not I the first created woman? I would have met the subtle plotting serpent, and by my arts annihilated the shallow fiend!"

In the Consistory, or spiritual tribunal, were assembled all the great officers, with the Cardinals of Ostia, Porto, Sabina, Palestrina, Albano, and Frascati. The Duke of Saxony and his followers having appeared in court, John, Cardinal of Santa Rufina, was duly cited to disprove the charge brought against him.

The Duke was first called on formally to make his accusation, and he related that the treacherous confessor, being alone with his unhappy father in his closet, in order to make their privacy more cheerful, a bowl of wine was called for, and that their conference continued about three hours, until night. In the morning the old Duke was discovered in a raving state, with all his veins on fire!

The senior Cardinal demanded the proofs and witnesses of this fatal event. A person who had been for twenty years a servant of the Dukes of Saxony, affirmed that, in the few minutes of repose before the Duke expired, he avowed that his confessor, who had heretofore been considered his dear friend, had administered the poison to him; and a physician of the court of Saxony deposed, that prior to that night his highness was in perfect health, and that, as the last office to his

dead lord, he had tracked through his dissected veins the drug that killed him. A page of the bed-chamber also made oath that he picked up in the closet in which they had been sitting the evening previous, a small ebony box that had the impress of the confessor's signet on the lid, and which contained a portion of the deleterious powder. The box was produced. The Duke of Saxony, in conclusion, said, "Truth more evident no tribunal ever heard."

Joanna Anglica now elevated herself with scornful dignity, and with a firm and piercing voice exclaimed, "That the Duke of Saxony died by my hand I own; but," continued Joanna, "that he fell by treason I deny. It is the intention of the mind, and not the deed, that makes the crime. The Duke was a traitor to Rome, to Rome's supremacy, to Rome's religion a traitor. Know that the Saxon held a foul league confederate with the arch heretic Damasus."

The Cardinals were instantly in excitement. "How! Damasus!—that Arian monster!—rebel to Rome and Heaven?"

"If I prove not this," replied Joanna, "shame and the public gibbet brand the liar!"

She then confidently produced the packet of correspondence with Damasus, which she had so artfully prepared seven years previously; and summoned into the Consistory three German officers, who, when their master Damasus was burnt at the stake as a heretic at Ravenna, some months before, had thought it prudent to embrace the Romish faith. These men deposed, that Heaven had warned them by the just punishment of Damasus, and restored their lost senses! They were then sworn, (as good Catholics,) and effectually proved that they knew of the whole conspiracy, and that they had seen their master write the letters produced to the Duke of Saxony, and also that the complete subversion of the papal authority was the object of the correspondence.

The Cardinal Frascati now arose, and protested that "such a rebel as the Duke of Saxony deserved his death." The young Duke, with indignation, dared the German officers to produce one scrap of writing in his father's hand. They stated, that the cautious Damasus made his soul his treason's cabinet; all dangerous papers were no sooner read than burnt.

"Politic devil!" exclaimed Frascati. "Ay, then this was the object that the Duke of Saxony had in raising an army at that period?"

"It was meant to destroy our holy Church," remarked Joanna.

"And, my good Cardinal of Santa Rufina," said he of Frascati, "it was in prevention of so dangerous a heresy that you gave the Duke the poison?"

Joanna replied, in an enthusiastic tone, "Yes, my Lords Cardinal, I did; but oh! it grieved my soul to kill my prince, my generous patron. But in a cause so just, for Rome's bright glory, our Mother Church's right, I would not have spared a brother, father, friend, or sovereign. In a cause so good, kingdoms should groan!"

At this the whole bench of Cardinals were in ecstasy, and one and all acquitted Joanna Anglica.

Shortly afterwards the conclave of the Cardinals and other churchmen was held to elect the Pope. They met once a-day in the chapel of the Vatican, where a scrutiny was made of the votes, which are written and placed in an urn. This ceremony ended by the election of John, Lord Cardinal of Santa Rufina, to the high dignity of Pope of Rome, and of all Christendom! The Duke of Saxony, stung to the

quick, hardly suffered the sweet consolations of his bride, Aurelia, to assuage his indignation. He determined instantly to depart to his own land, and the preparations for the journey were made, when suddenly a number of apparitors and guards, headed by Moldeschini, surrounded the palace which he occupied. "Your scandals against Rome, and Rome's imperial dignity," Moldeschini thus insolently addressed the Duke, "have pulled down vengeance on your head. It is his Holiness's pleasure that you stand both excommunicated and deposed."

The Duke's rage now became boundless, and he was about to unsheath his sword to take vengeance on Moldeschini, when he was seized and overpowered by the Pope's guard. Moldeschini then contemptuously continued, "These outrages ill fit your state; but, notwithstanding your just deserts, hear the sounds of mercy. His Holiness, in commiseration of your youth and princely blood, tells you by me, if prostrate on your knees you implore pardon both from Heaven and him, the bright divinity of Rome will stoop from his throne, and shine in pity on you."

The Duke only deigned a look of utter scorn, while the fair Aurelia, her cheek glowing with resentment, exclaimed, "Oh! my dearest husband, remember you are the sovereign Duke of Saxony. Move not one step below your princely honour to save ten thousand lives."

The infamous Moldeschini was touched with the charms of Aurelia, and a thought rushed rapidly through his mischievous brain. He commanded the apparitors to lead the Duke of Saxony to the prison of the Holy Inquisition, and intimated that the fair Aurelia was to remain in his charge. At this, the Duke changed colour; it was not for what he might have to endure, but the bare thought of suffering to his beloved.—The high-spirited Aurelia, perceiving his hesitation, instantly demanded of Moldeschini, "Is this your tyrant's doom?"

"Until satisfactory atonement is made to his offended Holiness," he replied, "husband and wife will never meet more; but that just debt once paid, then live and love."

Moldeschini then pointed to the portal, and the apparitors and guards placed the Duke of Saxony in a covered carriage, which was driven off to the prison of the Holy Office, while Aurelia was kept under strict watch in her own apartments.

The same tact and skill which Joanna Anglica had hitherto evinced, enabled her to identify herself with the papal dignity. There was incessant public business to occupy her time: there was the conciliation of the Lords Cardinal, and other officers of the Romish church; and a considerable period elapsed, and much popular commotion was excited in Germany, before the Duchy of Saxony was permitted to be placed under the temporary government of the commissioners of Pope John. During this interval the poor Duke of Saxony had to endure a close confinement; still he was treated consistently with his rank: and, although ignorant of the fate of Aurelia, his stubborn spirit would not bend. In the meantime, Moldeschini had his heart, if heart it could be called, violently assailed by the beauty of his prisoner, Aurelia; and he ventured in his most persuasive manner to beseech her to pardon his passion. Contemptuous, indignant silence, however, was the disapproval received by Moldeschini. But, on the villain becoming more importunate, Aurelia exclaimed, "Dare you presume, audacious slave! to talk thus to me?"

To which Moldeschini craftily replied, "I know our infinite distance,

own your higher sphere, yet a slave may barter with an empress. I do not ask your love for love; I bring a price to purchase your affections,—would buy your favour with your husband's life."

"My husband's life!" cried Aurelia, with emotion, but she checked herself. "No; better my princely lord should die than that the slightest spot should stain his own wife's heart!" And she withdrew from him.

Joan of Anglica had determined that the Duke of Saxony should humble himself before her, and accompanied by her attendants, she proceeded, therefore, to the prison of the Inquisition. Here she found him firm under his misfortunes. As Pope John entered, he only glanced at him with infinite scorn. "Thy licentious tongue, Saxon, against us, and our unspotted Church," begun the Pope, with assumed solemnity, "would justly banish thee from the realms of bliss, did not our interposing mercy step in between offended Heaven and thee! But we, and our injured Church vouchsafe to look with eyes of pity to a repenting fugitive, to restore thy forfeit crown, and no less forfeit soul!"

"The Duke of Saxony will never crouch to the murderer of his royal father!" he proudly replied. "Usurping tyrant! tell me by what authority the power of Rome commands the fortunes, crowns, and lives of Princes; and thou that falsely stylest thyself a churchman, dare to break a sacrament of Heaven, by divorcing the sacred partner of my joys and me?"

The manly energy of the young Duke suddenly made a powerful impression on Joanna Anglica. She quitted the prison, and returned to her own private cabinet, where she immediately caused Amiran, her page, or rather, her confidential waiting-maid, to be summoned.

"Oh, girl!" said Joanna, "what dost thou think of this bold Duke? Is he not brave, Amiran?"

"If I may speak my thoughts of him," Amiran replied, "I like him better than his fate!"

"Amiran, he has touched me to the very heart," continued the Pope, and *he* sighed deeply. "Suppose his virtues stood not in the way, but, like his father's, were as weak and easy to be subdued; yet I, of all my sex, must for ever despair!"

Fired with an unhallowed passion, Joanna now became restless. She shut herself from the eyes of the world in her cabinet, till, finding solitude unbearable, she resolved on privately beholding her whom she considered her rival, Aurelia. Disguising herself, therefore, she secretly made her way to the palace in which the Duchess of Saxony was detained, and by bribery passed the guards placed there by Moldeschini. Arriving at the suite of apartments, she suddenly heard the voice of her minion, Moldeschini, pleading his love at one moment in the warmest, and in the next, in the most abject manner, to Aurelia. With a noiseless step, Joanna, entered the chamber, and placed her hand on the shoulder of Moldeschini, who, when he beheld her staring fiercely at him, uttered an exclamation of horror. Joan put her finger to her lip, and quitted the apartment as silently as she entered it, then returned to her own palace more mortified to discover that Aurelia was much handsomer than she had anticipated, than to find her *cicisbéo* faithless. But the consternation of Moldeschini was great: he well knew the power and the revengeful temper of his mistress; and he pondered uneasily as to the mode by which he should again

make his peace with Joanna. He wended his way to her, with the feeling of a criminal being led to the torture.

"Well, sir," Joan addressed him haughtily, "have her charms, and your new ecstasies, struck you dumb?"

Moldeschini falteringly replied, "To deny or lessen my offence would be to increase my guilt."

"Infamous traitor!" said Joanna, "I, who made you, can as speedily unmake you, and hurl you to your native dirt; and by my Popedom I'll do it."

The cunning Moldeschini saw instantly a loop-hole, by which to escape, and, fortunately for him, it was the word "Popedom." Assuming, therefore, a demure look, he replied, "May it please your Holiness to soar like the eagle with unlimited power of flight; there would be a vast void between you and the earth; but I am the humble wax that cements your borrowed wings, and when you melt me off, you fall, never again to rise."

"Then you will betray me!" uttered Joan. "I will be revenged. My guards!"

Several officers hereupon entered. "Dare you put in action what you threaten?" in a low voice almost whispered Moldeschini.

Joan replied, "You see I dare."

"Bid your men withdraw," added Moldeschini, with a scowl that menaced the Pope.

Joanna Anglica was for a moment irresolute, at length she said, "Withdraw!"

The instant the door was closed, the artful Moldeschini knelt at her feet, and exclaimed, "Thus low, I own your vengeance just." Joanna somewhat softened, told Moldeschini that she forgave him, that Aurelia possessed such charms, she could not be surprised at any man being attracted by them, and urged him to continue his suit to Aurelia. Moldeschini marvelled much at this; but presently, miscreant as he was, he received a shock when Joanna boldly told him that she had fallen fiercely in love with the Duke of Saxony, and that Moldeschini must set his fertile brains to work to aid her in the accomplishment of her hopes. This was a task of extreme difficulty; he devised several schemes, which he as quickly abandoned as fruitless. At last, the arch-fiend put a plot into his head, which for turpitude exceeded any previous infamy of his life. He went first to his prisoner, Aurelia, and implored her pardon for any annoyance he might have caused her; that the barbarity of his tyrant lord, the Pope, had so converted him, that, as an expiation of his past severity to her, he would convey Aurelia to her husband's arms. Though doubting the truth of this offer, Aurelia consented to accompany him, in the slender hope of once more beholding her beloved Duke. He then caused Aurelia to veil herself closely, and he took her to the prison of the Inquisition, where he left her in an anti-chamber, while he went to prepare the Duke of Saxony for his visitor.

"What brings you here?" impetuously inquired the Duke, as Moldeschini abruptly entered.

"To remove all distrust, here is one," and he led in Aurelia, "with whom be as happy as those charms can make you," Moldeschini replied.

Aurelia was instantly locked in the Duke's embrace. At this moment Amiran, who had been tutored in her part of the plot, ran hastily into the room, and said to Moldeschini, "Ah! sir, there's a general

murmur with the jailers to know why you have broken through the regulations, and brought a lady to the royal prisoner."

"Alas!" cried Aurelia, "and can anything part us now?" Moldeschini placed himself close to the Duke, and whispered to him, "Though this fatal place to this fair guest is now forbidden ground, and I must take her from you; yet, at night, a dark and safer hour, through a private door, to which we only have access, this young page shall bring your princess to your presence. Depend on me; but take heed that you are silent, for there are many dangerous ears around you, and a discovery may cost your loyal servant his head." The Duke knew the danger, and thanked him; charged the page, Amiran, to guard his beloved Aurelia safely; and placed a diamond ring on his finger as his reward. But Moldeschini had concerted the following plan. Having, as the Pope's confidential secretary, easy access to the prison of the Inquisition, he was enabled to effect anything which he desired there, and his intention was, when night had hushed all to silence, to convey the fair Aurelia to an apartment he had furnished in the building; she, poor creature, in the fond hope of meeting her dear husband. But this had no part in his plot. At twelve o'clock the page, Amiran, conducted Aurelia to her destination, which was intended as the temporary chamber of Moldeschini himself. Leaving the deceived Aurelia safely locked therein, Amiran was then to lead Joanna Anglica, in her own proper female vestments, to the darkened apartment of the Duke of Saxony. This was accordingly done. The doors were locked; the guardians of the prison retired to repose.

Joanna and Moldeschini were elated that the scheme had so far succeeded: but an event happened which marred all their subtle plot. Two heretics, who had been long confined in one of the prison-rooms, finding an opportunity by a lamp left accidentally in their apartment on this eventful night, determined to set the wood-work of their dungeon on fire, and succeeded in burning down the door of their prison, although they were nearly suffocated in the experiment. The fire soon gained considerable head, blazed up the staircases, bursting throughout the whole range of the Holy Office.

The Duke of Saxony was at that moment in the most anxious suspense for the approach of his lovely Aurelia. Amiran had led Joanna within his portal. Moldeschini had just entered the chamber, wherein Aurelia waited. Surrounded on every side by flames, the Pope, attired in thin female drapery, was soon in frightful jeopardy. "Oh!" thought Joan, "now would I part with all my keys of Heaven but for one picklock to these iron-gratings. I cannot, dare not burn!"

Soon the ear of the Duke of Saxony was assailed by the piercing screams of Aurelia, and he rushed in the direction, through the door which had been left open by Joanna Anglica in her retreat. By the glare of the flames he saw Moldeschini in the act of bearing away his beloved Aurelia. He hastened towards them. Moldeschini drew his sword; but the Duke flew at him, wrested the weapon from his grasp, and instantly thrust it through his body. Moldeschini fell, and was lost to sight in the burning abyss. The people, alarmed, and attracted by the conflagration, assembled now in numbers, and attempts were made to break open the doors, and raise ladders up to the casements; but in spite of the fire and suffocating smoke, the Duke and his fainting wife were rescued.

In the mean time Joanna Anglica made her way by the private entrance through which she had been conducted by Amiran. In escaping

along a passage, she stumbled over a body: a glaring flame showed that it was the corpse of the page, who had fallen there suffocated. Joanna at length reached the back-street, and endeavoured to proceed in the direction of the pontifical palace; but when she arrived on the road between the Colosseum and the church of St. Clement, she fell. The extraordinary emotions she had endured shook her whole frame. At once terrific pains arose within her; pains at which the proudest as well as the humblest woman trembles. Extended on the bare, cold earth, with a torrent of rain pouring over her, she gave premature birth to a wretched object. There lay mother and child. Here she was shortly afterwards recognised, and on the discovery how shamefully Rome's royal chair had been profaned, the people surrounded the prostrate Joanna, and quickly stoned her to death!

These *undoubted facts* are recorded; but, in some measure to pacify those who may have different views of faith to ourselves, we firmly believe that there never before were so many lies perpetrated and concentrated in so many printed pages.

SONG.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

Of all the bright gods that live and love
In regions of sunny beauty above,
  Young Cupid 's the one for me;
Oh, day and night the boy-god haunts
My heart, dear love, and with witching glance
  Sweet visions of Heaven gives me.

The bards sublime of the days of old
The prettiest legends of love have told
  In their golden minstrelsy;
But yet there is one which, while fair eyes
On the poet shower their witcheries,
  Can never find credit with me.

These bards pretend that the Muses shun
The presence of Cypria's bright-ey'd son,
  And fly from his company;
But never shall story as this untrue
Impose on such spirits as you or *you*
  Fair nymph who sittest by me.

The cold, austere, and passionless breast
Which Cupid has ne'er with his spells imprest,
  Or pierc'd with his archery,
Oh, never on it will the gentle Nine
The lustre shed of their smiles divine,
  Or choose it their home to be.

But hearts that worship the light that lies
And gleams like a god in woman's soft eyes,
  Such hearts their shrines shall be:
And he who her fondest love would win
Must court her by means of those angels twin,
  Music and Poesy.

Then twine the cup with a wreath of flowers,
We 'll brighten dull life's remaining hours
  With rosy revelry!
And ne'er do the moments so happily flit,
As when in the light of thy looks I sit,
  And they shine down on me.

THE REVENGE.

FROM THE "WANDERINGS OF A PAINTER IN ITALY."

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

At the door of an Italian shepherd's hut, or *capana*, upon a low stone, sat a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age. A dark, sullen, and ferocious expression, mixed with the manifestation of a feeling of a very different kind, was strongly marked upon his face, and shown in the lassitude and position of his body and limbs. He was a short, and rather a strong-made man, with a complexion exceedingly swarthy, and hair intensely black and abundant, covering his cheeks, neck, and breast. His head was uncovered, his hair in disorder, a red night-cap lay at his side, as if carelessly thrown down; his legs and feet were bare, and, saving a pair of blue *calzone* and a coarse shirt, he was undressed, and looked as if he had just risen from his bed.

There was a person near him, who seemed busily employed, passing backwards and forwards, in and out of the *capana*. This was a woman of about fifty, who appeared to have been deeply-touched with sorrow, but who had evidently once been exceedingly handsome. She was very tall; and there was a stately movement and character about her, which arrested attention. Her hair and complexion were like those of the young man, who was her son; but, otherwise, there was but little resemblance between them. Her costume was that very commonly worn in Italy: a *busta*, or close-fitting stay, made of old-fashioned silk brocade or damask, stiffened and ornamented, to which her *manichini*, or sleeves, were attached at the shoulders with bunches of ribbons, now pendant and faded. She wore a petticoat, thickly plaited, of a dark and very peculiar red; and on her feet the *sciocce*; her dark and abundant mass of hair, hanging in thick tresses, was looped up, and held together with the *spadina*, or silver bodkin, in the shape of a sword,—often a perilous weapon in disputes between the dark daughters of Italy.

She appeared to partake of the feelings which were so evidently betrayed by her son; hers were the same, roused into action, and made subservient to the demands of domestic duties,—a faculty, by the way, possessed in a greater degree by the female than the male sex. She now held in one hand her son's *sciocce*, and the cloth-leggings worn with them. These she threw at his feet; she then stepped back into the hut, and returned with his hat, which she put down at his side. After having gone in again, she appeared at the door, bringing the long and terrible knife, half-sheathed, with which the brigands were always armed. After a moment's steady and stern gaze at the young man, who still seemed unconscious of her presence, she said, in a deep and firm voice, "Gaetano, rouse yourself."

"Mother," said the man, slowly raising himself, so as to sit up, "I don't sleep."

"Shame upon you, if you did!" was the woman's reply, her eyes flashing, and her colour heightening. "Sleep," she muttered, as if speaking to herself, "no, we can't—we must not sleep; rouse yourself, my boy. There is the sun again, and nothing done. Dress yourself, and once more try your fortune."

Applying the point of the weapon to her thumb, and feeling along its edge, she said, "What have you done to your knife, my son?—it ought not to be in this condition. It must be sharpened, Gaetano; you must get it done to-day, for I feel certain you will have occasion for it before night. Come, bestir yourself; there are your clothes. I'll fetch your *cinta* (belt), and your jacket, and in a few minutes your meal shall be prepared for you; be quick, dress yourself."

"You forget, mother," said the young man, "I shall not wear my own clothes to-day."

"True, true," replied the woman; "Giobbe is gone to borrow the dress of the *cacciatore* (sportsman). He promised to return at daybreak, and must be here soon. Begin and take the bands off your hat, and press down the crown; no one will observe it."

"Mother, you are too sanguine," observed the son; "perhaps the boy won't get the things, after all."

"*Madonna mia!*" exclaimed the woman, "cease your doubts, and have confidence and courage."

"Courage!" echoed the man; "I don't want courage, mother: I have as much as another, but—I never succeed."

"And never will, while you doubt and hesitate."

"I don't hesitate," said the man, somewhat roused and excited. "I am ready at all times, and, *Per Cristo!* I don't want the will. *Dio buono!* have I not waited and watched almost day and night, for the last two months? have not I walked the valleys, and climbed the mountains early and late? have not I lain hid day after day, and night after night, in the bushes, and in holes, like a wild beast? When have I slept in the *capana* before? when changed my dress? what have I eaten? and, for how many hours at a time have I fasted? Cold, and wet, and hunger, are not new to me; but, with sorrow and disappointment gnawing at my heart, they are hard to bear." Here the man paused; but, in a moment after, continued, "*Maladetto!* have not I dogged the steps of that huge scoundrel for weeks together, and followed him for many and many a weary mile, without once finding the opportunity I sought? When I have had my gun, he has never separated from his companions; if I had fired, they would have fallen upon me; I could not have escaped. When I was without it, every opportunity was offered me. I might have shot him through the heart: a thousand curses on him!" Then, lowering his voice and his eyes to the ground, he added, "Attack him singly with the knife—I dare not!"

The mother of Gaetano, who had taken his hand at that part of his harangue where he spoke of his privations and endurance, here dropped it, and entered the hut.

For a minute the young man stood mute, looking down, as if a feeling of shame oppressed him. Presently he stood erect, his eye brightened, his nostril dilated, his chest heaved, and, elevating his voice, he called upon the woman to come forth from the hut; and, the moment she made her appearance, he said, in a resolute tone,

"Mother! the murderer of your children dies to-day, or your son. *Per Dio!*" said he, pointing to the sun, "that bright fire shall never shine again upon us both." Then, turning, as if about to enter the *capana*, he asked, "Where is the gun, mother, and the bullets you cast for me; my *patroncina*, and the powder-flask. By hea-

vens! I will eat nothing, nor will I rest or sleep, until that monster——"

Here the woman, who had listened with apparent satisfaction to the desperate resolve of her son, laid her hand upon his arm, to arrest his attention, stooped down, and looked through an opening of the hut. "Hush!" said she, "here is Giobbe returned; he brings the things. I told you he would get them," and she hurried forth to meet the boy, who carried a bundle, tied up in a coarse handkerchief.

The boy immediately began to relate what had happened to him, and what had detained him, at the same time searching his pocket for something which the woman had intercepted him to demand, and for which she stood waiting with evident anxiety.

"*Acci—prete*," said the little fellow, trying another, and pulling aside the *guarda machia*—the goat-skins that covered his thighs. "I know I ought to have it somewhere, if I have not lost it."

"Lost it!" exclaimed the woman; "it were better you had lost yourself!"

"*Padrona mia!*" muttered the boy, his colour coming up into his face, and looking frightened. "I did not say I *had* lost it; but this pocket is so deep, and my hands are so——oh, here it is!" said he, smiling, and handing a very small packet of something, wrapped up in a bit of discoloured paper, which the woman took from him with some avidity, and put into her bosom.

"*Va bene*," she said; "now tell us what you were saying.

The boy followed his mistress into the *capana*, and seated himself by Gaetano, who sat on the side of one of the low beds with which the place was furnished.

"I was obliged to hide myself," he began, "as I came along; that made me so late. I saw two or three men of one of the bands, and I knew, if they saw me, they would look to see what I had, and ask me questions about it; so, when I saw them coming, I got into the hollow of a tree, and presently they came and sat down close by me. Wasn't I frightened! They belong to the band of Meo Varrone, I know."

"What!—who?" exclaimed both mother and son.

"To Meo," replied the boy.

"Lout!" said Gaetano, speaking sharply and earnestly, "tell me exactly what they said. How was it?"

"Well then," said the boy, "the three men whom I first saw there were walking slowly, and talking together. I saw some smoke a little higher up, where the wood is thicker; so I fancy the rest of the band are there. It was just as you come up over the brow of the brown mountain,—there are some large old trees and some stones at the foot of them. I got into a tree, and the men sat down on the stones, and went on talking."

"Well, and then—be quick and tell me," said Gaetano.

"Well," continued the boy, "one of the men asked the other if he thought the proprietor was rich. 'We saw him at the fair of Prosede,' replied the other, 'three days ago, with as many bullocks to sell as are worth thousands and thousands of *scudi*. He must have money; and I think it will be a good time to take him. He will pay a good ransom.'"

"Did you hear the proprietor's name?" asked Gaetano.

"No," replied the boy; "but the *Casino* stands in the valley, near the old ruined church and the bridge."

"*Per Dio!* it belongs to Signor Mauro, the rich grazier. Did you hear that name mentioned?"

"I think I did; indeed, I am sure of it. Has he not lately lost his father?"

"It is the same," observed Gaetano. "Did you hear them say at what hour they go down?"

"Yes; it will be an hour after the Ave Maria,* at one hour of the night."

"How many are to be employed? — what route do they take? — and where will the covering party be posted?"

The boy shook his head, and said that he had not heard, and could not tell: he had told all he knew. The mother and son looked at each other, as if each were attempting to read the other's thoughts.

"I told you," she said, exultingly, after a moment's pause, "the occasion would arrive to-day."

"And *per Dio!*" responded the son, "it shall not be neglected or missed. Hasten the meal, mother, and let me depart."

In a few minutes Gaetano was habited in the dress he had borrowed for the occasion. It was that of a sportsman, such as is commonly worn in that part of the country. It consisted of a velveteen jacket, made large and loose, so as to hang like a sack from the shoulders. It has innumerable pockets, and one which occupies the whole back, which can be entered on either side, with a number of flaps and straps. The waistcoat is commonly of the same material; the *calzone* blue, or any other colour; but a large pair of thick worsted stockings, without feet, are drawn over all, and left bagging and hanging about the heels of a pair of very stout shoes, made of a light-coloured leather. To this is added a bag for game, powder and shot, flasks, and the never-to-be-forgotten *boraccio*, or wine-pouch, made of cow-skin. A glazed or common hat, with a broad brim and low crown, generally accompanies these.

Having completely equipped and prepared himself for his desperate undertaking, Gaetano called to his mother, who was outside at the back of the hut occupied about something, to tell her he was ready. The boy, who was still discussing the remnant of his breakfast, would have run out to call his mistress; but the man kept him back, and told him to sit still. In a minute afterwards the woman entered, bringing the *boraccio* full of wine, which was immediately swung over the shoulder of the young man; and, at the same time, she presented him with his knife, which she had sharpened and pointed afresh for the occasion. While Gaetano was secreting it, and at the same time placing it in a position easily accessible, his mother was searching in an old-fashioned, strange-looking *baulletta*, or coffer, where many curious things appeared to be put away. Having found what she sought, the woman, taking his hand, said to him in a tone of command, and with a serious look, "Kneel, Gaetano, and ask the assistance and the protection of the Madonna."

Her son, with the habitual piety of an Italian, at once complied, taking off his hat, crossing himself, and muttering his petition.

* The Italians, generally, but in the Papal States always, reckon twenty-four hours, and begin to count from sunset, winter and summer.

Whilst in this position, the woman approached, and bending over him, put a small cord, to which a species of amulet was attached, around his neck. The man kissed the little token, pushed it down into his bosom, and resumed his hat. In a few minutes afterwards he was rapidly descending the steep mountain.

Having once started upon his perilous enterprize, Gaetano became a new man; his character appeared to change all at once; his spirits were stirred, his passions roused afresh, and all his former failures and fatigues were forgotten in his newly-formed scheme of vengeance. He had that lying deep in his heart which burnt with a blaze fierce as the fire of hell, and which kept the whole current of his blood boiling,—that which, from whatever source it springs, is in itself always sufficient to stir an Italian, and hurry him on to any lengths—crime, madness, and destruction. The whole soul of Gaetano blazed with revenge, and the mad and unremitting exertions he had made for the last two months to avenge himself for the cruel injuries he had received had disordered both his mind and body: the ungratified passion which had so long preyed upon his heart had almost conquered itself, and produced an incapacity for further strife. But at this moment Gaetano felt nothing of his condition but its excitement; he strode on with a rapid, dogged, and resolute movement, that gave the idea of a man striving in vain to tire himself. Suddenly he stopped. From a turning in the path which he was pursuing, a high and singularly-shaped mountain came into view—it was *Il Monte di Fato!* There was the sloping wood which led up its only accessible side, its rocky walls rising high into the blue vault above, and its curved, crater-like banks of mountain magnitude, embracing many plains of verdant turf in its enormous grasp; and there, in a dark and gloomy nook, those acquainted with the spot might perceive indications of that dreadful abyss, treacherously hid, and deep descending into the gloom of earth, which Meo Varrone had made the living tomb of the two beautiful sisters, Nina and Rosa. The man who now stood fixed and gazing, rivetted to the earth, and overwhelmed with emotion, was their brother! Heavens! what a burst of bitter sorrow was that which broke from his heart and from his eyes!

Turning his back at once upon the object which had so affected him, he strode off again, as if fearing to trust himself with another look. His thoughts were speedily called away from his own afflictions, and his feelings again renewed, by suddenly encountering a goatherd. Gaetano addressed the man, inquiring at the same time if he was a servant of Signor Mauro. He replied that he was, and remarked that Gaetano had not chosen the most favourable spot for the pursuit of the game then in season. This remark suggested an idea of the necessity of assuming more the deportment and manner of a sportsman, and Gaetano immediately commenced putting it in practice. He asked if the Signor Padrone was a *cacciatore*, put some other questions, — among others, whether he was at the *casino*, or where he might be found. The goatherd was not without his suspicions, and answered rather wide of the mark, taking care to magnify the number of servants and work-people that were always in and about the *casino*. Gaetano learnt indirectly that there was great chance of finding Signor Mauro at that moment in the house, which could be seen at the foot of the mountain; in an abrupt way,

therefore, he bid good day to the man, and hurried off, while the goatherd looked after him, muttering something to himself, and shaking his head.

Gaetano, who was a brigand himself, and one of the band of Di Cesaris, was quite conscious that, if he did not set about what he intended to do with great care, he should defeat his own purpose. He, therefore, approached the *casino* cautiously, stole under the walls, watched, and listened, in hopes of hearing the voice of the master, or of coming upon him suddenly, and thus preventing his being denied, and missing the opportunity of speaking to him. Fortune, however, favoured him; the grazier made his appearance, as if coming out for a walk, or going about some business at his farm. Gaetano addressed him respectfully, and he at once stopped, and gave him his attention.

"I have something, Signor Padrone," said Gaetano, "which I wish to communicate,—something of importance. May I go within the house and tell it to you?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the master; "but it may as well be told here."

"Not exactly," was the reply. "I do not wish to be overheard, nor, indeed, to be seen talking with you. What I have to speak of affects your property, and perhaps your life."

"Indeed!" said the master. "Well, walk in. May I ask the name of the Signore who intends me so important a service?"

"You will not know it. My errand will speak for itself; and you will at once see that you have nothing to fear from me, but, on the contrary, that I have everything to dread from attempting to serve you."

"Disinterested, certainly," observed the Padrone; "but do me the favour to come in, and we will talk the matter over."

Having entered, and being seated, Gaetano, after a moment's pause, and a glance all round, began in a subdued but somewhat agitated manner, "Signor Mauro, I have good reasons to know that the band of Meo Varrone intend to attack your house this evening, and to carry you away to the mountains."

"May I ask how you became acquainted with the fact?" said the master.

"I will tell you willingly," was the reply. "A boy I employ heard some of the band speaking of it, who were not aware of his being present."

"Any other particulars?"

"He heard that it was to take place an hour after the Ave, and also that this was considered a favourable moment for the undertaking, as you were seen at the fair of Prosede, three days ago, with large droves of cattle, and consequently must be possessed of considerable sums of money. Whether you were there or not, you know best: I tell you the story as I heard it."

The grazier appeared a little moved, more with the straightforward manner of his informant than with the danger which threatened him. He looked on the man in a musing and scrutinizing way for half a minute, and then said, as if his mind was not quite clear of doubts, "I wish I could know to whom I am indebted for this act of kind consideration towards a stranger. Your face reminds me of one I knew years ago; but, from what I hear of him, he is the per-

son of all others least likely to act as you have done, and to give information which might betray his lawless brothers. Of course it cannot be the same," he observed, looking hard at the young man, "although he must be now about your age and figure."

Whether Gaetano quailed under the scrutiny he underwent is uncertain; but, assuming more confidence, the master said, "*Per Bacco!* I could almost think I am right; and, if I am, it would delight me, as it would show there is still some gratitude in the world. The youth I speak of was a shepherd of mine once. I saved him from the consequences of his first crime,—from a prison, —from disgrace." Seeing the man much affected, the kind-hearted grazier warmed as he gazed upon the young man, and at last he seized his hand, and said, in a tone affected by emotion, "Dear Gaetano, it is you, is it not? *Madre di Dio!* it is. Good and grateful fellow! well have you repaid the little kindness I showed you once, by coming to warn me of my danger, and to save me from ruin or death. A thousand and a thousand thanks, good Gaetano! Then you are not what you have been reported to me,—a brigand?"

"Signor Mauro," said the man, in a stifled voice, "I am."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it; but still it is kind, it is grateful of you still, and I thank you kindly. I see now how it is: you have assumed the garb of a *cacciatore,* to come and put me on my guard, and to avoid yourself——"

"Stop, Signor Mauro," interrupted the man; "I have no claim to any such merit, nor will I take credit for what I do not deserve. It is another motive,—altogether another. I have never forgotten your kindness, nor can I ever forget the injury I have received. It is not what you suppose it to be. My motive is revenge!—deadly, insatiable revenge!"

The *padrone* looked a little blank, waiting a further explanation; and Gaetano, roused and excited, continued, "Hear me, Signor Padrone. You know the cruel wrong which has been done to us,—all know the horrible death of my two sisters by the hand of that infernal monster, Meo Varrone. Woe is our companion, despair our bitter foe, and vengeance alone our friend! See my worn feet, *padrone mio,* bleeding, cut, and sore, with endless, fruitless pursuit; but could you see what is here," said the man, striking his breast, "*Gesu Maria!* for two long months have I not eaten my own heart,* wasted my strength, my health, my hopes, seeking to requite that wretch? but no success has attended me. To-day it shall be done —he dies or I, by——!"

The master was moved by the distress of the young man, and could not help remarking that he had good grounds for his affliction, and, according to the notions amongst Italians, his vengeance. He saw clearly his own danger, and determined at once to take measures to protect himself and his property. Explaining, therefore, his object to Gaetano, and having full confidence in him, he ordered in some wine and food, and begged that he would remain while he himself went up to the village just above, to ask the assistance of the police, and to get as many soldiers as could be found to come down and take possession of his house, so as to be ready at the hour the

* "*Sto mangiando il mio cuore,*"—a strong and favourite expression of the Italians.

attack should be made. On his return home, he found Gaetano where he had left him, with the wine and food untouched. After reproving him for taking nothing, he told him what steps he had taken, and begged him to remain and lend his assistance; but the man demurred, and, in the end, absolutely refused, on the plea that he could not live so many hours without being in motion. He assured the *padrone* that he would be present, and give his assistance; and so he took his hat and his gun, and prepared to depart.

The evening came, the Ave Maria was sounded at the village-church above, and at the convent in the fertile plain near the stream below. The voices of many were mingled together in the beautiful hymn, *Ave Maria, ora pro nobis;* age, youth and childhood, guilt and innocence, joined in the strain, and bid adieu to the light of day,—some to the toils, some to the pleasures, and not a few to the hopes and expectations it had brought with it. The repose of nature was at hand; but man, with his turbulent passions, remained still as far from peace as ever.

In a cave, which looked like the home of the wolf, and was such, except at those times when he was ejected to make room for that more powerful and ferocious animal, man, Gaetano had passed the long and dreary hours since he was at the house of the grazier. His possession of it was not entire; for he shared it with the black-snake, the slow-worm, and the scorpion, that sported in his presence with a familiarity which seemed inspired by his looks, and encouraged by some kindred sympathies between them.

He had heard the Ave sounded, and had joined in the evening salutation with a fervour undisturbed by his guilty purpose; on the contrary, he had earnestly implored the assistance of Heaven. Every moment was of an hour's length; and endurance could hardly be pushed farther, when, coming forward to the mouth of the den, he heard the report of a gun, which was followed by others, simultaneously, and in succession. He had waited too long, or the brigands had made their attack before the appointed hour. Gaetano rushed forth at once, breaking his way through every impediment, and frequently falling in his mad and difficult career. His naked knife was in his hand; but, in the frenzy of the alarm, he had forgotten his gun. Lately, he had almost abandoned it, and now he carried it rather to complete the character of a sportsman than for any other purpose. The thought of having left it flashed across his mind, and stopped his progress but for a single moment. He had resolved to sacrifice himself,—to take the life of his enemy at the expense of his own; so, dashing resolutely forward on his headlong course, maddened, torn, bruised, and bleeding, he soon found himself at the bottom of the mountain, and in the valley, almost opposite the *casino* of the grazier. Here he paused. The firing and the shouting still continued; many bunches of straw had been lighted, and were still burning, near the house and about the mountain; at its back, voices were heard also at some little distance, as if in pursuit; and every now and then the report of a gun and the whiz of a bullet were heard in the stillness of the evening. It was clear that the conflict, whatever it might have been, had ceased at the house, and that the parties had fled, and were pursuing their way along the valley. Their position was frequently made known by the flash of the guns, and every minute they appeared further removed from the spot on which

Gaetano stood, panting and listening, in the most painful state of excitement. The river was between him and the conflicting parties; the bridge which crossed it lay at some distance, in the wrong direction. Unable to endure his suspense any longer, he started off with furious speed, taking the course of the stream, and, following in the direction of the voices and the report of fire-arms, dashed headlong into the stream, which ran rapidly, and was very near paying the forfeiture of his life in his rash attempt to cross it; but, after many violent efforts, he reached the opposite bank, breathless and exhausted, and threw himself down upon the grass. Presently he rose, stood for a moment tottering, and listening with intense earnestness, and then, with unsteady and feeble step, contrived to follow in the direction of the sounds, which were now heard faintly and at a distance.

While making his way through the tangled foliage and brushwood that grew thick around him on all sides, and which rendered his progress exceedingly difficult, he stopped suddenly, and, stooping down so low as to bring out the dark and feathery tops of the tall broom distinctly against the star-lit sky, he saw a motion in them which made him certain some living creature lay hid at their base. His heart beat violently, but he made an effort to subdue it; and, in a minute or two, he breathed more freely. He lowered himself, so as to rest upon one knee; and in this position remained many minutes, watching the points of the foliage, and trying to prepare himself for whatever might happen.

It must be seen in the character of this man, that, however strongly he was affected by a sense of his injuries, and spurred on by a desire to revenge them, he wanted that firmness, decision, and self-reliance, which ever attend on true courage, and lead to success. Without charging Gaetano with cowardice, it must be admitted that it required no mean share of bravery to attack a man of Meo Varrone's desperate character, and to rush upon certain destruction. Gaetano had formed a resolution from which he felt no wish to flinch. He would freely sacrifice his life; but he must exchange it for that of his enemy. He felt quite certain that he was within a few yards of some one lying concealed; and, when the thought struck him that it might possibly be his terrific foe, his feelings so overpowered him that he became enervated, and felt that, if he were at that instant thrown into his presence, his efforts to revenge himself must fail!

In this state of feeling, oppressed and agitated, the man made a violent effort to rally his strength, and to steady himself in his position. He listened intently, with his eye glaring and fixed. Presently his ear caught a rustling sound, and, directly after, a gigantic figure rose slowly from the bushes, and stood upright, in an attitude as if listening to the voices which came up from the valley. *Madre di Dio!* that form was—Meo Varrone! The moment the hat made its appearance, it was certain that he who wore it was a brigand; and, in the next, it was no longer doubtful who that brigand was. His dark, stern, and terrible features were easily distinguished, and might be known amongst a thousand; and, as his strongly-marked profile showed itself upon the bright starlit sky behind him, and he turned his back, and commenced slowly ascending the steep and rugged mountain, Gaetano felt his departure a relief, the tumult of

his feelings subsided, his energies and his desire of vengeance returned, and he prepared to follow, and to watch the most favourable opportunity for putting his intentions into practice.

Crouching down, the man rather crept than walked; and, still keeping at about the same distance, he continued to follow and to watch, like a wolf scenting its prey. For half an hour they kept on ascending the mountain, the chief frequently stopping, and uttering a low hissing sound. When he reached the top, he did the same, and looked round him, listening. He then took two bits of stone and struck them together, and appeared to watch, and wait for a response; but as none came, he threw them away, and resumed his walk.

The chief held on with long and rapid strides; but, two or three times, he was observed to slacken his pace, and frequently to act—if it were possible to indicate such a feeling by his movements—as if he had forgotten himself; the rapidity of his motion subsided all at once, and as suddenly began again, without apparent cause. Where the road was the most difficult to traverse, he dashed through with heedless speed, and where it was easy to pass he loitered. Frequently he muttered to himself; and once or twice Gaetano thought he heard and saw him strike his breast, and put his hand to his forehead. Perhaps he might have fancied it. In this way they progressed and kept together for perhaps seven or eight miles, keeping the ridge of a line of high and rugged mountains; and it at once became clear that the chief was returning to his home at Vallecorsa. Five miles more were still before them, and the thought of his enemy's escape again struck the heart of Gaetano with dismay; still, no opportunity of effecting his purpose presented itself. But, now there came a space covered with brushwood, and every here and there some tall trees. Through this many footpaths had been trodden; and along one of these Gaetano resolved to make his way, pass his enemy, and lay wait for him in some favourable position. In attempting to do this, however, he failed to take advantage of the wind; and the quick and practised ear of the chief instantly detected the sound. He stopped, and cried out,

"Who is there? speak!"

The man immediately kicked the shoes from his feet, and stole forward again. He now posted himself in a shadowed spot, which he thought Meo Varrone would pass, his mind made up to the worst, his teeth clenched, and the gleaming instrument of death in his hand, bared, and eager for the heart of his hated foe. But Meo Varrone turned aside, and took another path. Gaetano now took the other side of the road, less convenient in some respects, but favoured by the night-wind; and suddenly descending a steep bank, ran forward with all his speed for a few hundred yards, and then, crossing the path the chief was likely to take, again hid himself, prepared to give the blow. To his surprise and dismay Meo Varrone stopped, looked about him, muttered to himself, and again took another path. Burning with rage, and now seeing a highly-favourable spot on the other side of the road, which became more and more narrow and dark, Gaetano, without giving his enemy time to advance many paces a-head, slipped behind him, and entered the thicket opposite. The movement was instantly perceived; and, as if under the influence of

fear—a weakness which the desperate man was never known to betray,—he exclaimed, in a somewhat agitated way, "The devil! who is there? who is it?"

Here he paused; and Gaetano fancied he heard him breathe heavily. Gaetano now posted himself in advance, and presently the chief approached the spot—the bush in which he stood, his arm lifted, and grasping with deadly intent the keen and ready knife; but, raising his other hand to press aside the foliage that intervened, some dried twigs snapped, and occasioned a sound which again caught the watchful ear of the chief. He started suddenly away, with a half-suppressed cry; and, without speaking, stood looking towards the bush, as if under the influence of fear. He made no attempt to seize the terrible weapon he wore in his belt, and which had so often reeked with human blood, as if to attack his enemy, or defend himself against the danger with which he might be beset; but stood as if irresolute and unnerved, muttering to himself; and, presently, Gaetano, who kept his post, heard the name of the Madonna, and distinctly saw him cross himself. He then saw him drop his hand upon the handle of his knife, look hard in the direction of the bush; and, when the man expected he would make an attack upon him, he turned and walked away, looking back over his shoulder. Gaetano felt a momentary impulse to rush upon him, but his fears restrained him; and he resolved to try once more, and for the last time,—as he knew it would soon be too late,—to place himself in ambush, and to stab him as he passed. The chief walked slowly and thoughtfully along, his head bent down, as if deeply musing and thinking to himself. He kept on in a straight path, passing, without even turning his eyes, many such nooks, bushes, and hiding-places as those Gaetano had chosen for his purpose; he avoided none, but passed close by them in such a way as to give the most perfect idea that he feared nothing they might contain. In this way the chief continued to muse and plod along with a step very different, indeed, from the quick, firm, and resolute movement that characterised him. Gaetano, to whom the country was well known, was aware that in a few minutes they would pass the spot most favourable to his purpose. He resolved, therefore, to make one more last and desperate effort—succeed, or die in the attempt. Accordingly, he took a direction a little to the right, and, making a slight bend in his course, he ran forward, and again posted himself about fifty yards in advance of the chief, at the end of the narrow pass, where it led out upon the open plain, and overlooked a wide and deep valley containing several small towns. With a palpitating heart, but with a fixed and deadly determination, Gaetano watched the approach of the chief. He saw him coming, with a slow and heavy step; his manner betraying no watchfulness or caution. If he continued in the path he could scarcely deviate from, he must, of necessity, pass so near as almost to touch the man who waited his coming. Gaetano had grasped the feathery twigs of the tall broom-plant he stood behind, so as to separate it at the necessary moment, and make an opening through which to strike. The chief had approached within a yard of the spot; and now, Gaetano raising his arm to its full extent, mustering his whole energies, and collecting into one resolute effort his whole force and strength, the long-medi-

tated blow descended upon him whose heart's blood it was meant to spill. Although off his guard, Meo Varrone was still secure in the protection of his own native courage, self-possession, and presence of mind. Without being in the least degree embarrassed or startled by the assault made upon him, since he now clearly comprehended the nature of the agency by which he had been so long disturbed, with the first movement he perceived, he rapidly thrust forth his powerful arm, lifting it at the same time, so that that of his assailant crossed it, and the intended death-blow fell short of its mark. The chief then, suddenly turning his hand, seized the throat of his antagonist, and at the same instant inflicted a blow with the other, which deluged him with blood and rendered him completely senseless. The man would have fallen to the ground if he had not been in the powerful grasp of his enemy; the knife dropped from his hand, and in the next moment he was dragged from his shady retreat out upon the open space, where there was more light, and thrown like a log or a stone upon the earth.

"The devil curse your puny soul!" said the chief, stooping down to examine the face and person of the man. "Who are you? what are you, and why have you done this? *Diavolo!*" he exclaimed with some exultation, "it was you!" Then, continuing his examination, he muttered to himself, "A *cacciatore*, ha! without his gun,—that might have done me some mischief. What! could the fool mean to rob *me*?" and he laughed to himself. "I can't make out his features by this light. He must be a stranger here. Let us see what he has about him. Not a *baioc'* in his pockets; no game in his bag. Here is some ammunition—this may be useful to me,—and a few gun-flints; but nothing else. An unlucky sportsman this! Oh, here is his *boraccio*, and full of wine too! Just the thing I wanted. I shall take the liberty to help myself. My service to you, Signor *Cacciatore!*" and, so saying, he snapped the string by which it hung suspended round the neck of the unconscious man, whose state of long-continued excitement and exhaustion precluded all chance of his speedy revival, and, lifting the wine-pouch to his mouth, he took a hearty draught of the wine, gave the body a spurn with his foot, muttered some curse, and departed.

It was in the early part of a beautiful evening on the following day, that a youth, mounted upon a mule, was carelessly jogging along a narrow, rugged, and dangerous mountain-path. While pursuing his reckless course, he continued to hum or to whistle some popular air, which was now and then interrupted by a laugh when he succeeded in striking down, or catching in his hand, one of the fire-flies that swarmed thicker and thicker as he descended into the lower and darker parts of the ravine. When he missed his mark, or almost overbalanced himself in reaching after it, he still laughed, but he mixed his mirth with an *acci* or two, letting the termination accord with the demands of the occasion. Before he reached the skirts of the little town, he had succeeded in collecting a dozen or two of these luminous insects; and, sticking them all round under one of the bands of his high-crowned hat, he trotted into the mountain-village with a radiant *nimbus* round his head, still chanting scraps of wild melodies. To have judged from the manner and de-

portment of this youth, no one could have formed any notion of the business, or the errand, upon which he was sent, — he was going to fetch the doctor.

It is the custom of the governments throughout Italy to appoint, pay, and provide medical assistance for the poor of every town and village; and in proportion to the number of inhabitants are the *salariati* thus employed. No medical man need go beyond the limits of his appointed district; but it frequently happens that a man of superior skill or humanity has calls made upon him which he finds it difficult to comply with, or to refuse: the present was an application of this character.

Having made his way through the dark, narrow, and now-deserted streets of this little town, the youth dismounted on arriving at a low-browed archway, and, taking the reins in his hand, began to ascend a steep narrow passage, which led out upon a small open space, on one side of which stood the dwelling of the surgeon. After making the beast secure in the best way he could, the youth mounted with a light and quick step a flight of rude stone steps, which ran up on the outside of the house, and knocked very gently at a patched and shattered door. He then applied his ear to it, listened for a minute, and repeated his summons in rather a louder appeal, but still in a manner like one who feared to alarm the neighbours. As he stood stooping and listening, without a response to his summons, and just as he was about to make the third application, the sleepy voice of the surgeon was heard to demand his business.

"A man is hurt," replied the strange voice.

"O ho! O!" ejaculated the surgeon, in a tone as if he had all at once obtained far more information than the bare words implied. "O ho! is that it? Wait a minute,—I will be with you."

The youth, having so far unburthened himself, stood relieved and at ease, and began turning about and looking around him. Very little was to be seen in the obscurity, but directly before him, at only a few yards' distance, was the little church; and, through the opaque glass of the window over the door the dim light of the lamp which burns continually before the high-altar caught his eye, and he devoutly crossed himself, lifted his hat, and muttered the words of his salutation; then, leaning over the rails, he looked down upon the mule, and whistled the end of a popular ditty.

The surgeon now made his appearance, and a colloquy in rather an under-tone took place between him and the youth. The first question the surgeon asked was, "Where do you wish me to go?" and not "Who is it that wants me?" — for at that period he was frequently called into the mountains to lend his assistance to some individual of some one of the numerous bands of brigands with which they were infested, and the application was always couched in these terms, "Surgeon, there is a man *hurt*." Disease was rare indeed among these ill-doing men, but wounds were a common occurrence. Under these circumstances it sometimes happened that the surgeon had a task of some danger and great fatigue to perform: during the daylight many of the paths and passes were difficult to travel, but at night they were perilous in the extreme.

Closing the door behind him, the surgeon asked, in rather an impatient way, "Well, where have I to go?"

An Italian, if he can help it, never gives a direct answer; so the messenger replied, "It is Meo Varrone, *chirurgo*. He is dying."

"Is he at home," asked the surgeon, "at Vallecorsa?"—"Yes, *signore*."—"*Maledetto!*" exclaimed the surgeon. "How is it possible that I should go so far to-night?"

"Eh!" exclaimed the youth. "The road is not so bad, and Meo will die unless you do."

The surgeon now commenced descending the steps.

"Well, then," said he, "let us get away at once. What sort of a beast have you with you? It 's a likely night and a convenient road for breaking a man's neck."

"Here he is, surgeon," said the young man; "and it would not be easy to find his fellow. *Per Crispo!* he has better legs than a cat; and I don't think he could tumble down if he tried. I am certain, if you threw him to the bottom of the valley, he would light on his feet. Oh! there is no danger of him, surgeon."

After adjusting the stirrups and the girths, the surgeon mounted the mule, and observed that it was necessary to get on as fast as they could where the road was good. So, suiting the action to the word, he applied a tolerably thick stick he had to the sides of the mule. To his surprise, the animal rather slackened than mended his pace, and, although the surgeon continued the application of his stick, it served no purpose whatever but to irritate his own temper. The youth, who had been upon the titter for the last minute or two, here burst into a loud open laugh.

"The devil take the fellow, and the mule, too!" ejaculated the surgeon. "If we go no faster than this, the *padrone* will be dead long before we arrive. And this is the brute you so boasted about!" said the surgeon, again applying the stick.

"'Tis of no use, Signore Chirurgo," said the guide, still laughing, "he won't go without me;" and here he spoke a word to the beast, which in an instant broke into a smart trot, while the young fellow ran laughing at his side. After half an hour, in which time they had made some way, the road obliged them to slacken their pace, and, the good-humour of the surgeon having returned, he said to the young man, "*Ebbene, garzone.* How long have you lived with the *capo?* Are you learning his business?"

"Eh! that does not require a long apprenticeship in this part of the country. A man soon begins to trade for himself."

"Have you begun?" asked the surgeon.

"Eh!" replied the *garzone*, "in a small way, perhaps;" and here the young rogue laughed at his own conceit.

"*Va bene!* look to yourself, and see that the force does not lay its hand upon you."

The youth snapped his fingers.

"You are a Vallecorsano?"—"*Sicuro*," replied the guide.

"Did you live with Meo Varrone at the time he was hurt at the foot of Monte Romano?"

"No, I never even heard of it. How was it?"

"*Ebbene*," answered the surgeon; "as it will show you that the force is sometimes to be feared, I will tell you. One night I was called from home by a youth of about your own age, who told me that a man was hurt, and that his comrades had carried him almost

to the top of Monte Romano. It was a dark night, the stones and the grass were wet and slippery, and, after three hours' hard labour, in walking, tumbling, and climbing, we arrived at the spot where the wounded man and some of his companions were. As soon as I came they lighted a bunch of *strulia,* and I saw lying at the foot of a tree an exceedingly large man. I had then never seen Meo Varrone, and did not know it was he; but, on inquiring, I found it was, and that he had been badly wounded in an encounter with some soldiers of the force. He lay groaning upon the grass, his jacket was thrown over his right shoulder, and when I attempted to take it off,—*Dio buono!* I have seldom seen such a sight,—he had received two charges of large shot at the same moment from the guns of the *carabiniere,* and his jacket was fairly beaten into his side. In pulling it away, many of the shot came with it, and I extracted the rest;—altogether there were not less than seventy wounds. With very great labour and difficulty he was carried into the town we have just left, and before it was daylight had been received into a house, where he remained until he got well. At that time there was not quite so much activity in the police as at present, and so he remained for several weeks unmolested. The *padre* who attended him, when there was but little hopes of recovery, for some little time entertained a notion that Meo would reform his life; but, for my part, I never expected anything of the sort; and it was not long before Meo began to give proofs that I was in the right. As soon as he was able to leave the house in which he had been nursed, he began visiting the wine-houses, where he ate like a swine and drank like a fish, and insulted everyone he met with. He got into continual broils; and meeting one of the men who had assisted in bringing him off from the mountain, and whom he had never remunerated even with thanks, he paid his debt with a blow of his knife, and left the poor wretch in need of nothing more than the *beccamorte* (bearers of the dead)."

To the surprise of the surgeon, the guide, on hearing this, burst into an uncontrollable laugh, which continued at intervals for a quarter of an hour. Indeed, the young fellow appeared to be so tickled with the idea of his master's mode of discharging his obligations, that he could not restrain himself, but continued his mirth long after the surgeon had expressed pretty strongly his disgust.

Soon after, the surgeon and his guide were slowly climbing the steep and rugged street of a very small village, which was elevated high upon the rocky side of a mountain they had to pass, in order to reach the plain above, where the town stood to which they were going. They had arrived at the end of this little nest of habitations lifted high into the air, scattered and broken, and scarcely to be distinguished from the rock on which they were built, when a man issued from the last cottage, and running after the surgeon, called him by name, and begged that he would stop a moment and hear what he had to say.

"What is it, my friend?" said the surgeon. "I have no time to spare. What do you want?"

"Why, surgeon," said the man, "there is a Signore in my place who is badly hurt, and very ill. I found him this morning lying on the road upon the plain, just after you pass the *machia.*"

"Is he a stranger?" asked the surgeon.

"I believe he is," answered the man. "He is a *cacciatore;* but he has neither dog nor gun with him. Who he is I don't know; for he has not spoken a word, nor appeared conscious of anything, since I found him."

"That is curious," remarked the surgeon. "Where is your cottage? I will step back and see him."

The man led the way to his dwelling, and, having entered, a light was procured, and the surgeon proceeded to examine the condition of the disabled sportsman. He found him in a state of complete insensibility, and exhibiting symptoms that threatened a speedy death, if something was not immediately done to relieve them. The surgeon had too much humanity to leave the poor wretch without an effort to save him; so in a moment preparations were made, the man was bled, and in a very short time afterwards he began to sigh, to show some twitching movements of his features and limbs, and presently to open his eyes, and stare with a wild and stupified gaze. A few spoonsful of warm soup were given to him, and in a minute or two it was evident that the stranger and the surgeon were acquainted with each other. The master of the cottage and his wife, who had attended the stranger with great care since he had been in their charge, both seemed to look for an explanation; but the surgeon evaded the questions put to him, and begged to be left alone for a few minutes with the stranger.

"What has happened, Gaetano?" said the surgeon. "Why are you here?" The wounded man looked confused, and attempted to speak; but, after several efforts, he could not collect himself sufficiently to remember anything that had taken place. The surgeon, therefore, ceased to press his inquiries; and, after giving some directions as to how the stranger was to be treated, he hurried away, promising to call upon his return. Presently the surgeon and his guide were on their way to the retreat of the chief. Had it been daylight, it would have required no small care to find footing in such a rugged passage; but, dark as it was, every step was dangerous and difficult. The young fellow tripped on with the lightness and ease of a cat; but the surgeon, although pretty well accustomed to rough roads, found himself sadly at fault.

Having now disposed of the mule, the surgeon took the arm of his companion, and they proceeded on foot until presently they came out upon an elevated and open space. Here, at about a hundred yards' distance, stood rather a large building, erected in the manner of a farm-house, and standing in the midst of a space which looked like a ruined vineyard. There stood the two upright ornamented pillars of brick which had once sustained the gates, and formed the principal entrance. Scattered about at uncertain distances were a few old and broken olive-trees, some lying on the stony ground, and others reclining, bent and tortured into many fantastic shapes. There were also some straggling sycamores, with the vine running wild and unpruned about them, and hanging pendent in thick matted tresses; in other places it lay on earth, as if trampled upon and neglected. Altogether, the place had an air of loneliness and desolation. No lights were observable at any of the windows; but, on a nearer approach, a faint glimmer might be seen through the openings and cracks of some boards, which had been nailed up against the spaces they occupied.

As is usual, the upper portion only of the house was used as a dwelling, and this was reached by a staircase from without, which went up parallel with the side of the building, and led to a sort of corridor from whence it was entered. Under this flight of steps, supported by arches, were the doors of cellars and stables. On arriving at the foot of the stairs, the guide clapped his hands twice, and, before the surgeon could reach the top, a door was opened, which admitted into a large and almost naked room, evidently appropriated to common use, and leading out of it were several doors and passages. In the centre stood a long sort of table, composed of long boards placed upon tressels; and by its side were some rude benches, and a few heavy chairs. Upon the distant end of this table stood a common lamp of tin, clumsily manufactured, having a shade over it, like a reading-lamp, and giving a dull red light. It looked as if it had been for many hours neglected, the light extending just far enough upon the table to make visible an open book, and a rosary lying upon it, while all around was buried in darkness.

As is the case in all Italian houses, a picture of the Madonna was placed high upon one of the walls, and before it a lamp was burning, but so small and faint was the light emitted, that a person might have been in the room without even perceiving it. Seen above the ruddy glare of the lamp upon the table, surrounded by its gloom and smoky atmosphere, it looked like a pale, sickly star, sinking deep into obscurity and distance.

The young man having come no farther than the foot of the stairs, the surgeon stood alone in this dark and dreary apartment, expecting some one to welcome him; but, as nobody came, he commenced knocking upon the table with the end of his stick and calling. No one answered; but presently he heard some one moving near the end of the table, and opposite the picture of the Madonna. On looking, he saw a very old man rising from his knees, and attempting, with some difficulty and evident pain, to regain his feet. The surgeon stepped towards him, offering his assistance. The old man slowly shook his head, placed himself in a chair, and pointed to another.

"*Grazia!*" said the surgeon, still keeping his legs, and evidently affected by the distressed look and manner of the aged man before him. "How is Meo, *padre?*"

With a deep sob, and with voice husky and broken with emotion, the old man said, "His time is come, *chirurgo*."

"*Ma che!*" exclaimed the surgeon. "Meo is a strong man, and still young. Hope for the best. Perhaps there is no danger."

"Surgeon," said the old man, in a solemn tone, "there is both danger and death. It is too late. Thy skill availeth nothing. Human aid is vain, and for the aid of Heaven who dare presume to ask it? I, who am his father, I, who am guilty of his existence, even I dare not ask more of Heaven than its grace to smooth his passage, and to lessen the dreadful chasm that lies between the gloom of his cold grave and his final rest. To ask for life I dare not—would not! O let him die! *Gesu Maria* be his guide!"

A burst of true parental sorrow choked the old man's utterance; and the surgeon took advantage of it to put in a word of encouragement and hope.

"No, no, no," cried the old man; "it is fixed. His doom is

sealed. A father's feelings tell me that I am childless. My lost ill-doing boy! Covered with shame, and blackened with crime, yet still mine, unhappy Meo!"

During the time the surgeon had remained listening to the grief of the old man, he had frequently caught the sounds of many voices wailing and lamenting in a distant apartment; but the door of this room appeared now to be thrown open, and he heard distinctly what had before reached his ear but in a confused and smothered manner. The surgeon hastened along an obscure passage, guided by the light which issued from an open door at the end of it. And here a scene presented itself which no words can describe—a scene touching and terrible in the extreme.

This room was a large, lofty, and uncomfortable-looking place, having much the appearance of a granary. There were many persons in it, — men, women, and children, perhaps twenty; a strange confusion of voices, and a great glare of light. Many garments of wearing-apparel were hanging about the walls; large bunches of dried Indian corn, and mats of figs, curiously put together; and in a corner were some implements of husbandry, in fellowship with some muskets and fowling-pieces, small wine-casks and flasks.

In another corner were two decent-looking beds, in one of which a child slept soundly, and on the side of the other a man sat, his hat decorated with ribbons, brigand fashion, pulled down low over his eyes, his jacket gallooned, a long knife in his girdle. His arms were folded, and he appeared totally absorbed in grief, or in his own thoughts. On a table, in about the centre of the wall, stood six slender wax-candles burning before a crucifix which hung upon the wall; and at the distant end of the room two other candles were lighted. The moment the surgeon made his appearance, he was at once surrounded by several persons, old and young, exhibiting every degree of emotion. Some tore their hair, beat their breasts and heads; others wrung their hands, weeping bitterly: some called on the Madonna and on the saints; whilst others, again, cursed, and stamped their feet with rage and terrible imprecations. All laid their hands upon the surgeon, vociferating, and begging earnestly that he would aid and save the chief. So beset and surrounded was he that he could see nothing of his patient, nor was he certain even of his being in the same room with him; but presently they made way for him, and a sight presented itself at once appalling and extraordinary. In a low bed, at the distant end of the room, with its head touching the wall, and placed between the two candles, which were surrounded by a number of coloured prints, small images, a holy-water vessel, a rosary, and a crucifix, lay the body of an immensely large man, for whom the bed appeared much too narrow and too short. Whether swollen, or from whatever cause, the body rose so high that the head was scarcely seen; whilst, at the same time, the feet protruded from the end of the bed to the distance of half the leg upwards. But what struck the surgeon with astonishment was, that to these large and naked feet was attached a pair of old-fashioned time-eaten spurs, tied over the instep with a black string; and, looking farther, he saw that in the grasp of the strong and bony hand lay a long, bare, and rusty sword, the point resting upon the pillow, and the handle of which was of antique shape, and had once been richly ornamented. At the head of the dying man an old rusty hel-

met had been placed. It had evidently been intended that he should wear it; but, his head being too large to enter, it had been put over it, and left lying between it and the wall. The surgeon stood looking on in amazement; but after a moment he said to a person standing at his side, "*Aibo*, what mummery is this?" at the same time looking upon the objects of his surprise with some contempt.

"Oh! don't you know, Signor Chirurgo, this is the armour of the blessed San Martino?" said the person spoken to. "Whoever is rich enough to have it removed from the church where it is deposited, is sure to protect and save his soul from the attacks of demons in his last hour. *Dio buono!* we are all wicked; and many an unhappy soul has it saved from the fangs of the evil one. *Ahime!* few need its aid more than he who lies there, and now——"

The speaker was going on, but the surgeon interrupted the harangue, exclaiming, "Let this—let these things be taken away at once, and let the room be cleared. If you expect me to do any good to the man, give me an opportunity of examining his condition."

The wish of the surgeon was at once complied with; the things were removed, and the relations and friends of the unhappy man withdrew from the room. The surgeon began questioning the person left with him relative to the malady of the patient.

"Meo was taken ill a few hours after his return last night, was he not?" said the surgeon, "and has continued to get worse and worse till the present time."

"*Gia!* it is as you have said," was the reply.

"But he went out as well as usual?"

"Yes, he did; but for the last two months he has not been what he used to be. His head, I think——."

The surgeon looked hard at the speaker, and with a peculiar expression of face and voice, observed "Yes—yes, I know—I know."

He was just about to pass round by the feet to the other side of the bed, when the sick man turned his head, and rolled his bloodshotten eyes upon the surgeon. After a minute's steady gaze, with an expression of great suffering, and with a look of anxiety that amounted almost to terror, the dying man said, in a voice deep, husky, and unnatural, "Oh, surgeon, for the love of God, save me!" and here he made a feeble attempt to clasp his hands, as if to beseech the help he asked, but he failed in his attempt, and his arms fell by his sides. With a wild stare he followed the movements of the surgeon, who went round the bed, and, taking a chair, sat down at its head.

The surgeon had evidently found his patient in a much worse condition than he had anticipated. After taking his hand, and holding it for a short time in his own, the surgeon took down the wax-light, and examined the head and face of the sick man, which presented a sight so terrible, that no attempt can be made to describe it. After asking a few questions, which were replied to with difficulty, and apparently without giving satisfaction, the surgeon rose, put back the candle into its place, and, with a look of embarrassment and dismay, commenced pacing backwards and forwards in the room. A number of questions were then put to the woman, who still attended, and who was a hired nurse, as to the first symptoms which appeared, and what had occurred since. These were all answered readily and fully; but the surgeon still appeared perplexed, and, with an earnest and inquiring look, again took his place by

the bed-side of the patient. He felt the skin, pressed the body, and as the unhappy man lay muttering some words, the surgeon put his ear down to his mouth to catch their meaning. The poor wretch complained of the tortures he endured, of the fire that was burning at his heart, in his stomach, his throat, and was now mounting to his head. An unquenchable thirst consumed him; he drank continually; but his state had now become so feeble, that the effort necessary even for this had become too much for him.

The surgeon had put every question he thought proper, and examined the case with the strictest scrutiny; but it was evident by his look and manner that he was perplexed, and knew not how to act. The nurse looked at him as if waiting for some directions, and at length she asked,—"What is to be done, *chirurgo?*"

Without replying to her question, the surgeon asked, "Has he confessed and communicated?"

"An hour before you came he received the sacrament and the *viaticum*. Is there no hope for him?"

"I fear not," was the reply. "He has sunk too low." Then, pausing for a minute, the surgeon said, "Something, perhaps, might be done. There are some inquiries I should like to make of him; but he cannot answer me. I must try it," said he, speaking to himself,—"'tis his only chance. Have you any wine there?—good wine, if you have it—give it me."

Pouring some into a small flask, the surgeon held the long and slender neck of it to the parched lips of the dying man, and gradually let the inspiring draught sink into the dry and exhausted springs of life. Like oil poured into an expiring lamp, the unhappy man revived, and after a few minutes groaned, as if new pains had attacked him, rolled his head, and attempted to turn himself.

The surgeon had taken his place at his side, and when he saw occasion he said, "Meo Varrone, attend to me, and tell me honestly what you have been doing. You have again over-eaten yourself, or drank too freely—tell me how it is. What have you done?"

The man shook his head, and said distinctly, "Nothing, surgeon, nothing."

"Tell me the truth," said the surgeon; "for your own sake, don't deceive me. You must have done as I say."

"*Per Cristo!*" replied the man, still more excited, "I have not. It is not drink—it is the fire, *chirurgo*, the fire!"

"What fire?" asked the surgeon.

Placing his hand upon his chest, and passing it up along his throat to his head, the chief said, "The fire!—here, here, here! God! how it blazes, rages, and burns! Can't it be put out? *Dio buono!*—it was that pale devil sent it into my heart long since, and there it has been burning and consuming all around it. Blood won't quench it—it has been tried—no, no! Blood!" he muttered to himself,—"I've spilt enough—but *they* have died—*these* will not. Devils!—drive off those infernal bats, *chirurgo*, and move me farther from the mouth of this cursed pit. Oh!" he cried out, his face expressive of the strongest terror, and seizing the surgeon by the shoulders, "save me! save me!—I am slipping into it!—move me farther!—Hark! what are those sounds underground? They are coming up—their looks kill me! *Gesu Maria!* I dare not—" And here he covered his eyes with his hands, trembling and panting for breath.

The man lay quiet for a moment; and as the surgeon sat with his eyes fixed upon him, he remarked to himself, "Poor wretch! he raves of what his conscience sees and his mind knows." Then making another attempt to recal the wandering and terrified mind of his patient, the surgeon gently shook him, and called him by name:

"Meo," said he, "attend to me:—I can render you no assistance. You must die, unless you will answer my questions truly, and without disguise."

"Surgeon," said the now-exhausted man, in a faint despairing voice, "I have done so."

"Yes," continued the surgeon, "you have partly told me; but try and recollect yourself; for it is quite clear to me that you have taken something which is the cause of your illness. Where did you take your last meal yesterday?"

The man answered, "Upon the mountains I ate that which I took with me."

"And you drank?" said the surgeon.

"Some water about noon from the stream of the river, and nothing else." After a moment's pause, the sick man added, "Yes, I took some wine from the *boraccio* of a man I fell in with on my return home, a *cacciatore*—a stranger."

"A young man of short stature?" inquired the surgeon. "And it was you who attacked him, and left him on the road?"

The sick brigand indicated that it was from that person he had taken the wine. While his lips moved, and he attempted slowly and languidly to make known his meaning, the surgeon regarded him with a look of extreme anxiety and alarm, and when he fully understood him, he started upon his feet, exclaiming,

"Then there is no hope for you, Meo: you are poisoned, and must die. *Dio buono!* it is now too late!"

As if struck with lightning, the wretched man threw himself back, raising his arm, and throwing open the bed-clothes, lifting his head, and regarding the surgeon with a look that almost made him quail under it. For a minute he remained fixed in the same position, as if suddenly converted into stone; but presently a convulsive trembling seized him, his arm fell, and his head sank upon his bosom. Gasping for breath, and with a look of eagerness and extreme terror, the brigand demanded who the stranger was, and how the surgeon knew what he had asserted. As if some new light had broken in upon the mind of the surgeon, he exclaimed, with some gesticulation, "I see it now, *per Dio!* the whole affair is clear." Then speaking to the patient, he said, "It is the man who, dressed as a shepherd, led the force against you and the band at THE CASALE—it is he who has dogged your steps for the last two months —it is the brother of Rosa and Nina."

Those names had scarcely been pronounced when a wild yell burst from the lips of the dying man, and a responsive cry was immediately heard from the distant apartment to which his relatives and friends had retired, and who had caught the sound from the chamber of death. As if animated with a demon, gasping and foaming with unearthly fury, the dying, maddened, and unhappy wretch sprung from his bed, tore away the clothes, and dashed headlong forwards towards the opposite wall, against which he must have beaten out his brains, but at that moment the man, who had until

then been sitting on the side of a bed, rose and caught the chief in his arms. The weight of his huge body moving quickly, at once overpowered the strength of the man who attempted to detain him, and both were about to fall to the ground; but a simultaneous rush along the passage brought the relations and friends into the room to assist, and witness a scene which struck all with horror and dismay. Cries of surprise and alarm burst from the men, and shrieks from the women, the echo of which rang through the desolate house, and died away in the bleak and barren space around it. There was a momentary struggle; but suddenly the unwieldy carcass fell to the floor upon its face, and when lifted, a few drops of blood had stained the place where it laid. But life had fled, and the terrible brigand chief, Meo Varrone, was no more.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY J. R. ADDISON.

THE ADJUTANT.

The bird thus called may occasionally be seen in the booths of itinerant showmen in Europe; but, cooped up, dispirited, and shivering, it is as different from the magnificent adjutant that crowns the parapets of the Government House in Calcutta, or proudly watches over the barracks in Fort William, as

"I to Hercules."

In their free state, (I will not say wild, for they are as domesticated as the dog or cat,) these splendid creatures stand about five feet high. To describe their figure and form would be superfluous. In their native country they strut about with a solemn, pompous step, seemingly as if aware of being held in much veneration. In fact, no one is allowed to molest them, under a fine of two gold mohurs for the first offence, and expulsion from India (if a European) for a repetition of it.

The reasons for the protection thus afforded to them arise, in the first place, from their being looked upon as "sacred birds" by the Indians; and in the second, from their very great utility in destroying vermin and venomous reptiles, and their constant habit of carrying off carrion and other filth. From the latter quality arises their *sobriquet* of "Calcutta Scavengers." Their military designation has been conferred on them from the very curious circumstance of their never remaining in any place where soldiers are not to be found. They will follow even treasure-parties for thousands of miles, and will take up their abode in the smallest cantonment or garrison. Although in the most populous city in Asia, no adjutant will abide, should the troops be removed from it even for a single day. Add to this his stately march, which never goes beyond ordering time, his long watchings which he keeps like a vigilant sentinel, his stiff carriage, &c., and you have the combined reasons for his being called the "adjutant."

In his free state he seldom rises high. He flies from house-top to house-top, till he sees some object on the ground worth his attention, when he suddenly descends to pick it up, and carries it back to his high perch. These birds have also a nasty habit of throwing their long legs perfectly horizontally from them, and skimming along about three feet from the earth, their heads poked out straight before them, neither looking nor turning to the right or to the left. Some few years ago, an unfortunate *dobee* (a washerman) was running along in front of the Staff-buildings in Fort William, when suddenly arriving at the corner, where the brigade-major's house stood, he came full butt upon an adjutant who was thus amusing himself. The bird was unable to check his flight, or alter his career, and the man, equally incapable of stopping, came into direct collision with him. The beak of the adjutant entered deep into the abdomen of the wretched native, who almost instantly expired. The force of one of these huge creatures, when on the wing, must be more than equal to the power of a horse.

The cadets, and many of the European soldiers quartered in the fort, amuse themselves by watching the proceedings of these eccentric birds, and playing them various tricks. One of the strangest sights I ever saw was the flight of an adjutant from the cadets' barrack, down a portion of the fort generally called Crows' Alley, from the myriads of these noisy birds that have built their nests there. He was sailing along, his long legs trailing behind him, when, as usual, his inveterate foes, the crows, attacked him, pecking away at his heels as he floated slowly through the air, unable to turn himself round upon them. In perfect security they pursued him, annoying him in every possible way, and only quitting him when he alighted for a moment on any tree or building. Unaware, however, of the approach of the adjutant, an unfortunate "*hoodie*" suddenly left the branch on which it was roosting, and flew across the enormous bird's track. The adjutant gave one snap, and, to my astonishment, (for I declare upon my honour I saw him do it,) he with little or no difficulty swallowed the luckless crow whole! I was curious to ascertain, as there exists a difference of opinion on the subject, whether the object thus taken passes directly into the stomach or the large pouch under the beak. In this instance I can positively affirm, that it must have gone through the regular channels of digestion, the pouch retaining its usual size, seemingly empty and flabby.

One of my brother officers used to amuse himself frequently after *tiffin* by throwing down meat into the yard, upon which two or three adjutants were sure to pounce. He would at the same time let loose a little Scotch terrier, and enjoy the fight between the birds and the dog. At length one day, one of the former, more hungry than usual, snapped at Master Vic's leg, which broke like a twig in the bill of his gigantic antagonist. Charles Frazer cursed the bird; but, as curses don't mend dogs' broken legs, the poor animal was maimed for life, to the no small chagrin of its master.

Another and more cruel joke, often played off on these creatures, is to tie two tempting pieces of meat together by a string some four or five feet long. Several birds instantly descend, and before the first has had scarcely time to swallow one of the tempting baits, a second seizes on the other, and rising, as they always do when they have

obtained food, they find themselves attached together by the piece, which each has swallowed; and then comes the grand struggle, to see which shall compel the other to disgorge, like the Scottish beggar-boy that has gained his bawbee by three licks and a wallop. Very often the piece of meat thus rendered up is again seized on by another bird, and so on several times. I confess I looked upon this sport both as filthy and cruel.

The most dreadful instance of this kind, however, which came to my knowledge was the following trick played off by a European artilleryman. Having got permission to come into Calcutta, he went to visit some brother soldiers quartered in the fort, and, from mere idleness, began to teaze the adjutants. Several practical jokes had been exercised on these greedy birds, when suddenly, determining to eclipse all the tricks of his companions, he stole into the *bobichi counar* (kitchen), and selecting a well-picked marrow-bone, he bore it off, and filling it with powder, he affixed a slow match to it, and threw it down in front of a group of adjutants. In an instant it was seized and swallowed by one of them, who as instantly rose into the air with it. It had scarcely, however, ascended fifty feet from the earth when the powder exploded, and the wretched bird was blown to atoms, to the great amusement of the savage artilleryman.

These jokes, however, are sometimes attended with unpleasant results. Within a week afterwards this man paid somewhat dearly for his fun. A general court-martial was held upon him at Dum Dum, and he received, unpitied, I believe, by any one, six hundred lashes, for one of the most wanton acts of cruelty ever inflicted on an unoffending animal.

THE TANK.

It is not an unusual practice in Bengal to bring up the children of your servants under your own roof, and, training them to servitude from their earliest age, make them, as soon as they are old enough, parts of your establishment. Natives thus brought up are not only found to be in general the best servants, but also the most attached. The wife of Tom Saunders, a good-hearted fellow, who lived in Writers' Buildings, had reared from extreme childhood the daughter of an old *ayah* (a nurse), who had died in her service. The girl thus brought up was about fourteen years of age when I first visited the family; and certainly, if ever I saw a beautiful native, she was the person I should have pointed out as that being. Her manner was mild and modest, her form perfect. Her love for her mistress was a something bordering on adoration; no wonder, then, that Mrs. Saunders prized her almost as her own child.

Some of my readers may not be aware that the Writers' Buildings of Calcutta stand in a part of the town called Tank Square, from the circumstance of the centre being occupied, like St. James's Square, in London, by a noble reservoir. As we have no pumps in the metropolis of Bengal, and few wells, the water used formerly to be taken from the river, and carried in goat-skins by the *beestees* (water-bearers) to the different houses of their masters. When, how-

ever, Calcutta began to increase in size, this was found a terrible inconvenience, some parts of the city being nearly a mile from the stream; so, in course of time, they formed the present tank, about a quarter of a mile from the river, which supplies more than half the town with water.

One day, when I called on Saunders, I was rather astonished to hear that many natives, some few animals, together with several inanimate objects, had lately and unaccountably disappeared from the neighbourhood, and that on the preceding day the body of a black man had been discovered in the square dreadfully mangled, evidently destroyed by some ferocious beast of prey. The marks of the wound did not correspond with those which could have been inflicted by a jackal's tooth; nor was it possible, even in its most dreadful state of starvation, that such an animal would dare to attack a human being. A tiger could scarcely be in the city unknown. What animal, then, could thus have fallen upon and destroyed the unfortunate man? It was a question which every one asked, but no one could solve. Considerably mystified, I left the house, promising to call on the following morning.

In compliance with my pledge, my palanquin jolted up to Writers' Buildings next day. The family were in a state of agony and terror beyond my power to describe. Jumma (the girl of whom I have already spoken) had disappeared. She had left the house at five in the morning to draw some water for her mistress; since that hour (it was now three o'clock in the afternoon) she had not been seen or heard of. To suppose she had wilfully deserted from the service of her she loved so well, to fancy she had been persuaded to elope, was beyond belief. Her fate was wrapped in mystery. Like a true Englishman, I instantly suggested that she might have committed suicide; not that she had any cause to urge her to such an act; but, as this dreadful crime more often arises from sudden madness than any premeditated scheme, I could not help thinking that the poor girl might have destroyed herself during an attack of temporary insanity.

Saunders instantly sent *punes* (messengers) off in all directions; but each returned, after a short search, without hearing of the unfortunate Jumma. As a last resource, by my advice, it was settled that on the following evening the tank in the middle of the square should be dragged. I agreed to superintend the operation, and accordingly repaired to the spot at the time appointed.

At least a hundred men were in attendance with drag-nets, not of small meshes like ours, but strong and large ones, made of very thick cord. The signal was given, and the sweeping commenced. For a time nothing opposed their exertions. At length a jerk, a sudden plunge almost tore the nets from their hands. The natives stood aghast, as they were fully aware that there could be no large fish in this reservoir; but, by dint of scolding, and the offer of an extra sum, I persuaded them to drop in still stronger tackle, and continue to drag the pond. It was soon evident that they had something extraordinary in their power, which, if allowed to remain longer in its proper element, might manage to get away. I therefore desired them instantly to haul the captive they had made on shore. This they did after some difficulty. No words can describe the alarm of the poor Indians, or my astonishment on finding that they

had entangled within their nets an alligator some fourteen feet long!

How this animal could have got into the tank was, indeed, a puzzle to every one. That it should have been generated in this pond was highly improbable; that it should have existed for so long a time (it was at least six or seven years old,) undiscovered, was almost impossible. Yet the only other position was equally astounding, namely, that it had crawled through half the town, and travelled unseen from the river to the reservoir. On these heads there was a general difference of opinion; which party was right Heaven alone can tell. Suffice it to say, that the monster was soon despatched, and taken out of the nets. He was cut up before us all. With sickening horror I looked on; but when I saw a human arm dragged from its inside, when I beheld, and actually recognised the *bangles* of poor Jumma still encircling it, I could bear no more. I had not even courage to communicate the fact to Saunders. I jumped into my palanquin, and darted off to the fort, sick, and disgusted in body and mind.

THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

I CONFESS, when I heard that the snake-charmer had arrived in the cantonment I was quite delighted. Curious beyond measure to behold a specimen of his powers, I repaired early to the Commandant's, where I had agreed to breakfast, and afterwards became one of the spectators of his attempts to entrap, by fascination, some of these reptiles. It had long been suspected that Colonel E——'s garden was infested by more than one of these dreaded monsters; we therefore repaired thither, where we found the juggler awaiting us. The man had nothing extraordinary in his appearance—nothing attractive in his eye or manner. He was as common a looking native as I had ever seen. To what caste these people belong I know not; I rather suspect a very low caste.

When we entered the enclosure, we at once desired him to set about his task, which he did thus:—He placed himself immediately in front of the hole in which one of the serpents was supposed to lurk, placing at the same time a *kedgeree*-pot (an earthen jar) near him, and desiring his assistant to cover the reptile with it on a certain signal being given. He then took from his *kumerband* (sash) a small pipe, which he instantly began to play on, in a style which, I confess, seemed to me anything *but* likely to *charm*. Its noise was that of the smallest and shrillest-sized fife, only differing from that instrument in being played upon at the end, in the same manner as a flageolet. The tune he performed was monotonous and disagreeable.

For about ten minutes the piping of our juggler, which he accompanied with strange contortions, had no effect, and we were once or twice on the point of turning away, when he entreated us by his looks to remain, and watch the result. At the end of that time we could see, by the fixedness of the man's eye, that he saw his victim approaching; in another instant the head of a large cobra capella peered from the hole. We naturally shrank back. The

charmer, however, seemed rather delighted than dismayed as the monster emerged from its earthy home. Presently its whole length appeared. A more magnificent snake I had never seen; and I must admit that it seemed fascinated by the juggler, who now slowly retreated a few paces, to show his power. As he moved the serpent moved; when he stopped, the serpent did the same. The eye of the snake seemed magnetically riveted on that of the charmer, depending on, and watching his every movement. The man assured me afterwards that, had he ceased to play for a single instant the cobra capella would have sprang on him, and destroyed him. I certainly never saw anything more curious; but I must confess that the very close proximity of this death-dealing monster was by no means pleasing to my feelings.

When the man (followed at about five yards' distance by the snake,) arrived at a smooth spot in the middle of the garden, he suddenly squatted down, and began to play louder, and more energetically than before. The animal paused for a moment, then raising itself, stood upright, reared on its tail, in the same position as that which it often assumes previous to making the fatal spring. Imagining this to be the case, a trembling shudder went round that portion of the party who had never before witnessed a similar exhibition. The old hands, the regular *Qui Hís* (a nickname given to Bengalees,) stood perfectly unmoved. They were aware of what was about to follow. The snake, thus painfully poised, began a sort of bounding up and down, keeping its eyes steadily fixed on the musician, almost in time to the tune he was playing. Europeans, who have never visited British India, may doubt the fact; but those who have been in the East will bear me out in the truth of the following assertion. The cobra capella actually danced for several minutes on its tail, apparently charmed with the uncouth music the juggler was playing. In the meantime the native boy stole round, and on a certain signal given by his master, suddenly dropped the *kedgeree*-pot on the snake. A strong, waxed cloth was passed under it, drawn up, and tied. The fatigued musician got up, salamed to the company, and carried his captive into the house, where he had several others similarly imprisoned. In about half an hour the same thing was repeated with precisely similar effect. Out of the four snakes said to lurk in the garden one only escaped his fascination; and this one failure he ascribed to the presence of an evil eye amongst our followers. Even in these remote parts the same superstition respecting the "Evil Eye" exists, that tinges the minds of half the students in the German Universities.

The next exhibition of his powers was given in the hall, when certainly he performed tricks and wonders, which I shall not, however, set down. Had I not seen them I should not have believed them; I cannot, therefore, expect that my readers should do so, and will not risk my reputation for veracity by relating them.

Being desirous of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, the mungooze, (an animal similar to the ichneumon of Egypt,) I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented (as every one of these men carry not only snakes, but mungoozes with them), and led us out into the compound—the field attached to almost every house in cantonments. Having expressed our fears lest any of the party might be injured

by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous pheasant-coop of worked wire, which was lying unused in the courtyard. This arrangement was acceded to, and, at our suggestion, the snake first taken in the morning was selected for the encounter. The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the covering suddenly withdrawn. In a moment after the cobra capella darted out. The *kedgeree*-pot was then taken away, and the edges of the pheasantry let down. During two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all round the enclosure, evidently wishing to escape; but, finding this impossible, he quietly coiled himself up, freeing, however, his magnificent head from the folds, and remained in a sort of listening attitude.

Presently the man produced the mungooze, and let him in to his adversary. Never was I more surprised. This was the first time I had seen one. I had expected to behold a somewhat powerful opponent. Never could I have fancied that so small an animal would have dared to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind; such, however, was the case. The little creature, which now sniffed round the edge of the coop, was about half as large again as an English rat, of a mottled colour, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal had it not been for its tail, which was long, and bushy in circumference near the centre, almost as large as the little body to which it was attached. For a time the mungooze ran about without going direct up to the snake, which, however, having perceived its tormentor on its first entrance, had prepared to give him battle. Suddenly the tiny creature, which seemed to be little more than a single mouthful to its adversary, saw the snake, and without hesitation ran at it. So apparently unequal a contest I never beheld. The cobra capella had reared itself, and spread out its hood, a sort of fleshy cape it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks round its eyes resembled a pair of spectacles. Its marble-stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage, whose fiery eyes seemed suddenly to glow like red-hot cinders as it rushed towards its mighty enemy, and bit it. The snake darted at it, squeezed it, inflicted its dreadful wound, and then drew itself back. The mungooze was evidently disabled. Faint, and almost dying, it retreated. Many of us fancied the battle over, and regretted the untimely end of the courageous little beast. After limping about for some minutes, and even lying down with exhaustion, the mungooze began to poke its nose on the grass. What it swallowed none have ever been able to trace, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery. What the herb is which this little animal partakes of, none can tell, but certainly its effects are miraculous; for, no sooner did the creature imbibe the sought-for antidote, than it suddenly recovered its pristine strength, and again attacked the serpent. This scene was re-enacted no less than seven times; each time the cobra appearing weaker and weaker, till actually tired out. The mungooze at length succeeded in catching the monster by the throat, and destroying it, to the surprise and admiration of all present.

To those who have not seen the manner in which goats are train-

ed to play almost every trick by these men, it is extraordinary to witness the docility and intelligence they exhibit, performing some of the most curious and difficult gymnastics I ever saw attempted.

The final triumph of the juggler consisted in his attempt (which was crowned with success) to discover a thief who had hitherto eluded detection. Well might it be said,

"Finis coronat opus."

In this case certainly it was well borne out. He left us most strangely impressed with his ability and powers, having extorted from an unsuspected robber a full and voluntary confession. His mode was most simple. He called for some dry rice, over which he performed sundry rites, and uttered several prayers. He then drew up every servant in the Colonel's establishment in a row, and giving each a handful of rice, desired them to chew it, informing them, in the most cool manner, that Vishnu would instantly point out the culprit by withholding from him the power of grinding the rice between his teeth. If he attempted to do so, she of the many arms would instantly annihilate him. We therefore called on them, one and all, to try their powers of crunching, promising that the thief should thereby be convicted, and the innocence of the others be made manifest. We naturally smiled at the simplicity of the test, little expecting that the result would prove satisfactory. How surprised were we, then, on seeing the snake-charmer walk straight up to one of the bearers, and instantly challenge him to spit out into a plate the rice he had been vainly trying to chew. The man hesitated; his muscles seemed suddenly to collapse, and his sable countenance turned pale. In less than five minutes the unhappy wretch was on his knees, confessing his various depredations and embezzlements. The rice was untouched by his teeth, and however much we chose to laugh at the superstition, we could not help admiring the scheme which had thus extorted from the culprit a confession of his guilt.

I have since seen the same experiment tried to discover a thief, and, strange to relate, never knew it fail.

A SUTTEE.

This act of self-sacrifice, which was formerly a frequent event, and is often spoken of in England as an every-day occurrence in India, has now become so rare, that I did not hesitate to go and see a ceremony of the kind, which was announced as about to take place, although I had to travel nearly forty miles by "Dawk Baugy" to reach the spot, where it was to be consummated. Never did I pass a more unpleasant night than that in which I suffered myself to be jolted about in a palanquin across a detestable country. For I ought to state (in case my reader is not acquainted with this mode of travelling,) that journeying by "Dawk Baugy" is nothing more nor less than posting per palanquin, with four bearers, *almost* stark-naked, wearing only a very small covering to avoid absolute indecency, a turban on their heads, and a small pad on their

shoulder, carrying you along at the rate of about four miles, or four miles and a half an hour, a relief of the same number running beside them, to take the burden in turn at the end of about each mile and a half.

To travel in the day-time would have been to risk my life. It is true, I have often seen my fool-hardy countrymen do so, but I have ever myself looked upon such an act, unless on an occasion of life and death, as a deed of extreme folly or madness. What man in his proper senses, may I ask, would box himself up in a machine, little better, little larger than a wadded coffin? (the ordinary length of a palanquin being eight feet, its breadth three, and depth about the same). Who, I ask, in such a wooden case would choose to jolt about for several consecutive hours under a sun, which darting on the *out*, soon causes the *in*side to glow like a baker's oven? And yet I have occasionally seen Europeans dance about Calcutta in one of these living sepulchres, till the wretched bearers have almost fallen from fatigue and heat!

On the occasion I now speak of, I travelled by night; but, alas! I gained little by it. Not a breath of air was stirring; the musquito flew in, and stung me; the beautiful fire-fly flitted about like a fiery star, while some parts of the jungle through which we passed seemed actually alive with them; the bushes appearing as a mass of brilliant and shining light. I could hear the screeching jackal, and more than once fancied I could distinguish the cry of the "Fayho," which filled me with dread, as he is the constant companion of the tiger. As we passed along, our lights — for the four relief-bearers carried torches to frighten the wild animals, and direct our course, —occasionally scared the wild dog, who fled howling away. Birds, disturbed from their roosts, flew hooting over us. An exclamation now and then from my supporters would tell how fearfully they had beheld a snake in their path, or received a sharp puncture from a quill ejected by some alarmed porcupine. However naturalists may differ on this subject, I can positively affirm that these little animals have the power of shooting their quills forth when enraged or frightened. In the island of Ceylon I once saw the leg of a native severely wounded by one. In Bengal the porcupine is more rare, and less ferocious. But to return to my story.

Unable to sleep, unrefreshed by a single breath of air, I marked all these annoyances with terror and disgust, and inwardly vowed (unless most especially compelled to do so,) never again to travel per "Dawk Baugy." The hours seemed interminable. It was in vain I attempted to court slumber. The monotonous song of the bearers sounded more gloomily than ever in my ears. Every disagreeable thought that had ever rankled in my mind arose in dread array before me. No wonder, then, that I uttered an exclamation of joy, as they lowered my palanquin at the door of James M'Phail, an indigo-planter, who resided close to the place where the suttee was to take place.

It was just daybreak, but I found my friend up and stirring, doing the honours of his house to a large company of Europeans, who had come to behold the strange ceremony. Amongst others were a local judge, and another magistrate, who had ridden over officially to try and dissuade the wretched fanatic from immolating herself, and had brought with them two companies of sepoys, and

their officers, to protect her, should she consent to forego the dreadful rite. The British orders on this head are most clear. The authorities are forbidden to interfere, or forcibly prevent the suicidal immolation of a religious enthusiast, who chooses to destroy herself on the funeral pile with the dead body of her husband; but at the same time they are commanded to be present, to urge the unhappy victim to avoid the dreadful sacrifice, and, in case of her consent, to promise her defence and support from the Government. A sufficient force is also marched to the ground to overawe and prevent any opposition by the natives, should the infatuated female relent from her fell purpose, and throw herself on the protection of the British authorities.

After making an excellent breakfast, and taking half a dozen whiffs at the hookahs our host had provided for us, we sallied forth. We were just in time. The pile was placed in the centre of a large field. It was about twelve feet square, and four feet high. Every species of dry wood had been made use of to form it. The outward parts were of far more solid branches than the centre, which I could evidently see was filled up with brushwood and small twigs; so that when the edges were lighted, and the victim rushed to the centre, she would at once sink amidst the flames. The corpse of her deceased husband lay bare upon the pile, surrounded by his relatives as well as her own, who stood close to this part of the scene, uttering alternate lamentations and songs of joy. The players on the tom-tom (a sort of small noisy drum) were *seated* on the opposite side; the Brahmins and faqueers stood at the head. A crowd of at least a thousand natives surrounded the inner ring, into which, as Englishmen, we boldly entered. Our sepoys were drawn up at about two hundred yards distant, so as to show our power, but at the same time to prove our determination not to interfere, unless called on to do so.

Presently a hackary came creaking into the field, surrounded by religious men and women of all classes and orders, shouting, singing, and throwing flowers and aromatic powder under the feet of the oxen that drew the cart, and on the person of the female who sat inside it. It was evident that they were mad from excitement, or drunk from opium. Their gestures were frantic, their cries terrific. At length the hackary arrived beside the ring; and the young girl sprang out of it. She was not above fourteen, and certainly one of the sweetest-looking natives I ever recollect seeing. The British judge instantly went up to her, and drawing her aside, energetically remonstrated with her on her wickedness and folly in thus sacrificing her life. She would scarcely hear him out. She was, I verily believe, more than half intoxicated, and seemed to pant for the coming moment, anxious to prove her unshaken constancy to her late husband, as well as desirous of showing her courage. Flying, therefore, from the magistrate, she rushed towards the Brahmins, who quickly handed her on to the pile, and, giving her a lighted torch, began a sort of chant, accompanied by the tom-toms, whilst they and others lighted their brands. Suddenly a signal was given, and the suicide herself threw her burning torch into the furze, which as instantly ignited. She then began to sing furiously, madly, dancing about on the fatal pile. At the same instant her friends and the priests of Brahma set fire to it in every direction. The flames arose—I could

still see the victim throwing herself about in every attitude of joy and triumph. At length the fire touched her, and human nature triumphed — I heard her distinctly scream. It was all that I was allowed to hear from her; for at that moment every tom-tom, every instrument, every voice was raised as loud as possible, undoubtedly to drown her cries. It was evident to me that agony had sobered her, and that she not only shrieked, but even attempted to escape her doom. But it was now, alas! too late. The crowd pressed close to the pile, and we were quietly, but effectually, squeezed out of the ring. I could still see the flames rising majestically from this pagan altar, and could, I fancied, hear the cries of the devoted victim; but it was, alas! now out of our power to assist her. She had refused our succour,—we were bound not to interfere. I turned away with an aching heart, and returned to M'Phail's residence.

I visited the spot next day; the grass was burnt up where the pile had stood; nothing else betokened the sacrifice, or indicated the exact place where I had beheld the "suttee."

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago, it was found necessary to besiege the fort called Budge-Budge, some few miles from Calcutta down the river, which the natives held in spite of our remonstrances, probably supported in their hostile obstinacy by the Dutch and French governments, who, as all the world knows, have several settlements in the East Indies. These settlements we could wrest from them in an instant, but, for some unaccountable reason or other, we have allowed them to remain in their hands, to the no small hindrance of justice and equity; since it frequently happens that characters deserving punishment for their offences have merely to cross the river, and in ten minutes are beyond the pale of British law, having found refuge in Chinsurah, or some other foreign town. The existence of these little colonies have a still worse effect in case of disaffection amongst the Indians, inasmuch as they are ever ready to pour forth foreign emissaries, who urgently foment the feud, and mislead the poor natives, by holding out hopes of assistance from their respective countries.

Such had been the case with Budge-Budge, the aforesaid fort, before which a couple of frigates and some armed boats were lying at the time of my sketch. The native garrison, which amounted to about six hundred men, had vainly been summoned to surrender. They vowed they would rather die than do so. For three days long shots had been fired at them; but, as the fortress was built of mud, no sooner was the smallest breach made than it was instantly closed up, and rebuilt stronger than ever. One of the commanders advised the adoption of a storming party; his brother officer, however, differed from him, urging that the place was too well garrisoned to be easily carried by assault. The opinions of the two leaders were forwarded to Calcutta, and the reply was expected to be returned on the morrow.

James Bunting (so we will call the old tar) heard all these *pa-*

lavers, as he styled them, and looked very knowing. He understood there was a chance of fighting, so he felt perfectly delighted. To his berth he descended, and as usual, when he was particularly happy, managed to get particularly drunk, and turned in evidently the worse for liquor. Now, it so happened that in about an hour after he had thus settled himself in his hammock he suddenly awoke. A burning fever, an agonizing thirst parched his mouth, so he arose, and went to his locker; but, alas! he had drunk every drop of liquid he possessed, and where to find more he knew not. On board the vessel he had no hopes; shore was his only chance; so, unseen by any one, he made his way into the water by lowering himself from the chains, or from a port-hole, or some such place, and struck out for the beach, where he landed safely, in spite of alligators, sentinels, and all other similar oppositions.

When he had shaken the water from his hair, and hitched up his trowsers, he began to look around for a toddy-shop, where he could purchase some of that liquor, or some arrack, to take the chill off the water he had swallowed; but, alas! no building of the kind met his view,—not a single habitation could he see. The fort frowned gloomily over him in sullen grandeur; no other place where spirits were likely to be found could he discover, though he peered anxiously round on every side. To lose his time, to be laughed at by his comrades on his return for the wild-goose chase he had undertaken, was by no means palatable to Bunting. To be baulked is a maxim unknown to a British sailor; so, rather than lose his grog, he determined to lose his life, or, at all events, risk it. Without farther ado, he began scaling the walls of the fort. This he easily managed, and in a few moments found himself at the top of the glacis. Elated at his success, he began shouting as loud as ever he could bawl, to the horror of the garrison, who instantly fancying themselves assailed, started up, and were about to run to the spot where they supposed the attacking party had made good a lodgment, when Jim, who had scampered round the defences, again began to shout from the opposite side, and suddenly lowering himself into the town itself, commenced cheering as loud as he could, intermingling his vociferations with cries for liquor.

Assailed, as they supposed, on both sides, the enemy actually *in* the fortress, surprised in the middle of the night, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces in the dark, what could they do? The bravest might well hesitate; unable to get their forces together, confused, and astounded, they naturally believed that they had been betrayed. They had but one course left to pursue. They opened the gates, and fled as fast and as far as their feet would carry them, leaving the town in the quiet and peaceable possession of James Bunting, who, after shouting vainly for some time, fell down, and slept for a couple of hours, when he awoke, perfectly sober, though about as much puzzled at finding himself alone, and in the enemy's fort, as the poor man was in the Arabian Nights, when he suddenly found himself transformed into an eagle.

Jim rubbed his eyes. He pinched his legs, and walking up to a tank, actually drank three mouthfuls of water before he could believe that he was awake. He then strutted up to the ramparts; and convinced himself he was in his proper senses, for there lay the two

frigates, and there floated the union-jack, for which he had often risked his life. "Shiver my timbers! but this is a queer go!" said he, and with that he twitched up his trousers as usual, and shook the pigtail—which then hung from every sailor's head.

The vessels, perceiving a man thus expose himself, began to fire at him.

"Avast there!" shouted Jim; but, as they did not hear him, or attend to him, he ran to the principal battery, and, climbing up the flag-staff, pulled down the Dutch colours, and hoisted up a ragged old turban he found lying in one of the streets. The commanders of the vessels thought this extremely odd. Something strange had evidently happened; so they sent a boat on shore, bearing a flag of truce, carried by the first-lieutenant of one of the frigates. Unmolested the party marched *up* to the fort; and, as the gates were open, unmolested they marched *into* it. Not a soul did they meet till Jim strutted up to them.

"Holloa, you sir, what's the meaning of this?" said the first-lieutenant to Bunting, in a voice of anger; for it was sadly *infra dig.* for an officer of his rank to have been thus sent off to parley with a common sailor. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Please your honour, I hope you won't be angry, Leeftenant, but, somehow or other, I've taken this place. The enemy have cut the painter, and sheered off."

"What!" cried the superior. "*You* took the fort!"

Jim nodded.

"And, pray who the devil gave you leave to do so, I should much like to know? Get on board, sir, directly."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jim respectfully, instantly doing as he was desired.

In the meantime the Lieutenant went, and formally took possession of the place by running up the British colours; then writing a most pompous despatch, in which he recommended the real captor to be tried for leaving his ship without permission, he sent it back by a young midshipman, remaining behind himself with half-a-dozen sailors, in order, as he expressed it, to garrison the Fort.

Strange to say, his recommendation was attended to, and Jim Bunting brought to a court-martial, who most reluctantly were compelled to find him guilty, adjudging him, however, to undergo the least possible punishment that could be inflicted for so glaring a breach of discipline. Jim felt highly indignant at the turn things had taken. He could not help fancying himself an ill-used man; but he bore it stoically. When, however, he heard the verdict delivered; when he heard himself pronounced guilty, he once more hitched up his nether garments, and exclaimed in an audible voice as he left the cabin, "Damn my eyes if ever I take another fort as long as I live."

Need I add that, though, to satisfy the strictness of the law, to which all in the navy must bow, the verdict of guilty was brought in, he was afterwards amply praised, and rewarded by his superiors?

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which Richard Savage the philosopher is transformed in a moment into a very common man. With some worthier specimens of human nature than were to be found (save one) in the foregoing chapter.

There was an interval of four days between the trial and the passing of the sentence. That sentence was pronounced upon us by Page when we were brought before him, after I had addressed the court in a short speech, in which, if I pleaded for an extension of mercy, (there were other judges on the bench: to Page I had disdained to appeal,) I did it in no unmanly or unbecoming way, and, I take Heaven to witness, more on my friend Gregory's account than on my own.

It was of no avail. We were returned to our cells, with an intimation that we must prepare ourselves for an ignominious death, which we were to undergo within a fortnight.

I must mention here that Merchant was burnt in the hand, and discharged.

It is perhaps a happiness of my nature, and not one of my virtues, that I can bear afflictions (and I have had many to bear) not only with fortitude, but with serenity. I endeavoured to shake the old world from off me, and to mould my mind to a frame of becoming resignation to my fate. I confess my chief desire, in the first instance, was to show the world that I could meet death face to face with a gallant spirit. I acknowledge with shame that the next world was not very much in my thoughts, till it was recalled to me by the kindest letter ever written by one friend to another, which I received from Dr. Young, who had then recently entered into orders, and from whom I had experienced many acts of kindness, the last of which had been the introduction of me to the Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a lady whose goodness I shall never cease to reverence, whose generous nature shall have my admiration to the last, and this in spite of a man whom I love and venerate as much as I can well do any man breathing, but whom, I take leave to say so, I love the less, and do not entirely venerate, because of his extraordinary, extravagant, and pitiable attacks upon that lady.

This letter, and the Bible to which it bore frequent reference, wrought a change within me; and—beyond one pang of anguish constantly recurring when I thought of my Elizabeth, and which I had not been human (below, not above humanity) had I striven to assuage or to suppress—I felt that now indeed I could die like a man and a Christian.

In this happy disposition of mind, in this elevated condition of soul, I sat down and wrote a letter to my mother,* in which I freely forgave her all she had meditated or practised against me. I implored her to send me her blessing, that I might be assured we parted friends. I could not, however, forbear reminding her (not maliciously, I protest) that even as her enmity, if she determined to prolong it, could not injure me after my death, so her friendship, or, if she pleased, forgiveness, could be of no service to me while I was yet living. It was for her sake, not for my own, that I desired a reconciliation. I told her, as I hoped for mercy, my forgiveness was entire and sincere,—and, incredible as it may appear,—as incredible as it appears to me now, — as incredible as I deemed it in Ludlow's case, I know (for, although I cannot restore the feeling, I can recal the remembrance of it,)—I *know* I spoke the truth.

There was no answer to my letter. No matter. She was probably ashamed to answer it. Her heart, perhaps, had dictated many answers which her pride forbade her to let go out of it.

In the meantime our friends were using their best exertions to procure a pardon for us. Of these, none were more zealous or active than Burridge. The severity and brutality of Page were well-known. Their exercise in our case had been made public, and was openly commented upon, and strongly condemned. The present King† had only recently ascended the throne, and an appeal to Queen Caroline for her intercession in our behalf was resolved upon, and at length submitted to that august lady.

Our execution was stayed, while an inquiry into the particulars of our case was going on.

One morning Burridge obtained admittance to me, and, after gazing at me for some time in silence, burst into tears. I was shocked beyond expression at the agitation of the old man, and begged him, for Heaven's sake, to tell me what he had to say at once.

"Worse than the worst, content," said I, with his favourite Shakspeare.

I said this, I believe, falteringly, for my health had suffered during my confinement, and my spirits had in some degree deserted me since Gregory's illness, under which he had languished more than three weeks. The brave fellow felt his father's cruelty and Myte's unkindness more deeply than the perilous circumstances of his own condition.

"Worse than the worst content," repeated Burridge, laying his hands upon my shoulders; "that is well said, my boy Dick; and worse than the worst have you now to bear. Prepare yourself to hear it."

"I know it already. I am to die. The Queen's intercession has not been successful—has failed?"

A twitch in Burridge's face.

"I am bound to tell you, Richard Savage. Let me thank God that I am a Christian, and let me command you to remember that you are one. The Queen will not interfere to save you. She said she could not think of interceding for a man who had once attempted the life of his mother. She has been told the wretched lie that

* Let those who ignorantly proclaim Savage an impostor reflect upon this *fact*.

† George II.

you once broke into Mrs. Brett's house, and endeavoured to murder her; and there is too much reason to believe, from the inquiries your friends and I have made, that your mother has caused this story to be conveyed to the Queen. Whether it be so, or not, the Queen is inexorable."

I uttered a cry of horror, and dashed myself upon the ground.

"By heavens! that I could weep — that I could but weep!" I exclaimed. "Oh, that I were crushed out of the world at once — extinguished. Does such a wretch as I breathe in this world? No, no, no, no: it is no place for us. It is hell—hell."

"My good lad, my dear boy," said Burridge soothingly, coming towards me, "this is so unlike you. Be master of yourself. You knew that it was only a chance whether we succeeded or no. Come, you have often told me you were prepared for the worst. Collect yourself. Be a man."

"I am one," I exclaimed, starting up on one hand, and dashing my fist against my forehead, — "it is because I am one, Burridge, that I feel this: it is because I am one that I cannot bear it. What! am I a wild beast? I may be: but I am caged — well, let me be butchered—I cannot escape it."

"You talk franticly, young man," said Burridge; "I shall leave you till you are more yourself."

"Am I not calm?" I returned. "I wish to be so."

"That is well."

"You see that I am calm!"

"I do; and I am glad to see it."

"Then hear, Mr. Burridge, what I say calmly; what I say in the prospect of death: words that I could wish might live when I am dead,—and sting like serpents when this body is the prey of worms. I curse her, sir, with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength. May she live till death becomes to her at once a horror and a refuge,—a horror that she cannot bear, a refuge that she dare not embrace,—and when she dies,—but no, I pursue her no further; then will her punishment and my revenge begin."

"You have said more than enough, O Richard Savage!" cried Burridge, catching my clasped hands as they descended, "more than enough to peril your own soul. You serve her turn — wretch that you are! What! are you so well pleased that she shall destroy you in this world, that you must needs help her to destroy you in the next? This is not madness — it is stupidity. Sit down, and think, — if you can think,—and recal your foolish speech. Have you done so?"

He had led me, like a child, to the stone bench.

"You were ever hasty, Dick," he continued, after a pause; "but never malignant. It is gone, is it?"

"It is, sir; and I am sorry. I was a fool."

"Ah, well," said Burridge, "all men are fools who will not know how sure an avenger Time is, — or, knowing, will not await his hour."

At this moment the bolts were drawn back, and the key was turned in the door of my cell.

"My time is expired," said Burridge peevishly, "and I had many things to say to you. These gaolers execute their duty strictly. I will see you to-morrow. What! How 's this?"

The door being opened, a lady, her face concealed by a veil, entered the cell hastily. Putting aside her veil, she flew towards me, and clasped me in her arms.

Elizabeth Wilfred, her eyes not dim, but sparkling through her tears,—her lips with her own sweet smile upon them,—her face very pale, but exulting,—suffused with a white radiance.

She could not speak for some moments, but drew me closer and closer to her bosom; her heart beating violently against mine.

"Dearest Richard," she said at length, raising her eyes to mine, "I was too overpowered to speak, but I can now."

"Compose yourself, my love; let me lead you to this seat. You tremble."

I was alarmed by her fluttering manner, and by a strange lightness in her eye.

"I tremble; but it is with joy," she replied, bursting into tears. "Forgive me; but I cannot help weeping, — it will do me good. Richard, you are pardoned."

I directed my eyes to Burridge, who was standing apart. He shook his head, and put up his shoulders.

"Some one has cruelly deceived you, Elizabeth," said I.

"No, no; I had it from her own lips—the Queen's own lips. The King has granted you and your friend a free pardon. Do not mind me," sinking on the stone bench, and throwing herself back, when she gave vent to a violent fit of weeping. "I shall be well now: but I cannot bear to see that wasted face, and those dreadful fetters."

"Get out of the way!" cried Burridge briskly, pushing me aside. "Hovering over the young lady like a bird of ill omen. Don't you know it is the sight of you that affects her. Go away into yonder corner."

The old gentleman now seated himself by Elizabeth's side, and taking her tenderly round the waist, wiped her tears from her eyes with her handkerchief."

"Dear madam," said he, soothingly, "pray calm yourself. You afflict our unhappy friend, Savage, there, — you do, indeed. Ah, well! that sigh was the last, I am sure. That smile shows you 're a good girl. Come! come! — that 's very well. Now, madam, pray don't be in haste to speak,—are you quite certain you are not deceived? Are you sure that Mr. Savage and his friend are pardoned?"

"Quite sure, sir. Richard!" She motioned to me to seat myself by her side; and, taking my hand between her own, proceeded. "Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory will be admitted to bail—I think that is the word, — which we must procure at once, preparatory to their pleading the King's pardon." She turned to me. "You have the good Countess to thank for this, who has interested herself for you like a mother."

"Like a mother!" cried Burridge, springing up. "Ha! ha!—no matter. I 'll be one of their bail, — and I 'll soon get the others. What 's the amount, my little love; but what does that signify? Does the keeper know of this? Is the prison resonant with it? (what a word is that 'resonant,' — I 'm an old fool!) Have directions come down — or what the deuce do they call 'em — to the keeper of this gaol of Newgate, I wonder?"

"I told the men who admitted me, I believe," said Elizabeth; "but I did not wait to hear whether they were apprised of it."

"To be sure not, my dear madam," returned Burridge. "I'll away to Gregory's cell, and pluck the poor fellow out by the ears. You may well look amazed, Dick. I hope you will go down on your knees to-night, sir, and thank God for your deliverance. But, tell me before I go,—who is this young lady—this angel? I must call you so, my dear, whether you like it or no."

"This young lady, sir," said I, "is Miss Elizabeth Wilfred, a daughter of Sir Richard Steele."

"A daughter of Richard Steele!" cried Burridge, throwing up his hands, and then bringing them down gradually till they enclosed the face of Elizabeth between them. "Let me look at you, my pretty one. And so you are, sure enough. The eye and the mouth are just his. Ah, well! God bless him! And, won't you let an old friend of your father salute you, Miss Elizabeth?"

She lifted up her face to his.

"To be sure she will," cried Burridge, hugging her in his arms in a rapture, and kissing her rather more ardently than upon any other occasion I should altogether have approved. "And so you take an interest in this sorry fellow, do you?"

"I have a reason—a very strong reason," returned Elizabeth, blushing, "to be grateful to Mr. Savage, and to respect him."

Burridge gazed at her awhile earnestly, and in silence, and then abruptly leaving her, drew out his handkerchief, and stalked to the other end of the cell.

"Fool!" said he, returning suddenly. "This is no place, Dick, for the young creature. Whither, madam, shall I have the honour of conducting you?"

"I have a coach at the door," returned Elizabeth, "and was going to Mr. Myte's, to inform him and the ladies of the happy event. Miss Martha, I am sure——"

"Will hasten back with you—ha! ha!" cried Burridge. "The sight of his mistress will do Gregory more good than all the doctors that ever pondered over pulse, or puzzled over prescription. We must get our friends into better quarters before you return, if money will do it (and I believe you may melt even a gaoler's heart with it). You will not be long, I dare say. Permit me, madam, to hand you to your coach."

Burridge returned in a few minutes, bringing Gregory with him, and followed by two fellows, who proceeded to knock off our irons. When that agreeable task was completed we embraced one another cordially.

"I must leave you for a few minutes together," said Burridge, "while I go and take counsel with the keeper about more comfortable lodgings for you: for the man at the gate tells me the bail cannot be perfected to-day."

"Burridge's tidings," cried Gregory when the old gentleman had left us to ourselves, "have had a miraculous effect upon me. It is now, for the first time, that I pity the unhappy fate of Sinclair."

"I began to do so before you," I replied, "and have left off before you have well begun. Surely the wretch who with his dying breath could have forged a base lie to sacrifice us, is little worthy of pity."

"Walk this way, gentlemen," cried Burridge; "the keeper will give you possession of a comfortable apartment up-stairs. Major Oneby, it seems, the last gentleman who occupied it, lived in it for a year, and found it very much to his mind. I mean that we shall make a day of it when I have got our party together. I have ordered dinner, and plenty of wine. Benson, the keeper, tells me there has been more jollity in that room than in half the taverns in town. Its character must be kept up."

"I shall hardly help to do so," observed Gregory, who was yet very ill,—"I fear, sir, I must retire to bed very early."

"Pish!" cried Burridge; "when a barber has been at you, and you 've shifted yourself, you 'll be another man."

The old gentleman was right. I suspect he had been acquainted with gaols in his earlier years, and knew very well how soon a prison-fever is dispersed by the prospect of a speedy liberation from confinement. In less than an hour a vast change was effected in the spirits and appearance both of Gregory and myself, and having taken possession of the room up-stairs, we awaited the coming of our friends, discoursing with something like gaiety, in the meanwhile, upon topics connected with the outward world, to which we had bidden adieu, but in which we were once more to show ourselves.

Elizabeth was the first to return, accompanied by Martha Myte and Langley. The overjoyed little creature was soon in the arms of Gregory. Elizabeth made the scene more affecting by her tears. Langley looked rueful for awhile, and then turned away to the window, whilst I felt a strong inclination to favour the company with a dance.

"I wish that mother of mine," thought I, "could see this sight." The wish was a drawback upon my present felicity; as, indeed, all thoughts of that woman were certain of being whenever they arose in my mind, or rather, whenever they descended upon it.

Langley shook us heartily by the hand, and congratulated us upon our good fortune.

"How your pardon was brought about, however," said he, "we have yet to learn. Miss Wilfred will presently resolve the mystery. Mr. Myte would have been most happy to join Burridge in offering bail for you; but I insisted upon having that pleasure myself. He will be here in the evening."

"To say the truth," he added, drawing me aside, "I think Myte is almost ashamed to see you. You know he neither wants generosity nor virtue; but he is such an arrant slave to the world, and to the world's opinion, that he is not to be considered as a free agent. He walks the slow, regular pace of conventional morality, because the world does so; and 'tis only when the world—(as it will happen sometimes,)—deviates into a liberal canter, that he finds out what a d—d hobble the former was. His resentment against Justice Page for his insolence and injustice on your trial is as great as ours, or that of all your friends can be, and his abhorrence of your mother in this her last atrocity as strong as might be wished, and as sincere; but I confess his resentment and abhorrence were not very strongly expressed till just now, when he learned that His Majesty had been pleased to extend a free pardon to you."

"Myte is like a pigeon," said I, "he never flies against the wind."

"As wise as a serpent," returned Langley, — "as innocent as a dove."

"As innocent as a dove when he creeps, as wise as a serpent when he soars," I rejoined.

Burridge now entered the room with Gregory's father.

His son did not at the moment observe him, being engaged in earnest conversation with his mistress, a want of dutiful attention, as the old gentleman appeared to consider it, which irritated him not a little. He knocked his cane upon the ground two or three times, and hemmed very loud.

"Come here, my son Tom, and embrace me," said he. "You 're a wicked sinner, you, Tom, but Mr. Burridge tells me I must forgive you. You don't know what you 've made your poor old father suffer on your account. No sleep o' nights, and the asthma worse than ever."

The old man's sufferings had not caused him to fall away in the least, nor did his voice betray much emotion. He embraced his son very coolly and deliberately.

"Why, you look very ill, Tom," he resumed. "You remind me of your dear good mother, who was spared this terrible trial, rest her soul! You think me right, don't you, sir?" he added, turning to Burridge, "in what I have done? I ought to set my face against such wicked proceedings, oughtn't I? 'Thou shalt not kill,' say the Scriptures, and the laws must be obeyed — must be obeyed. But, since the King has been pleased to pardon my son, it wouldn't be right,—would it, Mr. Burridge?—if I were not to pardon him likewise. I was always a loyal man, — Heaven forbid that I should be thought otherwise."

Having made this speech, he looked round complacently upon the company.

"You 've said enough," cried Burridge, motioning the younger Gregory to be seated, "you are the best judge of your own actions, and of the motives to them: nobody is disposed to question either. Your son is saved, and will return to you without the smallest stain upon his reputation."

After dinner, Burridge made it his particular request that Miss Wilfred would favour the company with a relation of the manner in which our pardon had been obtained, saying that, from what fell from her unguardedly, when she brought the joyful intelligence, he conjectured she had been a party to the procurement of it.

Elizabeth for a long time steadily but gently declined to gratify their curiosity, pleading at length, when she was strongly urged to state the reason of her reluctance to comply with the general desire, that she feared the recital might hurt Mr. Savage's feelings. Could she have her own way in the matter, she said, Mr. Savage should never know, and she hoped, at least, she might be permitted to withhold the knowledge from him at the present moment how his pardon, and that of his friend, had been obstructed, and by whom. Her eyes glistened, and her lips trembled, as she added,

"It is something too terrible to be dwelt upon."

"Were we not aware, dear madam," cried Burridge, "to what you allude, your speech had stimulated our curiosity beyond hope of check. We are perfectly aware that his unnatural mother invented an extravagant lie, which she managed to get conveyed to the

Queen's ears, and which her Majesty for a time believed. I am greatly mistaken if the recital of any wickedness on the part of that woman, set on foot against him, can any longer hurt the feelings of Mr. Savage."

I nodded assent.

"She is become ridiculously wicked, Mr. Burridge: not scorn, but laughter will she henceforth excite in me."

Elizabeth, entreated on all hands, could no longer refuse. I shall give her story as I heard it afterwards, in all its particulars, from her own lips.

I believe I have not already mentioned that the Countess of Hertford was a lady given to the writing of verses, and accordingly studious of the acquaintanceship of authors, and liberal in her entertainment of them. She read her poetry to them, and craved their critical judgment and correction. When I add that she seldom submitted to the one, or deferred to the other, I only record an infirmity incident to authors in general, and which I have not discovered to be more virulent in female than in male authors.

Amongst others, of whom myself was one, who shared her patronage, Thomson, who had risen into reputation by his beautiful poems of Winter and Summer, was introduced to her. Let me assure him, in this place, of my continued and undiminished affection for him, and repeat what I have often told him, that he is the best Scotchman I ever knew. Mallet, who is ashamed of his country, will not take offence at this; but if he were not ashamed of his country, and were offended, I should still say the same thing. Mallet, happily, loves himself too well to care much for the love of others towards him, unless he can make it operate to his advantage.

A few mornings after my trial Thomson waited upon Lady Hertford, to request permission to dedicate his forthcoming poem of Spring to her. Her ladyship having joyfully accepted the honour the modest poet sought to pay her, he began deploring my unhappy condition, saying many handsome things of me, which I am happy he thought I deserved. He mentioned, in conclusion, the calumny he had heard respecting me, that some years previously I had made an attempt upon my mother's life, and whilst he did not scruple to avow his belief of the source from whence it sprung, to wit, my mother — expressed his fear that it had already found its way into the palace, and that it stood against me in that quarter, as a bar to the pardon my friends were so urgently soliciting.

Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror.

"I thought, Mr. Thomson, you knew the connexion that subsists between this young lady and your unfortunate friend," said Lady Hertford, who was herself greatly astonished and concerned at the story she had just heard. "Retire, child, I entreat."

But Elizabeth begged to be permitted to stay; and, on her promise that she would enforce calmness upon herself, the indulgence was granted.

* I suppose no one needs to be told that Mallet was a poet of the last century, and that he was held, in his own day, in no mean consideration. Some of the poets of his stamp (and he amongst the number) are now scarcely remembered in their works; yet good sense is always to be found in them, which is sometimes absent from poems of a present reputation.

"From whom, sir," resumed her ladyship, "did you hear this shocking report?"

"From Malloch,"* returned Thomson, "who visits everywhere, and is acquainted with many of the friends of Mrs. Brett. He has no doubt that she has invented and propagated the falsehood — neither have I. Mr. Savage let me into her character long since. She states, it seems, that when her son was a lad, he found his way into her house by some means or another — she knows not how, — and made a forcible entrance into her apartment, where he endeavoured to murder her, but was prevented by her servants, whom her outcries brought to her assistance."

"Good Heaven!" cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands, "is it possible Mrs. Brett, in the present dreadful situation of her son, can renew that charge against him?"

"Then you have heard this before?" exclaimed Lady Hertford, seating herself by her side, and taking her hand tenderly. "This young lady, sir," to Thomson, "was brought up by Mrs. Brett, and, I doubt not, can throw light upon this shocking calumny. Tell me, my love, what does it mean? I hope, and, indeed, believe Mr. Savage is not guilty of so dreadful a crime. There is no truth in it?"

"None, madam. Happily, I was a witness to the scene upon which Mrs. Brett's charge is founded. Would that Mr. Lucas were alive! He also was present, and could have borne testimony to the truth of what I am about to tell you;" and she related the particulars of my first interview with the curse and cause of my existence.

Lady Hertford rang the bell when Elizabeth had concluded, and ordered her coach.

"I will go instantly, and crave an audience of her Majesty, and put her in possession of the truth. This Mrs. Brett, Mr. Thomson, has been doing good all this while, without intending it. When the Queen has heard us, she cannot, surely, any longer decline to exert her influence with the King."

"I wish," cried Thomson, "I could find a name that was not too good for her," and he arose, it seemed, with unusual animation, — "no, I don't. I am glad the English language has no word that can comprise the full sense of her wickedness."

"You are right, sir," said Lady Hertford, taking Elizabeth in her arms, and kissing her. "We shall probably want you, my dear, — but not now. Do not be alarmed. You must study to acquire a little self-possession before I return. I am truly glad, Mr. Thomson, you called upon me this morning."

"I confess," cried Thomson, "that your ladyship's kind compliance with the request that brought me here does not yield me so much happiness as the hope that I shall be indirectly instrumental to the service of my friend, Mr. Savage."

Lady Hertford was admitted to the presence of the Queen, with

* "I forget whether Malloch (whom Dennis, the surly, but acute, old critic, because Malloch, like a fool, professed himself an atheist, used to call *Moloch*,) — I forget, I say, whether at the time of which I am now writing Malloch had changed his name to Mallet. Thomson, however, mischievously persisted in addressing him as Malloch for many years after he had altered it."

Note by Savage.

whom she had a long audience. She returned with a beaming countenance.

"Her Majesty was greatly moved," she said, "when I told her the true story. There is something in truth, my dear, let the world say as it will, which is too much for the world when it speaks falsely. I have no doubt of our success. But the Queen has a mind to see you, and will be prepared to receive us early to-morrow morning."

Her Majesty received the Countess and the beautiful girl (who in a world of goodness and innocence would have looked, herself, a queen,) very graciously. She made her relate very particularly the circumstance upon which my mother had grafted the lie; and asked many questions respecting Mrs. Brett and me, with the manner of answering which she appeared highly pleased.

"What, madam," said the Queen, at length, to the Countess, still holding Elizabeth's hand, which she had condescended to take on her presentation to her, — "what are we to think of this lady — this Mrs. Brett? I confess, although instances of the inhuman barbarity of parents towards their children have been recorded in history, and sometimes, unhappily, are presented to our notice, I never heard or read of such a mother. And so, my love," turning to Elizabeth, "you are certain Mr. Savage had no such design as she has reported? I take your answer from your eyes. But, I fear, after all, he has much to answer for. There is a lady, I am told, whom he has wounded severely——"

"Your Majesty!" exclaimed Elizabeth involuntarily. The arch look of the Queen embarrassed her. Her eyes sought the ground.

"Just here," resumed the Queen, pointing to her heart. "Silly girl! now you blush, I am glad none of my ladies are present. I know not what they would think of you."

She arose with dignity.

"Mr. Savage and his friend, Lady Hertford, are pardoned. His Majesty was pleased yesterday to extend a free pardon to both; and expressed great pleasure at hearing that so honourable and excellent a lady as the Countess of Hertford had interested herself in their behalf."

Elizabeth would have fallen upon her knees, but was withheld by the Queen, who took her two hands between her own.

"It is well, child," she said,—"not a word. It will be painful to you—and to me. Nay, upon this occasion I can dispense with ceremony," as Elizabeth lifted her hand to her lips; "you are a very good girl. I shall remember you. Lady Hertford, we shall see you at our next drawing-room."

It was at noon on that day that Elizabeth came to me at Newgate.

Her story being finished, during which she had kept the Countess of Hertford prominent, various were the comments to which it gave rise; but, as these the reader can, and probably will, make for himself, I shall not record them.

Myte came in the evening, as he had promised. He entered the room shame-facedly, and as though half afraid to walk forward; but this was his usual affected foolery; for, upon being welcomed with cordiality, he at once resumed his natural manner. Having saluted the company generally, he went up and shook Gregory in a very friendly manner by the hand, hoping he should yet have him for a son-in-law. "Which," said he, "it shall be Greg's fault if I do not;

for I believe Vandal loves you," pinching her chin. "O Ricardo!" turning to me, and taking my hands, "how can I look you in the face? Don't look at *my* face, Miss Wilfred, till the purple has quite gone off. I'm afraid I'm a desperate old vagabond."

"Pish!" cried Burridge, with whom Myte was no favourite.

"Whenever I offer at pleasantry," said Myte, "that great man snubs me. (I daren't call him Gog to his face," nudging me.) "I sometimes fancy, Mr. Burridge, you are envious of me. I hope not." Burridge reddened, and returned a contemptuous smile.

"Your pleasantry, as you term it, sir,—with what justice I leave it to others to judge, is ill-timed and out of place."

"Nay, sir," cried Langley, "do not be hard upon Mr. Myte. He thinks the happy turn in our friend's affairs is a good excuse for jollity."

"So it is," cried Myte; "and I mean to get drunk as fast as I can.

> 'Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Or iron bars a cage;'

as sweet Lovelace sings."

Burridge, much to Myte's relief, arose shortly afterwards to leave, pleading a particular engagement, and having concerted to call upon Langley early in the morning, to complete our bail, took his departure. Myte forthwith abandoned himself to gaiety, and drank so plentifully of the wine that he speedily brought himself into a fair way of becoming drunk.

"I say, old Greg," he cried, "are you aware that you have been acting a part latterly that has made piety cast up the eye, and humanity hang down the head?"

"My dear sir," replied old Gregory, "I know not what you mean. I trust my conduct has been, and will continue to be, guided by principles that—eh, Tom? what does Mr. Myte mean?"

"I mean," answered Myte, "that your treatment of mad Tom—"

"Forbear!" cried the father solemnly; "interfere not between a parent and his child. What, sir! would *you* arraign my conduct? you, who professed the greatest affection for Tom, and the sincerest friendship for Mr. Savage, and yet never came near them. Why, it was the observation of your behaviour that determined mine. I did but imitate *you*."

"Imitate *me!*" said Myte; "no, sir, you didn't imitate *me*. But what do you say now? Let us expiate our crimes; for, to confess the truth, I have been as guilty as yourself. John shall have Joan. Tom shall take Martha just as if nothing had happened. Your thumb to the bargain."

"With all my heart," said old Gregory, extending his hand.

"It is clenched," exclaimed Myte, seizing the thumb of the other.

Myte now began to whimper—a common custom with him when he was in his cups, and was, at length, with some difficulty, induced to depart, first insisting that Elizabeth should accompany them home, which she had previously agreed with Martha she would do, —and making Gregory and me promise that we would dine with him on the following day.

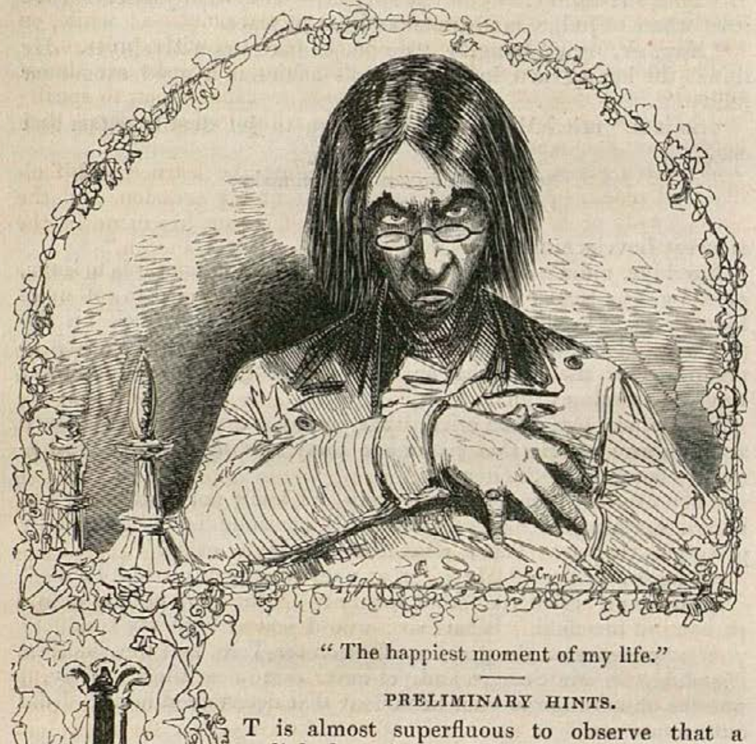
THE PHILOSOPHY OF ORATORY.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signors."—SHAKSPEARE.

"The noble chairman returned thanks in a neat and appropriate speech."
Morning Post.

"I say, Jim, that fellow has the gobble of the gab, at any rate. Why, his tongue goes nineteen to the dozen. If he could not talk a dog's hind leg off, I don't know who could, that's all."—*The Arcadians.*



"The happiest moment of my life."

PRELIMINARY HINTS.

IT is almost superfluous to observe that a slight knowledge of the subject to be spoken upon is absolutely necessary—confidence and opportunity are the next essentials. The first may be acquired with a little practice; the second may be readily found, or made, by any man possessed of the least tact in society.

However large the company may be, entertain no apprehension of being eclipsed; for it is ten to one that any man (how rich soever his stock of ideas may be) has the power of giving them utterance; so little is the art of extemporaneous speaking practised or understood. A little observation will verify the truth of this assertion. Such blundering, floundering, and tautology as are stammered forth over a

mahogany table is really wonderful; and the worst specimens, too, are generally to be caught from the lips of the cleverest men.

A very little care and preparation are required to prevent such a display of awkwardness.

Almost all the best speeches that are made are the result of study, or at least the speakers have so disciplined their ideas, that they are ready on every occasion so to arrange them that their words flow with facility, and their periods terminate musically. In table-oratory, the effect does not so much depend on the matter as the manner of delivery; for the best sentiments are frequently mutilated by the nervous hesitation of the speaker, and rendered pointless; while, on the other hand, mere common-places are received with applause.

The proposal of a health, and the returning of thanks, are almost the only occasions on which a gentleman is called upon to speak; and yet, strange to say, scarcely one in a hundred does more than hobble over the beaten course.

We have given forms for both, which may be learned with facility, and made, by a trifling alteration, to fit any occasion, and the speaker may probably have the pleasure of seeing his name in the public prints as having returned thanks in "a neat speech."

For those who are disposed to sport their eloquence in a wider field we have concocted longer speeches, both humorous and sentimental.

Care, however, must be taken, when these rare specimens are committed to memory, that they are not spoken too volubly; for a rapid delivery will not only drown the sense, but very probably discover the "art"—to the initiated. A clear and distinct enunciation is absolutely necessary,—at the same time declamation must be cautiously avoided. In endeavouring to be impressive, the voice must not be raised above its natural key, or it becomes discordant and offensive.

The tamest conversational tone will produce a better effect than anything bordering on theatrical rant.

A graceful, easy action adds greatly to speaking; but it is as rare in Englishmen as it is redundant in the French.

But this is not essential in a table-orator. If in the warmth of speaking the hands or arms are moved, let it be unstudied; for the natural impulse of the moment will give more effect than could possibly be attained if practised before a looking-glass for a twelvemonth.

Never thump the table with a clenched fist,—for the chances are that a glass or bottle is broken, the attention of the company called off, the thread of the discourse snapped,— and then the sooner Mr. Orator winds up the better.

Never spread out the fingers of both hands upon the "mahogany," as if about to walk on all fours among the dishes. This position is not only inelegant, but prevents the proper action of the lungs.

Never place the left hand upon the heart; for, however sincere the feelings of gratitude may be, they will lose their intended force.

If the sentence really prompts such an action, let the *right* hand be placed there for about "two beats," (not with a slap or a thump, but gently,) and then slowly withdrawn again.

In political speaking it is very difficult to prescribe any particular rules, as upon this subject there are so many various opinions.

If popularity be the object, the most profitable "line" in the present day is the ultra-liberal. Squander the arrows of ridicule indiscriminately at all old establishments, scoff at the wisdom of our an-



"That everything of a Man."

cestors, and apply the strongest epithets, like a battering-ram, at the foundations of every fabric reared by our forefathers; declaim loudly against all sinecures and places,—and the probability is that, backed by a little interest, a commissionership will follow.

But if any particular feeling that requires caution in the utter-



"I can't find words."

ance be struggling for expression, a little wit and management may enable you to insinuate your meaning without actually asserting it.

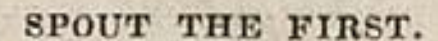
As in the speech of Patrick Henry, of Virginia, when he exclaimed "Cæsar had his Brutus,—Charles the First his Cromwell,—and George the Third—" Henry was interrupted by a shout of "Trea-

son! treason!"—but coolly finished the sentence with "George the Third *may profit by their example.*"

In proposing the health of any one, remember that self-esteem is a bump which is very prominent on the craniums of most men,—therefore, when you can ascertain his particular talent, (or his desire to be esteemed as the possessor of it,) for the distinction is wholly unimportant, expatiate largely upon it, — and if you have marked him for a patron, it is very likely you may play upon the organ (of self-esteem) to some tune.

On the birth-days of children, do not omit (especially if the mamma be present, and has any pretensions to personal charms) among your sincerest wishes to express a hope that "the little rose-bud may in time expand, and equal the beauty of the full-blown rose." Applause will certainly follow, in compliment to the lady, if not to your eloquence, and you will be most likely booked for the next dinner.

These hints might be extended to a volume; but, as example is more brief and efficacious than precept, I shall follow them by a few choice specimens.



SPOUT THE FIRST.



"Gentlemen,—It will no doubt be readily guessed by every guest at this hospitable board that I rise to propose the health of our worthy host, who, whether host or guest, has on every occasion proved a host in himself. His merits are too well known to us all to need discussion here; therefore, with the sincerest hope that he may never want a dinner, and always get his desert, I propose his health, with three times three."

SPOUT THE SECOND.

"Gentlemen,—I am compelled to rise, as the balloon said to the earth. There, however, the simile may drop; for I am neither elevated by the generous wine of our no less generous host, nor inflated by the fumes of vanity.

"No, gentlemen,—I rise, not filled with gas, but with gratitude, which, until death open the valve, cannot evaporate."



"He deserves three times three."

"Gentlemen,—the honour of proposing the health of our excellent host devolves upon me. But, however grateful Bacchus may be, he is not the god of Eloquence.

"It is, however, universally acknowledged that there is truth in wine. In expressing the juice of the grape there is little difficulty. I would that the expression of truth were as easy; but, still, whether the draught be wine or water in which we quaff the health of our honoured host, I am confident the draught will be duly honoured.



"A bumper!"

"Gentlemen, — we must pledge our host in bumpers, for I wish upon this occasion that our glasses, like our hearts, should be brimful."

SPOUT THE THIRD.



Sham-pain!

"Gentlemen,—I am not only highly flattered by the compliment you have paid me, but the handsome and unanimous expression of your sentiments overwhelms me,—indeed, I feel quite overpowered, —as the horse shoe said to the blacksmith's-hammer.

"However inadequate my words may be, I assure you I have feelings,— as the lobster said when they popped him into the boiler,— and I must speak out. If I fail in the expression of my gratitude, I trust you will rather attribute it to the want of eloquence than the due appreciation of your kindness, for I am diffident, and naturally of a retired habit,—as the snail said to the grasshopper.

"I am a man of few words, and wholly unaccustomed to speaking, but I must beg your patient indulgence a little longer. I entreat you to bear with me, for I shall soon be done, — as the suet-dumpling said to the boiling-water.

"That health which you have wished me, may you and yours enjoy a hundred-fold. With the sincerest hope that Care may never give you a heart-ache, or wine a head-ache, I pledge you all, — as the tailor said when he took his traps to his uncle!"

SPOUT THE FOURTH.

"Gentlemen,—My grandmother was a very particular old lady, and always endeavoured to impress upon my mind that gratitude was the first of virtues.

"A gridiron, gentlemen, is a culinary implement, that may be easily seen through,—would that my breast were as open, that you might at one glance see the sincerity of my grateful feelings.

"A gimlet will pierce a deal board, a darning-needle the heel of a worsted-stocking; but neither are more penetrating than that kindness which you have shown me on this occasion.

"A farthing rushlight—a single farthing rushlight, gentlemen, would appear almost ridiculous in the centre of a spacious room, —but it gives all the light it can, and deserves not to be laughed at.

"My gratitude, gentlemen, is like that spacious room,—my eloquence, that farthing rushlight. Bread and cheese, gentlemen, is humble fare; but when it is given with a hearty welcome, it is better than venison and claret from the table of a proud man; and the guest will rather receive it in the spirit it is given, than for its real worth. In like manner, I would crave your indulgent acceptance of my humble thanks—not less sincere for their homeliness, and my ardent wishes that you may all enjoy long life, health, and prosperity."

SPOUT THE FIFTH.

Should an ardent desire to represent the people animate your ambitious breast, the following effusion may be appropriately delivered from the balcony of the public-house honoured by your temporary occupation; and, supposing your committee and agents have been sufficiently liberal, and "done the handsome thing" in the distribution of "refreshment-tickets," and other insinuating persuasives, it will be received by loud and enthusiastic cheers:—

"Independent electors of Swill-cum-Fuddle!—Words are inadequate to express the gratification I feel in addressing so numerous and respectable a body of my fellow-townsmen.

"Born among you, and knowing your feelings as I do,—your incorruptibility and noble independence of spirit, I feel highly flattered by the requisition calling upon me to come forward as a candidate for the distinguished honour of representing you in Parliament, —at the same time I feel sure of a successful issue of this contest for the gold of all the treasuries in the world will not purchase a single vote in the loyal and patriotic town of Swill-cum-Fuddle. No, my friends, for if there is one thing in the whole world on which I pride myself, it is the intimate knowledge I have acquired of your wishes and inclinations,—and in that knowledge consists my consciousness of a power that is irresistible—a power that will carry me safely and securely through the stormy waves of a contested election, into the wished-for haven of success. Yes, from the many flattering promises I have received,—and not the least flattering from the lips of the ladies of Swill-cum-Fuddle, than whom there are not fairer in the whole world, better mothers, or more virtuous wives,—I confidently rely upon a majority of votes. Fellow townsmen! you know my principles,—you know that I entertain a rooted aversion to the pestilent (*whatever the popular aversion may be*), and everything else that is repugnant to the good sense and correct feeling of the loyal and independent electors of the good town of Swill-cum-Fuddle.

"I am a bitter and unflinching opponent of (*whatever they oppose*), and a staunch and unyielding supporter of (*whatever they support*).

"Fellow townsmen, I will not longer detain you by a detail of

what I intend to do in furtherance of your wishes, assuring you that mine are limited to the proud distinction of serving you, and most amply shall I be repaid in the success of my endeavours to promote your welfare, and protect your interests.

"Farewell,—poll early, and God bless you all!"

SPOUT THE SIXTH.

If, as is frequently the case, you should be greeted by yells and hisses, and not be able to get a word in edgewise, in the pursuit of parliamentary honours, do not waste your breath in attempting to make yourself heard, but repeat the following words at intervals, "filling up," with appropriate pantomime—Independent Electors of —Incorruptible—Bribery and Corruption—Church and State—New Poor-law—Unions—Bastiles—Corn-law—Cheap Bread—Heartless Ministry—Loyalty—Youthful Queen—Reform—The Charter—Unbought Majority—Head of the Poll—Vote by Ballot—Distress of the Country—Extravagance—Civil List—Sinecures and Placemen—Army and Navy—God save the Queen!

The gentlemen of the press will be able (if acquainted with your politics,) to make a very happy speech out of these "heads,"—and you will have the pleasure of reading what you did *not* say in the leading journal of the county on the following morning.



"The Last Speech."

NETLEY ABBEY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Periêrunt etiam Ruinæ.
The very Ruins now are tiny.

I saw thee, Netley, as the sun
Across the western wave
Was sinking slow,
And a golden glow
To thy roofless towers he gave;
And the ivy sheen,
With its mantle of green,
That wrapt thy walls around,
Shone lovelily bright
In that glorious light,
And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time—
The days of thy Monks of old,—
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,
The loud Hosanna roll'd,
And, thy courts and "long-drawn aisles" among,
Swell'd the full tide of sacred song,

And then a Vision pass'd
Across my mental eye;*
And silver shrines, and shaven crowns,
And delicate Ladies in bombazeen gowns,
And long white veils, went by,
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad,—
—But one, methought, wink'd at the Gardener-lad!

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,
And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,
And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,
And "dear little souls,"
In clean linen stoles,
Swinging their censers, and making a smell.—
And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,
With front severe,
And brow austere,
Now and then pinching a little boy's ear
When he chaunts the responses too late, or too soon,
Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*'s not quite in tune.
It was, in sooth, a comely sight,
And I welcom'd the vision with pure delight.

* In my mind's eye, Horatio!—HAMLET.

But then "a change came o'er"
My spirit—a change of fear—
That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,
But deep beneath the basement floor
A Dungeon dark and drear!
And there was an ugly hole in the wall—
For an oven too big,—for a cellar too small!
And mortar and bricks
All ready to fix,
And I said, "Here 's a Nun has been playing some tricks!—
That horrible hole!—it seems to say,
'I 'm a Grave that gapes for a living prey!'"
And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—
And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.
Alas! and alack!—'tis sad to think
That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,
Should here be compelled to grow blear, and blink,
Or be closed for aye
In this kind of way,
Shut out for ever from wholesome day,
And wall'd up in a hole with never a chink,
No light, no air, no victuals, no drink!
And that Maiden's lip,
Which was made to sip,
Should here grow wither'd and dry as a chip!
That wandering glance and furtive kiss,
Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,
Should yet be considered so much amiss
As to call for a sentence severe as this!
And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh
The poor lone victim's stifled cry,*
"Well! I can't understand
How any man's hand
Could wall up that hole in a Christian land!—
Why, a Mussulman Turk
Would recoil from the work,
And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he
Stands not on trifles if maddened by jealousy,
Its objects, I 'm sure, would declare, could they speak,
In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,
'When all 's said and done, far better it was for us,
Tied back to back,
And sewed up in a sack,
To be pitch'd neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!'
Oh! a Saint 'twould vex
To think that the sex
Should be treated no better than Combe's double X.

* About the middle of the last century a human skeleton was discovered in a recess in the wall among the ruins of Netley. On examination, the bones were pronounced to be those of a female. *Teste* James Harrison, a youthful but intelligent cab-driver of Southampton, who "well remembers to have heard his grandmother say that 'Somebody told her so.'"

Sure some one might run to the Abbess and tell her
A much better method of stocking her cellar."

If ever on polluted walls
Heav'n's red right arm in vengeance falls,—
If e'er its justice wraps in flame
The black abodes of sin and shame,
That justice, in its own good time,
Shall visit for so foul a crime,
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride!

Lo where it comes!—the tempest lours,
It bursts on thy devoted tow'rs;
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm;
I hear the sacrilegious cry,
"Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly!"

Down! down they come—a fearful fall—
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,
Storied pane, and sculptur'd stone,
There they lie on the greensward strown—
Mouldering walls remain alone!
Shaven crown,
Bombazeen gown,
Mitre, and Crozier, and all are flown!

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze
Upon that grey and mouldering wall,
The glories of thy palmy days
Its very stones recal!—
They "come like shadows, so depart"—
I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin!—grand in woe!
Lone refuge of the owl and bat;
No voice awakes thine echoes now!
No sound—Good Gracious!—what was that?
—Was it the moan,
The parting groan
Of her who died forlorn and alone,
Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—
Full and clear
On my listening ear
It comes—again—near, and more near—
Why, 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!
—I rush to the door—
I tread the floor,
By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,
In the good old chivalric days of yore,
And what see I there?—
In a rush-bottomed chair
A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,

Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng
A nasty decoction miscall'd Souchong,"—
And a squeaking fiddle and "wry-necked fife"
Are screeching away, for the life!—for the life!—
Danced to by "All the World and his Wife."
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,
Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—
Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,
Playing at "pitch and toss," sport their "Browns,"
Two or three damsels, frank and free,
Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.
Parties below, and parties above,
Some making tea, and some making love.
Then the "toot—toot—toot"
Of that vile demi-flute,—
The detestable din
Of that cracked violin,
And the odours of "Stout," and tobacco, and gin!
"—Dear me!" I exclaim'd, "what a place to be in!"
And I said to the person who drove my "shay,"
(A very intelligent man, by the way,)
"This, all things considered, is rather too gay!
It don't suit my humour,—so take me away!
Dancing! and drinking!—cigar and song!
If not profanation, it's 'coming it strong,'
And I really consider it all very wrong.—
—Pray, to whom does this property now belong?"—
—He paused, and said,
Scratching his head,
"Why I really *do* think he's a little to blame,
But I can't say I knows the Gentleman's name!"

"Well—well!" quoth I,
As I heaved a sigh,
And an unbidden tear-drop stood in my eye,
"My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt
That some day or other you'll find him out,
Should he come in your way,
Or ride in your 'shay,'
(As perhaps he may,)
Be so good as to say
That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day
Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalized,
Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,
And thus of their owner to speak began,
As he ordered you home in haste,
"No doubt he's a very respectable man,
But—*I can't say much for his taste.*"*

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
July 25.

* Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas; je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût!—*Gil Blas.*

FIDELITY AND SAGACITY OF A DOG.

Henry Dawson, a young gamekeeper on a manor in Oxfordshire, had reared and trained with great care a retriever-puppy, in the hope of deriving future advantage from its services in the field. Rose (so was the retriever called) had attained the age of fifteen months, and already possessed some of the accomplishments usually taught to her sagacious tribe, when the manor was given up by the proprietor, and H. Dawson left without employment. Under these circumstances he thought it would be better for him to pay a visit to his father, an old man—whose years amounted to fourscore—and to ask his counsel and assistance in finding another place.

Accompanied by Rose, the young man travelled to Welton, a small village in Buckinghamshire, where his father lived, and where he found such a welcome as parental affection can offer even under the humblest roof. After discussing his future plans and prospects with his venerable parent, Henry Dawson resolved, though not without a struggle, to part with Rose, and to go by sea to Scotland, where he had already spent two seasons, and had reasonable ground for expecting to find employment. After spending two days at Welton, Henry Dawson took an affectionate leave of his father, and crossing to one of the stations of the Great Western Railway, went up in the train with Rose to London. He had not been there many days, when her obedience to command, and the spirit with which she dashed into the Serpentine to fetch out her master's stick, attracted the notice of Colonel Byrne, who happened to be walking in the park at the time, and who, being a keen sportsman, detected in these youthful feats a quickness and sagacity which promised at a later period the recovery of many a wounded hare, pheasant, or wild-duck. The price asked by Dawson was liberal, but not exorbitant; and in a few hours poor Rose was separated from the instructor of her youth, and safely immured in a kennel at the back of her new master's house.

For the first day or two she did nothing but whine and lament; and, though the daintiest canine food was offered to her, she would scarcely touch it; but time and kindness will produce the same effect on quadruped as on human nature, and at the end of a week Colonel Byrne had the satisfaction of finding that Rose's tail wagged at his approach, and that when he held out his hand she would lick it, and give him her rough paw in return. Encouraged by these indications of growing attachment, Colonel Byrne ventured to take her out with him, and was pleased to observe the readiness with which she followed his horse, or went back for a lost glove, or brought *his* stick from the Serpentine. She had twice accompanied him in his morning ride in Hyde-Park; the third time that she did so the Colonel met with a friend, who rode with him, and in consequence of some observation that fell from one of them respecting the paces of their steeds, they each mounted that of the other, and continued their ride.

In crossing Piccadilly they passed a number of carriages and horsemen, and Rose, having lost sight of her master, and probably confused by his having changed his horse, followed some other

rider down the street. The Colonel did not miss her for some minutes; then he returned to seek, whistle, and call her, but in vain; he inquired of policemen, and passengers — no one had seen a dog answering the description, and he returned home dejected and wearied by his fruitless search. Determined, however, to leave no means untried for her recovery, he gave information at the police-stations, issued hand-bills offering a handsome reward; advertised her in the newspapers, and sent a faithful emissary to secure the good offices of a certain eminent dog-fancier, who lives in the centre of the metropolis.

He is a sort of cockney Rob Roy, who exacts from maidens, dowagers, and canine amateurs of every class, a heavy black-mail for the restoration of such favourite dogs as his myrmidons have stolen or enticed to his abode, the price being levied rather according to the wealth and station of the owner, and his supposed affection for his pet, than for the intrinsic value of the animal; if the ransom offered is not sufficient to satisfy the demands of this predatory chieftain, the unfortunate captive is put to death, and while his flesh furnishes the veal-pies sold to the lower orders in the purlieus of St. Giles's, his skin finds its way to the shop of the glove-maker, or the vender of fashionable dog-skin boots.

All the endeavours of Colonel Byrne for the recovery of Rose proved unsuccessful. She had been lost five days; numerous dogs had been brought to his door, many of them as like to her as "Hamlet to Hercules," and he had made up his mind to suffer, with as much philosophy as his nature would permit, the loss of his retriever, and of the ten guineas spent in purchasing her, when one morning, as he was sitting in his library, a strange step was heard at the door, and his servant ushered in an old man leading the much-regretted Rose. The Colonel jumped from his chair, — Rose leaped upon his shoulders, licked his face,—and in the extravagant joy manifested in their mutual caresses, it would have been difficult to see aught of that wide and impassable barrier by which the instinct of the brute is separated from the reasoning faculty of the man.

After indulging himself for some time in fondling his recovered favourite, the Colonel found leisure to bestow a more careful glance upon the stranger who had restored her to him. He was a spare old man, his hair silvered by the snows of eighty winters; and although his cheek still showed that ruddy complexion which fresh air and healthful exercise will often preserve to the most advanced age, there was an impaired strength in the tone of his voice, which proved that the withering hand of time had not left all his faculties untouched.

"Tell me, my good friend," said the Colonel, "who you are—and how did you recover for me my dog?"

"Please your honour, sir, I have been a keeper fifty-four years—I have had many dogs to break, but none ever like Rose. She is the sagaciousest and lovingest thing alive, I do believe."

"I believe it too, my friend," replied the Colonel; "but how did she come into your hands?"

"Why, you see, sir, please your honour's worship, I am John Dawson, father of Henry Dawson, who reared and broke her. I learn from your honour's servant that you lost her in Piccadilly, last Monday morning. On Tuesday afternoon she had found her way to

the house where my son used to live, in Oxfordshire; there she snuffed and smelt about till she found that he was gone; then she set off in search of him; and yesterday morning, being Thursday, before five o'clock I heard a scratchin' at my door in Welton village. I goes down to see what could be there at that early hour,—who should it be, your worship, but Rose, who darts in atwixt my legs, and rushes up stairs to the room where my poor son slept when he was with me! I followed her up as fast as I could. As soon as she got into the room she put her fore-paws upon the bed, smelt the pillow, and finding it all cold, she lay down by the bed-side, and howled and cried just like a child. She then got up again, and smelt at all my old jackets and boots hung on pegs round the room, but found nothing of her master's; then she lay down and cried again! I do assure your honour it almost broke my heart to hear her, and to see the sad plight she was in; for she had travelled the skin off her feet, and she was a mere skeleton, from want of food and rest. Sixty miles, your honour, from London to the Oxfordshire manor, and forty from there to Welton! I am a poor old man now, and can hardly earn enough to buy my own bread; but if I could afford to keep Rose, a hundred guineas should not buy her of me, after the love she has shown for my Henry."

As he concluded his narrative, he passed the back of his wrinkled hand across his moistened eyes, and struck his staff emphatically on the floor.

"A hundred guineas shall not buy her from me, my good old friend," said Colonel Byrne; "and you may rest assured that she shall never know harsh or unkind usage."

He then slipped a few sovereigns into his hand, and, ringing the bell, desired the servant to set before the old man a hearty meal of beef and ale. As they left the room, he turned towards Rose and caressed his wearied and travel-worn favourite with an emotion which he was no longer able to repress.

Rose is still the faithful guardian of the Colonel's bed, and the companion of his walk or ride; and any sceptic who doubts the truth of her adventures, as above related, may satisfy himself by applying at No. —, —— Street, St. James's.

London, 1842.

TO PHILLIS.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

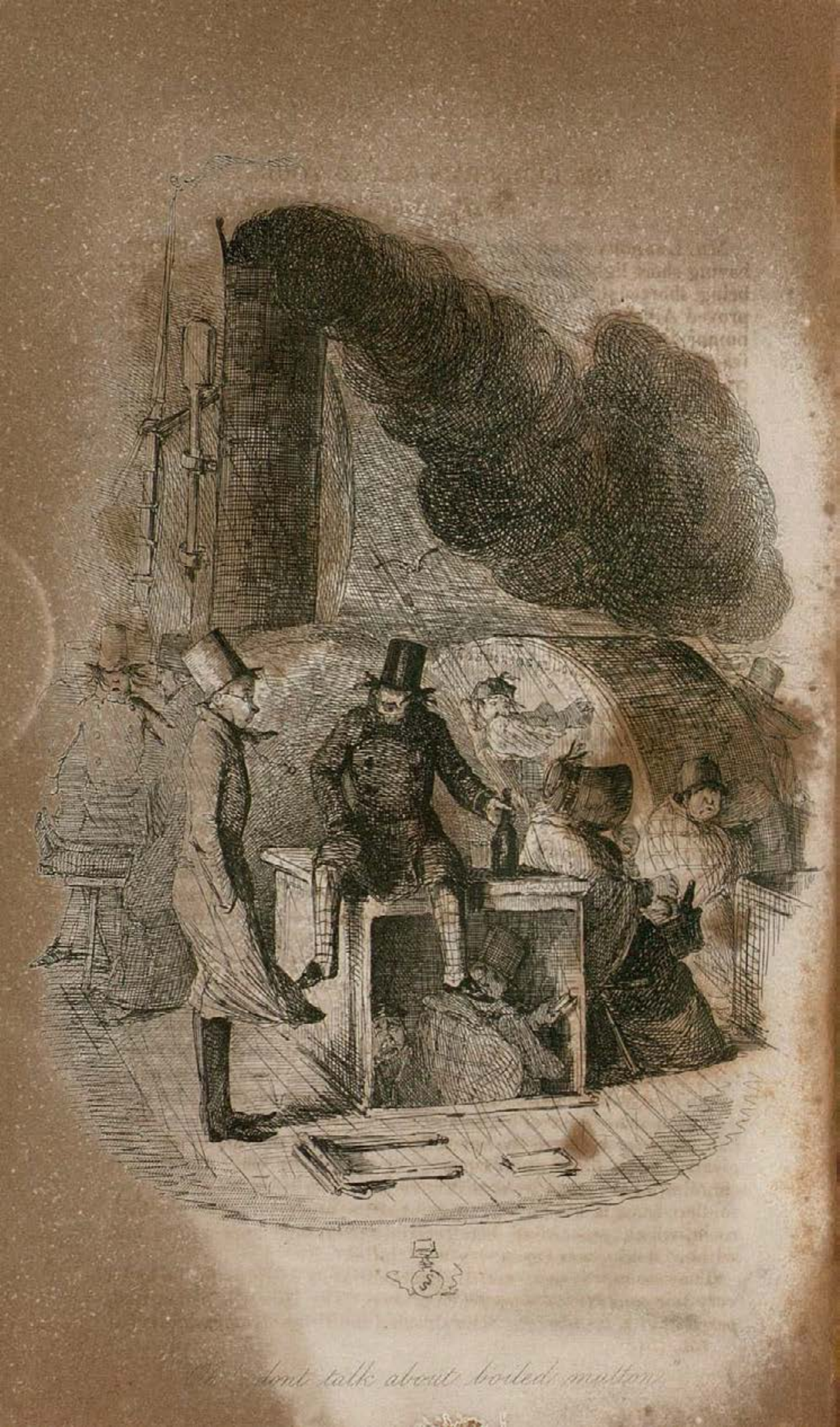
Phillis, no New Year's gift this day,
Submissive at thy feet I lay,
In token of my duty;
Yet, think not that the less I prize
The gentle lustre of those eyes
Which beam with so much beauty.

Alas! I had designed for thee
A gift which in its worth should be
Best proof of my devotion;
But on a sad and luckless day
'Twas stolen secretly away,—
Oh, judge what *my* emotion!

Long, long I strove, but all in vain,
My promised tribute to regain,
But fruitless 'twas to weep it;
So, since the thief hath borne away
With such security the prey,
The thief from me may keep it.

I would disclose the whole affair,
And whom I most suspect declare;
But may not thus unroll it;
Yet, should I but reveal a part
And own the treasure was—my heart,
You well can guess *who* stole it.

H. W. H.



"Oh! dont talk about boiled mutton."

MR. LEDBURY'S GRAND TOUR.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

Mr. Ledbury was a pale young gentleman of four-and-twenty, having short light curly hair, a very smooth face, and no whiskers; being short-sighted, and standing about five feet eleven in his improved Albert-boots, ("gent's new style,") and one inch less in his pumps. His acquaintances called him "a lawyer's clerk;" his friends said he was "studying with a conveyancer;" and he did not contradict it when he heard it affirmed that he was "reading for the bar." But he was not a regular law-student for all that. He did not reside in any of the inns of Lincoln, Gray, Clement, Furnival, or others; he did not go to the theatres every other night; he read law-books occasionally; and he inclined to ginger-beer, tea, cider, and other harmless beverages that suited his mild idiosyncracy. He rose early, took long walks on fine afternoons to Hampstead, and other suburban ruralities; played the flute a little, subscribed to a knowledge-diffusing periodical, called Harley "a very humorous performer," and thought Mrs. Nesbitt a "very fascinating actress." Perhaps our readers will now recognise him; indeed, we think some of them have met him before.

Mr. Ledbury resided in North Street, Theobald's Road,—a colony not exactly within cry of the clubs, but withal a retired and perfectly respectable *locale*, supposed to have been originally found out by a gentleman too late for dinner, in the endeavour to discover a north-west passage from Bedford Row to Queen Square. The houses, as well as their occupants, are staid and solemn, wearing the air of a generation that has passed away; the window-frames are heavy, the glass dusky, and the sparrows have pecked away the mortar from all the bricks of the chimneys. Notwithstanding the seclusion, a variety of *al fresco* exhibitions constantly take place in the street to enliven the aborigines. Piano-organs love the neighbourhood; Punch here erects his four-post theatre, and screams and riots in undisturbed mischief; and the man who does the trick with the doll has been known to visit the thoroughfare; whilst to the feline sportsman it offers peculiar advantages, more cats appearing there at night, probably, than on any other spot in London,—the streets running out of the Strand alone excepted. It is not presumed that an evening party ever took place in North Street, beyond the mechanical one in front of an extensive musical instrument which performed there one night, and represented several couples waltzing round and round, with a very polite little figure revolving by himself, who made several rapid and convulsive bows with his comical hat whenever he faced the spectators; and from this the inhabitants gleaned some ideas as to what an evening party was; thinking it singular, at the same time, that at regular intervals a troop of horse-soldiers came in at one door and out at the other, all across the ballroom, which proceeding had certainly a strange appearance, but, without doubt, was customary in high life.

The season was over, and all Mr. Ledbury's friends—for he had a very fair connexion—were leaving town. The Howards had started, *per* Batavier, for Langen Schwalbach; the Briggses were located at

Herne Bay; the Chamberlaynes had been heard of in Brittany; the Smiths had gone to Margate, and the Smythes to Naples;—indeed, all were off to spend money, to retrench, to court publicity, or to be out of the way. Mr. Ledbury himself had dreamt of Gravesend and a cheap lodging near Windmill Hill, having suffered from a mild attack of the epidemic which seizes all our compatriots at this period, and produces the results of their experiences, during the next publishing season, under the titles of "A Summer amongst the Boarding-houses and the Shrimps," "The Idler in Worthing," "A Ride on a Donkey to Pegwell Bay, by a Lady," "Rottingdean,—its Manufactures and Political Resources," and many others of the same class. But where to go? was now the question, and rather difficult it was to answer,—not because he was *blasé* with having travelled everywhere, but simply because he had never been anywhere. But chance at last determined him to the great undertaking we are about to chronicle.

Had Mr. Ledbury been a young man of fortune, he would have dined at a club; — as he was not, he chose an eating-house; for being, in common with man in general, naturally gregarious, he loved to feed in flocks; and there was a *restaurant* in a small street near his office which he frequented, in common with many other young gentlemen of his profession. From one o'clock daily until six, joints of tempting richness smoked in the windows; indeed, the very odour that stole out into the streets seemed to possess peculiarly nourishing powers, to judge from the hungry crowd that surrounded the premises. In the morning, the appearance of the eating-house was not so tempting as at a more advanced period of the day. Strange cold joints, of unintelligible origin and extraordinary shape, were exposed to view, with the remnants of yesterday's bill of fare on small plates. Round tough puddings, studded with plums at uncertain intervals, reposed with an air of indigestible solidity upon white and greasy earthenware dishes; and the soup-tureens were filled with a singular coagulation, resembling small pieces of fat and carrots set in dirty glue. But towards afternoon the scene was changed; the cold joints had all departed, — we believe it was never known where, — steaming legs and rounds supplied their places, and a portion of the window was partitioned off for the reception of verdant-looking mustard and cress, ornamented with rings of beet-root and sticks of celery in tasteful combination.

Mr. Ledbury was of an inquiring turn of mind. He belonged to a Literary and Scientific Institution in the neighbourhood, and, by attending all the lectures thereat delivered with unremitting regularity, had acquired that happy jumble of the various branches of Natural Philosophy which such a practice generally induces. Hence there was one circumstance in this eating-house which constantly exercised his reflective powers: the joints in the window were always hot and smoking. He never could imagine by what secret acquaintance with the power of controlling the radiation of caloric (as he termed it) this advantage was gained; nothing short of the skill of Herr Dobler or the Wizard of the North could accomplish it. The joints not only sent up a light vapour, as hot joints generally do, but they were encompassed in a perfect cloud of steam, which, besides rising like incense when they were first placed in the oval pewter hollows formed in the window for their reception, kept

on smoking all day until they were cut down to the bone; and then the bone itself steamed away just as comfortably as if it still had its full complement of meat. Nay, when the bone itself had disappeared, the vapour ascended just the same from the spot it had occupied, as furiously as from the plum-puddings of gigantic dimensions, whilom used in pantomimic banquets, to the great admiration of the little boys in dilapidated envelopes who clustered round the window, and pointed out to each other what they should like to have.

There was a gentleman of a very vivacious turn of mind, who constantly dined at this eating-house, at the same table, and about the same hour that Mr. Ledbury visited it. He was commonly known as "Jack Johnson,"—no one ever presuming to add "*Mr.*" to the appellation; and he was just the sort of person you would imagine an everybody's Jack Johnson to be. He could play single-stick, make punch, slang coalheavers, drive hack-cabs, and sing comic songs, better than anybody else in London. There was not a night-tavern at which he was not as well known as the head-waiter or the glee-singing chairman. He could always get orders for any of the theatres. He was seen one night at an evening party in Bryanstone Square, and the next at a shilling ball at the Lowther Rooms; at one time he might be spied out in the gallery at Covent Garden, and at another in the stage-box; on Monday, eating *Beignets des Pêches* at Very's; on Wednesday, discussing haricot mutton at Berthollini's; and on Friday dining from alamode beef in Holborn,—and all with the same relish. In fact, he was one of those extraordinary conglomerations of antithetical attributes constantly turning up in the great world, like the water-rockets at the Surrey Zoological Gardens,—sparkling about for a space of time in extreme brilliancy, anon disappearing for an equal period from all observation, and then coming up again at a place where they were never expected, and flourishing about as lively and eccentric as ever.

Mr. Ledbury was on terms of intimate acquaintance with Jack Johnson, although the two were as different in their dispositions as a bottle of champagne and a tin of Devonshire cream, and they always enjoyed a little conversation when they met, Mr. Ledbury usually commencing by a few mild meteorological observations, which Jack Johnson generally replied to by asking his opinion of things in general, and the Romans in particular,—questions, it must be admitted, certainly involving much theory and ingenious speculation.

"It 's very hot," observed Mr. Ledbury, one warm day towards the end of August, as he seated himself at the accustomed table.

"Uncommonly," said Johnson, "and so is this cold meat—I mean to cut it soon. Where do you think of going?"

"I had an idea of visiting Gravesend," gently replied Ledbury.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Johnson, expressing disgust, "don't go there. Nasty place — swarms with hot clerks — bad bathing, too — neither fresh nor salt, but a dash of both."

"But they say the living is cheap there."

"Oh! gammon!" was the energetic reply. "You get overdone with shrimps — nothing else to be had at times, upon my honour. Shrimps for breakfast, dinner, and tea—potted shrimps, shrimp-puddings, shrimp-soup—the very pastry-cooks make their tarts of shrimp-jam, and think nothing so fine as shrimp-ices."

"How very odd!" observed Mr. Ledbury. "I never heard that before."

"Fact, sir!" continued Jack. "Why don't you go to France? I'm going, and anywhere else chance may take me. Suppose you come too."

Mr. Ledbury was a little aghast — the thoughts of a continental tour had never entered his head in his wildest dreams of travel. He inquired—

"Will it not be very expensive?"

"Oh, no," answered Jack. "I know Paris very well. Things are as cheap as dirt there, if you know where to buy them. Velvet hats sixpence a-piece, kid gloves four sous (that's twopence), and glazed boots half-a-crown a pair; lodgings five shillings a-month."

"That certainly is very reasonable," said Mr. Ledbury. "I should think, though, that the lodgings are not very great things at that rate."

"They are jolly comfortable, though," answered Jack. "They let you keep dogs in them, and rabbits, and—in fact, anything you like."

"I have read about Paris in the guide-books."

"Ah! I should think so. Guide-books are collections of lies half-bound in cloth, to deceive travellers. You never find much in them to be of service. Take Mrs. Starke with you, follow her directions, and see where they will lead you—that's all."

Mr. Ledbury not having a very clever idea as to who Mrs. Starke was, relapsed into silence.

"Paris is a perpetual holiday," continued Mr. Johnson; "a large tub of fun always running over."

"But I don't know the language very well."

"Oh! you'll learn it quickly. Go to the balls, and dance with the *grisettes*: they'll teach you soon enough."

"What's a *grisette*?" inquired Ledbury.

"Oh! plummy! I believe you," replied Johnson, winking his eye, and finishing his pint of stout. "A *grisette* is a French translation of a Pantheon stall-girl, with a dash of the milliner, and an occasional sprinkling of the washerwoman and Cranbourne Alley bonnet-seller."

"What a singular mixture! How I should like to see one!"

Mr. Ledbury's curiosity was evidently excited; and Jack Johnson, who knew Paris pretty well, and really wanted a companion, painted such glowing pictures of life in the French capital, that after a little persuasion he contrived to talk over Mr. Ledbury to accompany him.

In the course of a few days everything was arranged for their departure, and Jack did not shave any more, but allowed his mustachios to grow as they liked, — which proceeding appears to be actually incumbent upon everybody going to France; and Mr. Ledbury, under his directions, procured a flimsy piece of paper, called a passport, from the ambassador in Poland Street, after a pleasant sojourn of three hours in a back-parlour, amongst the queerest lot of people possible to conceive. We have obtained a sight of this document, and now place the copy of a portion of it before our readers, feeling assured that they will be thankful for the portrait of our traveller therein drawn forth.

Remarques.	
A charge d'être présenté aux autorités compétentes.	
Signalement.	
Taille de 5 pieds 10 pouces Anglais.	
Agé de 24 ans.	
Cheveux,	*blonds.*
Front	*ord.*
Sourcils	*blonds.*
Yeux	*gris.*
Nez	*retroussé.*
Menton	*rond.*
Visage	*ovale.*
Teint	*pâle.*

The steam-packets which leave London for the various parts of the Continent, have an eccentric and highly-diverting plan of abjuring the stated and regular times of departure adapted by most of their contemporaries to Herne Bay and Ramsgate, leaving at all sorts of uncomfortable hours, at their own discretion, generally ranging between midnight and six A. M. Accordingly, when they had fixed the day for starting, they ascertained that the *Emerald*, which was to transport them to Boulogne, would leave London at four in the morning; whereupon Jack Johnson intimated that it was all nonsense going to bed, and that they had better enjoy themselves instead,—going to bed at any time having been, in Jack's ideas, from time immemorial an unnecessary and painful infliction. Hereat, they went to the theatre, and subsequently drank much brandy and water, and did eat many broiled kidneys, until, as the chimes of St. Magnus struck a quarter to four, they found themselves in Thames Street, close to the wharf, at whose side the Emerald was lying preparatory to departure.

Although it wanted an hour to sunrise, yet there was a tolerable share of bustle in the neighbourhood of the quay. Trucks were discharging their contents on the floating platform below, passengers were arriving, and lights passing backwards and forwards in the cabin-windows showed that they were alive and moving on board; whilst a stream of vapour, visible in the light of the lamps on the bridge was rising from the spare-steam-funnel, and breaking into occasional whiffs as the paddle-wheels sullenly turned a stroke or two backwards and forwards, like a musician indulging in a few notes and runs to himself that he may ascertain all is right before commencing some great performance.

At length the bell rang for the non-voyagers to go on shore; the last arrival of passengers and luggage had been stowed away in their proper places, and, the ropes being loosened, the Emerald moved from the wharf, throwing the water from her paddle-boxes in slow and distinct turns. It was still dusk; and the reflexion from the fires on board the ships in the Pool, and at the edge of the wharfs, quivered in long lines upon the surface of the river, only broken by the occasional passage of some heavy craft taking early advantage of the tide. Ponderous market-carts were rumbling over London-Bridge, and a coach or two coming from the up-mail-trains of the railway, crossed it in the direction of the city, laden with passengers, who, ensconced up to their eyes in shawls, coats, and comforters, vainly endeavoured to entice back a small portion of the slumber which they had left behind at the terminus. But sleep is a sad flirt — the moment you wish for her company she deserts you; whilst, on the other hand, if you are really anxious to keep awake she will be sure to force herself on you whether you will or no.

It was rather cold; so, as soon as the boat was fairly off, Mr. Ledbury accompanied his Mentor down into the fore-cabin, where they had determined to go; Jack Johnson observing that it was some shillings cheaper, and that when they had once paid their pas-

sage-money, they could migrate where they liked; and here they deposited themselves with tolerable comfort, amongst some boxes and carpet-bags; for as a damp drizzling mist was falling, there was no great inducement to go upon deck, except for those directly concerned in the management of the vessel; and they had enough to do, keeping a sharp look-out, to prevent her coming in contact with the numbers of barges now thronging up the river. Lights had been suspended from the bowsprit and mast-head, and were now struggling ineffectually with the dull grey of an autumnal morning; whilst the only token to those below that they were on the alert overhead, was an occasional "Ease her!" "Stop her!" "Half a turn a-head!" "Go on!" as obstacles rose in the way of the packet, or disappeared.

The Emerald moved on, amidst the crowd of steamers, lighters, colliers, and ships from every part of the world, that bordered the space allotted to the water-thoroughfare; or, as it has been termed, in allusion to the unceasing shouting of coal-heavers and swearing of bargemen, "the silent highway." The docks, warehouses, churches, and manufacturing chimneys, receded as the pace was quickened on gaining a clearer road. The outlines of Greenwich Hospital faded in the distance, and were soon supplanted by the flat, uninteresting shores which border the river beyond this point.

"There 's Blackwall!" ejaculated Johnson, looking out through one of the glazed port-holes that form the cabin-windows. "Many a prime dinner I have had at the Brunswick, after fourpenn'orth of rope on the rail. Do you like whitebait?"

"I never tasted it," replied Ledbury. "What is it like?"

"Nothing else in the world — little fish, with large eyes and no bones, dried in flour, and drowned in cold punch—eh!"

"And, when is the proper time for it?"

"June, sir; the balmy month of June. After that they get out of season, — that means, the minnows and little dace get in by mistake,—no go, then—brown bread and tittlebats."

As they approached Gravesend the preparation of breakfast commenced, and the clinking of the cups and saucers had somewhat of a comfortable sound, inducing them to make a tolerable meal, under the combined influence of inclination and principle. Inclination, because they were favourably disposed towards the shrimps and cold meat; and principle, because they were told a roughish passage was anticipated; and should this prove true, it was as well not to allow the stomach to contract upon its empty self, — a proceeding of that organ which is occasionally acutely painful. When they had concluded their breakfast they ascended upon deck, and beguiled the time with talking, smoking, and drinking bottled-stout, until they arrived off Margate, where they took some people on board.

Up to this point of the journey everything had been tolerably quiet; but on approaching the Foreland the first sensations of qualmishness became apparent. The passengers began to retire to the cabins, and compose themselves in dark corners of the same. Others, who could not bear the close atmosphere, wrapped themselves up, and stretched out their limbs upon the stools upon deck, whilst a third party seated themselves in a row along the lee-side of the vessel, to be in readiness for anything chance might bring about.

The waves increased in size, and the packet accordingly rose and fell in proportion. Steward's boys were seen hurrying about, with glasses of cold brandy-and-water, and solitary biscuits on cheese-plates; and occasionally a mop was lowered by a string into the boiling ocean; or a basin, caught by the wind, now and then performed a journey from one end of the deck to the other, all by itself.

Of course, there were several upon whom the motion of the vessel had very little effect; and first and foremost amongst these fortunate individuals was Jack Johnson, who had seated himself upon the roof of the cabin-entrance, in company with an apparently interminable bottle of Guinness', watching the invalids, and making sundry pleasant remarks upon things in general to Mr. Ledbury, who felt particularly queer, but was endeavouring to make himself believe that he was perfectly well.

"I wonder," observed Jack Johnson, as he stuck the stout-bottle into the pocket of his pea-coat, to keep it from rolling away, "I wonder why stewards of steam-boats are always fat, and have all got curly hair."

"I don't know," replied Mr. Ledbury; "unless constantly being near the fire plumps them up, like cooks and wild ducks."

"I rather imagine," continued Johnson, "that they pick up flesh from living perpetually amongst hot oil and boiled mutton."

"Oh! don't talk anything about boiled mutton!" said Ledbury, with an air of disgust, and looking like an animated turnip.

"With respect to their curly hair," Johnson remarked, "I cannot offer a theory, unless it be that all their whiskers grow on the top of their heads instead of down their cheeks!"

There was a wild attempt on the part of the steward to establish dinner about one o'clock; but the sea was too rough to allow of such a proceeding; nor was the atmosphere of the cabin sufficiently attractive to tempt anyone down. Our friends, therefore, had some sandwiches on deck; and, to do Mr. Ledbury justice, he behaved remarkably well, for the wind was dead against them, and the sea so turbulent, that at one time the captain had thoughts of going into Ramsgate harbour for the night. About three o'clock it came on to rain, and Ledbury and his companion nestled under the tarpaulin of some woolsacks upon deck; where, under the combined influence of the stout, the wind, and the rambles of the previous night, they soon fell asleep. Neither the noise upon deck, the dashing of the waves, the motion of the boat, nor the straining and creaking of her timbers as she laboured through the boiling sea, disturbed them; and they dozed away comfortably until an unusual bustle aroused them from their visions, and they found they were close to the entrance of Boulogne harbour.

The Emerald rolled through the surf on the bar, and in a few minutes came into the comparatively still water, between the two barricades of piles which stretch into the sea on either side of the harbour. The bustle on deck consequent upon each passenger endeavouring to pick out his own carpet-bag from amidst one hundred and fifty others, all alike and undirected, aroused our tourists, and they now began to look about them.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Ledbury, gazing at a figure at the end of the pier, in a pepper-and-salt great-coat, "there's a French soldier. I wonder what he wears red trowsers for?"

"Because the English wear red coats," said Johnson. "You will see everything in France is by the rule of contrary. We take the left side in driving—they take the right; we pay when we get out of a *'bus*—they pay upon getting in; we call a pawnbroker "my uncle,'—they call him '*ma tante;*' English washerwomen put the linen into tubs,—French ones get into the tubs themselves, and wash the linen in the river."

As the steamer at length stopped at the port, and the plank-bridge was thrust out for the passengers to land, a confusion of voices arose, to which the "gabble for the million" that caused the great strike amongst the masons of the Tower of Babel, was perfect tranquillity. A chain was stretched along the pier, to keep off the crowd, and oblige the travellers to pass through the Douane; and this was thronged, like the ropes of a race-course, by the noisy touters from the various hotels, leaning over, and offering the cards of their respective establishments, with the assurance that each was superior to the other. To keep them quiet, Johnson promised every one of them individually that he would make a point of coming to their hotel; and Mr. Ledbury received all their cards with extreme affability, thanking them severally for their attention; and regarding them with mild benignity.

Having pushed forward with the crowd through the gates of the custom-house, they were severally searched—an ordeal which awakened much honest indignation in the breast of Jack Johnson; who finally relieved his wrath by pointing to his Wellingtons, and recommending the custom-house officers to detain them, hinting that as one had caused them so much uneasiness at Waterloo, probably *two* would be doubly annoying. A similar playful allusion to the Bluchers of Mr. Ledbury, who appeared rather nervous during the inquisition, was also indulged in; and then, as they emerged from the Douane, they found all the touters waiting for them. It was only by dint of sheer personal strength, and a few liberal and thorough British oaths, that Mr. Johnson preserved himself and his companion from being torn into divers pieces, and carried in divisions to the various hotels with which Boulogne abounds; there being, on an average, by the latest statistics, one house and a half to every single visitor who arrives there.

Acting upon the contradictory axiom that the dearest hotels are by far the cheaper, they determined upon putting up at the Hotel du Nord; the commissioner whereof promised to clear their luggage in time for them to get everything that night; and then they strolled out into the town to inquire after the diligences, and look about them. There was plenty to attract Mr. Ledbury's attention at every step, and he was more especially amazed at hearing the little dirty children, who were luxuriating in the gutters, speaking French with such purity and fluency. Then he stared at the lamps slung across the streets, and the painted signs of the shops, and the large red hands at the glove-makers; and was finally lost in admiration when they turned up the Grand Rue, and entered the Cathedral, at the numerous offerings, including the little ships hung from the ceiling, and the gaudy trappings of the different altars. Jack Johnson, having seen all these things before, was not so excited, but withal found new amusement in making faces at an old woman, who was sprinkling holy-water about with a Dutch broom; and when

he was tired of this pastime, in blowing out a mass of candles, about the size of small rushlights cut in half, which were flaring, guttering, and melting, on a triangular stand near the door.

As they left the church they found a crowd in the open place in front of it, assembled round a man in a fine suit of clothes, who was standing on the seat of a gig, and evidently preparing to address the assembled multitude. His companion, a female in a flaunting bonnet and feathers, something in the style of the women who stand under large umbrellas, and keep the *al fresco* gaming-tables on our race-courses, was playing a tune on the *cornet-à-piston* to attract an audience. When she had concluded, the gentleman commenced his speech as follows:—

"Messieurs et dames,—ne croyez pas, que vous avez devant les yeux, un charlatan, un empirique, un jongleur, un prestidigitateur: non, messieurs — je méprise ces sciences, autant que je mépriserais moi-même si j'avais le malheur de les professer."

"What does he say?" inquired Mr. Ledbury.

"He says he's a brick, and no mistake," replied Johnson.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Ledbury, with much gravity. "What a flowery language the French must be! I wish I spoke it."

The man continued,—

"Mon titre est modest; je suis le premier physicien de l'univers, et aussi du Boulvart du Temple à Paris: et j'aurai l'honneur, messieurs et dames, de vous offrir des médecines les plus redoubtables à deux sous le paquet; et les allumettes chimiques Allemandes à un sou la boite. Voyez, messieurs—les allumettes Allemandes!"

"What are they?" again asked Mr. Ledbury.

"They are called, in the Tottenham-court-road dialect, 'Congreves, a halfpenny a box,'" said Johnson. "See! he's going to light one."

"A présent, du feu!" cried the doctor, using the same grandeur of tone in which the Astley's leader of a storming party would exclaim, "Storm the ramparts!" But the doctor's importance experienced a slight drop; for, after various rubs, the obstinate lucifers would not light. A laugh arose from the crowd, to which the "*premier physicien*" calmly replied,

"Allons, allons, messieurs: ce n'est rien. L'Allemagne abuse décidément de notre confiance."

"I wish I could understand him," observed Mr. Ledbury. "Do tell me what he says."

"He says the German opera was a failure, and Herr Dobler is the devil's god-son," replied Johnson. "Now, look!—he is handing his goods amongst the crowd. Buy something."

"What's this?" asked Mr. Ledbury, taking up a small tinsel roll, about the thickness of his little finger.

The physician returned an answer, which to Mr. Ledbury was about as intelligible as double Dutch spoken backwards, — a *patois* ever extremely difficult to understand.

"It's a *bonbon*," said Johnson. "Try it."

"It's remarkably nasty," replied Mr. Ledbury, putting a small piece in his mouth."

The people around began to laugh at this proceeding; and when Mr. Ledbury, blushing very deeply, and imagining that they were amused with his wry faces at what was possibly an acquired taste,

bit off a large piece, and swallowed it boldly, their merriment increased to a roar.

"What is it?" he exclaimed again.

The doctor, comprehending from his gestures what he wished to know, replied, "Monsieur, c'est une grande cosmetique pour lisser les cheveux."

"What a funny mistake!" said Johnson. "You have been eating a stick of coloured pomatum."

Whereat Mr. Ledbury coloured up more deeply than ever, and tried to laugh through his blushes, like a sunbeam on Lord Mayor's day struggling through the red fog; but he was evidently much bewildered.

"Never mind," said Jack Johnson; "keep the rest for your own. You have not got too much hair, and what you have is harsh enough to work into a bird-cage. It will do it good."

And after this pleasant adventure they returned to their hotel. Here the commissioner told them that he had taken places for them the next morning in the diligence, and they accordingly retired to bed, Mr. Ledbury's head being filled with confused visions of smiling *grisettes* in cocked-hats and postilions' boots, and Jack Johnson wondering if the tailor in the Place de la Bourse, whom he neglected to call upon before he last left Paris, would chance to meet him and upbraid him with his want of etiquette.

A NIGHT WELL SPENT.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Every society, every ship, every corps, every grade has its established butt. Paid, liveried fools have given place to the fool, *par excellence*, of the present age, the easy, good-natured fellow, who takes every jest kindly, every practical joke as a matter of course, and almost fancies himself slighted when no one condescends to turn him into ridicule.

Jemmy Thompson was a griffin (*i. e.* a new-comer from Europe), and Jemmy was a goose. Jemmy, however, was one of the best-tempered fellows alive, so every one played off their tricks on him.

Now it so happened that a ship had just arrived in Diamond harbour, on its way to Calcutta from the Levant, and, as the plague was said to be raging at the latter place, the said vessel had been ordered to perform strict quarantine for forty days. The sentries on shore had received orders to shoot any one who dared to land from her, and, under pain of death, every one was forbidden to approach her. Of these circumstances Jemmy was profoundly ignorant.

Our friend Jemmy had annoyed several of the members of a reading club in Calcutta, by daily seizing the —— (the daily paper), and pestering everybody to know if the "William and Mary," a ship which he had reason to believe was bringing him out some Madeira, had arrived?

Thus stood matters, when one day, on his entering the club, and making the usual inquiries, Captain Molloy quietly arose, and assured him that the wished-for vessel had arrived, and was even now lying down at Diamond Harbour, taking care to describe the exact position in which the tainted ship was moored. Jemmy ran home,

ordered his palanquin, and arrived that evening about eight o'clock at this semi-sea-port. Impatient to convince himself that his treasure had arrived, he did not hesitate, even at this late hour, to order a boat, and instantly caused himself, to the no small surprise of the persons who looked on from shore, to be rowed to the plague-stricken ship.

When he approached near her, a person from the deck desired him to keep off. This Jemmy did not understand. He had no idea of having taken all this trouble for nothing, so he drew still nearer; nor was it till he was assured that his boat would be sunk, and the fact explained to him that the vessel had just arrived from Turkey, that he consented to sheer off. When, however, he learnt these little facts, he was just as eager to return to shore as he had been to board the merchantman.

What was Jemmy's horror and indignation on beholding, as he approached the strand, a musket levelled at his head by a sturdy sentinel, who swore, in tolerably round terms, that if he attempted to set foot on shore, he would instantly blow out his brains.

"Here's a go!" quoth Jemmy; "and, pray, why am I to be thus treated?"

"You come from a plague-ship; my orders are strict; advance nearer, and I fire."

Under these circumstances Jemmy thought it would be better to retire; so he ordered his *dandies* to pull up the river. Here, however, he was instantly stopped. If he attempted to force his way up, a gun, protruding its ugly head through an embrasure in the fortress, was instantly to be discharged at him. The boats of the board of health forbad him, on peril of instant destruction, to proceed down the river. What was poor Jemmy to do? He had but one chance. He quietly approached a man-of-war that was lying at anchor. Seemingly unobserved he came close to her, when, lo! a sudden report, and a ball knocked off his hat into the river! Jemmy roared loudly. His boatmen took the hint, and sheered off. What was now to be done? Thompson had neither had *tiffin* nor dinner. He had no covering for his head, no place of shelter. The weather was stormy; the waves began to knock him about, and bring on sickness. It was the rainy season, and the poor little fellow was drenched to the skin. Yet here he must remain, here abide, or run the risk of being sent into the next world by a musket-ball. He certainly did not relish either alternative; but alas!

"Necessitas non habet leges."

All that night, and until noon next day did our wretched little friend remain exposed to the elements, rowing about in despair, fearing that, like the flying Dutchman, he was destined to cruise here for ever.

About noon one of his quizzers, perceiving the scrape he would be in, obtained an order, by which Mr. J. Thompson was allowed to land. The little gentleman instantly called his facetious friend out, and shot him through the leg, inflicting a wound which lamed him for life. Jemmy himself was laid up with a severe rheumatism and ague for nearly three months, and the whole affair finally turned out, like every other practical joke, a subject rather of sorrow than of fun.

RURAL SCENES.

BY MARTINGALE.

THE VILLAGE INN.

Manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it.

Much Ado about Nothing, act iv.

Neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.

Henry IV. act i.

It would be a matter of some difficulty to point out any spot, amidst the many interesting scenes presented in the drama of rural life, where a greater diversity of character is exhibited than in a village inn, situated, not in some obscure or isolated locality, surrounded by fens and marshes, but on the side of one of the principal thoroughfares through a district distinguished not only for the richness and fertility of cultivation, but for the harmonious undulation of surface, and picturesque effect of the surrounding country.

The actors are as varied in tone and in manner as they are in costume and in occupation,—as different in character as the objects of external nature. The travelling packman, who blends the trade of tea-dealer with those of the draper and the haberdasher, presents a striking contrast to the regular tramp, who possesses a home nowhere and a home everywhere, and whose life, without any distinct aim or visible occupation, derives its peculiar attraction from its endless change of scene. The "long-settle" is noted for the variety of its occupants. Here rests the poor wayfarer, weary and heart-drooping, whose journey has been undertaken in consequence of the death of wife or child:—there the reckless adventurer, who has left a good situation, which he neither cared to retain, nor endeavoured to render comfortable by the discharge of its duties. Towards the corner are seated two travelling "potters," who, having accidentally met, are wonderfully jovial in each other's presence. Here and there are mingled the farming-man, the woodman, and the bark-stripper; and at the farther extremity sits one who speaks to nobody and eyes everybody.

In the afternoon—particularly on market-days,—the miller and the carrier, each having drawn up his particular vehicle at the door, drop in, and change the scene,—the former to receive orders, and the latter to deliver letters for the villagers, and parcels for the neighbouring hall or rectory. But the exits are as numerous as the entrances. Towards night the mole-catcher, with his hand-spade and traps, occupies his place before the fire; and he is speedily followed by the keeper, with his double-barrel and game-bag, accompanied by his dogs, which at one bidding lie down beneath his seat. The coachman from the hall and the gardener from the grange speedily enter and take their places. They are all good fellows well met over the foaming tankard. In the far corner, partly hidden by the clouds of tobacco-smoke, sits one quite silent, for no one speaks to him, and he speaks to no one. Apparently he is unobserving; but the betrayal of an occasional side-glance from his quickly-marking eye, shows that he is regarding every-

thing; for, indeed, he is gathering such information as will suit his own purpose, without exposing himself to the liability of suspicion. It is the solitary poacher, who knows as well as the keeper himself every portion of the extensive preserves, and every intricacy of the densest covers.

The well-appointed gig and the spring-cart occasionally stop at the door; and some of their occupants linger at the bar, and appear to be on pleasant terms with the landlady; while the master of the house has, by invitation, joined the keeper and his friends on the "long-settle," to whose wants, as well as to all his kitchen-customers, he is particularly civil and attentive, especially as he has been to market himself, and met with several of his very particular friends on that important occasion.

But the village-inn is not only visited by numerous and varied individuals of the locality itself, but by small parties of strangers, who have been taking a pedestrian excursion into the country to visit some particular spot far-famed for its picturesque grandeur, or venerable for its high antiquity, and who, having done so, stop at the village-inn to wait the arrival of the coach. For these, indeed, better accommodations are provided than those which the mere kitchen affords. Nor are these occasions often devoid of interest. It was, indeed, precisely eight o'clock at night in the month of April, that Tresham, accompanied by his friends, rang the bell in the snug back-parlour of the Bald-faced Stag in the pleasant village of ——. "Tobacco and pipes, a dozen of the real union cigars, and four *goes* of brandy, *cold without*," said he to a good-looking female waiter, of some five-and-twenty, or thereabout, more noted for smartness than tartness, and more distinguished for frills than flounces. The order was speedily obeyed. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate; and the chairs of Tresham, a stout gentleman with a red nose, an exquisite of the first water, and of Slingsby, were drawn around the comfortable hearth.

The conversation had hitherto turned on the varied pleasures and attractions presented to those who, blessed with competence, could enjoy the many advantages of a residence in the country, free from the cares and anxieties of business, and all the countless annoyances which are invariably attached to a commercial or trading life. Opinions on this point were varied; and our friend, Tresham, attempted to prove that there was not a single sight or sound in the country, but what formed a source of unalloyed gratification and delight, without mentioning an uninterrupted course of health unknown to the denizens of the crowded city, and the dense marts of manufacturing industry; whilst his chief opponent insisted, with a peculiar pertinacity, that of all lives in this changeful world, that which was spent in the metropolis was the happiest and the best.

"In the country," said Tresham; "take morning, for instance. Behold! the mist is curling around the brows of the everlasting hills. The splendid curtains of the east are drawn aside; and forth comes the monarch of the day in all his glory, casting over the earth an eye, whose matchless radiance embraces all things, illumining the tops of the giant timber-trees, spires, towers, and headlands, dispelling the thick gloom, and driving even sadness from the precincts, where during the darkness of the night it had brooded in loneliness. The bright waters of the reposing lake throw back the splendour of the gorgeous heavens; and the streams resound with a melodious murmur, until, uniting their waters, they form the dam of the old water-mill."

"That's vewy low," interrupted the fop; "the old watew-mill is extwemely low."

"There is no object," continued Tresham, "more particularly striking to the eye, more characteristic of the many peaceful scenes of this fair land, or more redolent of interesting associations, than the old water-mill."

With the peculiar tact to which Tresham had a just claim, he proceeded to descant on the striking features of the landscape, which embraced in the picture the old water-mill, with its rude machinery,—its peculiar "click-click,"—a sound which, with the noise of the water-wheel, overshot or undershot, he described as peculiar to rural scenes.

"But," continued Tresham, "there are thousands of interesting objects besides the old water-mill, which, turn which way you may, engage the attention. Take, for instance, the village-church and church-yard. The old edifice itself claims no small portion of respect, even on the ground of its antiquity alone. Mark its peculiar old porch, nearly overgrown with ivy, beneath which have passed generation after generation to join in the worship of their forefathers, who now sleep in their peaceful graves, to be followed in due time by their successors;—the quiet rectory-house, the residence of the minister, with its snug garden-ground attached, neatly laid out, fitted for the purpose of healthful recreation, and provided with the articles of daily use and consumption;—with the old yew-trees that guard the consecrated ground;—the sober melody of the village-bells on a Sunday morning, inviting the villagers to kneel at the same altar at which their forefathers knelt;—the snug family-groups slowly moving by the ancient footways, preserved from time immemorial, to the venerable sanctuary,—the neatness of their dress,—the propriety of their behaviour,—the blooming cheek of the village girl,—the sober and peaceful bearing of the happy and confiding parents,—the lines of neatly-attired children from the village Sunday-school,—and other circumstances peculiar to the scene."

"All these peculiaws," replied the fop, "may be vewy intewesting to those whom they may concern. But, as to myself, they seem to be extwemely vulgaw; because, seeing that thea' is in them nothing of fashion, they must be unfashionable; and to be out of the fashion, as the phwase is, you might as well be out of the wo'ld. My deaw fellow," continued the fop, "fashion is the essence of wefinement,—the only pwoof which can be weasonably adduced in confiwmation of the pwospewity of nations. Now, if thea' be anything belonging to a countwy life which is at all beawable, it is a wesidence at the old hall, pwovided it has not been defiled by the vile lucwe of the ignowant manufactuwer, or mewchant, or pewsons of that low class of dawty people. (Twuly excellent cigaw this, by Jove!)—Go on—I beg pawdon."

"The old hall," remarked Tresham, "venerable as it undoubtedly is, possesses more excellent qualities than those which belong to mere antiquity. It rears its time-honoured head, not only as one of the chief ornaments, but as the chief protector of the scene by which it is surrounded. From its old-fashioned portals should the hand of charity be extended to the poor and to the needy,—from within its precincts should constantly flow those qualities of the good old English school which meet with the veneration of all parties; and while it should set the example, and diffuse around the most correct taste with regard to what can be accomplished by judicious cultivation of the soil, it should be the protector of the rights of the poor."

"Vewy fine, upon my wo'd,—vewy."

"Very true," said the red nose, humming

"'Like the good old English gentleman, one of the olden time.'"

"The life of the English country gentleman," continued Tresham, "is the happiest of all lives. He is surrounded by almost innumerable blessings, and he is placed in the midst of all delightful recreations. He can share in the exhilarating pleasures of the chase, from the 'broke away' to the 'who-whoop,'—in coursing, from the 'so-ho' to the death,—in shooting, from the cock to the partridge, from the swan to the teal,—in fishing, from the salmon and the trout to the minnow and the gudgeon; and in those several minor engagements which are continually presented before him. He is surrounded, too, with the most delightful scenes,—with the means for the enjoyment of the most robust health. Then, look at his social enjoyments. His table, hospitably spread, which his own hand has partly contributed to fill, can also be surrounded by those troops of friends whose habits are congenial to his own,—nay, not even disregarding those strangers from the gay metropolis, who, forsaking for a time the Exchange, the counting-house, the board of directors, and the Bank, are desirous of sharing in the many enjoyments which are alone presented by a country-life."

"Now, it appeaws to me," said the exquisite, "to be the height of vulgawity—I mean a countwy life. It is fa' mo'e delightful to hea' the wawblings of the divine Malibwan, Pasta, Gwisi, Pewsiani, and to behold the celestial gwace of Taglioni, Cawlotta Gwisi, and Louise Fleuwy. It is even fa' mo'e delightful to hea' the noise and wattle of the omnibus, and the cab, and the coach, huwwying along the densely-cwowded streets to the wailway station, than the cawing of wooks, the bawk of hounds, the fiwing of guns, and all that so't of thing, mo'e calculated fo' the edification of the stupid, than the gwatification of the man of spiwit and discewnment. 'Pon my honouw, I would soona' fowego all the attwactions of the opewa, the *dejeuné à la fowchette*, the *swarrie*, and the *convewsazione*, — I would soona' go to the East Indies to be butchewed in the passes of the Twezedeen, than lead a life in—what is justly called — the countwy, — amongst countwy cousins to the thiwd genewation, and the like of that, who are looking at nothing else but getting mawwied, and secuwing a good settlement pwovided fo' themselves."

"Well," resumed Tresham, "every man to his taste. Let the votaries of fashion pursue their several vocations, amidst scenes of heartless gaiety, and vain and empty excitement,—let them plunge into the vortex of dissipation, — hurrying here and hurrying there, — turning day into night, and night into day,—and shortening a life composed of one endless yet toilsome round of pleasures, which might be devoted to useful purposes. Let the merchant linger over his ledger, the banker over his interest-tables, the ship-owner over the amount of freight, the speculator over his speculations, and the manufacturer watch with placid eye the fearful, the eternal whirl of wheel and spindle,—all useful, undoubtedly, in some way or other;—but give me the country, — the free, the pure, the uncontaminated country, with all its unalloyed pleasures,—its woods and streams, its corn-fields and meadows, its moors and mountains,—its healthy breezes and its sunny skies,—its—"

The observations of Tresham were suddenly stopped by the abrupt entrance of the waiter, exclaiming, "The coach is coming," and violently slamming the door after her.

"Oh, vewy well," said the exquisite. "Twesham, wing the bell, and let 's see what we have to pay."

This necessary part of the proceeding having been satisfactorily performed, and the amount received by the waiter with a very awkward curtsey, the party prepared for their departure. The red nose was put inside the vehicle. Tresham, wrapping his cloak around him, mounted the box beside the coachman; and Slingsby and the Exquisite, similarly attired, took their seats behind, the latter exclaiming,

"All right, coachman; dwive on!"

The summons was immediately obeyed; and the loud rattle of the coach soon died away in the far distance.

THE MICROSCOPE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

It is now many years ago since Mr. Clarke was sent out by the "Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge" to Bengal, in order to convert as many of the benighted Indians to Christianity as possible. His talents were of the highest order, his zeal well known; it was, therefore, most sanguinely expected that his mission would be crowned with success. On his arrival, the Governor-General, finding that his means were small, and truly sympathizing in the feelings of those who thus endeavoured to awake the sense of the heathen world to "light and life," gave him the direction of the Calcutta Free-school, and one or two other minor posts, which considerably increased the worthy missionary's income.

After several ineffectual attempts to convert the natives, poor Clarke returned in despair to Calcutta, feeling more than half inclined to sail for Europe, so much did he take his repeated failures to heart. He was, however, dissuaded from this step, and applying himself assiduously to the management of his scholars, he strove to banish from his mind the thorn which rankled there.

One day our missionary learned, to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and at the time appointed the Heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions, the controversy was opened by several inconsequential queries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him,

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?"

"I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law?"——"Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?"

"Impossible."

"Will you swear to it?"——"Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates?"——"Daily."

"Bring me some of that fruit, then," rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant. His order was complied with; the pomegranates were brought.

"Choose one." The Brahmin did so.—"Cut it in two." With this direction he complied.—"Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope.—"Now look at it."

The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright. The fruit was perfectly alive with animalculæ. The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate (which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit,) looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince himself that there was no trick in the affair. Then, suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly uttered "*Bus-such hi.*" ("Enough—it is true.")

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously? That everything being filled with animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?"

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is?"——"No! I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof?"——"I have a favour to ask."

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and, being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But, as the Indian was urgent, almost to entreaty, he at length consented (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value), and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

"It means, Sir Christian," replied the Hindoo in a cold, grave tone, "it means that I was a happy, a good, a proud man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness. You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable!"

With these words the unfortunate Brahmin quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

MY HONEY-MOON;

OR, DOMESTIC BLISS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR."

I HAVE often heard the complaint, that whereas almost all comedies and novels end with a marriage, which is supposed to be the beginning of a state of exquisite happiness, the world, (that is the single portion of it,) is left in a state of ignorance as to what that happiness consists in. I purpose, in the following pages, to do something at least towards affording satisfaction on this point to those who stand in need of it, by giving them a sample of my own experience as a Benedict.

It is a twelvemonth to-day—this worked-silk night-cap (affection's offering) which I now for the first time put on, reminds me of the fact—since my Laura made me the happiest of men. From the gay and festive scenes of the Metropolis, where the nuptial knot was tied, we hastened down to a delightfully snug little cottage, situated on the banks of the majestic Thames.

Never shall I forget those blissful emotions which I experienced when, on the second day of our joyful union, Laura and I, our morning meal (consisting of new-laid eggs, home-baked bread, fresh butter, delicious cream, fragrant Mocha, and some exquisitely-flavoured ham) having been despatched, walked forth into the morning sunshine down the gravel-path of our little garden. The buds were coming out, and so (to speak of them as singers) were the little birds—the aerial goldfinch, the blackbirds in the gooseberry-bushes, and the lark on the plum-tree in its bloom. We walked together in a manner which we always adopt when nobody is looking at us. It is this. I take Laura's right hand in mine, and pass her arm around my left; then I do not let go of her hand, but continue to hold it, sustaining at the same time my own left hand with my right arm. In this way we wandered up and down the paths, and among the flower-beds. At first we did not say much,—that is, we did not *talk* much; but when our eyes met, there was a mutual exchange of eloquence which no words, I am sure, could ever have effected. We looked at each other, then smiled, then sighed,—then looked up into the clear blue sky, as if to ask what happier beings might dwell there. At length, after a long, but most expressive, silence my Laura spoke.

"Tootsicums!" she whispered, communicating to my left side the slightest possible impulse with her elbow. The endearing epithet which she applied to me was one with which affection had just enriched her vocabulary. She had read it in no book, culled it from no dictionary but that of the heart. Soft word!—it suited well her silvery tone—"Tootsicums!" she said.

"Kitsy, Kitsy, Kitsy," I replied, with a smile of fondness.

"What shall we have, dear, for dinner?" she inquired.

"Whatever you like, love," I replied.

"No, dear,—what *you* like."

"Well, sweet, shall it be a leg of mutton? But what do you like best, Tibby?" (I sometimes call her Tibby, as she calls me Tootsicums,) I asked. The affectionate creature, with a movement of feigned impatience, looked up, with one of those peculiar glances which always had such an effect upon me, into my face for an instant, and then fixed her eyes on the ground. There was no mistaking her meaning.

"Nay," I said, "my soul's treasure, I meant, what do you like best to *eat*?"

"Oh!" she replied, "there are so many nice things, dear. There 's *fricandeau* of veal, you know."

"Yes, and veal-cutlets."

"Yes, and curried chicken."

"Yes, and haricot mutton."

"Oh, yes! and—Law! oh, Tootsicums, what say you to a leg of pork—boiled, you know?"——"With peas-pudding?"

"Oh, *yes!*—with peas-pudding," cried the delighted girl.—"It will be *so* nice—I am *so* fond of it."

"Now don't talk so, sir," said the playful creature; "you mustn't—if you do, I shall beat you."

"Kitsy, Kitsy, Kitsy," was my reply to this pretty threat, imprinting, as I thus expressed myself—but it is not fair, even for a husband, to kiss and tell.

"*Don't*," said dear Laura; "see how you 've bent my bonnet!" She said "don't" in a tone which converted "don't" into "do,"—with the addition of "you can't think how it gratifies me." Beautiful example of affectionate irony!

"I 'll never do so any more," said I, rubbing my eyes, and pretending to cry like a little boy.

"You are sure, now?"

I answered by repeating the offence forthwith; at which Laura exclaimed, in her little bewitching way, "Oh, you naughty story!" slapping me at the same time on the shoulder, but also allowing her hand to remain there, which, if she had hit me ever so hard, would have taken all the pain away. Hereupon my arm almost unconsciously encircled her delicate form, and her hand continuing where she had placed it, we, as it were, instinctively began to waltz. We waltzed in and out of the flower-beds, up and down the gravel-path, all around the green, and then back again down to the summer-house. As we were whirling along, my dressing-gown happened to catch in a gooseberry-bush, and down I came, with dear Laura too, of course. My falling first, however, saved her; but as to myself, I fell backwards, and received an unpleasant bruise, and, what was worse, tore my new trowsers.

"Jim! *dear* Jim!" almost shrieked my affectionate Laura, totally regardless of self, "are you—*are* you hurt? Oh! speak—tell me—say!"

"No, dear, no; only a little. Now, don't look so: I 'm not hurt much, I assure you—'tis only a trifle—'tisn't, upon my word," said I, trying to calm her fond alarm, though I was forced to rub myself all the while.

"Now, I know it hurts you very much," she replied. "Poor Tootsicums—let me tiss it, den, for him, and make it well!"

"Bless her little heart," I cried. "But see here, Tibby," (and I

turned round,) "see here, what a misfortune!" I showed her what happened to my nether garment. "I must go and change."

"Law! Jim," said Laura, "there 's no occasion for that. We won't dance any more, for *fear*, you know, you should get another tumble." So she put her arm round me, and I put mine round her, and we walked steadily in doors.

Now, I know that there are a great many people who will laugh at all this, and call it foolish, and perhaps it may seem so to them; but it 's very pleasant though, for all that.

After ordering cook to be sure and get the leg of pork ready exactly at five, and to take care and have some nice sprouts, and some kail, if she could get any, and also to make a roll-black-currant-jam-pudding, (which both of us are very fond of,) Laura got a needle and thread to sew up my trowsers. Just as she had finished the last stitch, the servant, without any warning, opened the door, and almost before she could announce him, in came Ruggles. Both my wife and I started so, that he must have thought it very odd; however, I contrived to put on a look of unconcern, and to introduce him to Laura as my particular friend,—which he is, though I certainly wished him at Jericho just then; more particularly as he is always quizzing somebody or other.

Having cordially welcomed my friend, I resumed my seat; but in doing so the needle, which Laura in her hurry had forgotten to remove, ran into me nearly a quarter of an inch, and made me jump up, and cry out as if I had been stung. I pretended that it was a shooting of one of my corns that hurt me; but I think Ruggles knew better, for I saw that he was grinning under pretence of blowing his nose.

Dear Laura (she catches a thing directly,) saw in a moment that Ruggles was a bachelor, so, to tease him, she came and sat on the sofa by me, and hitched her little finger in mine, and then, smiling at him, said,

"Are you married, Mr. Ruggles?"

"No," answered Ruggles, slightly shrugging his shoulders, and making a faint grimace, as much as to say, "I should rather think not."

"Oh, he 's no soul, love, has he?" inquired Laura, looking up tenderly in my face.

"Not he, Tibby," I replied.

Mr. Ruggles rubbed his hands with an air of much self-complacency.

"Ah! Ruggles," I observed, throwing myself back upon the sofa, "when you are married you 'll know better."

"Won't he, Tootsicums, dear?" said Laura.

"Well now, Ruggles, you 'll stay and take lunch?" I asked. "Tibby, dear, is it ready?"

"I 'll go and see, duck."

"No it shan't, dove. Let its Tootsicums ring."

"No; I want to see cook, dear,—about," she added, in a whisper at my ear, "about something nice."

So she rose, and bounded to the door like a fawn: I tripping after her on tip-toe.

"Hey! little kiddlums, kiddlums, kiddlums, kiddlums!" I cried, gently compressing her shoulders as she made her exit.

"Oh, you tease!" she winningly exclaimed.

"Kiddlums!" I cried after her down the passage, (this was a new term of endearment for her, which had just come into my head,) "kiddlums!"

"Well, you idle thing; what?"

"Mr. Ruggles would like half-and-half."

By the time Laura returned, lunch was ready. Thereat Ruggles acquitted himself in a manner which proved, to the entire satisfaction of Laura, the correctness of the character which I had ascribed to him. At length, after drinking a glass of wine to our health and happiness, and taking a piece of cake away (given him by her, to put under his pillow,) to my inexpressible delight he departed.

When he was gone, Laura sang me "The last links are broken," and "We met," and "The soldier's tear," and several other pretty songs of that sort; and then she made me sing, "Oh, my love is like the red, red rose," and "The rose shall cease to blow," and "The Maid of Llangollen." But when I volunteered "A-going out a-shooting," she put her hand upon my mouth, and would not hear a word of it. After that we went for a walk, to see the little lambs at play, and get an appetite for dinner.

I leave the reader to guess how my Laura and I enjoyed our meal. We were quite alone; and every morsel that the sweet girl thought particularly nice, she insisted on cutting off her share, and making me eat it. I leave him also to imagine how delightfully the interval between dinner and tea was occupied. Nuts and wine by themselves are pleasant enough; but when we partake of them with those we love, they are exquisite. Sometimes we had a double nut, and then one would make the other bite half of it; now I caused Laura to take another glass of port, saying, "Come now, Tibby, you shall; it will do you good;" and then she would insist on feeding me with almonds and raisins. It was very pleasant indeed—*very*.

At last tea-time came. "Look here, Tootsicums," said Laura; "see, duckey, how nice." With that she removed a cloth, that concealed four dozen of the finest natives. "I knew," she continued, you would like something nice with your tea."

"Tibby, dear," I declared, putting the edge of my right hand across my throat; "I can't—I can't, indeed."

"Oh, fiddle! Now, Tootsicums, you shall. Law! oysters are *so* wholesome, you know. Now try. Come, sir, open your mouth. There!"

I did as I was bid; and really the natives were so capital, that I went on swallowing one after another, until, with some little assistance from Laura, the whole were demolished.

The tea-things being taken away, we wheeled the sofa up to the fire; and, feeling as if I should like to go to sleep, I reposed my head on Laura's lap, and thus delightfully pillowed, was fast sinking into slumber, when presently I felt—oh! such a pain in the "chest." I could not repress an ejaculation of pain.

"Jim!" cried the sensitive girl, in accents of terror. "Oh! how you've frightened me! What is the matter?"

"Oh! Laura!" I answered, "I have such a pain *here*."

"Goodness gracious, Jim! how ill you look! Oh, dear! let me

ring, and send for a doctor. Do, pray!" And she rushed towards the bell.

"No, dear," I said; "give me a spoonful of brandy. 'Tis only a spasm that I am subject to. I shall be better presently."

The sweet creature instantly did as I desired, and in a few moments I felt relieved.

"Now, Jim," said she, when, coming a little to myself again, I began to smile, "I am sure you have caught cold. Do you know I am afraid those trowsers that you put on this morning were not aired. You don't look well at all. You don't indeed."

"I rather think, dear, I must have caught cold, or something of that sort. What could it be else?"

"Come, now, Tootsicums; you shall let me make you some rum and honey; and then put little toots into hot water, and go to bed like a good boy; and then to-morrow you'll be all well again."

Who could have refused to take such affectionate advice, even if there had been no occasion for it? The hot water was fetched in, and placed before the fire. Laura insisted upon wrapping me up in her flannel dressing-gown, and binding my head with a silk handkerchief, besides putting me on one of her nightcaps, for fear of "tic." Then she mixed the rum and honey, and made me drink it down hot, which I would not do, however, till she had first had some of it herself. So there I sat, with my feet in the tub, and the tumbler, with a spoon in it, in my hand; my Laura sitting before me on a little stool, and renewing the hot water from time to time from the kettle; until she thought that it would weaken me to remain where I was much longer. The day having been thus delightfully spent, (my slight indisposition at the close of it being more than counterbalanced by the pleasure which I derived from Laura's fond solicitude,) my Tibby and her Tootsicums betook themselves to the couch of slumber.

"TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY (PRIVATE).

"1 April, 1842.

"Sir,—If my wife, who has given me a great deal of trouble, and for whose engagements I have been obliged to state publicly that I am not responsible, should call at your office, and claim in my name the money for the paper, entitled "My Honey Moon," sent to you some time ago, pray be so good as not to let her have it.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"The Author."

CURE FOR THE AGUE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

In no country on earth is the ague felt with greater violence than in India. Heaven help the unfortunate person whom it attacks! Nothing but a trip to Europe will shake it off; and even that sometimes fails to establish a permanent cure. Once visited by this dreadful malady, the unfortunate sufferer seldom escapes without several returns, even though years elapse between the intervals of this paralyzing disorder. The native who sees a white man thus

affected sincerely believes that he is so tortured by a devil that has taken up his abode within his person, and consequently recommends him to try every sort of charm to scare the demon away. The English doctor, when consulted, is sure to prescribe a sea-voyage as the best chance of recovery. I once knew a lady who was a martyr to this horrible, this torturing, complaint. It had attacked her just as she was slowly recovering after her confinement. She applied to her physician, who ordered her instantly to return to Europe. The Brahmin who happened to be on her domain at the time, laughed at the remedy, declaring that "Unless Master Debbil him choose to fly away, change of air no good." The lady's husband explained to the Hindoo priest that he looked upon him as a goose. He shook the doctor by the hand (for he was an excellent husband,) and immediately began to prepare for his wife's departure.

It unluckily so happened, however, that the disorder had arrived at such a height that Mrs. A—— had not been able to move *from*, or almost *in*, her bed for six weeks. It was, therefore, determined that she should wait until a lull in her pains permitted her removal to the boat, which was to convey her on board the first ship of the season returning to Europe.

Now, as ladies who have long resided in India are considered far more delicate in their tastes and habits than the rosy nymphs who have passed their days in northern climates, Mr. A—— began to lay in a stock of what is styled "private store," consisting of eatables and drinkables of the most dainty description, for the use of his wife; not but that he knew the living on board a homeward-bound Indiaman to be luxurious beyond description, and as unlike the coarse feeding in an outward-bound vessel as

"Hyperion to a satyr."

So, also, are the prices; for the lady in question, with her maid-servant, had voyaged out for two hundred pounds. In returning, she had agreed to pay for herself, her two children, and two maid-servants, one thousand pounds! So certainly she had a right to expect better entertainment; but, with all this, her princely husband thought it better she should have a private stock of luxuries, in case her appetite should be delicate. He, therefore, got pickled oysters, choice Burgundy, portable soups, and all kinds of delicacies, packed up to take with her. He judged, however, rightly, that no wine, no eatable would be half so acceptable as good water on board a ship; for, despite of all filters, and every other remedy, water long preserved tastes very nasty, the percolation only removing the objects floating in the liquid. Whatever exists in a state of solution is irremediable, so that the bilgy water of the long-encased *pseudo* fresh, is quite as disgusting as if no pains had been taken to cleanse it.

The water of Chittagong is the only water which never changes. At the end of three years it is quite as clear and fresh (that is, when well bottled) as it was when first taken from the spring. To ensure his wife this luxury, Mr. —— sent all the way to Chittagong, and procured three hundred dozen of this refreshing beverage, which, previous to packing in hampers, were placed on the long rows of banqueting-tables which stood in the grand hall of his residence

near Moorshedabad. His wife's sleeping-room opened into this hall, while her newly-born child, only two months old, inhabited a room on the other side of the building.

On the evening of— (whatever date you like), Mrs. A—— was suffering more than ordinarily. So acute were the semi-rheumatic pains which accompanied the ague, that she was actually unable to turn in her bed, and her doctor began to shake his head, and talk gloomily about the probable result. Mr. A—— was in despair. The hope of being able to reach Europe was almost given up by the patient herself, who began to believe, though usually of a sanguine disposition, that she was beyond the hope of cure.

It was just past midnight, and the sufferer had fallen into an uneasy sleep. The nurses and other faithful watchers were snoring soundly, when a sudden crash shook the whole building, a crash more terrific than that of the loudest thunder, or the roar of a whole park of artillery. The house shook as if moved by an earthquake; the noise seemed like that of a wing of the mansion falling in.

How beautiful, how pure is the mind of woman!—how superior to that of the male sex! A man thus awakened would have instantly thought of self. Mrs. A—— was a mother, a fond mother. The thought of her infant instantly flashed across her mind. "My child! my boy!" cried she, distractedly, and with one bound she sprang from her bed, and before her alarmed and astonished attendants had recovered their wits, their mistress—their late bed-ridden mistress—was half across the marble hall, up to her ankles in water, rushing forward, with anxious cries, towards the chamber of her child, whom she found lying quietly sleeping, the smile of happy innocence playing round its mouth, in its cradle, unalarmed, unconscious of the appalling sounds which had disturbed and frightened everyone else.

The revulsion of feeling was so strong, the joy so great, that Mrs. A—— fell down perfectly insensible. In this state she was found by her astonished husband, who could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw what maternal love could effect. Yes! the adoration of a mother had done that which art had vainly essayed. When Mrs. A—— again became sensible, the malady had left her; she was perfectly cured.

The noise had arisen from the tables having given way beneath the enormous weight of the bottled water, which, breaking on the marble floor, had caused the dreadful crash which had alarmed the sufferer. Under the greater alarm of danger to her child, her own eelings had yielded, and pain had fled, overcome by a mother's fond affection.

The black people swear, even to this hour, that it was "the devil escaping from his victim" that upset the tables, and threw down the bottles; for, as Jessaree Mahomed (the aforementioned Brahmin) wisely argues, "If debbil not fly away, how debbil missee fly to her *chuckerah?*" (child). Dr. M—— doubts this assertion, but still can give no satisfactory reason for the sudden, yet permanent, disappearance of the dreadful malady, which had been so long tormenting his fair patient.

Mrs. A—— lived many years happily and healthily in India after this occurrence, and ate and drank her sea-stores on Eastern land. As to her child, he grew up to bless his parent, and write this sketch.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

CHAPTER XXX.

Richard Savage makes the acquaintance and secures the friendship of a worthy peer, and is for the present raised out of want into affluence.

Let me not step forth from Newgate before I acknowledge the kindness of many friends, some altogether unknown to me, who, during my confinement in that place, sent me considerable presents, out of which I was able not only to support myself more luxuriously than is usual with persons in a like condition, but to procure such medical advice, and purchase such delicacies for my friend Gregory, as his ill state of health rendered necessary to him. Honest Dagge! keeper of his Majesty's gaol at Bristol,—perhaps, ere I conclude this familiar abstract of my life, I may pass an eulogium upon thee! For, sure, if a man in prison has little reason to expect friendship from those who are without its walls, still less has he to look for it from him who has him in custody. And yet, from thee, good fellow, have I received benefits, unasked of thee, that shall one day, if my life be spared, and fortune at last relent in my favour, meet a handsome reward; but no such reward, I take upon me to assert, as thy heart has already bestowed upon thee, which is, I know, all that thou desirest.

In a few weeks after our liberation, Gregory was made happy in the possession of his Martha, and shortly afterwards obtained a more lucrative appointment at the Custom-house than the one he had heretofore enjoyed.

In the mean time, I was greatly shocked and grieved at hearing of the lamentable end of Merchant, who was found drowned, closely wedged between two barges near Westminster Bridge. It was doubtful whether he had fallen or had thrown himself into the river.

My first impulse, on leaving Newgate, was to threaten my mother with so public an exposure of her infamy as would terrify her into a compliance with a certain demand I resolved to make upon her,—a demand of money; but no such sum as would have satisfied me years before, and as would then have purchased my silence. I determined to raise my price; since it was hardly reasonable in her to expect that I should permit her to enjoy gratuitously the luxury of persecuting me, or that I should tamely submit to endure any wrongs she might please to inflict upon me. I designed, therefore, to propose for her approbation the following alternatives, to wit,—either to consent to be exhibited before the world, with all the poignancy my malice, my wit, and *my invention* could supply, as the

most detestable woman that ever outraged human nature; or to make me an allowance properly, nay, legally secured to me, for the term of my natural life, not exceeding, and not falling short of, five hundred pounds per annum. I could by no means forego the gratification of my revenge for a penny less money. It was fairly worth five hundred a-year; not to speak of my claim of relationship upon her, which I dutifully held as worth nothing.

But from the prosecution of this scheme I was withheld by a variety of pleasing and social engagements that courted my acceptance, and during several months engaged my attention.

My indolence during many weeks favoured my mother; and it was not until I had been for the space of a month without a lodging, in which time I fared very ill both as to bed and board, — the butcher's stall more frequently contributing to my repose than to my subsistence,—it was not, I say, till I found that my affairs were in a state of the most pressing necessity that I sat down and addressed a letter to Mrs. Brett, in which I candidly unfolded the design I had upon her, and in which I inclosed a copy of verses, by way of specimen of my abilities in the flaying strain. However, she deigned not to return an answer; although, I was given to understand, my threats had not a little terrified her. I urged my demands a second time, and despatched another copy of verses. These were, I admit, shocking couplets, such, indeed, as, had she not in a manner capitulated, I had hardly dared to publish, being, as they were, altogether as unworthy of me as they were worthy of her.

These verses had the effect intended. On the evening following the day on which I had transmitted them, calling at the coffee-house at which I had directed any communication she might be pleased to make to me to be addressed, I found a letter lying for me. It was from Lord Tyrconnel, and requested that Mr. Savage would do him the *honour* of calling upon him at an early hour next morning, his Lordship having something very particular to say to him, in relation to two letters he had recently forwarded to his mother.

I waited upon Lord Tyrconnel punctually at his appointed time. I have mentioned that his Lordship had been very civil to me on several occasions, when I had met him at taverns and coffee-houses, and that he appeared in my favour on the trial. There was no diminution of cordiality in his reception of me now; on the contrary, he was excessively friendly, himself setting me a chair, and kindly complaining that I had not before visited him. We talked for some time on general topics; at length, drawing forth his pocket-book, his Lordship selected from amongst other documents my two letters to my mother, and holding them towards me, said, with a smile,

"You know these, I presume. Mrs. Brett has put them and their inclosures into my hands. Oh! they are too severe. Upon my soul, now, too bitter, Mr. Savage."

"The degree of bitterness is best decided by the provocation," I returned. "They are not too bitter, my Lord, I assure you. Nay, they were not written to wound her feelings, but to excite her fears. I designed them as a punishment, not as a correction. You do not know, my Lord, how basely I have been treated by this lady."

"I believe I know all," he replied. "The glosses she puts upon her own conduct I can see through, and despise. But now—" He

paused, but presently added, "Come, what do you say, sir?—what is to be done?"

"To say the truth, my Lord," said I, drawing myself up, "what is to be done by Mrs. Brett, or what will be done, I know not. All I am clear upon at present is as to what I myself intend to do, should that person resolve to do nothing. These letters signify my course of action. But I take it for granted, — or you had not summoned me hither,—that you have some proposal to make to me from the lady."

"Why, no direct proposal," he answered. "The case is this. We — that is to say, myself and her other relations — are more solicitous about her reputation than she herself appears to be; not but I believe your threats have in no small measure frightened her. But I suspect she doubts whether you will carry them into effect. She gives you credit, you see, for a generosity and forbearance she certainly has no claim to."

I could not help breaking forth at this. "Execrable and inexplicable woman!" cried I. "By the living God! Lord Tyrconnel, she may expect no further lenity from me. I concur to the commission of her crimes, while I continue the submissive subject of them. What the world knows through myself and others of her conduct I cannot recal, nor would I recal it if I could. But she may yet buy my silence for the time to come. Her money shall render me as mute as though I were in the grave, to which she has twice endeavoured to bring me. But tell her from me, my Lord, that no time, that no money,—though a hundred years were required to the telling of it,—can, or if it could, *shall*, abate the disgust, the contempt, the abhorrence with which she has filled my soul."

"I shall tell her no such thing," said he, laughing. "Your warmth contradicts your words. My object is, since peace between you is hopeless, to establish a truce. But first let me know whether you really have ever given her reasonable cause of offence."

"You shall judge, my Lord, for yourself," said I. "To enable you to do so, it will be necessary that I make you acquainted with all that has at any time passed between us."

"I am impatient to hear it."

I satisfied his impatience on the instant. It was a long story; but my companion paid the utmost attention to it, frequently enlivening it by interjectional comments, that redounded very little to the honour of Mrs. Brett.

"I would thank you, my Lord, for a moral to this pretty story," said I, in conclusion, laughing lightly. "Don't you think an attractive novel might be written upon it? What say you? Shall we put our materials into the hand of Mrs. Haywood? A pity Mrs. Manley is dead. She would, I think, have managed it with more art."

"O God! don't talk so," cried his Lordship, with a shudder. He fell into a long contemplation. "I do not know," said he, at length, "whether what I am going to tell you will change your wrath against your mother into pity, or whether it will not rather cause you to hate her more."

"*That* is very unlikely, my Lord," said I.

"I understand you. You mean, *that* is impossible. You would, at least, be glad to be told why she has treated you as she has done?"

"Certainly I should not shut my ears against such a communication," I replied; "though, to say the truth, I feel little desire to hear it. The reason she alleges is probably false."

"It is too characteristic to be so, I think," he replied. "You will readily believe that she never loved her first husband, and perhaps you will concede the possibility that she might have loved Earl Rivers. There cannot be a doubt of it; since for his sake she was willing to risk—nay, she voluntarily made a sacrifice of—her reputation. She has been condemned for having made the avowal that led to the divorce, but in my opinion very unjustly. It is true, it was on the faith of a promise, made to her by Lord Rivers, of marriage, when the divorce was obtained, that she was induced to confess her disgrace; but, whatever were her motives, I cannot but believe she acted rightly. It would never have done, Mr. Savage," here his Lordship assumed an important air, "to impose a supposititious heir upon a noble family. I will not blame her for not doing that."

"Nor I, my lord; although it seems I am to be the sufferer alike by her virtue and her vice. But, when one comes to think of it, no great harm had been done either. I fancy some of our nobility had been all the better for a little imposition. Their legitimates do them small honour sometimes."

"Ha! very well — very well, indeed," said he. "But, let me go on. After the divorce your mother naturally expected that Lord Rivers would fulfil an engagement to which he had set his solemn word of honour, and rescue her from an infamy into which, for his sake alone, she had plunged herself; but this his lordship absolutely refused to do. What says Mr. Congreve?

> "'Earth knows no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.'

She is not a woman to supplicate. Her pride was as intense as her love. The knife did not reach his heart—the fury was dragged from his throat. He survived her vengeance; nor was it ever known that she had attempted his life. Her hatred died not with him, but has been transferred to you."

"I must bear it, as I have borne it, as well as I can," I replied; "but not as heretofore, without a consideration. Look you, my lord, this lady mother of mine derives as much delight from hating me, as your common vulgar mothers do from loving their children. Now, some of the young hopefuls make their parents pay pretty smartly for their love; and I know not why I should not tax the hate of Mrs. Brett, which is all the more likely to last, in consequence. But I will not be unreasonable with her. Cast your eye over my conditions. It will not cost her much—a mere trifle—not worth mentioning to a lady of her spirit and liberality."

"I am sorry to hear you talk in this forced strain," said Lord Tyrconnel. "I had thought what I have been telling you might have weighed with you in her favour. She was basely wronged by Lord Rivers. Her conduct to you, bad as it has been, and indefensible as it is, is not beyond human forgiveness when the provocation is considered. It is, at least, intelligible."

"To me it is not so, my lord. On the contrary, you have shown me a character that I hardly supposed could exist, except in a novel or a play. I thought she was merely wicked; you have told me she

is a fool. Pardon me, sir, when I tell you that Mrs. Brett has cajoled you. She is no such fool. She hates me, but not because Lord Rivers was a very sad fellow. Hers is the common cant of those who, being heavily laden with sin, are for others carrying it."

He shook his head.

"She married Colonel Brett that she might expunge the memory of her shame. You were placed out of the way, and in a short time she heard with delight that you—the witness, the proof of her shame—were dead. Consider, how galling to a woman of her spirit, after an interval of many years, to undergo that shame anew."

"Let her consider that that was no fault of mine. Sometimes, nay often, I wish to Heaven I had never known who were my parents, — that Lady Mason had left me in the hands of the poor wretches to whom I was intrusted, — that I had never sought a mother, or never found one! But now, my lord, be pleased to let me know why I have been summoned hither."

"I will tell you in few words," he returned. "You are a man of sense and spirit, Savage; and, accordingly, I make little doubt that you will at once see and feel the force of the appeal I am about to make to you. Mrs. Brett has many relations—all persons of honour and condition. You know what a world it is. Any public exposure of your mother, such as you have threatened, however she might carry it, would wound us deeply. The infamy would be reflected upon us. Now, I ask you whether you can consent to pursue your revenge upon her, knowing that you will injure us more than you can punish her. Hitherto we have not interfered, because we felt you had an indisputable right (as we acknowledge you still have) to resist her persecution. But now — it is a question that I wish you seriously to take to heart — have you not already gone far enough? To proceed further, would it be to your honour, and, therefore, to your advantage? I could say much more; but I see I have said sufficient. Her relations, of whom I am one, hope for your forbearance."

I hesitated; but it was only for a moment. I could never resist an appeal to my generosity.

"You *have* said sufficient, my lord," I answered, "and I thank you that you have said it. Revenge is blind, or sees nothing between itself and its object. I will confess the truth to you. Necessity alone set me upon this work, which hereby I renounce. But that want incited me, I had disdained this pitiful wrangling with a wretch so despicable. Your timely remonstrance has saved her. Her relations need be under no further apprehensions. I desist."

"This," cried Lord Tyrconnel, his eyes glistening, "is generous beyond expectation. You have done yourself great honour." He came towards me, and shook me cordially by the hand. "We must be better acquainted. You must do me yet one further favour."

"I cannot conjecture how I can be of service to Lord Tyrconnel."

"By making my house your home," he replied. "I hope to be distinguished as the friend of Mr. Savage, and I shall study to deserve his friendship. Your merit has been proclaimed; but it must be seen as well as known. I will allow you two hundred a year till my interest, which, I must whisper it in your ear, is considerable with the ministry, obtains an independent appointment for you.

You shall have your own apartments, your own servants, and your own time at command, of which last I hope you will give me as much as you can spare. There can be no friendship where there is no equality. Let it be clearly understood, then, that you are to consider yourself in all respects as your own master; and my house as your own. I would solicit no man's friendship, whose advantage I studied, upon other terms; least of all would I insult you by proposing them."

I believe I have set down the very words of Lord Tyrconnel. I was amazed and affected by his so noble, so disinterested munificence. My face spoke my thanks before my tongue could articulate a syllable. He stopped my acknowledgments by placing his hand upon my mouth.

"Not a word, I insist," said he; "the obligation is on my side. Let us remember we are cousins till we become friends. The links of friendship are stronger than the ties of blood. You accept my offer?"

"With thanks—with gratitude, my lord."

"Lord me no lords. Here, take this," handing me familiarly a bank bill for a hundred pounds, "six months in advance. You see I am a man of business;" then, surveying me, "how is this? you do not plead guilty after a king's pardon, Savage? I hope the late unhappy passage in your life has not caused you to forswear carrying a sword?"

"To say the truth," I returned, in some confusion, "I was in such haste to keep my appointment with your lordship, that I forgot it." (But the *real* truth is, that I had surrendered it to the pawnbroker a month before.)

"You must gratify me by wearing this," said his lordship, going into an inner room, and presently returning with a silver-hilted sword, which he placed in my hands.

It was now settled that I should take up my abode with him at the expiration of a few days, by which time I should have completed such arrangements as were necessary to my appearance in the quality of a gentleman.

"By-the-by, one word more with you," said he, when I was taking my leave. "Mrs. Brett appears very solicitous to know what is become of a young lady—Miss Wilfred, the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, who was many years under her charge. Your mother, I have reason to believe, was greatly attached to the young lady."

"It will be a consolation to her, then, to know," I answered, "that Miss Wilfred is, and has been for a long time past, in honourable hands. Miss Wilfred is living with the Countess of Hertford. I thought Mrs. Brett knew as much; and yet, probably, Sir Richard was too much offended with her, as he well might be, to satisfy her upon the point."

"Did you see Steele before he retired to Wales."

"I did not."

"When I last saw him, he spoke with affectionate kindness of you, and shed tears as he did so. His resentment ceased long since."

"Had I known that," I replied, "I would have waited upon him, and taken a farewell of my friend and benefactor. I loved him ever, and it is a happiness to me to hear that he remembered me with kindness."

"Pardon me," said his lordship, after a pause. "Perhaps I am

impertinently curious; but, was there not at one time a kind of engagement subsisting between Miss Wilfred and yourself?"

"There was, and is. It still subsists."

"I really am too free, cousin Savage," said his lordship, laughing and rubbing his chin; "but you will forgive me. To what does that engagement tend?"

"You cannot doubt, my lord?" I enquired in surprise.

"I do not know."

"To the approved consummation of such contracts—old fashioned, but still fashionable—matrimony."

"Matrimony!" with a stare and a whistle,—"what, in the name of the twelve tribes of Israel, put matrimony into your head?"

I returned his stare. "My lord!"

"Come—come," said he, "you look as grave as though you were already married. I meant nothing. Marriage is an honourable estate."

"Your lordship is married, I believe?" I observed.

"Why—yes," with a comical shrug; "young men must be fools, else there would be no wise old ones. But, hang it! you mustn't think of it yet. Dick Savage — the gay, the lively, the elegant Dick Savage, — the salt, the soul of society, trudging sun-sodden on the Sabbath to Islington-fields with an armful of the next generation! Gods! It must not be."

There was little delicacy in this speech, nor was it well spoken, but it passed. I laughed in concert with the wit, although not quite so heartily, and we parted the best friends in life.

Shortly after I went to reside with Lord Tyrconnel, I obtained an introduction to Mr. Pope, — a man of whom his country has just reason to be proud, and who is an honour to his age, which will be honoured by posterity for its handsome appreciation of his genius. About this time, the poet published his Dunciad—that immortal burlesque satire, which set all the small wits at their small wits' end, and which did not destroy, because to exterminate them would have been to put them out of their misery, and because some of them were *so* small that they might have almost evaded "a microscopic eye." It is true that I tied a knot or two in the lash before the avenging spirit proceeded to wield it; in other words, I acknowledge that I furnished Pope with a few hints, of which he availed himself; but these chiefly related to James Moore Smyth and square-faced Roome, with whom I had made myself merry in Iscariot Hackney,* which I had recently published; but it is altogether false that I was engaged to supply the satirist with the private histories, or with anecdotes of the general swarm of minor victims. However, my intimacy with Pope obtained for me among the sufferers the reputation (they called it the obloquy) of having done so, and I acquired their enmity accordingly, as a confederate with Mr. Pope.

* Notwithstanding the disclaimer of Savage, there is reason to believe that he conveyed particulars to Pope of the lives and conversation of others besides Moore Smyth and Roome. In his Iscariot Hackney there are scurrilous allusions to Pitt and Concanen, the latter of whom had given Pope great offence.

This witty, but virulent production, does credit to the abilities of Savage; I wish I could add, that it does honour to his heart. Dr. Johnson does not praise it higher than it deserves; but at the same time he says truly, that there are many passages in it which Iscariot Hackney might himself have written.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which Richard Savage does not appear to the best advantage; and wherein the reader will see the last of a strange character.

During the first year of my residence with Lord Tyrconnel no man could exercise the offices of friendship with more scrupulous delicacy, with a more heedful regard to my feelings, and to his own dignity, than his lordship. Thus much I owe it to truth and justice to record. The original terms of our connexion he did not once invade or infringe. He expressed, and I think he felt, the utmost friendship for me,—the greatest pleasure in my society,—the sincerest anxiety for my ease and comfort, and the most zealous desire for my welfare and advancement.

In this interval of prosperity, I found leisure to complete a poem, begun long before, which I entitled "The Wanderer." Its purport I know is in the highest degree moral. It attempts to show, and successfully, as I think, that misery, while it chastens, purifies the mind,—that adversity strengthens the character,—and that out of fleeting woe proceeds lasting happiness. I had not suffered in vain. I had been a worse man had I never been made to feel how difficult it is to continue a good one in adversity.

I dedicated "The Wanderer" to Lord Tyrconnel in a strain of fervent encomium, which nothing but the strength and sincerity of my gratitude could excuse. If I am conscious of any motive to the expression of so extravagant a praise of my patron as is to be found in that dedication, beyond what the impulse of my then present feelings towards him prompted me to utter, it is a desire to please Lady Tyrconnel by the exaltation of her husband. Of the excellence of this lady,—of her sisterly regard,—I might almost term it affection, for me, time shall never efface the remembrance from my bosom. For her sake I have borne much, and forborne greatly; but I will not enter upon that here. I have a score to settle which written words will not expunge. When I return to London, which is to be, thank Heaven! shortly, I shall have ample time upon my hands to play the appellant. Dare he abide or answer my appeal? Not he.

I sold the copyright of "The Wanderer"* for ten guineas—a very inconsiderable sum, viewed as a payment for labour, but which an immediate, although a momentary, want of money, disposed me to accept. And yet, paltry as this sum was, Johnson, several years afterwards, got no more for his poem of "London," a performance which, if it possess less of the "*vivida vis*"—less of the drawn lightning than is to be found in Pope's satires, undoubtedly excels each and all of the productions of the latter in grave, manly, and energetic dignity.

It may be taken for granted that the fame I obtained by the publication of my poem elevated me not less in my own estimation

* There are some fine things in "The Wanderer," but it is a poem of very unequal merit. Some passages are painfully elaborated, whilst others have been written apparently with the utmost carelessness. It is altogether original, in substance as well as in style.

than in the opinion of the world; it will be believed, also, that my success made the small wits more determinately my professed enemies, and that I took no pains to conciliate their regard, or to assuage their malice. Indeed, I was so much above them, and beyond the reach of their poor devices, that I ridiculed and despised them.

In the meantime, I paid frequent visits to Elizabeth,—the one being in the world who loved me, and to whom, therefore, I could impart my hopes, my expectations, and my feelings, in the assurance of sincere and perfect sympathy. She was delighted with the favourable reception my poem had met with, and predicted that I should at no distant period establish a very high reputation in the world of letters. It was perfectly understood between us that we were to be married so soon as Lord Tyrconnel kept his word with me, of which latterly I had somewhat importunately reminded him, and which was, that he would obtain a lucrative appointment for me from Sir Robert Walpole,—a man, to say the truth, of whose politics I had no admiration, for whose person I had little regard, and of whose conversation I had the utmost disgust and abhorrence. Nevertheless, he could bestow a place as well as a better man; he had passed his word to Lord Tyrconnel that he would do something for me; and, to do him justice, he had the reputation of being a strict observer of his promise.

It was not until my visits to my mistress had continued for a considerable time that I perceived, or fancied that I perceived, a coldness towards me on the part of Lady Hertford,—a sedate formality of deportment, perfectly within the rules of good breeding, but which partook more of dignity than politeness, although, in my opinion, there was not very much of either.

I seized an opportunity, one evening when we were alone, of acquainting Elizabeth with the extent of my observations, and earnestly begged her to tell me in what manner I had offended Lady Hertford, that I might at once put myself in the way of recovering her esteem and confidence.

My appeal embarrassed her greatly. I remarked, however, that her embarrassment arose less from confusion than concern.

"I was not aware," she said, "that you had noticed any change in the demeanour of Lady Hertford towards you; neither do I know that you have given her any cause of offence—consciously, I am sure you have not."

"What, then, is the cause of her coldness? Tell me all, I entreat you."

"I shall not offend you, Richard?"——"Impossible."

"Her ladyship, then, has of late frequently expressed her fears to me that you are leading too dissipated a life, and that you may fall into habits of expense and self-gratification that may be injurious to you hereafter. She says—"

"Many nice things, doubtless," interrupted I, gaily. "A pity the text is not more worthy of the comment. Do you partake her fears, Elizabeth?"

"I do not," she answered, readily. "I know the stability of your principles and the rectitude of your mind. The author of 'The Wanderer,'" she added, with a glow of generous warmth, "can never suffer himself to be betrayed into vulgar excesses, at which Lady Hertford hints,—or vicious indulgences, of which his writings

proclaim his abhorrence. No. You have been a sufferer; but you never will be a victim,—least of all to yourself."

Sweet enthusiast! to have loved thee is indeed to have loved virtue, and in its loveliest shape!

"And this is all?" cried I. "How proud and grateful I ought to be that Lady Hertford condescends to betray so friendly a solicitude for my well-doing! I must positively return her my acknowledgments."

"I am angry with myself," said Elizabeth, after a pause, seating herself by my side, "that I have so long withheld from you what I am about to tell you."

She spoke this in so serious a voice, that I could but gaze upon her in silence.

"Lady Hertford," she resumed, "has been very pressing with me for some time past—so much so, I confess, that I am made unhappy by her importunities—to break the engagement between us."

"Ha!—and upon what plea?—for what reason?—the one you mentioned?"

"She urges that. But there is a gentleman—a Mr. Grantley—"

"A Mr. Grantley! And he is all that may be wished for, I'll be sworn," said I, with a sneer,—"such a handsome man! such a rich man! such a worthy man! Naughty girl! to think of wicked Mr. Savage: you should meditate upon good Mr. Grantley! But this device is grandmotherly, my Elizabeth. Add all my good qualities to Mr. Grantley, and transfer all his bad ones to me, and a taking contrast is presented. I am much obliged to her ladyship. But tell me, who is this Mr. Grantley? A gentleman of figure, of course?"——"He is."

"Is he rich?"——"He is said to be so."

"Handsome?"——"Very."

I was startled by so prompt a reply. "You do not love him, Elizabeth?" I inquired at length, looking, as I conjecture, very much like a booby.

"Fie! what a question!" she replied.

"Abrupt—but I hope—"

"*You know* I do not," she said, interrupting me, and laying her hand upon mine. "I want your advice. I know not how to carry myself in this unpleasant affair. Lady Hertford begins to be exceedingly, painfully importunate with me. You know my obligations to her; and Mr. Grantley, although I have informed him I am under an engagement to another, still persists—"

"In smirking, and sighing, and dropping his eyelids, and looking at his hat, and shrugging his shoulders, and hanging over chair-backs. Poor man! Why do you smile at the picture of so pitiful a rogue. I'll hazard a shrewd guess, now, that he hopes time may induce you to look with favour upon him,—that he is perfectly sensible how unworthy he is of so much honour, of so great a happiness, and yet—"

"I am sorry I smiled at your whimsical description," said she. "Do not ridicule the misplaced affection of a worthy and honourable man, who deserves, I am sure, a better woman than your Elizabeth, and who, I sincerely hope, will meet with one."

"I have no great opinion of that man's worth," I replied, "who persists in persecuting a lady with his addresses, and who would

fain have her break her engagement to another. My love, this must not continue. I will seek an interview with Lady Hertford. She is a woman of sense and feeling. It cannot be, after the representations I shall make to her, that you will be put to any further pain on this gentleman's account."

I sought an early occasion of waiting upon Lady Hertford. I told her without reserve what had been imparted to me by Elizabeth; and, reminding her of her knowledge of the existence of the contract between that young lady and myself, and of the approval she had formerly given to it, I ventured to inquire how it came to pass that she should set herself in the way of its fulfilment.

She heard me with attention, and with an unmoved countenance. She replied nearly as follows:—

"When my friend, Sir Richard Steele, waited upon me, and opened to me his perplexity in relation to Miss Wilfred, whom he had been compelled to withdraw from the house of Mrs. Brett, I consented at once to receive her into my family. I have had cause to congratulate myself upon having done so. I intended a service to Sir Richard; I have gained a blessing to myself. Miss Wilfred is a most admirable young lady. I love her as a mother, or rather—" here her ladyship bridled,—"as an elder sister might do. I feel that I ought to interest myself in her welfare and happiness. I feel, also, that I have, in some sort, a right to counsel, and, if necessary, direct her. I must not be interrupted. I confess, Sir Richard's character of you, joined to your peculiar misfortunes, pleaded strongly for you in my favour, and I acknowledge that for a long time I believed the happiness of Miss Wilfred might be safely entrusted to your keeping; but——" She paused.

"I have been anxiously waiting for the 'but,' madam," said I, with an easy smile. "I saw the rogue all along; though, as he always does, he skulked behind his betters. Let me hear, I beseech you, what the disparaging conjunction has to say for himself, or against me."

"Your levity displeases me," returned Lady Hertford stiffly. "*I*, Mr. Savage, have to say this. Whatever hopes I might formerly have entertained of you have been disappointed long since. I have been told, and I believe you cannot deny, that your excesses—I will say no more. O, sir! you are not worthy of Miss Wilfred."

Lady Hertford had gone too far. I gulped down my rising choler. Placing my hand upon my breast, I made her a very low bow.

"Your ladyship is very considerate. But for Lady Hertford, I might have forgotten my dependent condition. Lord Tyrconnel never reminds me of it. Your ladyship, I conclude, frequently relieves Miss Wilfred from all danger of forgetting *her* obligations."

I had wounded her to the quick, and was sorry that I had done so. Her ladyship's face expressed shame and contrition.

"I am afraid, Mr. Savage, I have hurt your feelings. Your answer was severe; but I deserved it. Pardon me." So saying, she extended her hand.

I raised it to my lips, and without a word withdrew. She was mistaken. She had not hurt my feelings, or but little. Feelings may be pinched till they become numbed; and many a horny thumb and forefinger had wrung mine already.

Lady Hertford's opposition to my scheme being withdrawn, I proceeded to put it into execution without delay. I hired a handsome and commodious lodging for Elizabeth. The house was situated in an agreeable and fashionable quarter of the town, and was kept by a widow-lady — a Mrs. Phillips, — a most respectable woman, and, in a word, in every way not only unexceptionable, but excellent.

This step was highly approved by Lady Hertford, who came to inspect the lodging, and to satisfy herself as to the character of the good woman of the house. She promised frequent visits, and made them. Elizabeth renewed her friendship with Mrs. Gregory, who, with her husband, frequently called upon her, and who as often invited her to their house; Langley, then just become Sir Edward, and his lady, also condescended to wait upon her; and were pleased in a very ceremonious manner to express a wish that she would honour them with her company for a month at their country-house; but as there was reason to believe this was intended merely for civility, the visit was never paid.

I had not seen Gregory for some time, when he called upon me one day in deep mourning, and informed me that both Myte and his wife were dead.

"You were aware," said he, "that Mrs. Myte had been ailing weeks past, and that the poor little man had taken a lodging for her at Edgeware, which he said was just far enough to make the smoke of London airy, and the air of the country smoky. He had no suspicion that his wife was dying; indeed, as you know, he never thought of death, and could not bear to hear it mentioned. When she died (we were all present, Langley and his wife, myself and Martha,)—a stupefaction came over him. He could not believe she was dead—he would not—it could not be. The preparation necessary on these occasions restored him to consciousness, and enforced belief upon him. It was a piteous sight to see this man, unacquainted with sorrow, receive this heavy affliction. I will not shock you with the description."

Here Gregory was much troubled, and could not proceed.

"Go on, go on; my heart bleeds for the little fellow."

"His screams," continued Gregory, — "screams like those of a woman, were heard throughout the house—nay, they filled it. His daughters, terrified, you may be sure, endeavoured on their knees, clasping his, to soothe him, imploring him to bear his sorrows like a man; but he spurned them from him with blows. At length he was got to bed; and there he lay for four days, rejecting everything that was offered him, refusing comfort, preserving an obstinate, or, rather, perhaps, an insensible silence. On the evening of the fourth day he spoke, 'Where are my girls?'

"I was watching by his side. 'I will fetch them to you, dear sir.'

"'Is that you, Gregory? what is the time? bring them to me. I think I am dying.'

"*That* was certain. There is no mistaking death. His daughters knelt by his side.

"'Have you prayed for your poor mother? my darlings — pray for me too — death is upon me. Langley, Gregory, all of you pray for me.'

"We all knelt down. There was a long silence. We withdrew from the bedside, thinking that he would sleep. Suddenly he said these words in a loud, articulate and earnest voice: 'I want to see Richard Savage.'

"We looked at each other, doubtful at the moment whether the voice had proceeded from him. There was something awful—thrilling in the tone. I stept to the bedside, and bent over him.

"'He is miles away, dear sir,—in London.'

"He took my hand, and sighed heavily.

"'Would he were here! poor dear lad, I want to see him.'

"He turned restlessly in his bed, clasping his hands, and holding them above his face. I knew not what to say.

"'I will tell him that you thought kindly of him, dear sir.'

"'Do, do. Oh, my God! have mercy on me. I am all darkness. Tell him to pray for me—all, all pray for me.' Another sigh,—and he was gone."

I shed many tears during this recital, for I loved the man, and not less the good "Flusterina," who had been to him the best wife in the world, as, indeed, he deserved that she should be; for there could not be a more tender husband, or a more indulgent father than Myte.

"I want to see Richard Savage." And *wherefore* did he want to see me? This question did not suggest itself to me for months afterwards; and I am almost ashamed to avow that it has recurred many times since, as it does now for the last time; for I will entertain it no more. "Poor dear *lad*," were his words. This is idle. And yet will I give the reader a cue to — I will not call them my suspicions, but my fancies — I set down the name of Ludlow. If this do not suffice, perhaps I am glad of it. Rest in peace, Daniel Myte! Between thee and Richard Savage there *is* peace!

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY G. COCKBURN HYDE.

Sweet Virgin! I kneel at thy shrine,
  Where sinner ne'er sought thee in vain;
I gaze on thy features divine,
  Pure, dovelike, and free from all stain.
The painter whose pencil portray'd
  Thy image so heavenly fair,
Must have won some bright seraph to aid,
  Or quitted his task in despair.

Oh, grant me a spirit at rest,
  Not broken, but gently resign'd;
The sunshine of peace in my breast,—
  Let truth sit enthroned in my mind.
And teach me through thee to implore
  The Saviour who suffer'd for me,
Whom, if ever I cease to adore,
  Sweet Mother of God pray for me!

THE LIFE AND SONGS OF ANACREON.

EDITED BY BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

PART THE THIRD.

Aspernarer ego mundum
Nisi mundus me jucundum,
Bonis sociis radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctus siti
Celebraret ; adi—audi
Et progressu meo gaude.

For the world I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow
That would drink till he grew mellow ;
Draw near and near, thou shalt have all
Hearing joy in this my travall.
Drunken Barnabee's Journal.

Οινος Αφροδιτης γαλα.—ARISTOPHANES.
Wine is the milk of Venus.

I never tie myself to hours : *les heures* are made for the man, and not the man for "*les heures*." Therefore is it that I make my prayers in the fashion of stirrup-leathers, I shorten or lengthen them when I think good. *Brevis oratio penetrat cælos et longa potatio evacuat scyphos.* "By my faith," said Ponocrates, "I cannot tell my pillicock, but thou art worth gold." "Like you," said the monk.
RABELAIS.

Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio ; dum bibimus, dum serta unguenta puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.
JUVENAL, Sat. IX.

What does Mr. Wordsworth mean—if he *can* be said to mean anything—when he calls the lark "drunken" ?—*Edinburgh Review.*

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning.
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark, thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.—WORDSWORTH.

Buvons, amis, le temps s'enfuit
Menageons bien ce court espace,
Peut-être une éternelle nuit
Eteindra le jour qui se passe.

Let 's drink, my friends, time flies away,
Let 's husband well this little space,
For what we know this very day
May to eternal night give place.
Monsieur De La Motte.

I HAVE just returned from a sunny ramble amid the roses of July, and find on my table the proofs of the Third Part of Anacreon. Without any preface, O, gentle reader, who hast accompanied me so far with indulgence, thou and I shall plunge at once into the middle of the songs. Criticise them with indulgence—they were written to amuse thy idle hours. Flout not at their boisterous jollity—it was struck off when the author was in the least merry of his moods. Bear gently with their sentiments, bacchanalian and otherwise, and condemn them not therefore :—they are sent forth to make thee laugh—not love them. Above all, identify not the writer with these loose fragments of fun ; but courteously remember that Erasmus was not less wise for eulogizing Folly, nor Rousseau less learned for celebrating Ignorance.

Ode XII. To a Swallow.

Tell me, giddy, babbling thing,
Shall I for thy twittering
Clip thy light aërial plume;
Or cut out thy guilty tongue,
Which, as minstrels old have sung,
Was the hapless PROCNE's doom?

While I lay, my love caressing
In a dream, thy odious noise
Snatch'd me from the fancied blessing,
Snatch'd me from my throne of joys.

Several epigrams in the style of this ode of our minstrel, are to be found in the Greek Anthology. But they are extremely frigid and insipid.

Ode XIII. On himself.

The sun-crown'd CYBEBÈ,
Whom ATTIS had slighted,
Vow'd revenge, and with madness
The shepherd requited.
Through the hearts of the mountains
The boy wander'd screaming,
While the lightning of frenzy
Around him was gleaming.

Those who drink from the waters
Of PHŒBUS's river,
That rushes by CLAROS,
Grow frantic for ever.

And wildly they traverse
Through valley and meadow,
While the bright Star of Reason
Lies veil'd up in shadow.

On my board of wild olive
Let grapes richly cluster,
And bring me the maiden
With dark eyes of lustre.
The cup, and her kisses
Shall fill me with madness,
And my soul feel the rapture
That lies in love-madness.

This ode has a fault, of which Anacreon is often guilty. There is but little apparent connection between its premises and conclusion. It is a poor conceit for a poet to say that *he* will be mad just as well as Attis, and some water-drinkers. There is more point in the old epigram.

Great Jupiter, old Chronos' son, descended from the sky,
To sport, and play, and love, my dear,—then why not you and I?

Ode XIV. Cupid.

"Henceforth," said I, "my only theme
The rosy-smiling LOVE shall be."
Scarce had I spoke, when like a gleam
Of light ELYSIAN in came he.

"Wilt *thou* too serve me?" CUPID cried,
In flower-soft accents sweet and low;
"No—no," my thoughtless heart replied.
Alas—alas! why did it so?

Fiercely at me the boy-god flew,
And from his quiver golden-bright,
A shining arrow forth he drew,
And challeng'd me to mortal fight.

I seiz'd a shield and coat of mail,
But vainly with the god I strove:
For what do helm or lance avail
Against a god, and that god, LOVE?

When all his shafts discharg'd had been,
He pois'd himself, and like a dart
Of rapid flight, or lightning keen,
He shot himself into my heart.

Vain, then, are corselet, sword, and shield,
With which I once the god defied;
For hearts and cities, too, must yield
When once the foe has got inside.

We are told by Lord Bacon that "Love can find an entrance not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept." If all that we hear of lovers be true, they are gentlemen very ill-used, and very much to be pitied.

Ode XV. On Himself.

What care I for wealth or power,
 Gyges' crown or jewel'd vest?
My throne is a myrtle bower,
 And my kingdom thy soft breast.

Flowery garlands for my brow,
 Fragrant perfume for my hair,
To be gay and happy now,
 These—oh! these are all my care.

Of the future what know we?—
 Ere Disease, then, ends our blisses,
Let our sole employment be
 Dice, and wine, and rosy kisses.

I remember a song by a Frenchman, which embodies a very un-Christian and profane recommendation like this of the Teian bard. It is by Gaçon.

Buvons, est-il un plus doux sort?
Contre les accidens le vin nous fortifie,
Bien mieux que la Philosophie.
A quoi bon tant de soins pour prévenir la morte?
Je sai que tôt ou tard, nous deviendrons sa proie:
Mais puisqu' il nous faut tous finir,
Passons le présent avec joie
Et ne craignons point l'avenir.

This is rare advice, truly: and, if the wits could make us all rakes, they would achieve wonders. Moore would have us do the same thing. In his requisites for making "a heaven on earth," there is no mention of priest or parson.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden-bowers,
Reject the weeds, and keep the flowers,
 What a heaven on earth we 'd make it;
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from tear or frown,
That *angels soon would be coming down*
 By the week or the month to take it.—*Melodies.*

—a versicle which, I may as well remark, has been taken from Master Philip Massinger.

Thy voice sends forth such music that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound;
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, *angels would come down*
To dwell with us.—*The Virgin Martyr*, Act. II. sc. i.

The world has, however, seen what sort of a heaven on earth the great wits of the French Revolution were anxious to introduce.

Ode XVI. On Himself.

Thebes and Troy employ thy strains,
 I, too, sing my own defeat.
'Twas not troop of thundering horse,
 Warrior foot, or conqu'ring fleet,

That bound *me* in bondsman's chains,
 But another kind of force:—
Those sharp and swift love-lances,
 That shoot from Chloe's glances.

"Every lover," sings Ovidius Naso, "fights,—and Cupid also has his camps."

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido;
 Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

Unhappily their prowess is of little value, for they are certain to be defeated.

Naked Venus disarmed Mars himself.

And entering the field with such a weapon as Beauty, which I have already shown to be irresistible, no other result could be expected. Nonnus, in his *Dionysiacs*, makes that same all-enslaving goddess proudly boast—

My sword is Beauty, Beauty is my spear.

Now, of beauty the eyes are, perhaps, the most destructive feature (I hope this is not a bull); and by eyes, accordingly, Anacreon frankly tells us that he was vanquished. He makes no secret of his defeat; but owns it, like Horace. In that book of beauty, the Lives of Clitiphon and Leucippe, the eyes are accused of the same wickedness. "The moment I beheld her, my heart was lost. For beauty wounds more keenly than an arrow; and glides into the soul from the eyes; for by the eyes it is that love-wounds are inflicted."* Musæus also, —(by the by, I may as well remark here that the Loves of Hero and Leander, written with this author's name, are an evident forgery,) — says that it is by love-glances young gentlemen are most frequently conquered. And in the Goolistan of Sadi a similar charge is made against sweet eyes, — "There was a certain youth of most exquisite beauty, to whom his tutor, through the frailty of human nature, became so attached that he would be frequently reciting these words: 'My mind is so ardently engaged in the contemplation of your heavenly face, that I know not what I do. I cannot restrain my eyes from beholding you, although I perceive the arrow that comes directly against me.'"

"The eye of Lusitania," says the Spectator, No. 252, "is an instrument of premeditated murder, but the design being visible, destroys the execution of it, and with much more beauty than that of Leonora, is not half so mischievous. There is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her eye has been the death of more than ever her father made fly before him." Henry the Fourth of France, being one day at a ballet of five most lovely women, turned to the Pope's Nuncio, who was with him, and said, "M. le Nonce, je n'ai jamais vu de plus bel escadron ni de plus perilleux que celui-la." And, if a warrior like the great Henry was conquered, it is no disgrace to Anacreon to have been enslaved. A modern author has written a decade on the subject.

Visco timetur auceps,	The fowler for his nets is fear'd;
Piscator unco ab hamo,	The angler for his hook's sharp beard;
Vates feroci Iämbo,	The poet for Iambics fierce;
Miles machærâ et hastâ,	The soldier for his carte and tierce;
Sed scorpius veneno	The scorpion for his stinging tail;
Torpedo Hystrix frigore	O'Connell for his shout, "Repale,"
Jaculis, hyena visu,	And Father Prout, with pen of wit,
Leo vi, doloque vulpes.	Puts Dinnis Lardner on the spit.
Ocelluli puellæ	But ladies eyes of beauty are
Isto timentur omni.	Than sword or spear more dang'rous far.

* Lib. 1, cap. 4. Ὡς δὲ εἶδον,—κ.τ.λ.

Ode XVII. On a Wine-cup.

Master of a beauteous art,
  Grave for me a bowl of spring,
Chase it round in every part
  With the flow'rs the sunbeams bring.
Let a banquet rich and rare
  On the glittering silver shine—
But of sober scenes beware:
  Carve them not on cup of mine.
Nymphs embrac'd and shady bowers
Best become such urns as ours.
Golden VENUS on it trace,
  And the graceful son of ZEUS,
Whose divine and happy face
  Sparkles like the grape's red juice,
And the naked GRACES breathing
  Light o'love in every glance;
Or with bands of CUPIDS wreathing
  Roses in the pleasant dance;
And if PHŒBUS be not there,
Mortal youths as young and fair.

"It is not without reason," says Longepierre, "that Anacreon, after having spoken of Venus, should at once pass to the Loves and Graces. He knew that beauty alone can merely please; but when united with the graces, it is irresistible." I have ventured to throw this and the following song into melody metre, and take the liberty of hoping that it will be chanted from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.

Ode XVIII. On the same.

Carve me from this silver ore,
  Not a corselet for the fight,
(What have I to do with gore?)
  But a goblet deep and bright.
Stamp not on it blood-stain'd MARS,
  Planets, or the PLEIADES,
(What have I to do with stars?)
  But such sights as pleasure raise.
Grapes of gold upon it heap
  Hanging from the trellis'd vines,
Underneath whose shade in sleep,
  Rosy-veil'd, my love reclines.
Cluster'd CUPIDS round it twine,
  Sunshine from their pinions shedding,
With blithe BACCHUS, god of wine,
  The rich wine-press gaily treading.

AIR—*Come o'er the sea.*

Carve me a bowl
Meet for the soul
Of the BARD whose pleasures are love and wine,
Give to the brave,
Helm and greave,
Goblets of silver for souls like mine.
Stars and planets upon it grave not;
Mystic science to know I crave not:
Round the waist
Of the cup be trac'd
BACCHUS and CUPID under the shade
Of a purpling vine,
Whose clusters shine
Like the flashing eyes of a GRECIAN maid.
Fill, fill up
The silver cup
With BROMIAN drawn from the musk-seal'd cask;
While BEAUTY and WIT
Beside me sit,
Is there aught else for man to ask?
Over my brow a wreath reposes,
Twin'd with lilies and blushing roses.
All my hours
Are bright as flowers
Laughing in SUMMER's sunny gleam;
No CARES come o'er
My festive floor—
LIFE itself is my golden dream.

Ode XIX. That we should drink.

The black earth drinks the silver showers,
  From the earth again they rise;
Thus, thus bud trees and flowers,
  Summer's ever-shining eyes.
The winds drink up the azure water,
  Golden Phœbus drinks the seas;
The sunbeams nourish LETO's daughter—
  Why should I not drink like these?

Shelley has imitated the thoughts of this ode in his truly classic "Love's Philosophy." Shelley is one of the loveliest idols of my literary dreams; and I never read his works without thinking I am holding converse with Plato or the golden-dreaming Æschylus. If ever man gave mortals an ante-taste of the highest imagery of language and

thought which may be supposed to belong exclusively to spirits of an ethereal realm, that man was Percy Bysshe Shelley. As Pope says of Bolingbroke, "he seems to me something beyond mortality."

Ode XX. To a Young Girl.

The sad, childless NIOBE
Marble grew, as legends say;
And PANDION's daughter fair,
Bird-like skimm'd through crystal air.
  Could I so transformed be,
To the mirror that thou bearest,
Or the radiant robe thou wearest,
So that I might always view thee,
And be very near unto thee;
Or the silver lymph that bathes thee,
Or the tunic blest that swathes thee,
Or the unguent of thy tresses,
Or the zone that thee caresses,
Or the sandal that is round
Thy dear feet of beauty bound;—
  Monarchs sure might envy me.

There have been about nineteen million imitations of this ode;—yet Coleridge thought it and its fancies so contemptible, that in a note to his sonnet beginning,—

Oh! (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
  Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem,
  To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam, &c.,

he entreated "the reader's pardon for having printed such *intolerable stuff*." Every reader will decide on the justice of the criticism as his taste may induce him. It would fill a whole volume of Bentley to transcribe all the imitations, written in every language under the sun. The French have one, which I think extremely good.

Que ne suis-je la fougère
Où, sur le soir d'un beau jour,
Se repose ma Bergère
Sous la garde de l'Amour.

Would I were the bower of roses
  Where in the golden eventide
My fond mistress oft reposes,
  Little Cupid by her side.

Que ne suis-je le zéphire
Qui caresse ses appas!
L'air que sa bouche respire
La fleur qui nait sous ses pas.

Would I were the happy zephyr
  Which around her ringlets wreathes,
Or the flowers that spring wherever
  She treads, or the breath she breathes.

Que ne suis-je l'onde pure
Qui la reçoit dans son sein.
Que ne suis-je la parure
Qu 'alle met sortant du bain.

Would I were the crystal water
  Which receives her in its breast,
Or the robe by which this daughter
  Of the Graces is caress'd.

Que ne suis-je cette glace
Où ses charmes répétés,
Offrent à l'œil une grace
Qui sourit à ses beautés.

Would I were the glass whose duty
  'Tis her features to reflect;
Offering to the eyes a beauty
  Like a garden flower-deck'd.

Que ne suis-je la fauvette
Qu' avec plaisir elle instruit;
Et qui sans cesse répète:
Baisez, baisez jour et nuit.

Would I were that blest and pretty
  Parrot which ne'er quits her sight,
But repeats the constant ditty,
  Kiss me, kiss me day and night.

Ovid, sending a ring to one of his heroines, thus addresses it:—

Annule formosæ digitum vincture puellæ,
  In quo censendum nil nisi dantis amor,
Munus eas gratum te læta mente receptum
  Protinus articulis induat illa suis.

Tam bene convenias quam mecum convenit illi.
Et digitum justo commodus orbe teras.
Felix a dominá tractaberis annule nostrâ
Invideo donis jam miser ipse meis.

Moore, looking at a girl named Nea in the water, wished to be a wave:—

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My isle of bliss, my fairy ground.

This idea is to be met with in

COWLEY—*The Mistress.*

Then like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,
And like the sea about it I.
Thou like fair Albion to the sailor's sight,
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white:
Like the kind ocean will I be,
With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

Burns notices a little song in Witherspoon's Collection, which, some time or other, I will put into Greek metre.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'.

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I 'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Seal'd on her silk-soft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd away by Phœbus' light.

Plato has written a beautiful thought, which I find thus translated:—

APULEIUS.

Astra vides: utinam fiam mi sidus Olympus:
Ut multis sic te luminibus videam.

THE LOVER TO HIS LADIE THAT GAZED MUCH UP TO THE SKIES.

My girle, thou gazest much
Upon the golden skies;
Would I were Heaven, I would beholde
Thee then with all mine eies.

DR JOHNSON.

Stella mea observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis conspicere.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Would I were yonder field above,
Said Plato, warbling amorous lays,
That with ten thousand eyes of love
On thee for ever I might gaze.

SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam.*

Though she had ceased, her countenance, uplifted
To Heaven, still spake with solemn glory bright,
Her dark deep eyes, her lips, whose motions gifted
The air they breathed with love; her locks undight,
"Fair star of love," I cried, "my soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
Oh that my spirit were yon Heaven of light,
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes."
She turn'd to me and smiled—that smile was Paradise.

Philostratus wishes to be the ground on which his mistress presses her silver feet.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Momus is said to have regarded the goddess Venus as almost faultless What, indeed, could he have blamed in her? Yet he declared that he was not perfectly satisfied with one little habit,—the clocking of her sandal. Had she gone with naked feet, as when she rose like sunlight from the ocean, she would have escaped all jests, and afforded no handle of mockery to even the most fastidious. So far the story goes. You, sweet love, seem to have acted with more prudence than Venus. Momus himself could not have carped at you. Your feet are bare: no sandal hides their symmetry: O feet most exquisitely moulded! How lovely are ye when unveiled! Happiness indeed would be mine, did you but rest them on my heart, or if I were the place on which they stood."

A witty modern Latin poet has given us a description of the feelings of lovers, just as enthusiastic as any of those I have inserted.

Ad Venerem.	To Venus.
In me Luciole mitis si vertat ocellos, Desinat atque trucis lædere sævitiâ, Te Venus ex vario donabo flore corollâ Quæque tuum deceat Cypria pulchra caput.	If Lucy's eyes but mildly shine With love whene'er I kneel before her, A wreath of rosy flowers I 'll twine For thee, and be thy true adorer.
Si me basiolo dederit mellita labella Luciole, unde Deûm nascitur ambrosia, En Cytherea, mihi quæ oculis est carior ipsis Cum Pharia myrto testa parata tibi est.	If Lucy's lips to mine be press'd, (O lips—sweet lips, as wine of Heaven,) A fond-lov'd urn, with myrtle dress'd To thee, bright Radiance, shall be given.
At si Erycina dares ut pleniora oscula ferrem Lucioleque sinus mi daret abitrium, Tunc ego par superis tua floribus omnia templa Conspergens supplex menstrua thura darem.	But if, in Love's ecstatic hours, My Lucy gives me *more* than kisses, Thy shrine—thy fane I 'll load with flowers— For gods themselves have no such blisses.

It is needless to quote any more. The most delicate of the conceits in Anacreon's ode seems to me to be that of the mirror-wish. All the rest are grossly sensual. The Spectator tells an agreeable story of a favourable termination of a courtship between a diffident lover and a fond girl brought about by a mirror. Perhaps the lover's device there mentioned was suggested by the following anecdote:—A gallant Frenchman being one day beside his mistress's toilette, took up a pocket-mirror which lay on the table, and wrote on it the following versicles:—

Iris en ce miroir toujours Vous pourrez voir l'objet que j'aime; Je voudrois bien toujours de même Il voir l'objet de vos amours.	When in this glass your charms you view, love, You see the features of my true love; If, when *I* look'd, I saw what *you* love, To care I 'd bid a long adieu, love.

THE FIDDLER OF MARSEILLES.

Every clime is marked by its distinctive peculiarity, and enthusiasm is the peculiarity of the south. Next to Naples, no place in Europe is so full of enthusiastic inhabitants as Marseilles. During the hot days of the French Revolution this city was celebrated for the mad vigour of its sons, and it has retained its character to the present moment. The mercurial temperament of the Marseillais is not at all wonderful, when you take into consideration the extraordinary mixture of their blood. Talk of the cross-breed of a Portuguese or Spaniard,—it is nothing compared with that of a genuine native of Marseilles. First of all, he boasts of Thessalian blood, with a slight smack of the Lygian Celtic. Then this is tinged with a spice of Roman, and then this is successively crossed with Tyrian, Sidonian, and Punic. Next comes the intermixture of all those nations which thronged Marseilles for purposes of traffic, and managed, by way of *intermedio* to their respective callings, to have love-adventures with her dark-eyed daughters. Among them may be mentioned the natives of Great Britain and Ireland, the Turk, the Algerine, the Austrian, the Spaniard, the Russian, with the enterprising Dane, and the fair-haired Swede.

And the pitch of enthusiasm of which the Marseillais is susceptible may be imagined from the slight fact, that as the locusts chirp in the mulberry-trees, each with the intensity of some two dozen crickets, he will capture and confine it in a cage, and, while labouring under a fancy-engendered hallucination, he will come to the conclusion that the animal sings with all the rich melodious outpouring of the nightingale!!!

Among the most enthusiastic of the modern sons of Marseilles was Monsieur Camillo Theodore Theophilo Cacofogo, by profession the most celebrated violincello player of France, and by nature the keenest sportsman of Marseilles. In the north of Europe game abounds, and, comparatively speaking, there are few sportsmen; in the south, innumerable sportsmen, and no game at all! The ruralizing gentry of Marseilles visit their *bastides* to no purpose at all as sportsmen. The *bastides* are little whitewashed buildings, with green shutters; and these are greater favourites with the Marseillais than are the beautifully-situated *frischunger* to the inhabitants of Innspruck. These *bastides*, to the number of many thousands, are scattered in every possible direction about Marseilles,—degenerate successors of the numerous costly villas which in the oldest times thronged the neighbourhood. In the immediate vicinity of these *bastides* the gentlemen of that celebrated city enjoy the pleasures of the *chasse*. And once on a time, the morning being very beautiful, Monsieur Cacofogo was recreating himself with his fowling-piece, and looking about most attentively for game. No Leicestershire sportsman, or Highland deer-stalker, or annihilator of grouse and ptarmigan, could feel more excited by the genuine thirst of slaughter than did Monsieur Cacofogo on that memorable morning. He was full of pride and enthusiasm, and thought himself a finer fellow than any wild Indian on his own hunting-ground. He stared, however, east, west, north, and south, but to little purpose. Every now and then he cocked his gun, and putting it to his shoulder, cocked his eye, and fancying a victim, gloated over an imaginary shot.

At length his lucky star, which was just then scintillating beautifully over his head, gleamed upon an actual living bird in a little pine-grove. Monsieur Cacofogo leaped with joy. He clapped his gun to his shoulder, cocked his eye with fierce determination, and insinuated himself gently along upon tiptoe. The manner and attitude would have charmed the victim, had it had sufficient sense to be charmed, or had there been sufficient light for the charm to work. Suddenly the shadow of the pine-branches hid the bird from his open eye. Monsieur Cacofogo was on the point of saying something not over civil to his lucky star, when the Great Bear, just setting behind a hill to the north, once more made visible the unconscious flutterer. His delight was increased. Again went the gun to his shoulder, and again he took deliberate aim; but he was afraid to fire—he might miss the object. It was still dark, or nearly so; and as birds are very rare about Marseilles, and when met are real phenomena, it was necessary to be very cautious, and to make the most of so unexpected a wonder. So Monsieur Cacofogo stood with deadly aim at the bird until there should be light sufficient for his bloody purpose.

At length the opal morn approached the gates of Heaven, and a ray of light fell upon the little pine-grove. There, sure enough, was the bird!—and such a bird!! All birds were rare; but this was a rarity among rare birds. Monsieur Cacofogo had never seen anything like it before. "All the finches of the grove" are devoured both at Marseilles and in Italy as delicacies; but this finch, if, indeed, it were a finch, would, from its novelty, make an excellent morsel at that day's dinner; for Monsieur Cacofogo was a bit of a *gourmet*. He smacked his lips in keen anticipation of the relish. There was now abundant light for the commencement of hostilities. The artist then did his best, and off went the gun. "I have him!" screamed Monsieur Cacofogo, imitating with his voice the dull sound made by the feathers of a bird when it is hit and falls. He rushed to the foot of the tree where the bird had been perched; he looked about, but failed to see it,—and putting on his spectacles, was nowise more successful. He kicked the stones here and there, and ferreted about, but to no purpose. At last he stumbled upon a solitary feather, and, after regarding it with a deep sigh and a melancholy smile, he placed it very gingerly in his button-hole, like a veritable ornithological decoration. "Fairly gone," kept constantly repeating Monsieur Cacofogo, as if he were trying the two words to *extempore* variations on his violincello.

But fortune was only flirting with the artist,—his misfortune was not to last. He had charged his gun, and was proceeding mournfully kicking every tuft of grass, to see if it concealed the lost or any fresh bird, when suddenly it started up, and pop went Monsieur Cacofogo's gun, as if by inspiration. He missed it, however, though he brought down two apples from a neighbouring pine. As for the bird, it gave a shrill chirrup, clapped its wings as if in derision of the sportsman's mal-address, and careering from the pine-grove to a hill, and from the hill to a plain, fairly skimmed away towards the sea-shore. The artist looked at his watch—it was only eight o'clock; he had three or four good hours before him, and he was determined to have the fugitive as a relish to that day's dinner.

Monsieur Cacofogo pursued vigorously, and every now and then thought he had made certain of his prey; but just as he was about to

touch the trigger it was sure to fly off. Monsieur Cacofogo waxed warm, and as his baulks were repeated he became spiteful against the object of pursuit, for his blood was up from vexation. In this manner the couple proceeded for a very considerable distance:—rough and smooth, mountain and valley, had yielded to their unsparing vigour. The two travellers had left to their right Cassis and Ciotat, and traversed the broad plain that extends from Signe to St. Cyr. Noon had long passed, evening was nigh at hand, and both the bird and sportsman were worn out with fatigue. At last, towards dusk, they approached the pretty little village of St. Cyr, and the lights streaming from the windows of the *Aigle Noir* fairly invited the sportsman to enter.

Monsieur Cacofogo was actually dying from hunger and thirst; his exhausted nature required repose, and, leaving his fowling-piece at the door, he entered the *auberge*. Over the door hung the usual "*Ici on loge à pied et à cheval;*" but, as the bird did not come under either category, it passed on to other quarters. The artist, however, soon forgot the fatigues and disappointments of the day. He supped heartily, and slept luxuriously, and during his sleep dreamed of nothing but putting salt upon birds' tails.

Monsieur Cacofogo, like a keen sportsman, was up and stirring with the earliest dawn, and before taking the road to Marseilles he heaved a deep sigh while looking towards the beautiful neighbourhood of Castellet, where, no doubt, the slippery object of his pursuit had sought a comfortable shelter. Pensively he turned, and walked by a half-ruined wall covered with creepers and flowers, stirring ever and anon their leaves with the top of his gun-barrel. Suddenly he heard the shrill cry of a bird, and a flutter of wings; he looked up with a start, and beheld the direct object of his thoughts! He shot at hazard—the bird was too quick for the artist, and he ran after it helter-skelter across a vineyard, regardless of the mischief he occasioned at every step. In so doing he forgot Marseilles, and became more and more intent upon his sport. From point to point, from valley to valley, he kept up the pursuit, unabated in vigour, inveterate in resolve against his game, until night once more overtook him in his career, and he had reached the beautiful town of Hyères. He paused,—looked around, luxuriated on the scenery, and felt refreshed by the fragrance wafted from the neighbouring orange-groves.

Monsieur Cacofogo had heard much of Hyères, and was very partial to oranges; and, being toil-spent and thirsty, he walked, while dinner was preparing, into the lovely Hesperian gardens of Monsieur Filke, that he might gratify his longing for his favourite fruit. The air was calm, cool, and balmy, the moon was at its full, and Monsieur Cacofogo plucked and eat oranges, and hummed and warbled all the pretty airs he could think of.

"Ah!" said he, at length, "if I had my violincello now, how I would execute the '*Champs paternels de Joseph en Egypt!*'"

Presently he stopped short, and bent his body, by way of mark of interrogation upon a caper-plant which covered a low wall, and on which the moon was shining with a delicious flood of light. The leaves of the plant were gently waving with the breeze, and there sat his friend the bird! From the note of interrogation Monsieur Cacofogo changed his position into the point of admiration. He put up his fowling-piece, and prepared for the onslaught; but, generally speaking,

not being a particularly hasty man, reflection came and arrested his finger, already coiled round the trigger. First, he saw that he was only about five paces from his game, and no true sportsman would be guilty of taking advantage of such a space; secondly, the poor little creature would, like Romulus of old, have disappeared amid the clatter and tempest of his fowling-piece; and thirdly and lastly, it was forbidden at Hyères, as at every other place, to use fire-arms at eleven o'clock at night. Monsieur Cacofogo was a peaceful citizen, (though no father of a family,) and paid proper obedience to the laws; but Monsieur Cacofogo was as patient as a dromedary, and as hardy as a buffalo; and, in spite of fatigue and every other countervailing consideration, being determined not to lose his advantage, he posted himself during the whole night with deadly aim at his unfortunate victim. Meanwhile the bird, all unconscious of danger, fluttered its wings, arranged its feathers, chirped, hopped about, enjoyed the freshness of the air, and then, also like a peaceful denizen, popped its head under its wing, and was soon still and stationary in blissful repose.

Monsieur Cacofogo became in due time impatient for the morn. He objurgated a trifle, and pulled out his watch, thinking the night more than usually tardy. At length the bashful morn, ashamed of being so lazy, irradiated the shores of Hyères with her rosy blushes. Then warbling over the following couplet,

"Quand on fut toujours vertueuse,
Qu'on aime à voir lever l'aurore,"

the artist stepped back ten paces, and, proud of the fair play he was giving, he aimed deliberately, covering well his game, and pulled the trigger. But no explosion followed. He looked—the powder was damp from the night-air. He rattled out an oath, and awakened the bird, which, seeing how matters stood, gave a cool chirrup, and mounting on wing, flew away to the south. Monsieur Cacofogo was furious as a mad bull. He raved, he stamped,—he was going to pull his hair,—but he bethought himself that it would be pity to spoil his last wig, so he became more placid; but he was not the less determined. He vowed vengeance against the fugitive, which he had been all night roasting in imagination, and eating with a nice *sauce aux câpres*, then vehemently denouncing it to destruction, he took the road towards Var. He was quite beside himself,—drank when he could, ate what he could gather on the road-side, kept his eye upon his game, followed it over rough and smooth ground, and fired in the hopelessness of his despair at such a distance, that only charmed shot could have reached the object of his fury. In this way, agonised with fatigue, and atrabilious about the region of the liver, he arrived at Nice, and tumbled into a bed at the *Aigle Noir*. Nature bestowed upon him the bounty of an eighteen hours' sleep. When he awoke he rang the bell, and, on the appearance of the *garçon*, he fiercely demanded breakfast. The *garçon* shrugged his shoulders, smiled, bowed, and said, "*Che demanda la sua eccellenza?*"

"Here's a pretty go!" said Monsieur Cacofogo. "It seems, then, that I am in Italy, and I can't speak a word of Italian. Confound the bird and all its tribe!"

Being put to his wits' end, Monsieur Cacofogo had recourse to the universal language, and opening his capacious jaws, he made signs that he wanted to cram something into them.

"*Brodo, manzo, vitello?*" asked the *garçon.*

"*Ah, oui, oui, sì, sì, Brodo, manzo, vitello!*" responded Monsieur Cacofogo, without comprehending what he was saying.

He jumped out of bed; but, while making his toilette, a distressing thought crossed his brain—he had spent his last five francs at Hyères, and he was at that moment moneyless. His empty purse lay extended on the marble chimney-piece. Monsieur Cacofogo broke out into the following soliloquy, the only thing he could do gratis just at that moment:

"What a sorry, shabby figure," said he, "am I destined to cut when the *garçon* brings me the reckoning! And I cannot explain my situation, or justify my pennyless condition; for I am utterly ignorant of the language of the country. *Courage, Monsieur Cacofogo, soyez homme de probité avant tout!* Say, like our own pink of chivalry, the gallant Francis, 'All is lost, save honour!!' No! sooner die of hunger than touch a morsel of a breakfast you cannot pay for!!!"

As Monsieur Cacofogo formed this heroical resolve, the *garçon* entered with a breakfast which a German would have styled *sehr appetitlich;* but the virtuous artist refused it with a resolute waive of the hand.

"Bring me," said he, "a good violincello,—*un gran violino,—una cosa che fa così,*" and, to make the *garçon* better comprehend the nature of his want, Monsieur Cacofogo drew out his ramrod, seated himself astride a chair, with his face to the back, and with his chin resting on its back, he began scraping away as though he were working on his favourite instrument.

"Ah!" said the *garçon,* "I understand — *una bassa cantante! un violoncello! ce n'è uno nell' osteria!*"

The *garçon* disappeared, and shortly after came back with a violincello, and with a profound bow handed it to Monsieur Cacofogo. Monsieur Cacofogo was enchanted; he welcomed it as one would welcome an old friend in a strange land. It is by no means certain that he did not kiss it.

"Now," said he, with a melancholy cast of countenance, "let us forget all horrors of starvation and misery in our deep worship of the arts,—let us breakfast on an air of Mehul!"

He adjusted the strings of the instrument, was delighted with the tones, and began preluding with one of the finest passages of Spontini's 'Vestal.'

"Come," said he, after this essay, "now for a morsel from Mehul—divine Mehul!—the grand air, '*Vainement Pharaon.*'"

He played to a marvel. The fine, full, mellow tones of the instrument sounded along the corridor, down the stairs, and reached the ravished ears of the inhabitants of the *Aigle Noir* at Nice. They left off their occupations, rushed up the staircase, and thronged the corridor. When Monsieur Cacofogo finished, he was greeted with rapturous applause. Fame circulated through the town that Apollo had crossed the Var in the shape of Monsieur Cacofogo of Marseilles, and ere a couple of hours had elapsed a dozen sonnets had been composed to his glory, all beginning with *O Febo Francese della musica Dio!*"

Apollo, however, had not yet broken his fast!

The *maître de l'hôtel* now entered, with many most profound reverences, and, with a vast number of apologies, presumed to ask Monsieur Cacofogo if he would condescend to give a concert (composed of his

individual services) in the *grande salle* of the *auberge*, at two francs a-head. The artist seized upon the happy idea.

"I have not the slightest objection," said he. "You may announce me directly, and get your *salle* in readiness. But do you think I shall gain anything by it?"

"I'll warrant," answered mine host, "the receipt of fifty crowns."

"Good," said the artist. "Announce me at once,—and don't forget to send up at once also *un bon déjeûné*."

Monsieur Cacofogo enjoyed the smoking viands like an emperor, and set about his *programme*.

Serenade de Montano et Stephanie.

LA CHASSE DU JEUNE HENRI.

L'OISEAU INCONNU, NOCTURNE AVEC VARIATIONS.

Quand on fut toujours vertueuse, &c.
Vainement Pharaon.

NICE, MIA NICE, ADDIO, DEDIE AUX AMATEURS DE NICE PAR M. CACOFOGO, ARTISTE DE MARSEILLES.

The landlord was enchanted with the *programme*, and, with a profound bow, he hoped that the *Aigle Noir* would be honoured for some time by so distinguished a guest.

"Oh, no!" said the artist; "I wish to take my departure the very moment after the concert."

"Has his excellency no affairs to detain him in our beautiful Nice?"

"None whatever. I wish to get as speedily as possible to Marseilles."

"Ah! you are most fortunate," said the *aubergiste*. "To-morrow morning the *Vierge des Sept Douleurs* leaves for Toulon. It's a splendid brig—sails like a swallow—fine *equipage*—and the captain is every inch a sailor. You will have a pleasant sail."

"Capital!" chuckled the artist. "Secure a berth on board *La Vierge*. How long shall we be making the voyage?"

"No time at all," replied the other. "You will reach Toulon in the evening. At this season the wind is always favourable."

"Delightful!" again chuckled the artist. "I have long wished to see Toulon. I arrived at Hyères without passing through Toulon. I was out sporting—I pursued a bird—ah! curse it!"

And the artist's teeth sounded as though the bird's unfortunate bones were being crushed between them.

The concert was somewhat flat, which was not to be wondered at, considering its *unique* attractions; but it brought in two hundred francs. The artist kept one half for his own expenses, and gave the other to the servants of the hotel. His munificence excited the intensest admiration. On the following morning the *Sainte Vierge des Sept Douleurs* set sail with the artist as passenger.

It was a lovely morning, as often happens on leaving port,—the waves danced and sparkled with the rays of the cloudless sun. Monsieur Cacofogo kept upon deck, and abandoned himself to the luxury of the moment. Presently he heard a formidable oath from the lips of the Captain. "*Sacré tonnerre d'Anglais!*" exclaimed the Captain, "*encore eux! Les voilà!*"

Monsieur Cacofogo sprung up, fumbled for his spectacles, fancying that he could see better with them across his nose, and looked in the same direction with the Captain.

"Four—five—six—seven frigates — the English—everywhere the English!" vociferated the Captain, stamping and swearing.

"And do you really think, Captain, they will make prisoners of us?" demanded the horror-stricken Monsieur Cacofogo.

"Certainly not," replied the Captain, turning savagely upon him.

"Well, there's some comfort in that, however," sighed forth the artist.

"Certainly not," continued the Captain; "they shall never take us. I am going to light my pipe, and fire the powder-casks. The fishes shall make a meal, rather than those English make prisoners of us."

"Oh! but listen—listen, dear Captain," said Monsieur Cacofogo, in his most wheedling manner.

"Well!" bawled the Captain, "I do listen. What then?"

"Well then—well then,—think, my dear Captain, of the very rash act you are about to commit,—think of your own poor children,—that you are the respectable father of a family,—think of your own beautiful and accomplished wife—think——"

"Hold your gammon!" growled the Captain; "I 'm a bachelor."

"Then—then, think of my poor nephews and nieces—fifteen of them orphans,—left to my charge—think—think——"

"Think — think, you d—d old catgut scraper! Do *you* think that I will allow my brig to be taken a prize, and myself and crew to be made prisoners?"

"But, my dear Captain, now don't be in a passion!"

"Then hold your tongue; sneak into a corner; down on your marrow-bones and say your prayers. Hollo there! bring me my pipe!"

The morning mist had now cleared away, and there stood full in view the formidable British fleet.

"This is all on account of my love of sporting," ejaculated the frightened Monsieur Cacofogo,—"all on account of a pitiful, sneaking little bird, not worth a *liard*, and too cowardly to let me have a fair shot at him!"

A boat-full of English ready for boarding now was seen skimming rapidly along the surface of the water — like a ravenous open-jawed alligator after its prey.

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned forth the musician, with uplifted hands, and tone of abject supplication, "steer about, Captain, and return to Nice!"

"If you dare to say another word," bawled the furious Captain, "I 'll have that carcase of yours chucked overboard!"

At that instant the ship's bell sounded with a horrid clash.

"Who has sounded the bell?" asked the Captain.

"The enemy's shot has carried it fairly away!" answered the helmsman, with a knowing grin.

Monsieur Cacofogo sank into a corner, covering his face with his ample hands.

The balls now rattled about the brig in a quick discharge, and the boarding-party was within musket-shot.

"Now, my lads, — now 's your time!" bawled the Captain; "take

to your guns and handspikes," and a volley was at once poured into the boat.

"Famous!" shouted the helmsman.

"Now—now—you d—d fiddler!" exclaimed the Captain, as he saw the crouching figure of Monsieur Cacofogo. "Where's your gun, you cowardly lubber! I thought you had a gun when you came on board? Go and get it at once, and do your duty like a man, if you possess the heart of a tom-tit."

Monsieur Cacofogo rose, with a deep groan, and with considerable difficulty scrambled down in search of his fowling-piece. There it was, in one corner of the cabin. He took hold of it; but just at that moment he heard the deafening cheer of the sailors above. His courage did not ooze out, like Bob Acre's, but it came out in a whirlwind, like steam through a safety-valve. He determined to stay where he was,—jumped into a hammock, recommended his soul to God, and covered his head with a blanket!

After every violent excitement a reaction naturally takes place. Monsieur Cacofogo lost all sense and feeling under the consciousness of personal freedom from the shots and balls which were flying above; he gradually lapsed into obliviousness, and at length fell into a heavy sleep. His dreams were an odd jumble. Among other exploits, however, he thought he had winged a cassowary, and was in full pursuit of a giraffe! How long he slept he was utterly ignorant; but he awoke amidst profound darkness, and began to doubt whether he was still a member of this world, or the other. Presently he heard a footstep not far from him.

"Who's that?" demanded Monsieur Cacofogo, in slow sepulchral tones.

"Hollo!" exclaimed the rough voice of the Captain, "you cowardly old mountebank! Come, up with you! stir your stumps, for here we are, fairly in port!"

Monsieur Cacofogo jumped up in a trice.

"In port?" said he,—"in port? The Holy Virgin be praised, that has had such tender care of her namesake!" And he felt his way along, till he reached the ladder, and once more stood upon the deck. Then, sidling up to the steersman, he observed that the *Vierge des Sept Doulours* had had a narrow escape.

"You may say that, Master Musician," replied the old seaman; "we may thank the sudden storm that we are not now prisoners, and our fine brig a prize!"

"Ah! ah!" observed Monsieur Cacofogo to himself; "we have then had a storm?"

And, indeed, a storm had suddenly burst upon the brig and fleet, and separated them. Everybody has surely heard that the Mediterranean is the most treacherous sea in the universe. Monsieur Cacofogo, as in duty bound, devoutly recited his *Salve Regina,* and sought out his fowling-piece.

In a minute after, as he was lightened of all luggage, he jumped into a small boat, and was quickly planted once more on *terra firma.* He rubbed his hands, and chuckled with satisfaction.

"Here then," said he, "I am at last at Toulon, ten leagues from Marseilles. Now, then, for a good inn, and a comfortable bed. *Allons! allons! Monsieur Cacofogo, bon train et toujours—courage!*"

He saw a respectable *auberge,* and ran the bell. The half-drowsy

garçon showed him into a room, yawned, placed the candle on a table, and, without a word, vanished.

"Ah!" observed the weary artist, "this is always the way when you do not travel in state. Here I am, without luggage, and I am denied bare civility."

He awoke betimes, dressed, rang for the *garçon*, threw down a five-franc piece with great scorn, and, imitating the taciturnity of the waiter, took his fowling-piece under his arm, and marched out of the house. Monsieur Cacofogo was astonished at the fine streets, and the dimensions of the town.

"I ought," said he, "to visit the arsenal; everybody does who comes to Toulon. But," added he, "it may detain me too long. The main point is to get to Marseilles before nightfall. So I must push forward.

He accordingly approached several *calèches* on the public stand, the drivers of which were conversing together in a group, and asked, in French, which carriage was going to Marseilles. One of the coachmen nodded his head, and pointed to his carriage, in which three travellers had been already installed. The man had evidently been waiting for a fourth.

"Ah," said Monsieur Cacofogo, ensconcing himself into the fourth place, "my good fortune has at length returned, but not before it ought to do so. Since yesterday, however, I have had a run of good luck. He then most politely saluted his three companions, and with his blandest smile demanded of his *vis-à-vis* whether he was of opinion that they should at an early hour arrive at their point of destination.

"*Alle venti tre*," answered the person addressed.

"*Alle venti tre!* Monsieur is, I perceive, an Italian? *Signor, Italiano?*"—"*Signor, sì.*"

"From Nice?"—"*Di Firenze—de Florence!*"

"*De Florence!—che diavolo!* Monsieur is a long way from his home. And may I, monsieur," said the artist, addressing himself to the second, "venture to ask you from what place you are? It strikes me that I have had the pleasure of meeting with monsieur before. Is he from Marseilles?"

"*Signor, nò—sono di Livorno!*"

"Ah, monsieur is from Leghorn. I am not acquainted with Leghorn."

"And I," said the third, "am from Pisa."

"Well, this is strange," observed Monsieur Cacofogo, with a good-natured laugh. Here we are, three Italians and one Frenchman, all going to Marseilles."

"I speak a little French," said the Pisan.

"So much the better," observed the artist; "and I understand a little of Italian, though I cannot speak it; and if I can be of any use to monsieur at Marseilles, he, I hope, will command my services."

The Italian acknowledged the offer with a profound bow.

"Oh, monsieur, I am sure you would do as much for me in Italy. It is very embarrassing for any one to be in a strange place," added the artist somewhat sententiously, and then asked if the Pisan had ever visited Marseilles?"

"*Non*, monsieur."

"Ah, you will see a fine city, and a charming country. Do you visit Marseilles for business or pleasure?"

"I am not going to Marseilles, but to Florence.

"Oh, I comprehend; your intention is to embark at Marseilles for Florence? *Ah! cela doit être un beau trajet!*"

"No, monsieur, I am going straight to Florence."

"By sea, of course."

"No; by land," answered the Pisan, with a stare.

"Ah! perhaps you are afraid of the sea. Sickness is very disagreeable; and then, the English——"

"The English, monsieur. I don't exactly comprehend your meaning. I am *proceeding* to Florence with these two gentlemen."

"What, then, these gentlemen accompany you to Florence. When the journey is long, society is very agreeable. I suppose you will be ten days at least *en route!*"

"Oh! the Frenchman is nothing without his joke! Ten days! We hope to be at Florence at an early hour this evening!"

"What, in this *voiture?*" demanded Monsieur Cacofogo, staring in his turn.

"Yes, monsieur, in this *voiture!*"

"And passing by Marseilles?"

"*Eh! che diavolo! Marsiglia!*"

"What, then, is the place which we have just left?"

"Why, Leghorn, to be sure."

"Leghorn!" exclaimed the confounded Monsieur Cacofogo.

"What place did you suppose it?" inquired the Pisan.

"Toulon; where I disembarked late yesterday evening."

The Pisan mentioned this to his companions, and the three Italians broke forth simultaneously into shouts of laughter.

Monsieur Cacofogo did not know precisely at that moment whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, poking out his head, and bawling to the coachman,—"stop, *cocher*, stop! is it possible that I have mistaken one carriage for another?"

The driver stopped the horses, and opened the door.

"Where are you taking me?" asked the artist; "*dove andate? dove caminate? morente ana?*"

"*A Firenze,*" replied the gaping coachman.

"To Florence!" echoed the artist. "Let down the steps directly. You shall not make a fool of me. Let me get down here, I say," added he, chucking a five-franc piece at the driver. "I am certain this village is *Le Bausset*, and I will proceed on foot to Marseilles."

Monsieur Cacofogo was once more on his feet. The coach drove on, and the laughter of the Italians died away in the distance."

"'Gad!" said the artist, hugging himself, "I have had a fortunate escape. Ah, here is the door of a *cabaret* invitingly open. Hollo! *garçon*, bring me some beer!"

A young smiling damsel answered the summons with, "*Non c'è bierra.*"

"Italian again," said Monsieur Cacofogo, "as sure as I'm a Frenchman! What is the name of this village? *Il nome di quel villagio?*"

"Ponto d'Era."

"Then this is not Le Bausset?"

"Ponto d'Era."

"Well!" said Monsieur Cacofogo, "I never heard that there was a village of that name near Marseilles! And, after Ponto d'Era, *che si trove?*—what comes next?—Le Bausset?"

"*Doppo* Ponto d'Era—Empoli."

"*E doppo* Empoli?—what next?—Le Bausset?"

Doppo Empoli—Firenze!"

All the powers of Monsieur Cacofogo were paralyzed. It was after a considerable time, and with the aid of a good glass of brandy, that he at all came to. He at length arose, and went out to survey the localities. Some French soldiers were sauntering about the public place (for the transactions we have narrated — as may have been gathered already — from the circumstance of the hostile bearing of the English fleet)—took place during the time of Napoleon. The artist determined to ascertain matters with precision, before he abandoned himself to despair. "*Camarades*," said he, pathetically, to the soldier, "you see an unfortunate countryman who has lost his road,—what is the name of the nearest town."

"Leghorn," answered the foremost.

"It is, then, but too true," ejaculated the crest-fallen artist, with a very deep sigh; "and, what is the name of the principal place at the other end of this road."

"Florence."

"*Merci, mon compatriote*," said Monsieur Cacofogo with difficulty, for his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and his feet were riveted to the spot. At length he clenched his fist, struck his forehead, and exclaimed, "This is past endurance, and I will at once terminate all my misery! Oh, that infernal bird!"

He left the high road for the adjoining plain, loaded his fowling-piece with a bullet, bent his head over the muzzle, and was on the point of touching the trigger with his foot, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. He saw two young and gay Frenchmen; one of whom accosted him from the further bank of the limpid Era, with

"*Dove sono le rovine del Tempio Etrusco?*"

Monsieur Cacofogo was very much annoyed at being thus suddenly disturbed in his operations, and he answered the querist somewhat bluntly, and in *Provençal*, "*Ana vo demanda aï pastré d'aqui*," or, in other words, "Go and ask the shepherds down below." But his young compatriot, not understanding the *Provençal*, imagined him to say, "*En avant, à main droite à trois pas d'ici*," or, in other words (with a little paraphrase,) "Three steps before your nose, on the right-hand side;" and, immediately taking out his note-book, he indited the following memoranda:—

"*The peasants in Tuscany are marvellously fond of sporting; they speak a rude and guttural jargon, and affect a brusquerie towards strangers,—either because the French are detested, or that they are naturally boorish, and altogether destitute of that Tuscan urbanity hitherto so celebrated throughout the universe!*"

While the traveller was busy penning this profound remark, a water-fowl started up from the Era. Monsieur Cacofogo took his aim, and brought down his bird, and the excited artist rushing through the flowers and rushes, seized his victim.

"Bravo! bravo! *mon cher* Monsieur Cacofogo!" shouted he, "fairly killed with a ball."

He stuffed the slaughtered fowl in his bag, and walked away with glee, for his success had put to flight the host of blue devils that had tormented him. Speedily he entered the laughing valley of the Arno,

so dear to the poet Alfiéri, and to every lover of the picturesque and beautiful in Nature. The artist felt like other men; his enthusiasm was unbounded; he sang,—he fired,—he shouted,—he capered,—he embraced the whole scene in the trunk of a stately poplar. At nightfall he entered Florence, and made himself comfortable in the first respectable *auberge* he met with. His reception was warm, on account of his munificence,—he had been successful with his fowling-piece, and he handed the whole contents of his bag to the landlord.

"It seems that you are very dexterous with your gun," observed mine host.

"I am rather proud of my skill," answered the artist; "that is, when I know what kind of game I am following."

"Well, then," said the landlord, "you are in a famous country for game. If you are not afraid of a little fatigue, you can have ample sport on the mountains by Poggi Bozzi and Siena.

The soul of Monsieur Cacofogo, of Marseilles, thrilled with delight.

In the morning he demanded his bill; but the landlord assured him that he had been amply paid by the present of the previous day, for which, indeed, he was greatly obliged.

"Gadzooks!" said the artist to himself, "if this be so, I can go to the very end of the world, if I can only find game sufficient wherewith to pay the innkeepers. *Bonne idée — allons!*" and he marched away in the direction of the Apennines.

He arrived very late at night at Siena, loaded with game, and picked out a handsome *auberge,* in a handsome street. He presented the contents of his bag to the landlord, who, in return, gave him a good supper, and an excellent bed, and accompanied him on the following morning on the road to Torrinieri. This economic method of paying his way redoubled the ardour of Monsieur Cacofogo. His path was marked by a continuous train of blood; along the dreary plains of Torrinieri; the marshy valleys of Riccorse; the volcanic inequalities of Radicoffani; the wild banks of the Paglia; the antique domains of Porsenna by Ponto Centino; the rough thickets of Aquapendente; the margin of the lake of Bolsena; the vineyards of Monte-Fiascone; the extensive waste that goes to Viterbo; the gloomy forest that reaches with towering mount and deep valley, the lake of Vico; the dark pine-groves of Ronciglione; the circular *prairie* of Baccano; and the monotonous district of the Storta. In five days he had nimbly traversed this chain of the Apennines.

One evening, towards nine o'clock, he entered a strange and ill-lighted city. He was scarcely able to move from fatigue. At the corner of a street he came to a *café,* and determined to repose there for a few moments. A group of Frenchmen were talking over their *eau sucré.*

"A thousand apologies," said Monsieur Cacofogo; "but, could you tell me the name of this city?"

"Which city?" asked the person addressed.

"This city—where we now are."

"Why, you are surely joking?" said the stranger.

"*Non, parole d'honneur, serieusement,*" said Monsieur Cacofogo.

"Well, then," said the other, with a smile, "you are at Rome!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the artist, "I am then at Rome! Will you oblige me with the name of a comfortable inn?"

"Willingly," replied the other; "go along the Mount Citorio, ask for the *place* St. Augustin, and the *auberge* of the Torretta, and there you will be in very good quarters."

The artist went as directed, and spent a delicious night. The period of his visit to Rome was during the consulship of M. Norvins, one of the thousand historians of Napoleon. The artist was perplexed in what way to return to Marseilles, — by sea, he was afraid of the English fleet; by land the journey was too long, and he had no money. He waited on M. Norvins, and related his adventures. That gentleman was so tickled with his narrative, that he invited Monsieur Cacofogo to stay in the Eternal City, and gave him a good appointment. There the artist remained until 1814, when he returned to Marseilles, and is still, though somewhat advanced in years, as fond of his violincello, and as keen a sportsman as ever.

THE WAABEE ARABS.

BY G. R. ADDISON.

About a century ago, warfare in India was about as pretty child's play as the most feather-bed soldier could desire. The returns of killed and wounded seldom exceeded a couple of men. The natives, indeed, did not often stand their ground when we appeared, but, retreating precipitately before an European force, left the field in our undisputed possession; thus enabling many a colonel to write a bombastic despatch, telling how with a handful of men he had gallantly laid siege to a leviathan mud-fort, and, like Julius Cæsar, came but to "see and conquer." In those days the wretched Indians made use of bows and arrows, lances and creeces. They were undisciplined, and scarcely knew the use of fire-arms; it was, therefore, a mighty pretty thing to be an officer in the good old times, when the pay was just equal to treble the sum we now receive, and when (as once happened in Java) a conqueror went to besiege a city in a carriage and four. But alas!—

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

The warfare of the Indian army at present is no joke. This century has presented before us foes as determined, and as brave as any European army that ever took the field. The Rajepoots, the Burmese, and the Arabs are about as ugly customers in the way of fighting as the most death-loving soldier could desire. With these the case is one of life or death. No capturing, no quarter is given. If you fall into the hands of the foe, it is not to be shut up in a prison. Your life is instantly taken, and your body left for the benefit of the jackalls, and other beasts of prey. Your memory is soon obliterated—your gallant deeds unsung. No pompous gravestone tells how you fought and fell. The name of the action in which you met your doom is scarcely demanded even by your nearest relatives; they are content to know that you were "killed somewhere in India." No Peninsular honours, no Waterloo-like medal rewards the hero who is lucky enough to escape from the Eastern wars. The achiever of the most valiant exploits in Asia gains no

renown, no fame, for all his bravery westward of the Cape of Good Hope; and yet, as I said before, he may have gone through scenes of danger, which even our boldest troops might well shrink from. Of this I will give you a short instance.

The dreadful news arrived in Bombay that a native force, consisting of two battalions of sepoys, had been surprised by a party of Waabees, whom we had hitherto been foolish enough to look upon as allies, and that the attack had been made without the slightest provocation. They had fallen on the unsuspecting troops, and cut them to pieces. Three persons only escaped with life to tell the melancholy tale, and to call for retribution on the treacherous Arabs.

The 65th regiment were ordered on this service of just revenge, with directions to chastise these roving murderers in a manner calculated to dismay the other wandering tribes, and to strike terror into the hearts of the ill-intentioned.

This corps (called in India "the saucy whites") had seen not a little of eastern warfare. They had formed a part of the force before Booge, had gone through the campaign of Cutch, and even been before up the Gulf of Persia. They were well inured to the climate, and consequently fitted for the service they were now sent upon. The duty, however, was harassing and somewhat alarming, since our spies brought us in the most exaggerated accounts of the numerical force of our enemy. For several days it had been well known that the Waabees were in the neighbourhood; but, so stealthy were their movements, so well did they conceal their track, that, though we did all we could to bring them to an engagement, or at least discover their exact position, we invariably found ourselves baffled by our wary foe. The commander of the expedition found that, unless by stratagem, there was little hope of inducing them to come out from their lurking-place to meet us in fair fight

It was on the evening of —— that it was reported that some Arabs had been seen cautiously quitting a small ruined tower, which stood some three miles distant on the track we were pursuing. Captain —— was instantly ordered to march forward with his company, and to take possession of it. They were to scatter themselves so as to appear as far as possible like the remains of a larger force, or distant detachment from the main body. In marching, they were to appear fatigued and worn out, and take forward a few bullocks and stores, so as to impress the enemy with the idea that they were not in communication with the head-quarter force. A rumour was also circulated through the camp, that our object having failed, the main body would commence its march homewards on the morrow, leaving merely the company sent forward to scour the country around for a few days, at the end of which time Captain —— would again join the battalion, and all return together to Bombay.

Very soon after these orders had been given, and the report circulated, two or three of our bullock-drivers deserted. This pleased us much, as we more than guessed that these men had gone off to give information to the enemy.

Captain —— marched off with a light heart, and at the head of as valiant a little body as ever volunteered to escalade a breach, or carry a forlorn hope; but, according to orders, no spirit or energy seemed to animate them, as they wearily trudged along. More than once, as they went forward, they could perceive that they were

watched, and consequently well knew that the service they were engaged upon was one likely soon to bring affairs to a decisive result. This pleased them not a little; for they were sadly tired of "hunting Arabs." On taking possession of the deserted tower, they found the cinders still on fire which had served to cook the victuals of the evening. Several other vestiges strewed about proved that they had evacuated the building in great haste.

Having relieved themselves from all unnecessary equipments, the men fell in, by order of their commander, who thus addressed them:

"It is time, my men, that I should explain to you the nature of the service on which we are detached; for not only will it require all the steadiness that I know you possess, but also a certain share of individual judgment. The Arabs are close to us; they will probably attack us during the night; so we must make all fast, and keep a sharp look-out for them. They will perhaps come in great numbers; so you see, my lads, we must fight like devils, and defend this place for a full hour. At the end of that time, the main body will be up in their rear, and so they'll be caught between two fires. But, for fear of alarming them, Sir L. S—— dares not to stir an inch till he hears our muskets playing away at them. Now, lads, you know as much as I do, and I have but one recommendation to give you. Examine well your arms, and fire low. It is no ordinary foe we shall have to deal with."

With these cautions he dismissed them, after telling off one fourth of his little force as sentinels to keep a sharp look out on every side. To be thus cooped up, like a decoy bird in a cage, or a sparrow to attract a hawk, was not pleasant; but our men were nothing daunted. Indeed, they seemed rather pleased than otherwise at being selected for the dangerous duty. Midnight had passed before the slightest alarm was given by the men on the look-out, when one of our black followers, whose ears are far more acute than those of any European, came down to the officers, who sat dozing in the lower chamber, to inform them that he heard the noise of many persons assembling amongst the jungle, which was distant about half a mile.

In a few minutes our whole force was mustered, and posted in the most advantageous manner, while every eye was strained to catch a sight of the enemy. Being now on our guard, and anxiously listening, we could distinctly hear them spreading themselves out into an enormous semi-circle, intending thus to close us in on all sides. That their numbers must be very considerable we well knew, from the very lengthened chain or line they were enabled to form. That their ferocity was unequalled, their muscular power great, and that they would extend no quarter to us, we were fully aware. Our only reliance was in the manœuvre that our commander had determined on performing. The steadiness and discipline of our troops, opposed to the rashness, and want of warlike skill likely to be exhibited by this barbarian force,—on these hung our sole dependence. On the whole, our feelings were not the most enviable in the world; but, as *thinking* is not the duty of a soldier, we refrained from breathing a single syllable of our thoughts to each other, but remained quietly awaiting the moment when we could show our comrades and our foes how we could *act*.

By degrees we saw the enemy stealing out of the brushwood, and approaching our little fortress. They came along stealthily and un-

evenly. One body of about fifty were far in advance of the rest. As soon as this portion came within reach of our musketry a sudden volley was poured into them, which was almost instantly followed by a second from the opposite side of the tower, directed against another portion, who had also crept beyond the general line. The effect was like magic. Little aware how prepared we had been to receive them, this sudden, this unexpected attack from a force which they had come forward fully intent on annihilating before they could awake, so astonished, so terrified the Arabs, that, thinking more troops were in the tower than they had seen, they suddenly retreated again into the jungle, uttering cries of savage fear and discontent.

For half an hour we believed they had dispersed; but just as day was breaking they again appeared, and began to surround our place of refuge beyond the reach of our muskets, and in a far more orderly manner. Several torches were now lighted by them, which a body of women kept brandishing about; till, at a preconcerted signal they all simultaneously advanced on us. We clearly read their intention, which was, to burn us in our building. This intent was now obvious from the gestures of the wretches, whose every movement we could now plainly observe. As they came on, men, women, and children, pell-mell, uttering the most horrid and discordant cries, perfectly naked, armed with swords about five feet long, double edged, and as sharp and fine as razors, (which they brandished with both hands over their heads,) they kept yelling with savage fury, closing on us more and more. We now fired volley after volley; but though it sometimes seemed to inflict a slight check upon them, yet in another moment the gaps caused by our shot were filled up, and the circle pressed on. They were within two hundred paces of the tower, when the look-out espied our main body, who, aware of the movements of the foe, were counter-manœuvring, by also extending their line, and then moving forward their wings by *echellon*. They had managed, undiscovered by the savage Arabs (who were so intent on their expected victims as not to think of looking behind them,) to enclose them in, and thus hoped to destroy them.

At length the Arabs came close under the walls, and some few attempted to escalade them. We poured on them a most effective volley, which threw those nearest to us into temporary confusion. At this moment a well-directed fire from the troops in their rear mowed down at least three hundred of them. Had the heavens fallen on their shoulders they could not have been more surprised. They turned suddenly round, and met a second discharge, which again did great havoc. The cries of the wounded were now added to the yells of the infuriated and dismayed multitude. Captain —— took advantage of their panic, and after giving them one more round from our muskets, suddenly sallied out with fixed bayonets, and attacked them from the other side. Apparently assaulted on all sides, betrayed, outwitted, though they fought with bravery, and even fool-hardiness, Captain ——, with his valiant little band, managed to pierce right through them, and join his regiment, amidst the congratulations and admiration of his brother officers. And now began the regular fight, which lasted nearly three hours. Never did man behold a more harrowing sight, or more frequent exhibitions of undaunted courage on both sides. The weapons of the Waabees were most murderous; their extreme length reaching even beyond

the guard of a musket. I saw more than once a male, and on one occasion, a female, actually, though impaled on a soldier's bayonet, cutting away with fiend-like fury at the soldier who had thus transfixed her. The children also were armed with short knives, doing their work of butchery, creeping down, and stabbing the wounded and the unwary. The men, who were of splendid make, and considerable muscle, were generally speaking taller than Europeans. Their eyes rolling with rage, their teeth displayed in grinning anger, gave them the appearance of demons. Wounded, and even on the very point of dying, they still kept on hacking at us. There were also a few spearmen. The lieutenant of our grenadiers was singled out by one of these men. At that instant he fortunately stumbled, and, as he did so, the lance passed over his head, and buried itself three inches in the trunk of a tree. The Waabee was instantly cut down by the lieutenant's covering serjeant. His strength must have been prodigious to drive the spear thus deep into the wood. During the action more than one woman was seen flying about, cutting and stabbing, while her new-born infant was strapped over her shoulders. To spare them was impossible. We had to fight to a disadvantage, since regular troops are seldom called thus to dispute hand to hand. But at length we triumphed. The survivors fled; but we were too tired to pursue them, though they retreated in the greatest disorder; nor were we quite sure that we might not fall into some ambush. The bugles announced to us a retrograde movement. We retired half a mile, and despatching an orderly to bring up our provisions and baggage, we quietly bestowed ourselves to rest, only leaving a few sentries in case of the foe re-mustering. This, however, did not happen.

About noon, the hospital-carts having come up, the surgeons, with a detachment of men, went to the late scene of action, to bury the dead, and afford succour to the wounded. In several cases the enemy refused all assistance, and even once or twice attempted to attack the kind-hearted soldiers, who would have helped and cured them. At length the party came to a fine-looking Arab, apparently insensible, but not dead. A bayonet had pierced his chest. The sergeant commanding the detachment, one of the best soldiers we had, seeing him thus dying, as he thought, from want of care, went up to him, and, pulling out the little flask of spirits he carried, raised him, and applied it to his lips. The treacherous Arab suddenly drew out from beneath him a sword which he had concealed, and as the English soldier strove to lift him up, with one stroke he severed his head from his body.

To dwell further on this scene I am unwilling. Retaliation is wrong; but alas! it is a feeling inherent in our nature. The fury of the party at seeing their loved brother-soldier thus murdered, was beyond bounds. I have heard (I fear, with truth,) that no wounded men were suffered again to betray us. All that were living of the enemy were instantly dispatched.

It was for this campaign the 65th regiment obtained the honourable distinction of bearing a royal tiger on their accoutrements and banners.

THE DEAR-SLAYER.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

He is gone to his long account,—and a plaguy long account it must be,—that handsome cousin of mine, that terrible fellow, Major Manvers, whose memory I have taken upon myself to redeem from oblivion.

By common accord of the writing and reading world, the honourable title of Major has long been tinged with that worst of odium, ridicule. "Mrs. John Prevost" has immortalized

"The odious Major Rock,
Who drops in at six o'clock;"

and the author of "Pelham" was once on the eve of having to fight through the two United Service Clubs, on account of certain jests levelled at this only *too* highly-respectable grade of the military community. Even the apostrophe of the great Wellington to the gallant Napier,—"Well done, *my Majors!*" did not suffice to render classical this much-degraded grade.

Be it understood, however, that *my* Major differed widely from the majority of Majors. He was no more like Major Sturgeon or Major O'Flaherty, than Canis Major is like Ursa Major. It is not, however, in his Major-ical capacity that I am about to consider him. I am about to treat of my Major, in the first instance, as still a minor.

Willoughby Manvers appears to have been born for the vocation of Dear-slaying. Even in his days of coral and bells, his future leaning toward the *belles* must have been perceptible; or his godfather and godmother would scarcely have bestowed upon him at what the newspapers call the baptismal-font, the euphonous and most three-volume-like name of "Willoughby."

It is true his mother made vague allusions to a rich cousin in Yorkshire, who, though unapparent among the sponsors, had requested that the infant might be named after himself. But, strange to relate, the most careful investigation of the maps of the three ridings imparted no insight into the localities of Willoughby Park; nor, among the rolls of that stout and honourable county was there record of a Willoughby family whatever, saving one small esquire, the sire of eleven junior esquires; a John Willoughby, of no park at all, who could not by any possible process of magnification, be redeemed from the infinitesimals, or placed in the category of rich cousins. The bright blue eyes and dimpled chin of the smiling infant must, consequently, be accepted as Mrs. Manvers' sole apology for heroicizing her third son by the touching name of "Willoughby."

Preparatory schools have nearly the same faculty for mutilating names as a provincial footman. Our ineffable Willoughby was abbreviated in his nankeens into simple "Will," like the vulgarest William of them all. The first time the chariot of Mrs. Manvers rolled into the courtyard of Prospect House Academy, and she overheard a shout in the playground of "Hallo, Will! here's your mother!" she was forced to have recourse to her salt's-bottle. "Of what avail to be choice in the specification of one's offspring," thought the dainty lady, "if such curtailments be sanctioned by academic authority!"

Names, however, are regulated by a sliding system, — elongated or shortened, even as the glasses of the great Herschel, or still greater Omnibus, when the latter extend their focus from the proximate petticoat of Cerito to the remote box of a beauty in the "two-pair" at the opera. At Eton, Willoughby was himself again, *i.e.* again "Willoughby." His dame was, fortunately, of a romantic turn; and, next to lordlings and little honourables, adored a lad in three syllables. He was, accordingly, flogged as Manvers, but coaxed and kept up to supper by the gentle name of Willoughby. Need it be added that, while other lads were duncing their way through Homer, the favoured youth stuck fast in his Ovid; and that before he was out of his second apprenticeship to fate, *Ang.* before he had attained the mature age of fourteen, and the height of a Shetland pony, he had perpetrated a sonnet "to ANNA;" whom other boys, more in favour with Anna's tender parent the pastrycook, familiarized by the unpoetical name of "Nancy."

It was no fault of Willoughby's! Willoughby "had an eye of tender blue," as Camoens and Lord Strangford have it: as well as "locks of Daphne's hue," as they also have it; and what they mean by having it I never could exactly determine, but conclude that Manvers fair curls must be pretty near the mark. His hands, moreover, were as fair as his curls, and his brow fairer; everything about him, indeed, was fair but his verses, which Anna and the under-master pronounced to be only "*pretty* fair." The rest was both fair and pretty.

Unluckily for Willoughby, Parnassus and the Pierian spring so far outweighed with him the attraction of the Christopher and its claret, that he suffered himself to fall into the anti-Etonian error of acquiring an admirable hand-writing. Even at Prospect House he had been base enough, (probably under the influence of his prenomen of "Will,") to obtain the silver pen bestowed by the writing-master, as the annual prize of penmanship; and now his sonneteering had betrayed him into the still further disgrace of writing a legible hand. In those days, penny postage was not, and franking *was*; and, by a process of logic not admitted in the schools, though intelligible enough at Eton, it was clear that Willoughby Manvers was not intended for a member of parliament. But there are many steps and gradations between writing oneself down M.P. and the ignominious designation to which the young calligrapher was thenceforward devoted by his matter-of-fact parent, Manvers, senior, who had been christened by the plain and deteriorating name of Thomas, on finding his third hope so admirable a penman, actually destined him, in spite of his Willoughbyship, for a mercantile desk! — Oh! hapless child of the Muses! — a merchant's desk! Had Nature Anna-thematized thee with so poetical a temperament only to be thus miserably degraded in the scale of Anna-mated being? —

The boy rebelled, — that is, the man of which the boy saw himself about to become the father, rebelled. On leaving Eton, and finding the preliminaries of a treaty in progress for transferring himself and his penmanship to the long-established firm of Messrs. Macpherson, Mumpson, and Spragg, of Great St. Helens, he grew desperate; and the sequel of his success in running-hand was, running away. Instead of answering to the name of either "Will" or "Willoughby," the return was "*non est inventus.*" But Willoughby had no will to return.

It appeared probable that the inspired youth had betaken himself to

the wolds of Yorkshire in search of the hall, park, or lodge, and cousinly-squire, its proprietor, rejoicing in the name to which his own nature was respondent. His pilgrimage was, perhaps, that of "Willoughby in search of a godfather."

Even his conscience-struck mamma appeared to participate in the notion; for, synonymous with the mysterious advertisements which appeared in "The Times" and "Courier," requiring all parochial and municipal authorities to have their eye upon a "genteel youth with blue eyes and light hair, whose linen was marked W. M.," the Leeds, York, and Hull Intelligencers were made to implore "the *young man* who had disappeared from the neighbourhood of Hanover Square, to return to his distracted parents, by whom matters would be arranged entirely to his satisfaction." There was a great deal of the mother in such an intimation.

It is a wise man who knows his own child (in initials); and in the "young man," as depicted by the Leeds Intelligencer, Thomas M. knew not his rebellious boy. It mattered not,—for no W. M. presented himself. Where there is a Will, there is a way; but, where there is a Willoughby, there is *no* way to grow wealthy and wise in the way of clerkhood. To W. M. "the neighbourhood of Hanover Square," seemed only too excruciatingly connected with the neighbourhood of Great St. Helens; and he accordingly turned a blind eye to the appeals of the newspapers.

Runaway school-boys, as novel-wise represented, more especially when genteel youths with blue eyes and fair hair, are sure to fall in, on the Queen's highway, with a company of strolling-players; though, thanks to the great unpaid and great unpaying — the sage magistracy, and most undramatic public of Great Britain,—strolling-players are nearly as rare in the land as crocodiles or mandrakes. W. M. might have travelled from Dan to Beersheba, or from Truro to John o' Groat's House, without risk of encountering anything of a theatrical nature more erratic than a London Star flying per railroad to fulfil his engagements at Liverpool or New York; or an ex-cabinet minister on his road to speechify his constituents as a safety-valve for the over-pressure of his spleen. Nay, though the green woods were just then particularly green, seeing that it was

"The leafy month of June,
When birds and babbling brooks are most in tune,"

he had not the good fortune to chance upon so much as a gipsy's camp, to sup with some 'kerchiefed beauty, of raven hair and walnut-juice complexion, on broiled hedgehog, under the green-wood tree, and with the terror of the constable before his eyes. On the high-road he met with nothing but broad-wheeled waggons, in the woods and fields but plough-boys, soil-harrowing, not soul-harrowing companionship for a hero. Meanwhile, had the conscience-stricken Mrs. Manvers suspected to what city of refuge her son had betaken himself, her maternal inquietudes would have subsided at once. Following the tender instincts of his heart, young Willoughby had remembered him of

"Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;"

and, on finding that "grief and danger were wringing his brow," in

the form of impending clerkhood, fled to the bosom of a ministering-angel, who had often smoothed it with brush and comb in those happier days of infancy when no sonnet had emanated, Minerva-like, therefrom, to witch the world with its noble poesy. Having secured an outside place on the Biggleswade coach, he invited himself to spend a few weeks in Bedfordshire with his old nurse.

The Mrs. Digges in question, however, though prosaic enough in herself, was not altogether undeserving the recollection of a genteel rhymester in his seventeenth year, with an eye of tender blue, and locks of Daphne's hue; inasmuch as the son, upon whose comfortable farm her old age had pensioned itself, was the widowed father of a Miranda,—nay, of two Mirandas, endowing his turnip-fields and haystacks with all the enchantments of Prospero's island.

W. M., the favourite nursling of the venerable Mrs. Digges, had often been invited to "run down" in his Midsummer holidays, and take a peep at the farm which dispatched such fat geese at Michaelmas, and such white turkeys at Christmas, to the respected lady and gentleman in the vicinity of Hanover Square. Unaware, however, that there was anything to "run down" there but himself, he had forborne; and his present visit was, accordingly, accepted as the performance of former promises, without exciting the slightest suspicion on the part of his hosts. The old lady still called him "Willy,—her darling Willy;" the young ladies, "Master Manvers;" and though the farmer sometimes thought it odd that the young gentleman and his Pa and Ma held so little intercommunication by letter, he was too busy with his hay to trouble himself much about the matter.

And now I beseech my fair readers to consider what worlds of poetry such a man as Keats, or such a woman as L. E. L., would have conjured out of a situation like that of my hero; or what tomes of prose certain living novelists would belabour it withal. Blackbirds, thrushes, and hawthorn-bushes! — what a situation! Cherubino among the hay-fields of the county of Beds; Don Juan, junior, ruralizing in June, with two fair spirits for his ministers, in the form of Jane and Mary Digges! Had not their father most paternally presumed to call them Jenny and Polly, as many sonnets had been indited in their honour as were dedicated by Petrarch to his Laura; but, as it was, the number did not much exceed the volumes poured forth by Lady Emmeline Wortley in honour of the hero of Waterloo.

On the other hand, what tomes of sonnets whispered, and stanzas looked, signalized the sunsets and sunrisings, the noons and twilights of Long-croft farm! A heroine at a time suffices a rational man,—*two* were scarcely enough for a rhyming boy. The facilities created by this double passion were inestimable. For Jane was a dark beauty, and Mary as blue and flaxen as Titian himself could desire; and all the epithets which the affluence of the English language supplies were strictly and honourably divisible between the sisters. Jenny was a laughing beauty,—Polly inclined to the sentimental; and it was easy to love them both, in their several styles, on the alternate days of the week, dividing the Sundays between the two. From the blessed Monday morning, when he rushed forth at daybreak into the hay-field to romp with the dark-haired Jane, to the exquisite Saturday night, when he wandered home through the twilight and the green lanes with Mary, her straw-bonnet entwined with dog-roses and honeysuckles, and her waist entwined with his arm, the life of the youthful poet was an eclogue!

In hay-time a farmer's mind is in the clouds; and, as the old nurse, was passing old, and of a capacity such as usually attends a life spent in successive nurseries, it occurred to nobody at Longcroft that Master Manvers was somewhat overstaying his holidays; or that the dairy duties of Miss Jane, and the laundry duties of Miss Mary, were less diligently performed than aforetime. The grandmother praised them as dutiful girls, for giving up so much of their time to her darling little Willy; while the father continually exhorted them to take care that the young squire was properly looked to. How he was looked *at* did not enter into the narrow calculations of the head of the family.

It is a pleasant thing to write about green lanes and vernal pleasures at this catch-cold season of the year, and in an influenzial metropolis, where the only symbol of vegetation that presents itself to the cultivated mind consists in the weekly Covent-Garden market-report of the Morning Post, informing us that strawberries are abundant at two guineas per ounce, and that forced asparagus is dirt-cheap at five and twenty shillings the bundle. But I greatly fear me that the pastoral is out of date. Rural pleasures, and Robert Bloomfield, are laid on the shelf. The only floury theme still in favour is the corn laws,—and the groves we delight in are groves of Blarney.

In the youth of Willoughby Manvers, however, boys were still boys, girls, girls; and poets did not yet thank the gods that they had not made them poetical. It was, accordingly, heaven on earth to the fugitive from Great St. Helens to wander strawberry-picking in the woods, or star-gazing in the meadows, either singly, or doubly, or trebly. There was safety in numbers, there was joy in duality. He was in love with both sisters,—or rather, he knew not with *which;* and both were decidedly in love with *him.* The smiles of one, the tears of the other, were successively at the service of his eyes of tender blue.

Lucky was it for the incipient Dear-slayer that his Cupid was still as harmless an urchin as the chubby W. M., who had sprawled some fifteen years before in the lap of the venerable Mrs. Digges! Sighers of sighs, and inditers of sonnets are not the most fatal enemies of the tender sex; and, saving that at the end of the month there was a tremendous feud betwixt the sisters, and ratsbane within reach, *no* great harm was to be apprehended. Impossible to determine whether the scale of brown or fair obtained the preponderance; for sometimes the one, sometimes the other, kicked the beam; an alternation which occasionally suffused with tears the laughing eyes of Jane; or distended the lips of the pensive Mary with unaccustomed mirth; and thus, while poor Mrs. Manvers was lavishing her half-guineas in daily advertisements, and the infuriated Mr. Manvers losing his temper in daily ebullitions, Willoughby—the future Lovelace,—the St. Preux of Biggleswade,—was teaching the young ideas of the Misses Digges how to shoot at the rate of fifteen sonnets per diem.

Matters were brought to a conclusion by a two-fold catastrophe. Jane Digges received in form, not a *proposal,* but a *refusal* of marriage. Oh! sacrilege and shame to the house of Digges!—a refusal!

"Were honour to be driven from the earth," says one of the high-sounding writers, "her refuge should be the breast of Kings." On the present occasion she installed herself in that of a Bedfordshire clown. The John Tomkins who had roasted nuts with the merry Jane the preceding Michaelmas, taken the chaste salute from her lips under the miseltoe the preceding Christmas, and received her father's permission

to make his addresses agreeable to her every Sunday since, between morning-service and even-song, not only signified his determination to have no further concern with a damsel so addicted to early hay-making, but the following Sabbath was asked in church with the daughter of a rich grocer of the market-place of Biggleswade!

With the exception of the rejected fair-one, every member of the house, or farm, of Digges, was indignant. The matter was considered and re-considered in family council; and as the hay was now fairly in, and Farmer Digges at leisure for paternal vigilance, it occurred to him that the eyes of tender blue of Master Manvers were rather *too* blue, and the sonnets a *great* deal too blue for a longer visit to Long-croft. The old lady was required to intimate to her nursling that his company was probably wanted in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square. Before, however, there had been time for the critical communication, came a letter, per post, to the doating nurse of darling Willy, from the disconsolate Mrs. Manvers, signifying to her the disappearance of her pet, containing remote allusions to bombazins and broad hems, and an advertisement for insertion in that remarkable weekly paper, the "Beds, Bucks, and Herts Weekly Courant," addressed to the lost sheep marked with the initials, W. M. Right glad waxed the heart of the venerable nurse; and, like Juliet's, she chuckled for joy. It was something to be spared the pain of conveying an ungracious message to her charge; it was much more to enjoy the satisfaction of conveying a consolatory one to her former lady. Dreading lest if the truant bird were compelled to take wing, he might only fly the further from his parent nest, she enjoined her son to be patient, while she despatched an answer to the Manvers' family, announcing that W. M. had been comfortably housed for some weeks past under the hospitable roof of Longcroft; and that, so far from having broken his neck, as surmised by his desponding mamma, he had broken nothing but bounds, and the hearts of her two grand-daughters.

By return of coach came Thomas Manvers, Esq. — came, saw, and conquered his own inclination to give a tremendous threshing to his undutiful offspring. After being closeted some time with Farmer Digges, the inclination became redoubled, nay, retrebled. A cane is, however, an unsafe substitute for a fatted calf to welcome home a prodigal son. Manvers, senior, was forced to accept Manvers, junior, as he found him, and to be thankful that he found him at all. The only apology he could find to make to the farmer, or to his own wounded dignity, was, — "It is all his mother's fault, sir! What put it into her head to give the boy that confounded romantic name of Willoughby!"

Such was the event which placed my handsome cousin in the army; and, in the sequel, the pensive Mary in the chorus of a minor theatre, and the sprightly Jenny in that doleful army of martyrs, the company of old maids and ladies' maids. After figuring in sonnets, they fancied they had souls above bacon and greens; and the discovery which made Willoughby an ensign, made *them* miserable for life. The London coach carried off the bone of contention, who was clearly never to become bone of their bone!

Now Willoughby Manvers was only seventeen years and four days old when gazetted; yet, such is the tendency to perjury in masculine hearts when connected with eyes of tender blue, that he who but a month before—a little month,—ere yet those shoes were old which he

now exchanged for Wellingtons, had sworn to Mary, and sworn to Jane, together and severally, that the dearest ambition of his life was never more to lose sight of Longcroft, its pinfold and rickyard, could scarcely restrain his joy at sight of his own person regimentalized in his admiring mother's swing-glass; or subdue his hilarity to a becoming dignity, on taking his seat in the mail on his way to the pleasing town of Burr, on the inviting outskirts of the Bog of Allen, accompanied by a new shaving-case, to which nothing but a beard was wanting, and a vast portmanteau, painted in a text that almost rivalled his own in legibility, "Ensign Willoughby Manvers, 3rd Foot."

His soul swelled within his bosom, like that of Columbus when embarking for his mighty enterprise. The moon was bright in the autumnal heavens: yet the young rogue gazed upon its brightness without any further thought of the lovely Mary or Jane, to whom he had sworn eternal moonshine, than if they had been no dearer to him than a couple of their father's Christmas turkeys!

And now,

> "The world was all before him where to choose
> His place of rest, and Providence his guide;"

that is, the Bog of Allen was before him, and the adjutant of his regiment his guide. But Willoughby chose to consider the matter Miltonianly, and a great comfort to him it was. It was not, however, his only comfort. He was the prettiest fellow in the garrison. The market-place of Burr soon prated of his whereabout; and before the sallows put forth their catkins the following spring, there was a sempstress in a consumption, and the bar-maid of the King's Arms out of a situation. But it was no fault of *his!* "It was his mother's fault for giving him that confounded romantic name of Willoughby!"

Not that I mean to attribute solely to the power of a name either the pulmonary afflictions of the one, or the backslidings of the other. But certain it is, that when my young cousin was invited to dinner at Gammerton House, the ancient seat of Sir Phineas O'Gammerton, on the borders of the bog, there were two Captain Smiths in the regiment, and three Lieutenant Thompsons and Johnsons, with prior claims to the hospitality of the Milesian baronet. Had Manvers been plain Will, in short, as dishonoured at his preparatory school, never had he been presented to the notice of Miss Honoria O'Gammerton, only daughter, though not sole heiress, of Sir Phineas.

Not that at first he attached much importance to the presentation. The baronet's wine was too sour, and his venison too sweet, to recommend him as a dinner-host even to the junior ensign of a marching-regiment; and as the daughter aforesaid was of mature years, and as sour as the claret, Willoughby felt little ambitious that she should look sweet upon him. Rumour had already apprized him that the elderly young lady was a saint; and he was aware that Catholic bigotry having laid the foundation for Protestant bigotry, the saintship of a country neighbourhood in Ireland is bitter as wormwood; the ascendancy of priestcraft only changing its form of prayer in establishing the new tyranny. Sir Phineas was supposed to be too deeply immersed in his bad claret, to be accessible to the baptism of the new light; but his daughter was a convert for both,—the most evangelic of the daughters of Eve.

Towards such a lady, even had she been fair with the fairness of

beautiful eighteen, my sinful cousin Willoughby would scarcely have ventured to lift his eyes. But as she was, luckily, of age and person to render him unconscious of her presence, he lifted his eyes in other directions with very little ceremony, laughing at the Curragh anecdotes of the ancient baronet, and the sanctimonious face wherewith they were listened to by the starched nephew of Sir Phineas, Mr. Cornelius O'Gammerton, till the tears came into them, causing them to resemble (as Miss Honoria recorded that night in her diary,) forget-me-nots bathed in dew!

Thenceforward Willoughby was frequently invited to Gammerton House; and Miss Honoria's journal grew in sheets, if it did not grow in grace. In spite of the sour claret and boozy old gentleman, he persisted in accepting; for the Gammerton estates afforded the best shooting in the neighbourhood, and his quarters little inducement to abstain. There was, moreover, some fun in witnessing the contortions of countenance with which the solemn nephew gave ear to the campaigning stories of his militia days, extracted by much claret and military companionship from the red-nosed proprietor of Gammerton House. By degrees these grimaces grew more and more convulsive. Mr. Cornelius O'Gammerton appeared to be bewitched, or rather betwitched, whenever the young gentleman of Belial graced the table of the uncle whom he purposed to make a father-in-law, if the result of the West Indian climate, (to which the decree of the Horse Guards had sentenced the heavy dragoon regiment in which the only son of the Baronet, Captain O'Gammerton, was doing his duty to his king and country,) should be satisfactory. For long as he had put his trust in black mutinies and yellow fever to make Honoria an heiress, and himself the happiest of men, he foresaw an enemy to his prospects in the blue eyes of winsome Will, such as now almost induced him to pray for the immortality of the heavy dragoon.

Ovid has signalized the metamorphoses produced by the influence of the blind god in the days of Heathenesse, in verses which we most indecorously inflict on the memory of our sons and nephews, from the moment their classical ideas take out their shooting-licence; but if modern prose would only take the trouble to describe the metamorphoses daily effected under our eyes, by the same legerdemain of Cupid, the circulating libraries would be all the wiser.

His Majesty's 3rd foot had not been six weeks quartered at Burr, before the all but vedovial cap of Miss Honoria gave place to a French mob, under which a few straggling curls were permitted to make their appearance; and at the close of a few months, the fervour of a fine summer afforded a pretext for throwing it off altogether, and giving to view richer braids and curls far more glossy than had ever been suspected as appurtenant to the head of the spinster of thirty-one!

Nevertheless, the ensign looked on as disregardfully as on the pigtail of his brigade-major; nay, had it pleased Miss O'Gammerton to figure at the head of her father's table all shaven and shorn, like the priest who had pronounced his *benedicite* there in the time of her grandfather, it is more than doubtful whether he would have noticed the change. Such being the case, it will scarcely be wondered at that she was left to stroll alone by moonlight through the shrubberies, after having strictly interdicted the attendance of her cousin in presence of her father's reprobate guest; and though careful to intimate the exact hour of her daily visits to the town of Burr, and to provoke the restive

ponies of her phaeton into a fit of obstinacy opposite the barrack-gates, the two Captain Smiths and three or four Lieutenant Thompsons and Johnsons were sure to rush forth to her assistance, while Willoughby, in his flowered dressing-gown, stirred not a step from his arm-chair and the last new novel!

By degrees, it was whispered with horror in the "serious" circles of the neighbourhood, that certain bandboxes had been dropped at the lodge-gates of Gammerton House, by the Dublin coaches, bearing the superscription of the hapless spinster, whose secession from the austerities of her people was noted with the same pious horror as of yore the extinction of the sacred fire in the hands of the vestal! It was pronounced to be all over with Miss Honoria, from the time she was seen to drive barefaced through the streets of Burr in a pink bonnet.

Nevertheless, the grave Cornelius, panic-struck as he was, abstained not from the board of his uncle. Peradventure he had still hope of reclaiming the castaway; for the warm summer which excused the surrender at indiscretion of Miss O'Gammerton's heavy cap and heavier straw bonnet, had unquestionably been a parlous hot one in Barbadoes. He sat shuddering on, therefore, at Sir Phineas's dinner-table, uplifting his eyes to Heaven, with prayer and fasting, — and putting his trust in Providence and the yellow fever.

Nevertheless, matters at Gammerton House grew more and more alarming; and when the assizes came on, and the robes and caps of judges and chaperons were astir for judgment-seat and ball-room, and Miss Honoria signified her intention of figuring for the first time in her life in the gay and festive scene, her better angel, in the shape of her cousin Cornelius, spread his wings, and vanished from the desecrated Paradise which had witnessed the fall of *his* angel!

Her angel, her Willoughby, might have taken flight also, for any advantage that she obtained by his remaining! Thirty-one, though far from a repulsive period in matronly life, is an epoch of spinsterhood with which ensigns of the name of Willoughby have little sympathy. Manvers turned an ungrateful eye upon the tough lamb which, for his sake, had wandered from the fold; and even when, in the course of time, letters, indited in a handwriting not quite so clerkly as his own, reached him by the hands of the gossoon officiating as letter-carrier to Gammerton Park, on finding them extend some pages beyond the limits of an invitation to dinner, he nefariously committed them to the flames, savagely regardless of those ignited by his fatal forget-me-not eyes.

The result of all this is painful to contemplate; yet, unless fairly placed before the world, where would be the moral of my anecdote? Ere yet the shrubberies of Gammerton were thoroughly denuded of their verdure, his Majesty's 3rd received its route for Cork, to embark for the Peninsula; and before they were green again—there was no longer an Honoria O'Gammerton on the face of the earth! The ensign having marched off as Cornelius had marched before him,—never to return,—the desponding spinster also made an end of herself. For though neither cousin nor Willoughby re-appeared, the robust brother, who had survived the prayers and wishes of his relatives, shortly afterwards intimated his safe arrival in his native country, and that he came accompanied by a wife and child, giving promise of thriving heirship to the house of O'Gammerton! The defalcation of Cornelius being thus explained, and the improbability that his place as suitor

should ever be filled up so cruelly apparent, that the broken-hearted middle-aged young lady resigned herself to despair, and committed suicide by a marriage with the apothecary.

My cousin, meanwhile, was fighting at Corunna, and as bravely as became one of the noblest, though most disastrous, actions illustrating the records of British valour. I suppose he must be accounted among the fortunate heroes of that memorable day; inasmuch as, instead of finding his rest after it in a bed six feet by one and a half, "with his martial cloak around him," he took it in a tolerable bed, after the extraction of a couple of balls, with a pair of the blackest eyes watching over him that ever glanced beneath the basquina of an Iberian beauty. But that her teeth were nearly as black as her eyes, even the anguish of his wounds would scarcely have secured poor Willoughby from instantaneous combustion.

On this occasion, by the way, even his crabbed governor could have found no pretext for charging upon his Willoughbyhood the sororial tenderness with which he soon came to be cherished by the lovely Paquita; for neither she nor her husband, during the long course of his sickness, ever addressed him otherwise than as "Senor Inglese." The vigils that watched over his pillow, — the flowers that were laid upon it,—the enamoured songs which, in process of time, enlivened his convalescence,—the gentle words and gentler sighs that arose when it became clear that the wounded lieutenant was once more an available soldier, were dedicated to a hero altogether anonymous in the heart of the ill-fated Paquita.

It was the first time that eyes of tender blue or locks of Daphne's hue had startled the eyes of the simple-hearted woman; and to find them pillowed thus familiarly under her roof, was as though some wandering angel had sought hospitality there, as angels used in the olden time, when police and passports were not. There could scarcely be a better mode of propitiating her heavenly guest than by a daily tribute of orange-blossoms and modinhas; for, according to the religion of *her* church, flowers and music constitute the most fitting offering for the holiest of altars; and if such love-gifts awoke thoughts far from angelic in her suffering charge, it was no fault of the pious Paquita.

There was a vine that enlaced its foliage round the windows of the chamber into which the English officer had been removed from the field; a green vine overshading the little room far more efficiently than even the most jealous of *jalousies*. Not even the sun could peep in; and close under the lattice used Paquita to sit with her knitting in her hands, while the invalid, on pretence of slumber, lay watching the fine oval of her face enframed between two raven tresses, assimilating only too harmoniously with her olive-coloured complexion. She was quite satisfied to sit there, silent and, as she supposed, unnoticed, —calmly conscious of her happiness in being permitted to minister to the recovery of the fair youth, who, on entering her dwelling, had been pronounced in a hopeless condition; and who, instead of dying in a foreign country, far from mother, sister, friend, had been tended by her vigilant care, even to convalescence!

Eyes of tender blue are workers of strange miracles! My cousin Willoughby's, which had converted at Gammerton House a saint into a sinner, were now doing their best towards converting a sinner into a saint. For, alas! the early days of that quiet nurse had enjoyed a far from immaculate reputation; and even those who adduced in extenu-

ation the brutality of a savage husband, admitted that Paquita had somewhat abused her privilege as a victim. Now, however, instead of pursuing her former gadabout habits, the poor creature never quitted the house, except for a daily mass at the nearest church; to reach which, she had to traverse the market yielding the flowers with which she adorned the chamber of the invalid.

So assiduous, so unwearying was her charity towards the sufferer, that she would not allow the smallest service to be performed for him by the sole servant of her humble household. It was *she* who smoothed his pillow, prepared his medicaments, broke open the lemon or pomegranate that was to freshen his potions, and opened or closed the lattice as the day deepened into the freshness of evening or the coolness of night. She was his friend—his servant—his slave; for, sooth to say, the friendship of loving two-and-twenty for eyes of such tender blue, is sadly apt to degenerate into abject servitude!—

It may be that the *real* servant of the household was jealous of these encroachments upon her privilege of office; for when, some days after the exchange had been effected which restored Lieutenant Manvers to his regiment, and Fernan the ferocious spouse of Paquita to the enjoyment of his vine-shaded chamber, Paquita — the predestined Paquita—was found one morning by the bedside weltering in her blood! The pretext of robbery, accompanied by assassination, obtained little faith; and, but for the agitation of war-time, the brutal husband and treacherous domestic would probably have had to submit to judicial interrogation, instead of sharing between them the liberal donation which was shortly afterwards forwarded by Willoughby Manvers from head-quarters, to the kindest and best of nurses,—now cold in the grave!

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the young Dear-Slayer, tidings of this cruel catastrophe were not fated to reach the ear of its innocent originator. While Willoughby's presents were on their road to Corunna, Willoughby's self was on his voyage home, on sick-leave; and when spending his Christmas by the domestic fireside in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square, he delighted to lose sight of the murky skies of London, in reminiscences of the ethereal atmosphere of the Peninsula, and the tenderness of his nurse. The thick waists and ankles of his fair countrywomen, — their florid complexions and unmeaning physiognomies,—served only to impart a brighter grace to his recollections of the sparkling eyes and expressive countenance, the buoyant gait and delicate conformation of the dear, thoughtful Paquita, who had redeemed him from the bed of death.

Mrs. Manvers was never weary of the recital of the dangers her Willoughby had passed; and dearer than the tale of battle-field or siege, danger or destruction, was that of the faithful woman who had watched over him with a sister's love, without other fee or reward than the grateful look of his eyes of tender blue. Her maternal sensibilities were peculiarly devoted to the son whom she had christened into heroism. Thomas, her eldest hope, was in the Law; John, the second, in the Church; and by neither one nor the other was she ever called upon for more than the lukewarm sympathies excited by a catarrh or a bilious headache. Thomas was too assiduous in his profession to have leisure for love,—John too respectable in *his* to have leisure for mischief; and her motherly love might have "rotted itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," but for the Willoughby who, though only in his

twentieth year, could already prate as familiarly of war and women "as maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs." She would never have heard of the gallant Moore save in the Gazette, or of a heroine such as Paquita, save in the pages of Cervantes or Le Sage, but for the first campaign of his Majesty's 3rd foot!—

Now, though orange-blossoms and guitars, — clustering vines and festoons of Spanish jessamine,—raven tresses and symmetrical ankles, may have little danger for the ear of a stout motherly woman of eight-and-forty, it is more questionable whether such topics be equally safe for a pretty cousin of seventeen, such as the Agnes Falkingham who, just released from school, was spending her season of emancipation with the family of her aunt. Considering that the name of Uncle Manvers was plain Thomas, and that his sense was generally considered as plain as his name and person, it was somewhat surprising that he should have admitted such a companion to share the sick-leave of Willoughby. But Miss Falkingham had a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds; and people who have elder sons in the Law and Church, those blackest and most matrimonific of professions, are often anxious to secure safe and early matches for their progeny. Agnes would have suited her uncle exceedingly well as daughter-in-law,—provided the eyes of Tom and Jack, which were neither blue nor tender, produced a sufficient impression on the young lady to determine her to a nearer connexion with the family; and as the governor took far less heed of his fair-visaged Scapegrace than of his more deserving offspring, he incautiously overlooked the danger that might arise to his project, from the interest created by his young Othello in the eyes of the new Desdemona.

For if Willoughby were never weary of talking of Paquita to his cousin Agnes, his cousin Agnes was never weary of hearing about Paquita! All she had said, and done, and looked, — though the things she had looked were unutterable, and many of the things she had done unmentionable,—became themes for daily discussion. Agnes had a vague consciousness that something was amiss in the business; but this only enhanced the charm of the mystery to the heart of a romantic school-girl.

She was an amazingly pretty creature, Agnes Falkingham; bearing just the sort of resemblance to her cousin Willoughby which is supposed to beget conjugal tendencies even between strangers. Her eyes were as blue as his, her hair as fair and glossy; and after gazing unintermittingly for weeks upon eyes and tresses as black as jet, it is a relief like that of daybreak after a long winter's night, to transfer one's gaze to one of those Saxon faces which are apparently composed of sunbeams and rosebuds. After ten days' observation, Willoughby proceeded so far, one day at dessert, as to take in one hand a pallid winter-orange, and in the other a cherry-cheeked apple, and whisper to himself a comparison between the complexion of English beauty and Portuguese. It was cruel, — it was ungrateful; but how was he to surmise in how terrible a sort poor Paquita had expiated the last whisper he had hazarded on that invidious subject!

Meanwhile, John was at his living and Thomas at his chambers; and though the latter dined in the bosom of his family on Sundays and other festivals, he had always too much to say on business to his father, to have much to say on pleasure to his cousin. Agnes was thankful for his neglect. What could a man whose name was Thomas, and who

resided in Pump Court, have to unfold worthy comparison with the revelations of her Willoughby,—whose wounds, both from the musket-balls and eye-balls of the Peninsula were still smarting! Miss Falkingham felt that it was unnecessary to subscribe to a circulating-library so long as she resided under the same roof with such a cousin. He was worth Mrs. Radcliffe, Lady Morgan, and the Subaltern jumbled into an empire of romance,—" *tria juncta in uno.*"

Every afternoon, in that delicious interval of social owl-light which succeeds the drawing of curtains, and precedes the arrival of candles, two arm-chairs were drawn closer towards the fire in Mrs. Manvers' drawing-room, and not very far from each other; and one might have supposed the abstainment from stirring the coals into a tell-tale blaze a delicate attention on the part of Agnes towards her soldier-cousin, (who could scarcely talk of Paquita without tears,) or a delicate attention of the soldier-cousin towards Agnes (who could never listen without blushing).

At that critical hour, the governor was seldom returned from the city, and the governor's lady apt to be closeted with her waiting-woman, preparatory to the business of the toilet; so that the young couple were left to the perils and dangers of " their own hearts' most sweet society." There was not *much*, perhaps, for the gentle youth, whose soul was still enwrapt in an atmosphere of guitars and orange-blossoms, till he was scarcely recallable to the prosaic vulgarities of London life, by even the shrill cry of the muffin-boy's " All hot " passing under the window. But as to Agnes, as Don Juan sings,

" The precipice she stood on was immense ! "

She had begun to see visions and dream dreams of the Peninsula. The little vine-trellised chamber in the dwelling of Fernan the assassin, lived a new life in her imagination; only that in this creation of girlish fancy the nurse attendant on the pillow of her darling cousin, so far from being of a dusky complexion, was bright-faced as one of the transparent-tinted countesses of Lely or Sir Joshua,—and in place of raven tresses, the ringlets of the tender-hearted woman were as the unbleached flax.

Unhappy Agnes! Already she was so diligent a scholar of Sola, that she and her guitar had all but strummed her sober uncle into a nervous fever; while Aunt Manvers, assuring her that a chocolate diet was fatal to the complexion, could scarcely refrain from hinting, that whenever she became Mrs. John Manvers and a bride, she would be fain to return to a humdrum breakfast of tea and toast. After all, the tender-hearted girl was only playing Paquita to the best of her capacity; and though in the sequel tempted to abbreviate her petticoats to a length only tolerable in the land of castanets and slender ankles, and odious in the sight of the neighbourhood of Hanover Square, as she was *not* an opera-dancer, no Bishop or *Intendant des menus plaisirs* was privileged to interfere.

But a crisis was approaching. Though the young lawyer was too busy with his suits to take heed of his suit, the young parson became only too painfully reminded by the multiplicity of weddings and christenings he was called upon to solemnize, that *he* was making little progress towards that holy estate of matrimony, essential to the bliss of his parsonic life and the excellence of his cowslip-wine;—the only olive-branches and fruitful vine with which cousin Agnes and her fifteen thousand pounds seemed likely to be connected in the Manvers-

family, being those adorning the Peninsular romance of the dangerous Willoughby. Whenever he hurried up to town, on pretence of a visit to Hatchard's, but in reality to burst unannounced into the drawing-room in George Street, when the fire was at its lowest, and the two arm-chairs at their closest, *there* was he sure to find them,—whispering to each other as low and tenderly as if there had been twenty people in the room, instead of only a blind spaniel on the hearth-rug, and a canary-bird with its head under its wing!

Rendered desperate by these discoveries, one day, when Willoughby had hurried from his father's port-wine to his mother's tea-table, leaving the governor and the young rector to talk over their tithes and consols together, John Manvers took occasion to signify to his parent that, within a mile from his parsonage resided a certain half-pay captain, having seven daughters, extremely musical, and not particularly ill-looking; whereupon Thomas Manvers, senior, trembling for the prospects of his son, hastened to inquire whether the family in question contained a prettier girl than his charming cousin, Agnes?—

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

was a very natural reply on the part of the slighted parson; and when, at length, further explanations convinced the indignant parent that Miss Falkingham was only *fair* to the only one of his sons in whom it was *un*fair to pretend to her smiles, he bade his injured John take patience and another glass of wine; and the following day obtained at the Horse Guards a signification to Lieutenant Manvers, of the 3rd, that his leave could not be extended, and that he must forthwith join the depot at Portsmouth.

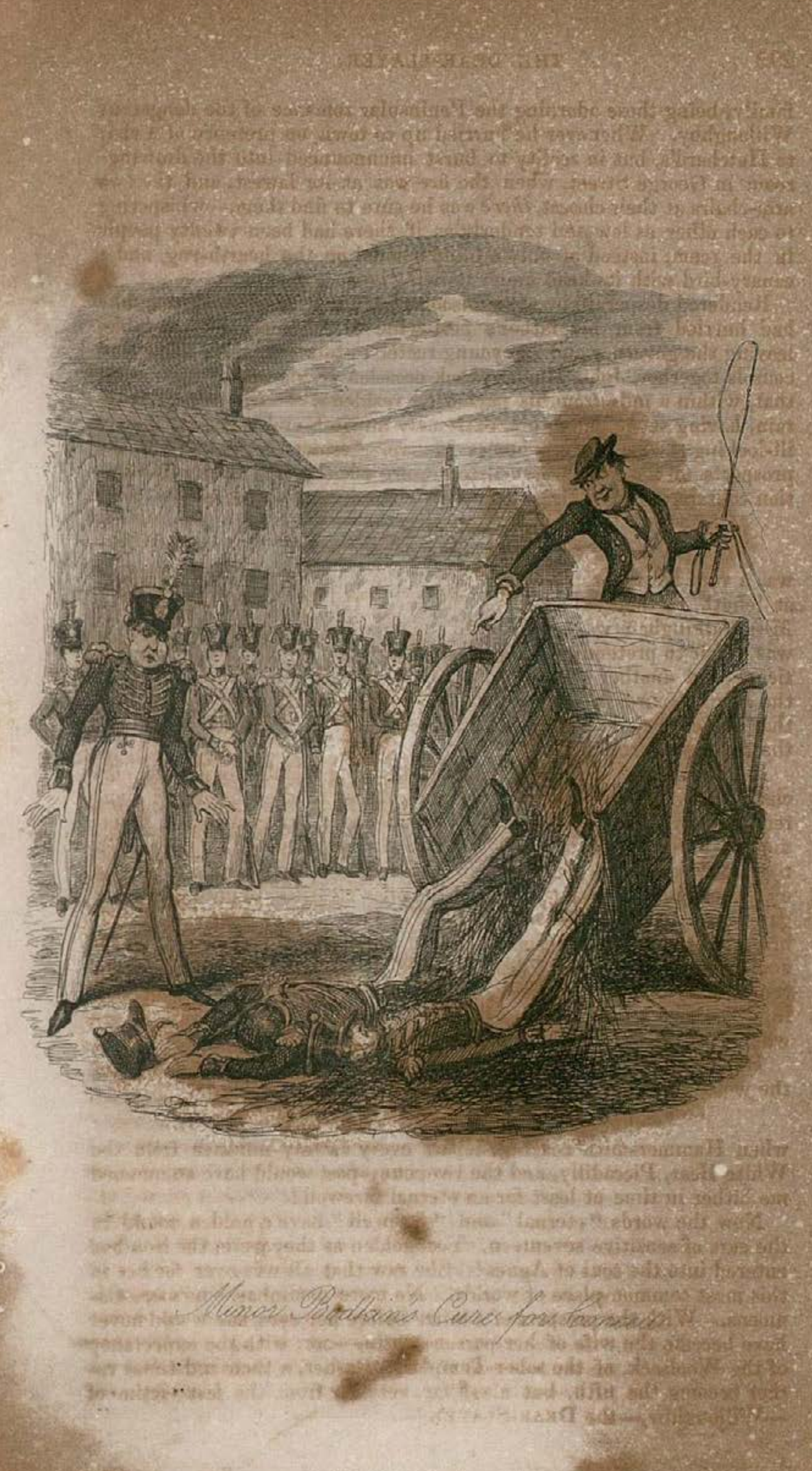
It happened that on the Saturday morning which brought the official HMS., sealed with his Majesty's arms, to the astonished lieutenant, Agnes had proceeded to the residence of her guardian at Hammersmith, for a visit of a few days, in the course of which she hoped to propitiate the old gentleman in favour of adopting heroes with eyes of tender blue, and an odour of Peninsular cigaritos lingering in their garments. And lo! when on the Tuesday following she returned, bringing with her a handsomely-bound copy of Mrs. Chapone's works, and an exceedingly heavy heart,—no Willoughby was to be seen!—In reply to her agitated inquiries, one of his younger sisters ingenuously informed her that "brother Will was gone off by the Rocket!"—whereupon Miss Falkingham went off into a fit of hysterics!—

Her first ejaculation, on returning to the use of her senses, was in the words of Professor Milman's Bianca,

"'Not come to me,—not write to me,—not send to me!'

when Hammersmith coaches depart every twenty minutes from the White Bear, Piccadilly, and the twopenny-post would have summoned me hither in time at least for an eternal farewell!"

Now the words "eternal" and "farewell" have a golden sound in the ears of sensitive seventeen. Yet, golden as they were, the iron had entered into the soul of Agnes! She saw that all was over for her in this most common-place of worlds. No more modinhas,—no more Camoens. With the prospect of a mitre before her eyes, she would never have become the wife of her parson-cousin,—nor, with the expectancy of the Woolsack, of the sober Templar. Rather, a thousand times rather become the fifth, but alas! far, very far from the last victim of —Willoughby,—the DEAR-SLAYER!—



Minor Bodkin's Cure for Cowardice

London Richard Bentley. 1842.

MINOR BODKIN'S CURE FOR CONCEIT.

BY PHELIM O'TOOLE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

People often wondered what possible motive the Commander-in-chief for the time being could have had for sending the fifty—th to Connaught, and I fear it must now remain among those other political problems which in their turns have bothered the quidnuncs, few of which have afforded more food for speculation, or presented greater difficulties in their solution. As to the causes, however, why all this wonderment was exhibited on the occasion, these are peculiarly easy of development. The fifty—th were about as well fitted to undertake the care of a Connaught garrison as so many turkeys would have been. They were spooneys to a man — not a single redeeming character among them, from the fusty old colonel down to the little ensign of six weeks' standing. They were as genteel as so many milliners, — exquisites from top to toe, and used pocket-handkerchiefs that would do for a drag-hunt. Matrimony was an abomination, the very mention of which would have excited more horror among them than the bursting of a bomb. Champagne was the only tipple they approved of; they would as soon have robbed a church as subscribe to the hounds; and as to venturing their delicate carcases in such a perilous operation as hunting, it never was dreamed of among them. Only think what a precious consignment they were to send to Loughrea!

As soon as the doom of these unfortunates was irrevocably sealed, and it became past hoping for but that Loughrea was their portion, old Colonel Courtenay called his officers together into the mess-room, and made the melancholy announcement. Their future quarters, he told them, lay in a place called Connaught, a part of the world generally shunned by all persons except individuals of the most doubtful and dangerous characters, and which, in wiser times than ours, had been regarded as a *pis aller* for hell. The aborigines were, he said, represented by those who knew them best as a peculiarly reprobate race. Silver forks, even in this enlightened age, seemed to be an utter novelty to the generality of them,—sobriety a virtue very little practised,—celibacy not at all held in as much honour as it ought,—cheating at cards encouraged to a most alarming extent, —the small-loan system universally adopted,—and pistol-practice an absolute indispensable.

"My children," continued the worthy commander, after this detail, "such being the society into which we are to be thrown for our sins, what steps ought we to take to resist the contamination which threatens us? To convert these helpless savages to the usages of the *beau monde* would be a hopeless task, — even to D'Orsay himself it would be a fruitless mission. Shall we, then, yield to circumstances, and bear with them? — tolerate them in our mess-room, and submit to be their guests?—haply endeavour to accommodate ourselves to their customs? or shall we rather, as best beseems us, reject all communion with their uncleanness, all fellowship, all association? I pause for a reply."

"We will! we will!" resounded from all quarters. "To Coventry with any man who dares to act otherwise."

"To Coventry with him, then!" exclaimed the aged orator, with solemn emphasis. "'Tis a decision, my children, which will redound to your honour as long as the fifty—th has a leg to stand on."

Never was a community more utterly bothered than the Loughrea people were by the tactics of the new-comers. They could make nothing of them. Instead of a crack regiment, as they were led to expect, they had got a cracked one, and, in consequence, no regiment ever excited such a sensation there before. The rejected Galwegians laughed or grumbled, according as their tastes severally inclined. The men swore, and began to look out for fight; the girls tossed their heads, and began to look out for fun; while the old ladies began to speculate whether the gentlemen of the fifty—th came into the world at all like other people. Everything about them became a mystery, and an object for rumour to dilate upon. Some said they spent their time washing their white gloves; others, that their evenings were occupied in putting their hair into curl-papers, and their mornings in taking them out; while some were credulous enough to believe that they dispelled their *ennui* by dressing dolls. There was no end to the odd stories which were afloat about them; and of course some of them reached the ears of the parties themselves, and wrought in them no great satisfaction. Slander, it was evident, was busy; but to take any formal notice of her efforts would have been most decidedly beneath the regimental dignity, at the same time that they all felt they could no longer afford to treat these efforts with silent contempt. Some practical refutation was thus the only thing to be thought of; but of what nature that should be was a matter requiring more than ordinary consideration.

It was recollected, at length, that two of the corps were crack shots, as deadly visitants as ever disturbed the repose of a pheasantry, or stopped the flight of a partridge. Now, it was evident that if Lieutenants Meredith and Lister were to go forth on a shooting excursion in the face of the whole country, the imputations against the manhood and manliness of the fifty—th would be most necessarily repelled, and a very good foundation for respect laid in their stead; since it was clear that if a man is marksman enough to wing a wild duck, *à fortiori* he could wing a country gentleman, if driven to it. It was a happy thought, and was put into execution accordingly.

On a lovely morning in January these two officers accordingly went out armed *cap-à-pie*, and prepared to retrieve the honour of the body to which they belonged. Not a regiment in the line but might have accepted them for its champions. From their neckcloths to their shoe-ties they were unexceptionable, nay, fitted to sit for pictures of the sporting fashions. The ladies looked at them, and sighed over their exclusiveness; the gentlemen looked at them, and stuck their tongues in their jaws; but my two heroes stalked haughtily on, unmoved by either sex, and, snipe being their object, took that direction which seemed to them most favourable.

Not being so well versed in the geography of the country as they might have been were they but a little more social, Lieutenant Meredith and his comrade had but a toilsome and rather unprofitable walk of it, notwithstanding their well-tried prowess. In fact, noon was approaching; and as yet they had gained nothing but a pretty accurate

knowledge of the soundings of several of the bogholes. To return would have been exceedingly desirable, but to return empty was out of the question; for, whatever little commiseration they might receive in the barracks, it was but too certain that among the townsfolk their ill-success would be a standing-joke for a twelvemonth; and altogether they began to conceive that it would have been far more conducive to the regimental dignity and their own in particular, had they contented themselves to remain within their sanctuary, and leave Galway boys and Galway snipe to those whose nature it was to understand them better.

While they were in this desponding mood a ray of hope, however, beamed on them which made their bosoms swell, and almost enabled them to fancy they could see their game-bags swelling too. Just on the verge of the bog through which they were floundering, and at no great distance, they could observe a swamp sheltered by thick plantations, and clothed here and there with cozy thickets of snug furze, while pools of water interspersed here and there made it a spot that a snipe or widgeon of any taste might be content to live and die in. There were cabins, too, adjacent, and smoke, moreover, curling out of holes in their roofs, — a sight that of itself warmed the hearts of the poor exquisites, for, silly creatures! they had brought nothing out with them to keep their noses warm, but a thimbleful or two of sherry, or some such delicate stuff, — and what was that on a Galway bog, and during the reign of a nor'-easter. Right a-head, then, in the direction of the land of promise they wended their way, and after a few small mishaps, of which, however, they had learned to think less than they had at first, they succeeded in reaching the desired locality.

"I say, Meredith, this place looks devilish like a preserve," remarked Lieutenant Lister, as he looked about him; "take care; are we trespassing, old boy?"

"Pooh!" rejoined the other, as he flung away his cigar, and prepared for action, "they're not up to that kind of thing at all hereabouts. Bless your soul! my dear fellow, the Galway people never preserve anything, nor will they probably these hundred years. It's all slap away, and no questions asked."

"Here goes, then, for a beginning," exclaimed the inquirer, slapping away at a snipe which rose screaming within twenty yards of him; another, startled by this report, followed, and received the charge of his second barrel. His example was almost simultaneously followed by Meredith, with equal success,—for two brace of plump birds lay sprawling on the turf, the first fruits of their labours. The two officers laughed cheerily at one another while they bagged the produce, reckoning no doubt within themselves on compensating their patience now for all they had suffered in the early part of the day; in fact, so pleasantly were they occupied that, until he was already within a few yards of them, they never observed a figure that was strolling towards them, attracted by their shots.

"The gamekeeper, by Jove!" exclaimed Lister, pointing him out to his companion.

The individual so designated was a rather curious specimen of the human race, let his calling be what it might. Huntsman or groom he couldn't be, for he was too awkward; nor butler, for he was too dirty; and yet, the laziness of his gait, as well as the peculiarity of his garb, announced him to be a domestic of some kind or other; so that, al-

though unmarked by a single trace of the profession, it was more than probable Lister's hypothesis was correct. He might be a poor relation, converted into a very so-so gamekeeper, for want of a more suitable avocation. He carried a rakish look of consequence about him; his clothes were such as when new were above the common, and the fellow wore them as though he had helped to take the gloss off them himself; one of his eyes had a most expressive, though not very ornamental leer, and there was a twist in his mouth that seemed to betray a habit of saying what he liked, where he liked, and when he liked. He was rather tall, and had a considerable slouch in his shoulders, which, however, could not be the effect of age, for he appeared scarcely fifty, and was airy enough to be ten years younger; he wore a battered grey hat very much on one side, a green frock-coat with brass hunting-buttons, and drab inexpressibles, with gaiters in continuation, completed his suit. Such was the figure whose untoward appearance disturbed the composure of the two officers.

"Your servant, gentlemen, — your servant," said he when he came within sufficient distance. "Good sport, I warrant; Cloughmore 's just the place for it."

"Why, ya-as," drawled out Meredith, determining to brazen out his trespass, and at all events reassured by the amicable manner of the supposed official, "it 's not so bad. Pray, whose property is it?"

"Whose property is it!" repeated the new-comer; "bedad, that 's a puzzling question to ask about any property hereabouts. Minor Bodkin says it 's his; but then——"

"It 's more likely it belongs to his creditors, you 'd say," rejoined Lister, supplying the aposiopesis.

"Right!" exclaimed their communicative informant, leering at him with a most comical expression of approbation of his shrewdness; "and then, you know, if he has no creditors now, it 's to be hoped he will, if he lives, and has any luck."

"You 're gamekeeper, I presume?" remarked Meredith carelessly.

"Ay, and fifty things besides," answered the new-comer. "Jack-of-all-trades, and able for anything about a gentleman's house but hard work."

"Then, as the gentleman's a minor, I suppose the game's not very closely looked after," said Meredith, coming at once to business.

"Why," replied the other, "he 's particular enough himself; and bedad! he 's very 'cute of his age. People say he 's as knowing as a pet fox."

"Indeed!" said the officer, drily, "yet you look very like a customer that would occasionally work a little on the sly for your own account, eh?"

"*Thiggum*," quoth the gamekeeper, responding with a wink, and slapping the blind side of his nose with his finger.

"'Pon my soul, no one could blame you," continued the officer, with affected commiseration. "You look as if you were all your life on monkey's allowance."

"Never a more; I have but the run of the house," replied the other, "*forrear* that it isn't better. What would I do, only that now and then I meet with a gentleman?"

The two officers forthwith produced their purses, and, in spite of the coy reluctance and earnest remonstrances of the blushing official, a very smart *douceur* was forced on his acceptance.

"Bedad!" said the sly rogue, "it 's not every day I meet with the likes of your honours. Won't ye often come this way?"

"That 's according to what sport we meet," answered Meredith.

"By the powers, then, if I don't show you as much as you like, ye 're hard to be plased!" exclaimed the gamekeeper. "To the d—l with Minor Bodkin! I 'm your honour's humble servant for the day."

"Much obliged," replied the officer. "And pray what name shall we call you?"

"My name 's Malachi, at your service," answered he, with a low bow.

"Malachi what?" demanded the inquisitive Lieutenant.

"Why, my mother was a Brimmajem," replied the gamekeeper, looking down, and apparently a little embarrassed by the question.

"Oh! I see, I see!" exclaimed Lyster, knowingly. "Then, for fear of mistakes, we 'll call you Mr. Malachi Brimmajem."

"That 's just as your honour plases," answered he of the dubious name; and all preliminaries being thus settled, to work they went like men that had lost too much time already.

It was not long before the two sportsmen became actually glutted with the ravages they committed among the feathered denizens of Cloughmore, under the practised guidance of their obsequious attendant. At last, by some mischance or other, two of the best birds they had shot during the day took it into their heads to tumble into a broad but shallow pool, on the brink of which they were flushed.

"What the deuce shall we do now?" exclaimed Lyster. "Pity to lose such a splendid brace."

"Come, Mr. Malachi," said Meredith, "no help for it, you see. You must only peel off, and retrieve them for us. Beg pardon, and all that, but what can we do?"

Malachi cocked his eye at the speaker with a most comical expression,—it almost looked like defiance,—but it melted away gradually into something more good-humoured.

"Murder!" said he, "is it into the could water?"

"Pooh! you won't be up to your knees. There—I knew you 'd be obliging. Well, who 'd ever think you had such a handsome pair of pins? Positively I envy you. In with you now, my buck, and 'twill be all over before you could sound a tattoo. Devilish sorry we 've nothing to give you to drink," continued he, while the shivering gamekeeper was resuming his clothes; "the flask is dry as a powder-horn."

"It 's lucky for me, then, that there 's a drop in my own," he answered, producing it, "some of the Minor's own favourite drink. May be your honours would like to taste it;" and pouring a portion of it into the cap of the flask, he handed it to Meredith. The officer put it to his nose.

"Very peculiar *bouquet*, and not disagreeable," said he, handing it to Lyster.

"Rather agreeable, I should say," replied the latter, after trying it by a similar test; and he handed it back, but with a very unwilling hand.

"I think I had better try what taste it has," said Lieutenant Meredith.

"Just sip it and try," replied his comrade.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the *militaire*, after making the experiment; and, panting for breath, he held the bewitching cup to Lyster.

"Glorious!" echoed the other, smacking his lips, while a wholesome tinge of red began to creep over his blue physiognomy. "What is it made of?"

"The devil a thing in it but potheen," replied the gamekeeper; "and sure enough it deserves all you could say of it." And, in proof of the high opinion he had of its merits, he emptied the flask at a draught, and straightway was himself again.

"By Jove! I'm tired shooting these little things," exclaimed Lieutenant Lyster, with a yawn, after he bagged the recovered birds. "Don't you think, Meredith, we've just room for a hare each, if we could meet one?"

"Right, faith! I never thought of that," rejoined Meredith. "Come, Malachi—"

"Oh! tut, tut, gentlemen!" cried the gamekeeper, evidently horrified by the proposal, "it mustn't be thought of. The whole barony would rise against you for shooting a hare in a hunting country. The like never was heard of—'twould be regular pot-hunting."

"Pshaw! do you imagine we care a pin for what your Connaught squires think?" replied the officer, contemptuously. "Let them grin and bear it."

"Well, by all that's beautiful, Minor Bodkin would almost as soon you'd shoot a sheep," pleaded the gamekeeper. "Thunder and turf! haven't ye enough of his game already?"

"To the d—l with Minor Bodkin," coolly rejoined Lieutenant Lyster.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of me?" exclaimed Malachi. "Ye'll bring me to the gallows before ye've done with me."

"Never fear, man," replied the tempter; "'twill be half a guinea in your way; and you may have our words of honour that we'll never 'peach."

"Oh, ay," said Malachi, "there's no knowing how slily it might come out when you'd be sitting over a tumbler with the Minor."

"*Per Bacco!* that's a good one!" cried the officers, with a roar of laughter, elicited by the bare idea of such a horrible possibility.

"I don't think I'd be right to trust ye," remarked Malachi, in a dubious tone.

"Nonsense!—to be sure you will," said Meredith. "Aren't you trusting us all day?"

"Well, head or harp, then, for it," groaned the afflicted man, pulling out a half-crown.

"Head!" cried Meredith, and head it was; so all excuse was removed, and shouldering their Mantons, they followed their guide into the plantations in search of poor pussy.

The brace of hares was soon found and disposed of, and the additional weight of the game-bags in consequence began to admonish the officers that it was time for them to return to their quarters, which they were shocked to find, on inquiry, were now close on eight miles distant, allowing for short cuts. How to reach Loughrea became, accordingly, a question of no slight importance to them, jaded and heavy-laden as they were; but never were men so stupid: Malachi found it impossible to make them understand the route he was recommending them to take.

"Stay, now," said he, after scratching his head for some time, in

utter perplexity. "I think I have a way that ye can't mistake, if ye have eyes in your heads at all—at all. It can't be but you know where the piper's stile is?"

"Tut, no, man!" replied Meredith, rather angrily, "didn't I tell you we're strangers?"

"'Dth! 'dth!" rejoined their puzzled director, "what sort of a place were ye reared in at all? Well, if you don't know where it is, ye must only try and learn the way to it. First and foremost, ye know the Hole-in-the-wall public-house, of course don't ye?"

"Confound it! no, we don't. How could we?" roared the *militaire.*

"Whisht! whisht! avick, and don't get into a passion, or you'll never have the geography of the thing," expostulated their much-enduring attendant; "you can't but find it out, if you try. See here, now,—suppose this big stone was the gate-house of Crackeen, and this stump was the tree at the cross-roads — the big ash-tree, you know; then the Hole-in-the-wall would be — ay, it would be just where the bush is. Well——"

"The fact is," said Lister, impatiently interrupting him, "that we'll never reach Loughrea, if the road is such a riddle—you must come and show it to us."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Brimmajem, gravely shaking his head. "The Minor couldn't get a bit of dinner until I go back."

"Get us a guide, then."

"Ay, by the powers, so I can!" exclaimed he; "your honours must stop just where you are, though, for fear of losing yourselves in the wood, and the *gossoon* will be with you in a jiffy," and so saying he hurried off, leaving his two *protegés* to their meditations, which, by-the-by, were none of the pleasantest.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed, and still no one appeared. The night was rapidly falling; their legs gradually stiffening; it afforded them, therefore, no small delight when they at length caught the sound of advancing footsteps, and observed in the dusk the figure of a young man quickly making way towards them.

"Which of your honours am I to give this to?" demanded the courier, as soon as he came up, presenting at the same time a curiously-folded billet. Meredith took it out of his hand, and seeing no direction on it, looked at his comrade, who nodded to him to open it; he accordingly complied, and read,

"Mr. M. Bodkin presents his compliments to the gentlemen who did his grounds the honour of a visit, and expects to have the pleasure of their company to-day at dinner. Mr. B. cannot hear of any excuse."

"That old scoundrel must have betrayed us," stammered Lyster. "How the deuce will we manage to get out of it, for of course we can't accept it."

"The masther tould me to tell ye, gintlemen, to make haste," said the bearer of this ill-omened epistle, "he always dines at half after four."

"Hark'ye, my lad," said Meredith, "you must contrive not to be able to find us. Do you understand? and in the meantime you can occupy yourself earning a few shillings by leading us out to the high-road."

"Ubbaboo!" exclaimed the messenger, in reply. "'Troth, it's

little business I 'd have going back to Minor Bodkin with such a story, more especially as he warned me not to do it if I was axed, for he swore that living or dead you 'd dine with him to-day."

"'Pon my soul, this kind of hospitality 's anything but agreeable," said Meredith, peevishly. "I 'm afraid we 're completely trapped."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lyster, "Courtenay himself couldn't get out of it. We 're not to blame."

"Don't you begin to feel very hungry?" inquired Meredith.

"Awfully," responded Lyster; "and, what 's worse, I 'm so tired—quite foundered."

"We could cut the puppy to-morrow, you know, if we like," suggested Meredith.

"Ay, and it would be such capital practice to snub him all the evening. We can quiz him most gloriously, for he must be a precious greenhorn."

"'Faith! we 'll go," exclaimed the one.

"'Faith! we can't help it," rejoined the other. "Lead the way, my lad, and we 'll see what sort of stuff your master is made of."

After traversing a few winding-paths, they emerged upon a lawn, in which stood the mansion of their host,—a long, rambling, old-looking, odd-looking tenement, with many windows of many sizes and patterns, some parts of it most whimsically out of repair; others as whimsically attended to with scrupulous exactness. As soon as the officers knocked at the door it was thrown open, nor were they astonished at perceiving that the individual who officiated on the occasion was their *quondam* attendant. His deportment was, however, a good deal changed; no longer the garrulous, obsequious guide, he now stood confessed a staid master of the ceremonies, and gravely motioned them in.

"Not a word about the hares, gentlemen," he slily whispered as they entered. "Give me the bags, and I 'll hide them!"

"I 'm afraid you played us false, my old buck," said Lyster, as he resigned the spoil; "however, it 's no great matter now, for we 're likely to see more sport than we calculated."

"'Troth, he 'll be mighty glad to see ye, for ye 're a regular godsend," said Malachi.

"The pleasure will be all on one side, then," muttered Meredith.

"You 'll not say that when you know him better," replied the partial functionary. "You can't think what a taste he has for the army. He 'll be a rael ornament to his country when he grows a little oulder. This way, gentlemen!—this way, if you plase," and he marshaled them into an old-fashioned parlour, full of all sorts of lumber, but a comfortable nook withal.

"We 'll make ourselves snug, now, gentlemen, for a while," said Malachi, taking up the poker, and thrusting it into the blazing turf-fire, that shone in the ample grate.

"Thank you," said Lyster, coolly disarming him, "we 'll do that ourselves, and, in the meantime you 'll be so good as to trot off and let your master know of our arrival."

"And, harkye!" said Meredith, in continuation, "see that he washes his face, and wipes his nose, and all that, before you exhibit him. How old is he?"

"How ould would you take *me* to be?" demanded Malachi, a little huffed.

"You 're no minor, at all events," replied Meredith, laughing.

"'Faith, then, they call me one," rejoined Malachi; "and, unless I was changed at nurse, I 'm just Minor Bodkin, at your service."

"You!" exclaimed both officers in a breath, dismayed by this unexpected *dénouement.*

"I," coolly replied the claimant of the Bodkin honours. "Don't you know that people never come to years of discretion in this country. Minor once, minor always."

A whole train of recollections swept with railroad speed through the heads of the two officers. The thousand-and-one little circumstances occurring all day, that ought to have opened their eyes, and doubtless would have done so, but for the whimsical anomaly between the age of their entertainer and his appellation; a contradiction, however, of daily occurrence in the west, where names of the kind preserve their tenacity much longer than their propriety, — the abominably free comments in which they had indulged when discussing the habits of the squirearchy, —and, worst of all, the manner in which they had been treating him, and which he had so maliciously tolerated, in order to overwhelm them the more completely. Never was there a more successful hoax; and it was but too clear that the humourist had it in his power now to inflict the most ample vengeance upon them. Still there was a ray of hope.

"I 'll never believe it," stammered Meredith; "you 're only trying to hoax us."

"Not now, I assure you," replied their host. "I allow that I have been trying all day, and I think I have succeeded pretty well. However, I think it will be best for us all to abide by our former understanding, that Minor Bodkin 's to know nothing of the doings of Malachi Brimmajem. You had the length of your tether all day, and I must have mine now. Are you satisfied?"

The two victims looked to one another for succour and advice; but they both cut such an excessively sheepish and ludicrous figure, that laughter was the immediate result. Still it was no laughing matter; it was evident they had bearded in his very den, though unwittingly, one of the most truculent of that whimsical and dangerous race of animals which they had of late taken so much pains to shun. Vague ideas of raw-head-and-bloody-bones began to rise in their minds despite of them. However, the creature seemed inclined to be good-humoured; and as they had no resource but to yield, they did it with as good a grace as they could, concluding their surrender with an incoherent attempt at an apology.

"Tut, man, don't mention it," exclaimed Malachi. "Never fear but we 'll be quits before the night 's over. I like a joke in my heart, and it 's not every day such a joke as that is to be met with. Come along," continued he, on observing his victims wincing under the hint of retaliation; "as we 've a minute or two to spare before dinner 's on the table, you may as well amuse yourselves looking at my curiosities. This room 's a perfect museum, I can tell you. There, do you see that brace of antique-looking peacemakers hanging near the picture?—they 're a little dingy, but no matter—do you know who they belonged to once?"

"Some highwayman, I fancy," replied Lyster, afraid to hold his tongue, and yet unable to answer such a question correctly.

"Pshaw! I 'd never take to guessing as a trade, if I was you," rejoined his host, contemptuously. "No, sir; they were Geoffrey

Blake's favourites once in their day, and for fifty years or more there wasn't a sod-party in Galway, or near it, that they hadn't a share in. They were known far and wide, and had wonderful luck. This one was the luckiest, though;" and taking down one of the venerable relics, he pointed to a long array of notches of different lengths cut on the handle. "Only look at them—a faithful record of all it accomplished. Fifteen final settlements,—that's the long notches,—regular cases for the coroner, you know; and seven-and-twenty seriously winged,—that's the short ones. Ah! 'twas a sweet tool!" he fondly exclaimed, and throwing himself into a field-attitude, he snapped it at Lyster's ear, causing him to start back a yard, his nerves not being "Irish" enough to bear such an unwonted and unexpected test.

"Pooh! you thought it was loaded, I suppose," said he, enjoying most cordially the discomposure he had effected. "But no—I never had the heart to put a grain of powder into them since I got them. Poor Geoffrey willed them to me on his death-bed, for he had the misfortune to die in his bed after all; and, although I had occasion for the like twice since, I couldn't think of using them, poor fellow!" And, with a profound sigh, he replaced the retired peacemaker on its hook.

"Those are my own tools," said he, in continuation, pointing to a beautiful brace suspended over the mantelpiece. "They're new-fangled things, detonators, and saw-handles, and all that—Rigby's best, though. The farthest is the one I shot Captain Kenny with; but some people prefer the other."

The two officers cleared their throats, and looked volumes at one another; but, as they held their peace, it would be unfair to construe any particular meaning out of their glances.

There are a great many odd people in the world that one doesn't know what to make of,—men that would bother a *de lunatico* jury, though every individual of the twelve was a Solomon,—shrewd, crafty, and knowing in some things, whimsical in others, while on one or two points they are as mad as if they were born in Bedlam. Eminent among such was Malachi Bodkin of Cloughmore, or, as he was better known in and about his own territory, Minor Bodkin. He had been left a minor at a very early age, and under the worst guardianship that could well be imagined. To a bachelor uncle the person and fortunes of the young heir were entrusted, for what reason it would be hard to say, unless it was for the purpose of trying experimentally what would be the result of such a comical disposal. Cloughmore was a pleasant place enough, and the uncle took up his abode there, stepping quietly into the shoes of the defunct proprietor. Probably he thought that people would be remarking him if he hired them by himself; so he kept his nephew there too, and a merry life they had of it, undisturbed by books of any kind, and, happy creatures! freed from the trammels of female power, a hatred of which was from the first instilled into the mind of his *elève* by the old gentleman. Malachi grew up the antitype of his preceptor, and there was but one heart between them. So the old man held his ground good to the end, and died in the arms of his ward, long enough after he reached his majority. So much for his care of the person; but as to the fortunes a different story is to be told, a story that might easily be anticipated. Debts had accumulated on debts, law-costs on law-costs; every tenant had fallen ruinously into arrear; every species of property on the concern had been suffered

to go to the bad. Economy never had been thought of; nothing but fun and frolic; and in the end poor Malachi became a man upon whom the sub-sheriff of Galway might count as being a couple of hundreds in his way at the very least. Disappointment and embarrassment made him crabbed and sour, and aggravated all his eccentricities; while, as he grew poorer, he of course grew prouder, until at the time to which my story refers he reached such a climax in both these qualities, as made him rather a rum customer for a brace of exquisites to meddle with; and this the parties themselves seemed already to have discovered.

"Come, boys, dinner 's on the table, such as it is," exclaimed the humourist. "No excuse necessary, I know. Biddy got short warning, so, of course, we must be satisfied with whatever she gives us. The mess-table has made you used to bachelor's fare by this time, or the devil 's in it." And so saying, he seated himself at the head of the table, which, while they were admiring his curiosities, so called, had been covered with a cloth not the cleanest, one large dish containing a portion of nondescript food, a couple of dishes of potatoes, with plates and glasses for the trio.

"Is it leather do you think?" inquired Lyster of his comrade, under his breath, and pointing to the viands in the dish. Meredith replied by shaking his head reprovingly, and then his eye significantly at the glittering instruments which hung over the mantelpiece. All the words in the dictionary could not have expressed his meaning better or more concisely.

"Of course you 'll take a rasher," said the host, carelessly; "for you see there 's nothing else. I wish it was better for your sakes; but the next time we 'll be better prepared. And anyhow, rashers are not to be sneezed at. Fat or lean, Captain?" And he looked inquiringly at Meredith, who, making a resolution at random, prepared to discuss as he best might the ambiguous dainty, Lyster following his example. The fear of their host, joined to the sharpness of their appetites, removed a good deal of their fastidiousness, so that ere long the dish became empty. Malachi rang a hand-bell which lay by his side, and called lustily for more; nor were his guests disposed to forbid him. The summons was immediately obeyed, and a second dish laid before the master of the entertainment; but, imagine with how much vexation the officers beheld the cover removed, and a splendid shoulder of mutton thereby revealed to view! Their host, whether justly or not, appeared equally surprised.

"'Dth! 'dth!" exclaimed he, peevishly, "that Biddy 's an original, if there 's one in Connaught. Did you ever hear such a trick?—to make us spend our appetites on them rashers, while she had such a dainty as this on the spit. No help for it, however; so, let me send you a slice. I dare say you 'll find room for one."

They could have wept outright. Their throats were scalded with the fiery esculent upon which they had satiated their ravenous hunger. They had scarce a scrap of appetite left; and that little was fast vanishing under the effects of vexation, so that after swallowing a few morsels of the tempting joint, they were fain to lay down their knives and forks, notwithstanding the remonstrances of their host, and proclaim themselves fed, but far from being satisfied. Hunger had now given place to thirst; and they would gladly have opened a channel

in their bosoms for the River Shannon to take a meander through, for such a pair of salted maws they never had in their lives before.

As soon as the table was cleared, a brace of decanters, with very suspicious-looking contents, was placed before their host, who seemed to think the tipple demanded an apology.

"Sorry I can't say much for the wine, gents.," said he; "but good wine 's very hard to be got. I bought it for port and sherry; so we 'll take it for granted that it 's genuine, and drink it for want of better," and he filled his glass, and passed the decanters on. The sherry was execrable; the port was worse. Sir Humphrey Davy would have spent a day in analyzing them before he could detect a thimbleful of wine in the composition of either of them; but what were they to do, having two such reasons external and internal for drinking whatever came before them. A longing recollection seized both the guests at the same moment, and made their mouths water, for they could not but think what a difference lay between the fluid before them and the delicious beverage with which Malachi, in his capacity of gamekeeper, had supplied them; nay, they could read the thought in the faces of each other; and, as they read they gathered courage to hint their opinions on the subject.

"Hem! ahem!" quoth Lieutenant Meredith, "you'll excuse me for inquiring the name of that liqueur you carry in the flask. By Jove! we must have some of it at our mess, for I don't know a more excellent thing in its way; but I forget how you called it."

"Is it the potheen you mean?" inquired their host, with an expression of amazement. "Sure, you don't mean to say you 'd be so vulgar as to drink punch?" demanded Malachi, still more surprised than before. "'Faith! maybe you 'd like a jug now; but I didn't like to mention it for fear of offending you. However, if you 've no objection, I 'll get up the materials; but remember, it wasn't I that proposed it."

"Oh, by all means!" exclaimed the delighted *militaires*, rubbing their hands with ecstasy at the mere idea of the luxury that awaited them, and not at all able to understand the virtuous scruples of their entertainer. Nothing could exceed the glad alacrity with which Malachi acceded to their wishes; hot water, sugar, and a bottle, were placed on the table as it were by magic, flanked by a trio of tumblers, accompanied by glasses to correspond; one of which was seized by the host, and one each by his guests.

"Do you know how to mix it, though?" demanded Malachi, recollecting himself.

"Why, no," replied Lyster; "but we 'll follow your example."

"Bedad, then, if you do," responded their model, with a dry smile, "ye 'll do well. Here goes, anyhow;—first sugar, three lumps; now water, do you see, halfway up exactly—capital!—you 'll be able to teach the whole mess to-morrow, or next day. Now, in with the potheen to the very brim. And now, gentlemen, your healths, and so forth."

Oh, with what a relish they emptied their glasses, and smacked their lips! It was a new era in their lives—an era never to be forgotten! Their thirst was half-melted already; their apprehensions sweetly subsiding, their pleasure rapidly tending to a climax, when Malachi rose, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"Eh!" exclaimed the officers, with a perplexed stare.

"Don't be alarmed, pray," said Malachi; "it is only an old custom

always understood, that as soon as the hot water comes in the room 's locked up for the night, for fear of accidents, as a matter of course. So now we 'll make ourselves snug."

"But, pardon me," stammered Meredith; "you know we must be in barracks to-night. Daren't miss parade in the morning if our lives depended on it."

"Pshaw!" interposed their host. "Put it out of your heads at once. I 'll take no offence, as you seem to be ignorant of our ways; but I 'll thank you not to mention it again."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the astounded officer, "the consequence will be, that we 'll have to stand a court-martial. I assure you I don't exaggerate."

"Sorry for it," was the cool reply; "but old customs must be kept up, you know. What hour must you be at parade, may I ask?"

"Nine o'clock precisely; and old Courtenay 's as sharp as a needle."

"Oh, well; we can manage it easily," said Malachi. "Never fear, my boys. I 'll drive you over in my own carriage, — 'pon my honour I will. You shall be there to the moment, and I 'll explain the whole thing to the Colonel."

It was useless to murmur. The thing itself wasn't so very unreasonable. They reflected that if their brother-officers got a sight of the man they had to deal with, it would greatly help the excuse that was to be made for their transgression, and this in itself would be no small object. Moreover, they were tired after the day's work, and the drink was more than commonly seductive. So the result of all these considerations was that they resigned themselves to their fate, and prepared to make a night of it.

Next morning there was a direful hubbub in Loughrea barracks,— no tidings could be heard of their missing brethren, and the fifty—th to a man pronounced them kidnapped by the natives; plans for their recovery were proposed and canvassed by various knots, in various corners; but none could be decided on. Parade hour came, and still no account of them; and the excitement was at its height, when an odd-looking genius drove a cart into the square, and demanded to see Colonel Courtenay. The afflicted commander stepped forward, announcing his rank, and asked his business?

"I 've got something in the cart that belongs to you," was the reply.

The Colonel proceeded towards the vehicle, to identify his property, and the driver, to assist him, drew aside the fastening, and upset the contents about the square. Horror of horrors! there were his two officers huddled up in straw, senseless, and to all appearance lifeless.

"Dead?" exclaimed the agonised commander.

"Dead drunk only," was the cool reply of the stranger. "I promised to bring them safe home, and there they are, sound as a bell," and so saying he wheeled round his "carriage," and before any one thought of stopping him, to demand an explanation, was half a mile off on the road to Cloughmore.

The story spread with most unmerciful rapidity; and the Loughrea people would have canonized Minor Bodkin, if they only knew how to go about it; but the poor fifty—th never got the better of their discomfiture. At length it became known that a regiment for the West Indies was very badly wanted. So the fifty—th begged, as a favour, to be transported no matter where, so as it was out of the reach of Minor Bodkin; and to the West Indies they went accordingly.

THE GREAT AUCTIONEER.

There are few places of public resort affording the gratuitous aids to reflection of which an idler is at liberty to avail himself at an *Auction-mart*. Whether as a scene of quiet entertainment or an emporium for the superabundant utilities of life, as a resting-place where nothing better offers for the jaded lounger or as "a centre of busy interests" for those who want to buy and those who want to sell, its attractions are of that multifarious character that I hardly know how an observer, indisposed for more serious occupation, can while away a spare hour to better advantage than by taking the range of these property-changers' rooms about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the attendance is good, and the hammers are all in full play. Candidates of all degrees, from the connoisseur in nicnacs to the expectant representative of a county, spectators with empty looks and empty pockets who, were passports demanded at the door, could urge, some ennui, some curiosity, as their only title to admission, and languid-invalid-looking gentlemen, some in good clothes and some almost in tatters, are here thrown in promiscuous congregation together. As a physiognomist, where could he desire more genuine or more varied materials for speculation? And here, too, may he philosophize on the acquisitive propensities of humanity, tracing among the countless springs from which flow the joys of possession, the estimation of a bauble enhanced by the deterioration of age, the glitter of novelty supplanted by the charm of antiquity, the ambition of display, the strange passion for the unique, the electric spell of a bargain, and the wanton sport of competing with a rival bidder; and then heave a sigh for the transitory nature of those "joys," and the precarious tenure by which the comely and costly things of this life are held, even by those who can afford to give the topmost price for them!

But, apart from the general seductions of the place, there is something engaging in the forms and functions appertaining to the ministerial character of the auctioneer himself; there is an idiosyncracy in the man, discriminating him from the "lay humanities" around him, investing him with an aspect invitatory of criticism, though not, as with other dignitaries, inspiring the reverence which lays criticism under restraint, conspicuous without being commanding—privileged, authoritative, oracular, and yet after all a familiar creature, and *only an auctioneer*,—which pre-eminently distinguishes this class of practitioners from all others, and strikingly impresses them with the stamp of individuality. May I be permitted to suggest that to the fraternity of auctioneers the full meed of justice has not been rendered by the world? We read of celebrated statesmen and warriors, eccentric physicians, inimitable barristers and actors, astounding financiers, inspired poets, and still more inspired preachers, and have been made to learn from authentic sources the peculiarities of their genius, the practical arts that assisted its display, and the whole history of their lives and conversation, — but we have no gallery of *Auctioneers*. On the score of pecuniary encouragement they have no cause to murmur, but renown and posthumous honour is cruelly denied them; they may be favourites of fortune, but to

fame, in the exalted acceptation of the word, they are but heirs and strangers. For when does the obituary ever record in more than formal phraseology the lamented departure from the scene of his triumphs of Mr. So-and-so "the celebrated auctioneer"? What poesy was ever penned in commemoration of his defunct virtues of handsomer dimensions than those of a common epitaph? The gossip of the tapis never admits him to the honour of a rumour, or even of a libel,—so that, despite his many and undeniable accomplishments, he must, under the usages against which in his behalf I would fain remonstrate, be content to marry, sin, and die in comparative obscurity, for his greatness is limited to the circle of his craft, and the four walls of the auction-room.

But there are exceptions to every rule. At the head of the list of auctioneers of the present day stands a gentleman of such high endowments and unquestionable superiority in his vocation, that I hardly dare presume to attempt his portraiture. He is a grand remove above the general caste of his order. In his person is concentred all the aristocracy of his calling. He is in the Auction-mart what Rothschild used to be on 'Change, or what Daniel Lambert would have been at Guildhall had he been a member of the City corporation, a triton among the minnows, a perfect leviathan, or, as the geologists would have it, a perfect iguanadon; he stands alone—not only in the box, but in the eye of the world, and of his pigmy brethren of the hammer. The appearance of this gentleman in public is heralded by the advertisement for several successive days in the principal newspapers of a programme of his approaching sales, which presents as fair a specimen as pen could supply of the plausive and alluring powers, by the exercise of which his great professional eminence has been achieved. These effusions are unlike anything which ancient or modern literature affords, or rather, they combine the perfections of both, and in the mixture of perspicuity, luxuriance, and refinement, which pervade them, as compositions they may be said to be without a parallel. He has the happy faculty of investing a genteel residence with supernatural enchantments, and of transporting his readers, all in the way of business, into the regions of fairy-land where splendour and beauty strive for the mastery. And he does it without drawing on invention for a fact, or presuming to enter one item in his catalogue, which an inspection of the estate does not fully justify. His effects are wrought by the sheer art of *colouring*. Where an ordinary auctioneer would give a description of a site, he will give a *history* of a site, and garnish it with a train of pleasing and romantic associations. He exhausts the pictorial beauties of his scene and "then imagines new." The vegetable world he endues with spirituality, and will give the ivy credit for ingenuity, as well as devotion to the domain that cherishes it, in the grace and order with which it entwines itself around the walls. Rocks he inspires with symmetry, and embryo chalybeates are incubated by his magic touch. Pomp and retirement are offered in equal perfection; here the tournaments of ancient days might be transcended, and yet Zimmerman have found inspiration for his muse. The thought that suggests itself to the mind on perusing these things is, how *can* the man knock down so many paradises! Is he a destroying-angel in disguise? Or is it "Cain's jawbone" he wieldeth in his left hand, miscalling it a hammer?

On the day appointed, and within five or ten minutes after the hour fixed for business, he is announced by the ringing of a bell, and a cluster of eager-looking persons in the lobby are seen wending towards the auction-room, headed by a tall hale-looking man, about sixty years of age, walking as though he were rather stiff in the joints, holding some papers in his hand, and talking (without looking at any one as he moves) in a loud nasal tone and peremptory manner. He ascends the pulpit, and takes his seat, where he is seen more at leisure. On the occasion when I had the pleasure of seeing him, he was dressed in a pea-green frock-coat and velvet-collar, white trowsers and shoes, a buff waistcoat, and a bright-blue stock, surmounted by an ample pair of gills, and a physiognomy to which only M. Claudet, when the sun as the auctioneer is fond of saying "is pleased to shine upon us," could do full justice,—a bald head, bordered with a modicum of white hair, a forehead of ample developement, a rough weather-beaten complexion, lower features which come under the denomination of "ordinary," and a pair of dark destructive-looking eyes, quick in motion and various in expression, by nature wrathful, often watchful, playful if need be, and where the interests of his principal demand it, sparkling with merriment and fun. He looks a compound of the sportsman, the comedian, and the sea-captain, possessing considerable patronage, and of an iron constitution. A glass of water is brought up and placed beside him, slightly coloured. He arranges his papers, and, rubbing his glasses, surveys his congregation, recognising here one and there one, and honouring each with a gentle inflection of the head, and a slight contraction of the eye by no means amounting to a smile—unless where he recognises a capitalist or a distinguished *intime*, when, sportive as a kitten, genial as mine host of the tavern, and yet with something of causticity in his humour, he cries to him to "come into court, you sir, and not be screening yourself that way from public observation" leaving no escape for the capitalist, who obeys the injunction and advances within whisper-shot of his tutelary friend, for there 's more between them than meets the cursory ear, and the capitalist is not one of the loungers. He then, still seated, calls upon the clerk to read the "conditions of sale," apologizing in a bluff tone for the tediousness of that ceremony, which he owns to be "flat and unprofitable," asseverating *vivâ voce,* that *if ever lines were applicable,* those lines of the great bard were applicable to the reading of "conditions of sale;" but to which, however, he patiently listens, with his eye-glasses over his nose, and a copy of the "unprofitable" document lying "flat" before him. Interruptions now begin to arise. Gentlemen with ready money *will* ask questions. It is of no avail for the auctioneer to tell them that the title is unquestioned, that the Lord Chancellor has confirmed its validity in a court of equity, and that as far as that point goes one might make oneself happy about it, and without more ado go home and sleep and

"end the heart-ache,
And the thousand natural cares that flesh is heir to,"—

he "must be satisfied," and catechises the advocate accordingly,—the catechumen looks condescension, and meets his inquiries with promptitude and effect. I understand there are few that venture to

ask questions of this gentleman who ever make much by their motion; for if they elicit, as they often do, information favourable to the seller, so much the better for *him;* and if the colloquy have the opposite tendency, such is his ready versatility, that he can anticipate a thrust with the needle's point, or chaff his adversary into hopeless silence.

He now stands up, and commences his exordium. This is surpassing. The beauties of nature are here eclipsed by the flowers of eloquence, and the figures of rhetoric cast into the shade by the nameless air with which he utters his eulogium on the house and grounds about to be knocked down to the highest bidder. I had been attracted to the scene by a perusal of his printed lucubrations, and now, in the presence of the master-spirit from which they had emanated, felt thankful that the property was so far beyond my poor means of investment as to leave me nothing to fear from the wiles of the arch tempter before me. In his oral address he rejects all formalities of diction, throws aside the restraint of continuity, and speaks with a racy energy truly irresistible. He unites the acumen of the pleader, the *esprit* of the wit, and the fascination of the *improvisatore*,—makes his hits and points like a great actor, and works them up with the aid of his potent physiognomy, his equally potent action, and his hammer. He states the valuation, and contends that it is too low,—and dilates upon the brightening prospects of agriculture under the blessed effects of Sir Robert Peel's new measure, the merits of which he declines discussing at length, but contents himself with simply predicting, upon his honour as a gentleman, that it must work incalculable good for the interests of all classes, and consequently of every class in particular. Upon his descending more into detail, I was struck by the felicity with which he dwelt on the exquisite adaptation of the land then under sale for the purpose of fattening bullocks. He was remarkably impressive here. There was a depth of conviction, a force, and a meaning in his enunciation of his belief in the land's capacity to fatten bullocks, which showed how completely he had thrown himself into his case; and the man must have been no other than an habitual sceptic who could have sat and heard those words from his lips, and have harboured even a lurking doubt that bullocks of any extraction, or of whatever previous habits of indulgence, both could, and were the choice given them *would*, have gorged themselves to repletion on the nutritious pasture in praise of which he made this powerful appeal. The bidding is at its height, and he throws in a little episode about the chalybeate, which "only wanted encouragement, and Harrowgate and Leamington would have to *hide their diminished heads.*" He takes a sip of the coloured water. A meek man in the centre begs to know why the timber was not mentioned in the catalogue? The auctioneer affects incredulity, but finds, on inspection, that the important article in question had been omitted. He makes the acknowledgment; but, instead of apologizing for the oversight, retaliates upon his inquisitor for his presumption, by telling him plainly he is now expected, without equivocation, to become the purchaser. The auction advances, and with every new offer he finds fresh matter for dissertation. He alludes to the contiguity of the railroad, and comments with infinite force upon the luxury of coming up to town a distance of a hundred miles and going home to an eight o'clock dinner every day, which our poor forefathers could never have believed

to be possible; and although this topic of wonderment, and the concomitant sneer at the past generation for only discovering principles of science and leaving to posterity the superior credit of their application, is somewhat threadbare, in his hands it loses all its monotony, and positively smacks of originality. In proclaiming, also, the proximity of a church, he prettily confesses his faith in the utility of churches in general, the convenience of having them near one's residence, and the value of a religious reputation in the long run to respectable members of society. He half promises a seat in Parliament at the small expense of a princely hospitality, and on the same terms wholly promises the acquaintance of the solicitor of the place, who happens to be then at his elbow, and on whose heart, integrity, and cellar he pronounces an encomium that might have suffused with blushes any other cheeks than those of a solicitor. There is a pause,—and he pretends to bring the affair to a close, "Going—going"—his left hand rising as he bends downwards till his chin almost touches the "conditions of sale," lips clenched and eyebrows expanded as at the verge of an impending crisis. A modest-looking gentleman enters, and all eyes are turned upon him by a cry from the auctioneer, that if he wants a seat in Parliament, now is his time. "Do you guarantee the seat?" drily interrogates a wag, noways interested in the sale. "Certainly, sir," is the reply, "if *you* will condescend to buy the estate. *To be or not to be?* as one of our great poets has said—"—"Gay, in 'The Beggar's Opera,'" again interpolates the daring wag, ambitious of fairly measuring wits with so distinguished a humourist. A burst of laughter gives the auctioneer breathing-time for adducing the name of his author, and he then turns upon his victim with a volley of merciless raillery, which annihilates his courage and his fancy at a blow. Other interruptions occur, which he encounters with the same bold front as before, and adding that nothing pleases him more than to be asked questions, as he knows they are always the prelude to a fresh bid. He traverses his ground again, and sums up with a declaration that the spot defies description—that it is fit for a little emperor—that there is *a* richness and *a* grandeur, together with *a* quietude and *a* repose about it, which in all his experience, which had been considerable, he had never seen equalled—that if it *has* a fault, it is that an expenditure of money in improvements on the little paradise were an utter impossibility; and in fine, that his Grace the Duke of Wellington himself might be proud to make the place his residence.

Gifted and incomparable Disposer of lands, tenements, and hereditaments! Under sway of thy omnipotent art the very sense is quickened, the fancy warmed, and the credulity of the most obdurate bidder invoked, as by the spirit of a sorcerer. Thy extemporaneous rhetoric is *not* strained: like the quality of Mercy, it is twice blessed, "it blesses him that *sells* and him that *buys*,"—

"It is mightiest in the mightiest,
And becomes the Great Auctioneer
Even better than his *advertisements!*"

It is now time to close: it is clear, from the countenances in his immediate vicinity, that the highest expectations have been realized: all are satisfied, the property is appreciated, and the auctioneer threatens to knock it down. He gives warning, that in one moment, in one

solitary moment, the sacrifice must be made. He places his hammer to his heart, and vows he *feels* that he is making a sacrifice. It annoys him — he declares it annoys him, and his face assumes the look of a man stung by a musquito. This most matchless thing of the kind—a place fit for a little emperor—and a house that will last till the end of the world, to be *given* away !—" it offends him to the soul." As he gets pathetic, the nasal twang is more palpable. He is now trying the chance of an extra hundred. He says that, as it is the doom of man sometimes to be disappointed, so has he often in the course of his " long experience" felt the pangs of regret, but never to the extent to which he is agitated now. He confesses at the full pitch of his lungs that " there is a reluctance in this arm to do its duty," — it upbraids him — it won't let him, — a smile steals through his tear—a titter commences—he reins up, becomes ferocious, indignant, disgusted ! roars " shame " upon the sacrilege, and then knocks the lot down with a polite bow to the purchaser,—and a draught of the coloured water is the climax.

JOHN JONES.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

COMMUNICATED BY W. H. MAXWELL, AUTHOR OF " STORIES OF WATERLOO," " HECTOR O'HALLORAN," &c.

—— Hotel, Ramsgate, August, 1842.

MY DEAR JACK,

I HAVE the pleasure of announcing a safe arrival,—to which annex the location of my person and effects, (*vide* date above,)—add thereunto an exquisite swim, with a walk across the sands, and so ends the morning's history.

Take it " for all in all," this place is tolerable, albeit the majority of its migratory population appertain to that extensive order of humanity, intituled—*not* by Cuvier—" tag-rag-and-bobtail."

To a man curious in the varieties of his own species, I would recommend a pilgrimage to the pier of Ramsgate.

" The noblest study of mankind is man,"

says somebody, who, for the life of me, I can't remember. If you agree with him, come here—and the most extensive curiosity will be gratified. Here you will find an assorted pattern of the human race. Occasionally you may encounter gentlemen, of course, " few and far between ;" but the prevailing professionals are *militaires*, from Bevis Marks, who correctly understand that the muzzle of a musket is not the end generally applied to the shoulder. Sailors, of the T. P. Cooke-school, who consider that seamanship consists in ejaculating " shiver my timbers ! " and hitching the waistband of their unmentionables with a hand that never grasped any substance tougher than stiffened gingham. You will elbow " genteel youths," that being the advertising appellative for mercers' apprentices, all and every provided " for the nonce " with a cutting whip, but who, during natural life, have been innocent of oppressing the back of that " friend of man," the horse. I did remark one adventurous emigrant from Ludgate Hill actually astride (*mem.*—the quadruped let by the hour at one shilling and sixpence, and nothing extra for a

somerset,) but he was "no common boy;" and, to judge by the elegance of his seat, and the peculiar method in which he held the bridle, I should infer that he had enjoyed the advantages of an equestrian education, and received instructions in the riding-school of the Horse Marines. Add to these, stout personages from the Stock Exchange, and modest Israelites from Houndsditch,—portly landladies and thin spinsters—one screaming, "M'riar, do you see the steamer?" responded to by "Sophiar, do ye think I'm blind?" Finally, complete the company, *ad libitum,* with publicans and sinners, Jews and Gentiles, and *voilà* the pier of Ramsgate!

Much as they may differ in external appearance, on one point the denizens of Ramsgate seem unanimous: all are in pursuit of pleasure, and each seeking it after his peculiar taste, from "the old man kissing the maid, to the young one reading the Bible."

I promised to chronicle my adventures, and therefore I shall "begin with the beginning." The transit from London Bridge to Ramsgate Pier, you are aware, is proverbially hazardous; and the daring man who first ventured on the deep, and whose courage is immortalized by old Flaccus, was no more comparable to the desperado who voyageth now-a-days from the Isle of Dogs even to the South Foreland, than a churchwarden to a colonel of cuirassiers.

Until we passed Gravesend, the voyage threatened to be prosperous. Men began to speak with confidence of speedy reunions with their wives; and even lovely woman conquered her timidity, and spoke with buoyant hope of seeing sisters from whom they had been separated for a fortnight. The Countess (I forget the heraldic addition) with "her peopled decks," progressed gallantly towards her destination—Ladies smiled—gents. (a cockney diminutive, meaning gentlemen) blew their cloud in peace—the band played "Rory O'More"—the steward intimated that "hot potatoes were ready,"—"and all went merry as a marriage-bell." Indeed, danger was apparently at an end; we were absolutely under the especial patronage of the genii of the Thames; and it seemed almost certain that no opportunity would be afforded the most tuneful passenger, from personal experience, to "sing the dangers of the seas." But to the gods, or rather to the skipper, *aliter visum.*

On our larboard bow was seen a hovelling boat, and on our starboard a heavy barque—and in avoiding Scylla, the hoy, we popped into the three-masted Charybdis. The commander looked anxiously from the paddle-box,—a waive of his hand was answered by the exclamation of "Hard a-port!" The Countess gave "a broad yaw," and went "slick" into the quarter of the Daniel O'Connell! the said Daniel standing A. 1. twelve years at Lloyd's, and outward bound, with a general cargo.

It was indubitably an unlady-like proceeding on the part of the Countess to run foul of the Liberator. Had the lawyer run foul of the lady, why, there would have been no novelty in that.

Loud and startling was the outcry that arose. Ladies fainted, or attempted to faint,—lap-dogs barked,—and two gentlemen of unquestioned bravery, one a sergeant in the Surrey Yeomanry, the other a distinguished private in the City Light Horse, actually changed colour, looking exceedingly like the great Napoleon, when on the night of Waterloo he pleasantly remarked, "*A present c'est fini!*" Even the youngest on board were not insensible to coming events; but inquiries were frequent of, "Pa, shall we certainly be

drowned?"—to which it was invariably responded that "The Lord alone could deliver us." This, however, was but "a popular delusion." Divers men, with long poles, who swore as they formerly swore in Flanders, shoved us clear, and neither vessel fortunately went down, although the poor Countess was severely damaged either in her cat-head or her cut-water, I forget which. As to the Liberator, he appeared not to mind the concussion a brass-button. Indeed, it was afterwards insinuated that his quarters had been so frequently invaded, that, like a skinned eel, he was accustomed to the operation, and impassable to the coarsest rub.

When the terror incident on this calamity had sufficiently abated to allow injury received to be ascertained, it was officially reported that the killed were 0, and the wounded innumerable. Among the latter was a poodle, who had lost a toe, with divers elderly gentlewomen, some of whom had their head-gear carried away in the *mêlée*, and one, the severest sufferer,—the amiable relic of a drysalter, (city residence, Fish Street Hill,) unhappily received a compound fracture in her brandy-bottle. Of course, personal escapes were marvellous. A lady—net weight thirteen stone six pounds, by any machine in the arcades,—was suddenly projected from a campstool into the lap of an elderly gentleman, seated in a merlin-chair, and who, from gout and respectability, might have probably been a common-councilman at least. A narrower escape, however, occurred in the cabin,—a gent., not of the silver-fork school, who was feeding himself with a knife—"*ut mos est*" on board a Ramsgate packet—had the point of this lethal implement directed by the concussion at the throat, and, but for the providential intervention of a double cravat, the carotid would have been divided, and suicide committed on the spot.

When people had gradually recovered from their alarm, a delicate inquiry into the causes of the accident took place, which ended in the general reprobation of the commander. The opinion of the company was unanimous. If Daniel O'Connell had evinced any intention of taking liberties with the peeress, it was the duty of the said captain to have kept the Countess out of harm's way. If, on the other hand, the said Daniel was (however unlikely) steering a quiet course, what business had the Countess to run into him? At this stage of the proceedings the investigation was interrupted; the steam blew off; the wheels ceased their revolutions; every face turned pale; a great catastrophe was at hand; but no—it was a false alarm after all, for a voice shouted from the gangway, "Is there any one for Broadstairs?"

I never met people so perfectly disencumbered of that aristocratical formality which you meet elsewhere, as those whom you encounter on the pier and parade of this delightful watering-place. For one shilling you are made free of the Pavilion on the sands; and a solitary twist at the wheel of Fortune ensures you a favourable reception at the Marine Library and its fashionable promenade. Indeed, the stupid form of introduction is generally dispensed with; and on the cliffs, a lady, at first sight, and with an ardour that shows she has the deepest interest in your ultimate prosperity, will ask "if you are a married man," expressing "a hope you enjoyed your dinner." Coming down, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a tall lady, rich in the possession of seven babes and two servants, one of the latter

black as a boot. In our assault upon Daniel O'Connell her nervous sensibilities had been excited; and, having assisted her below, over a glass of white *eau de vie*, "cold, without," we swore an eternal friendship, which we ratified next day by a walk upon the sands. Now, may I be married—"need I say more?"—if I know her name, and she calls me "Mister Thingumey!"

I wish to heaven the fair-sex presently abiding here were like that exemplary tall gentlewoman, who carries a flask of Spadaccini's "best" in her work-basket. There's an estimable honesty of purpose about her that I venerate. Danger is lurking in another quarter. What think you of a stout spinster, five foot ten, if she's an inch, born about the commencement of the present century, with red ringlets, an assured look, who haunts me like my very shadow, with Lalla Rookh in her hand, and the thermometer in the shade at 92°! If her designs are matrimonial, I'm off, and "that's flat,' as Jack Falstaff says. I overheard a girl with a lisp whisper her companion, that "the *Dame Rouge* wanted a husband." A husband! who the devil would venture on that mass of "too, too solid flesh?" A lady of that order which they call in Connemara "a rattle;"—one who asks you to marry at first sight, and horsewhips you if you refuse. Marry her! why, nobody would mate her but a Kentucky man, who is generally admitted to be created in equal moieties from a red Indian and an alligator.

I observed, *passim*, that the libraries and bazaars form the great re-unions of fashionable society, combining the seductive influences of "sight and sound." Here, beauty's smiles become actually celestialized when assisted by music's charms, and even for a gentleman cut out for "treasons, stratagems,"—I can't finish the quotation, and for the best reason, because I cannot recollect it,—even he—meaning the gentleman "who has got no music in his soul"—may delight himself with the rattle of the gaming-table. The adventurous apprentice here "stands the hazard of the die,"—and lovely woman, conquering her timidity, comes boldly forward and sports her "bob or tanner." It is true that the blind lady is at times capricious; but to votaries who have been constant in their attentions, she does at times, "come down like a good un." I knew one elderly gentleman, who for a whole season infested "The Marine," and actually carried home, late in October, a backgammon box, men included; and another, who, after a three years' ordeal, became the envied possessor of a most admired dressing-case. This latter article was "a gem" in its generation, and showed to what a pitch of perfection Birmingham manufactures have been brought. The most dangerous implements were constructed on such a safety-principle, that a disappointed housemaid could scarcely find even "a bare bodkin" sharp enough, wherewith to effect suicide; and even an heir-apparent might amuse himself to eternity with the razors, "and no mistake."

In musical parlance, the concerts are conducted on "a grand scale;" and, as George Robins says, in describing the outfit of a dairy, "with a munificence regardless of expense." Where both are perfect, it would be invidious to draw comparisons; and it is only just to say, that the orchestral and vocal departments are worthy of each other. The former comprises a harp, assisted by a piano,—compass, three octaves and a half,—while the vocalists are select

rather than numerous. Persiani's *arias* are *here* warranted equal to the original; and I have been informed that the beautiful duet, "When thy bosom heaves a sigh," was recently executed with such thrilling effect as to throw a nurse and child into violent convulsions. Remember, I do not pledge myself for the truth; but this triumph of the god of melody is here generally believed to be authentic. It was my good fortune to be present at the first appearance of an interesting *débutante*. She wore a cottage-bonnet, trimmed with pink, and recollected the words of the ballad correctly. Indeed, an Irish gentleman shrewdly remarked, "that in the musical world she would create a sensation—she had evidently a command of voice, and could stop whenever she pleased."

In trade and commerce, Ramsgate exercises a considerable influence on the mercantile relations of Great Britain. The *imports* comprise cockneys, carpet-bags, soda-water, India ale, merlin chairs, and stouts of every variety, even from "Guiness's extra" to "'Whitbread's treble X;' and it is said that an enterprising individual has lately speculated in a cargo of coals. The *exports* are principally confined to articles of *virtû*, —shell-houses, fancy pincushions, rare fossils collected off the beach, and exquisite specimens of British porcelain, fabricated in the simple form of an antique mug, with a beautiful emblazonry in dead gold of "A present from Ramsgate," and the letters so perfect, that an educated child of ten years old may read the device after spelling it for five minutes.

* * * *

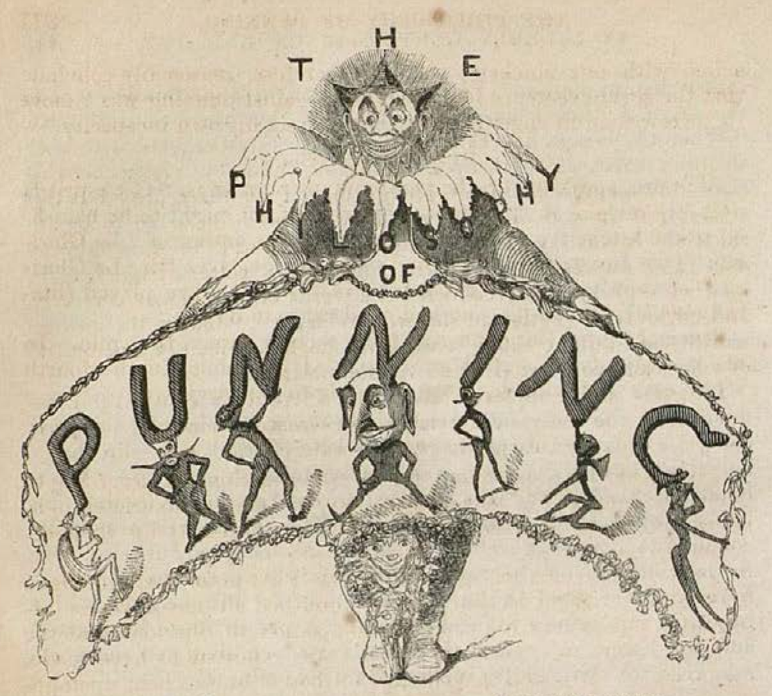
I walked this evening on the western cliff, and witnessed the Goodwin lights

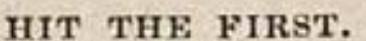
"Start into light, and (*probably?*) make the lighter start."

The promenade was crowded, and the music of a brass band harmonized with the scene and hour. I fear that I have taken liberties with the word "harmonize,"—the trombone being unfortunately asthmatic, and the horns anything but in tune. Indeed, the inefficiency of the latter was a matter for regret, as there is no place, I am informed, where they might have been more easily replaced.

The tone of society here is decidedly social. Men inquire "how you have enjoyed your breakfast?" and ladies fearlessly confess themselves matrimonially inclined. The number of children is alarming, and husbands are consequently "in demand."

I'm off!—off at a moment's warning. Pier, promenade, and library —I bid you a hurried, but a long adieu. The red gentlewoman is "not to be denied"—and nothing but flight can save me. I thought that in the crowd I should find security, and, lauded be the gods! I am safe from abduction, being seventeen stones four pounds, dead weight. But "what will not woman when she loves?" which, being translated, meaneth when she's determined to commit matrimony. This morning whilst bathing the red lady rolled her machine alongside mine, and from a side port-hole, asked me if "I felt the water pleasant?" To "coming events" am I to be wilfully blind? If I do, I'll be d—d, —or rather, far worse, be married. I have ordered a fly to the back-door of the hotel, and will *levant* incontinently. And now, Dame Rouge! you may try your hand at greener game—but, as Uncle Jonathan says, "Don't calculate" on "turning the flank of an old Peninsular!"





HIT THE FIRST.

MONG grave men, the mathematical and matter-of-fact portion of society, punning is regarded as offensive and contemptible. At the "feast of reason" wit is considered the chairman, and punning the *vice*. The learned lexicographer and literary dictator, Johnson, gave a heavy blow to the art, comparing punning to petty larceny in his huge quartos. Had the facetious Theodore Hook lived in his time, we doubt not he would have changed his opinion, and his note; yes, even the great Leviathan must have been taken with such a Hook! for, as a lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where the late lamented wit shone as the "evening star," "Och! Masther Th*a*odore, but you 're the *Hook* that nobody can *bate!*"

It is, however, reported by Boswell that the Doctor *did* once, and only once, perpetrate a pun, and that he chuckled over it with all the fussiness of

a hen with one chicken; we may, therefore, reasonably conclude that the severe sentence he pronounced against punning was "more in sorrow than in anger," arising solely from his own incapacity.

HIT THE SECOND.

Voltaire, speaking of the paragram, or pun, says, "Cet esprit là doit être relégué au cuisine,"—(this kind of wit ought to be banished to the kitchen); and yet, in writing to the author of "Le Glorieux" (the Boaster,) he flatteringly says, "Vous avez fait 'Le Glorieux' et vous aviez bien raison de l'être,"—(You have played (literally *made*) the boaster, and had good cause to do so.)

Even the great Corneille indulges, though rarely, in a pun. In his tragedy of "The Golden Fleece," Hypsyphile, in the fourth scene, says to Medea, her rival, alluding to her magic,

"Je n'ai que des attraits et vous avez des *charmes*."
(I only have *attractions*—you have *charms*.)

The greatest writers among the Greeks and Romans, according to Aristotle, indulged in this pleasant vice, and Cicero luxuriated in it. But the present generation have a sufficient authority for their offences in the examples of the moderns.

Among kings and princes, James the First notoriously indulged in punning, and the elegant and accomplished Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth,) the companion of Sheridan and the first wits of his day, made, or at least was reported to have made, many puns. It is said that, being indisposed, he was bent upon going to a masquerade, when his physician remonstrated with him, declaring that he would not be answerable for his Royal Highness's life if he ventured; he promptly replied, "Beati sunt qui *in Domino* moriuntur!"



Playing at Dominoes.

Lord Norbury, the Irish judge, was famous for his excellence in "*cet esprit là*," and his *bon mots* were continually reported in the papers.

The great and wise Chancellor More, too, in the time of Henry the Eighth, was a punster, and rivalled the King's jester, Will Somers, exhibiting his facetiousness (*more suo*) even at his execution.



The way they used to chop and change.

Among modern authors, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Colman the younger, Horace and James Smith, and Tom Dibdin, both in their conversations and writings stamped this "base coinage of the brain" with a value that has promoted its currency.

Porson, the eminent Greek scholar, delighted in this "small-sword exercise," and was wont frequently to exhibit his skill to the admiration of his learned and admiring friends. On one occasion, at college, where the party of which he formed one had sat rather late, and a rollicking young nobleman vociferously chaunted

"We won't go home 'till morning,"

and followed it up by calling for more toddy and fresh candles, Porson solemnly entered his protest by saying in Greek, "oude *tode* oude *tallo*," (neither *toddy* nor *tallow*, —literally neither one nor the other.)

He was not less happy when, boldly asserting that he would make a pun upon "anything," he was challenged to try his skill upon the Latin gerunds, *di, do, dum!* He immediately pronounced the following admirable couplet:—

"When Dido heard Æneas could not come,
She wept in silence, and was—*Dido dumb!*"

HIT THE THIRD.

As in all other arts, there are artists of various degrees of excellence in this. There is, for instance, your pertinacious punster, who throws in his quibbles, and clinches at every turn of the conversation without discretion or discernment, producing at times such a "*solutio continui*" as renders his room much more desirable than his company, and his company very desirous of his room; and although they find it impossible to "put him out," he is generally left out in the next invitation.

The unconscious punster is the source of great entertainment. All the points are unpremeditated and accidental, creating merriment in his hearers, and wonder in himself. *Par exemple:*—

"Jim, you are a judge of beauty; what do you think of B——'s *wife?*"

"She's not *a-miss,*" replies Jim, innocently, and a roar of laughter succeeds; but he is so obtuse that he cannot for the world imagine what his friends are grinning at.

"Tom and Dick are certainly a pair of smokers," remarks his companion.

"Well, every man to his taste. We, you know, are a *pair of snuffers!*" Another laugh is raised, and yet he is still in the dark, and he wonders what can possibly tickle his friends so. This is very droll and amusing.

But all the foregone and long-since departed wits must "hide their diminished heads," for they are, all and singular, "under a *Hood,*"—yes, the delectable Tom Hood has arisen and eclipsed them all. He possesses all the excellences without the defects of the best of them. His sportive wit never leads him into indecency, the blot which more or less mars most of the sayings and writings of the earlier sons of Momus.

He has never written a line which he can blush to own; in fact, there is a poetical refinement and delicacy in his mind, which naturally rejects any approach to naughtiness, and the most fastidious may consequently read him with pleasure.

No author has ever written more in that peculiar vein of humour (not even excepting our immortal Shakspeare,) than he, and he really appears not only inexhaustible, but, like good wine, improves with age.

O! *Hood!* of wonderful capacity! from whose very shreds and clippings thousands have got an everlasting *habit* of punning, leaving the original still undiminished! Long life to him! and, in sooth, a man who writes so voluminously must necessarily *di-late!*

HIT THE FOURTH.

It must be always borne in mind that genius and discretion are both requisite even to play the fool with applause. Punning, although apparently but the feathered shuttlecock of conversation demands great judgment and discrimination.

First, it is indispensably necessary to know *how* to do it; secondly, the *where* (and place and situation are important, for it may be, and is, very frequently out of place); and, thirdly, the *when,* for however good the article may be, it loses its flavour by being ill-timed and unseasonable.



A liveli-hood.

By not strictly observing the *how*, the *where*, and the *when*, your best mined shaft may fall short of the mark, and you may, consequently be deemed an intruder,—a troublesome interloper,—as unwelcome and impertinent in a fine-spun conversation, as a buzzing blue-bottle abruptly plunging his bullet-head into the new-fangled web of an industrious spider!—or you may be "sent to Coventry" when you desire above all things to make yourself "quite at home;" especially if a poor wit at a rich man's table, or some rude fellow, with no more brains than a whipping-post, may mistake your nose for a bell, and *wring* it,—or your body for a foot-ball, and unceremoniously kick your worship; for albeit

"Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,"

your small distillers of brain-spirit are allowed no such license. They must sometimes keep a little "still," and "speak by the card," or they may be discarded.

Whatever ye do, oh! ye punsters! do not fritter away your powder in fizz-gigs or paltry quibbles, but charge! Watch your opportunity, (like a sharp-shooter,) and when the game rises, fire!—and then, even should you fail in bringing it down, you will at least have a good report.

When you have made a felicitous hit, modestly withdraw, fall in the rear, and quietly load and prime for the next favourable opening.

Now there are some men naturally so *gauche* and clumsy, that they cannot cut a point to a lead pencil, not knowing when to stop, and so continually snap it off short; so, in punning, there are many who, not content with making a "good point," make a point of going on till their fun grows weaker and weaker, and suddenly

breaking off, they fail to make an impression, and, finding themselves at fault, look about as foolish and distressed as a poor mouse under the receiver of an air-pump struggling *in vacuo.*



Punning with judgement.

HIT THE FIFTH.

There is a time for all things, — punning among the number. Now a pun perpetrated in a morning appears very unseasonable, and it is only your eager novices in the art who ever commit such a solecism, — like an ardent schoolboy, letting off his squibs after breakfast, forestalling time and anticipating the night.

We have known such a premature exhibition produce a fit of indigestion, not only in the person of the punster, but the victim at whom he has "poked his fun."

Puns and wax-candles shine the most brilliantly in the evening. After-dinner puns are "peristaltic persuaders," and should invariably be introduced after the nut-crackers.

As for any being bearing the semblance of humanity punning at a fish dinner at Blackwall, it is a wickedness, a *malice prepense* that would seem as inconceivable as improbable; and to thrust such a heartless mortal into the Thames to become live bait for whitebait, we should consider as justifiable homicide.

HIT THE SIXTH.

It is wonderful with what celerity a pun accidentally let slip from the lips of a person of notoriety in the circles of the aristocracy makes unto itself wings and flies abroad. The Morning Post calls it a *bon mot,* and frequently aids its circulation.

On the other hand, there are thousands whose sayings are never reported, and frequently limited to the circumscribed sphere in which they are destined to move.

"How many a flower blooms to blush unseen,
And wastes its sweetness on the desert air!"

Among the many whom it has been our good fortune to meet in society, our excellent friend B—— stands foremost in the rank of punsters.

Possessing a ready eloquence and a ready wit, he appears in the field always armed and prepared for these intellectual sham-fights.

Although our space will not allow us to describe the time and place and circumstance, which naturally form the frame of the picture, and set it off to so much advantage, we shall concisely report a few of his hits, as far as our memory will serve; at the same time we are quite conscious of the fact, that recording puns is like preserving fruits, which, it is true, retain their form, but lose both their colour and their flavour.

H—— W—— saying that he had been to pay a visit to H——, the poet, and was sorry to find he was labouring under an asthma.

"That is a misfortune indeed for a poet," said B——.

"Why more particularly for a poet?" demanded H—— W——.

"Because," said B——, gravely, "his *inspiration* is thereby affected."

"He looks much younger without his hat," observed Major M——.

"Do you mean, then, to assert that he actually takes off his years (*ears*) with his hat?" asked B——.

"Did you paint that figure?" said B——.

"Yes," replied P——, the scene-painter.



Double Entendre.

"How high is it?"

"Twenty-four inches."

"What an optical delusion!" exclaimed B——. "I thought it was your own height; for it certainly appears, and *is* a man of your own *size* and *colour!*"

"Do you know that man who has just dismounted from that bay mare?" asked H—— W——; "he is mad!"

"Ay," replied B——, "I see he has alighted" (*a light head!*)

Being at the representation of a melodrama of "domestic interest," he was asked his opinion of its merits.

"Very like a whale, with a harpoon in it," he replied,—"all *blubber* and convulsions!"

At a splendid "spread" at the Reform Club, where he was (in every sense of the word) the entertainer, one of the company made a remark on the *value* of Shakspeare's works.

"True; there is one line alone of Shakspeare's," said B——, "undoubtedly worth two shillings.

'"Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.'

Now there are four 'tis's in it, and *four tizzies,* according to Cocker, amounts to *two shillings.*"

Some one speaking of two brothers, one of whom was in poverty, and the other in the enjoyment of a considerable income, he said,

"One is a fool, and the other a double fool."

"Prove it," said his antagonist.

"Why, one is a *weak,* and the other a *fort'nate* young man," replied B——.

We shall conclude with another of those ridiculously bad puns which he delights to perpetrate, especially when he is aware his company are on the tiptoe of expectation for something "good."

"I saw Green ascend yesterday," said F——, "and my eyes have never beheld a more gratifying sight."

"A most disagreeable one to mine," said B——; "for I have always considered *ballooning a high soar*" (an eye-sore).

HIT THE LAST.

The effect of a pun greatly depends upon the smartness of the delivery.

The words should issue from the lips like an arrow from a bow, or a spark from the collision of flint and steel.

A slow, methodical, drawling punster is an awful bore. We have suffered from the infliction of such an one, and had he whistled "Roger de Coverly," or any other quick and lively country-dance, to a psalm-tune or time, it would have been quite as edifying as the slow, drop-by-drop filtration of his languid fun.

Punning before ladies is considered *a-miss,* and of quite an im-

proper character to be introduced into their society. The punster, therefore, has no chance of shining, unless he possesses a poetical turn, and can adroitly transform his quibbles into quaint similes and pretty comparisons, a metamorphosis which demands both talent and address.

In fine, punning (though unjustly calumniated as the lowest kind of wit) requires as much delicacy in the handling as an infant "in the mouth,"—a downy-winged butterfly,—a stinging nettle,—a razor,—or a lancet!



A Fine Hiss (Finis).

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

AN ENGLISH MASQUERADE.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

There are many dreary things in the world besides death, debtors' prisons, and theatres by daylight. A "genteel" dinner-party of rural aristocracy is amazingly slow, and so is a wet Sunday at Worthing. The same pantomime seen half a dozen times has a dispiriting effect; and certain dull debates in the Houses of Parliament incite the belief that the members' skulls are as somniferous and hollow as dried poppy-heads. The archives of Exeter Hall, doubtless, contain a very shady chronicle of not over lively events. Solitary men in new lodgings feel exquisitely cheerless; and the Red House at Battersea in the middle of January ceases to impart anything like hilarity to our feelings.

But the saddest concern of all,—the ghost of fun decked in the worn-out trappings of happiness,—a gilt skeleton adorned with wreaths of artificial flowers,—a hearse hung round with illumination-lamps,—is a masquerade in England.

Whether it be that the open disposition of the national character unfits us for assuming the mask with becoming spirit, or whether in reality our wit is too ponderous to flash about these entertainments as it ought to do, we leave others to determine; but certain it is, that every successive attempt to establish a masquerade as one of our regular amusements, proves more and more how utterly incapable we are of entering into its humour, in respect to other European nations. And we affirm this advisedly; for we have had many opportunities of drawing the comparison. We have been deluded into the Tarantella at Naples by a pair of large black eyes, whose glances implied much more, even through the peep-holes of a mask, than those of a colder clime could express with the assistance of the whole face; and we have fallen quite as deeply in love with a round dimpled chin, short upper lip, and row of dazzling pearly teeth, shrouded by the black fringe of the vizor, as with the whole *contour* of some other lovely countenance; for your mask is a great auxiliary to female attractions. It heightens beauty by half concealing it, and, *vice versâ*, it covers all defects. We have also,

"Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,"

lounged as a modern Greek, in the full blaze of day, at the *cafés* in the Piazza St. Marco at Venice; or haply toiled up the inclined planes of the Campanile, to shower chocolate *bonbons* from the summit upon the crowd below; and, though last, not least in our memory, we have, in our capacity of a student of the Quartier Latin, worn a *débardeur's* dress for a whole week together, and whirled and galloped to the music of Musard and Magnus in the *salle* of the Rue Vivienne, or the more boisterous assembly of the Prado, until the busy *chiffoniers* had been about some time before we wandered back to our abode on a *sixième* in the Rue St. Jacques. Nay, even this conclusion to a night's revelry has been sometimes denied; for, with the candour of Rousseau, we admit that we have sometimes passed the night in the *violon* below the staircase of the Opera Comique, and appeared before the police the next morning in our glazed hat, blue shirt, and black velvet trowsers, to make what excuse we best might for having, under the very shadow of the *garde municipale*, with their tiger-skin helmets, given ourselves up "*un p'tit par trop fort*," to the *abandon* of the dance, in defiance of the placard which informed us that our style was "*défendu par les autorités*." Should you wish the scene brought pictorially before your eyes, we unhesitatingly refer you to the vivid sketches of our friend Gavarni.

Strange to say, we had never seen a masquerade in England,—principally, we believe, on account of the price of admission having been generally fixed at a sum which, if expended, would swamp all hopes of dinner for the next fortnight to a scribbler of the present day. We "assisted," (as they say abroad,) it is true, at the *bal masqué* given by Jullien at Drury Lane; but this was a very dull affair, although hundreds had paid their guinea for admission,—an

expenditure which we confess to have avoided, now it is all past, by going as a mere spectator to the dress-circle, and jumping down into the arena, during a *galoppe monstre*, when the policeman in attendance had been violently carried off by sundry couples in the general whirl.

Curiosity to see how a masquerade would be conducted in England, and the present of a ticket, were the exciting causes of the visit we paid, a short time since, to Vauxhall. It was with much satisfaction we read an announcement that the gardens were to open once again. We had not quite forgotten the excitement of the first time we went there; we are afraid to say how long back, but it was at the time when "Mother Town" dispensed coffee and rolls to the boys of Merchant-Tailors' School, the constant use of which milk-diet did not prevent us on this event from getting slightly elevated, and performing an *impromptu pas-de-deux* with one of the red-coated waiters in front of the supper-box. We still think that, not being accustomed to them, it must have been the profusion of lamps which upset our stomach; for anatomy has since taught us the intimate connection between that organ and the eyes. Our friends hold a different opinion, and incline to the belief that it was the "rack punch,"—a beverage well named indeed, if the state of the head the next day be taken into consideration.

We were much grieved when we were informed last year that Vauxhall was about to close for ever. We could not believe that any one would ever have the hardihood to take down or remove those gaudy emblems that had whilom so much bewildered us,—the balloon going up with flags and crowns; the stars, mottoes, and devices. The orchestra, too, was to be razed to the ground,—that illuminated pepper-box from which we had heard so many diverting songs, when the musicians played in all the glory of their cocked-hats; and the gentleman in white kids, whom nobody knew, led forth the lady, whom everybody knew, to sing, in a grand black velvet hat adorned with feathers from a cock's tail turned downwards, and trimmed apparently with bits of black tobacco-pipe, French-polished. And they coolly talked of building houses—common, uninteresting houses—on the very ground that the rockets had gone up from, and occasionally come down again through the sky-lights of the neighbouring dwellings, bursting and shedding their coloured stars upon the staircases in a most diverting manner, and allowing the inhabitants a private exhibition to themselves. The whole speculation was wild and impossible. We are convinced, had the houses been built and taken on lease, that the immortal Simpson, angered at the profanation, would have come back from the shades, and called around him all the spirits who shed lustre over Vauxhall in former times, to aid him in perpetually ringing the bells, and making strange noises, after the fashion of haunted houses, upon the authorities of Glanville and Aubrey, until the dwellers therein gave warning and fled away, leaving the elevations to keep standing alone, or tumble down by degrees, as they best might.

Mais revenons à nos moutons, which, being an entirely novel phrase, never before made use of, we may as well explain to signify that we got a ticket for the masquerade, and intended to go. The choice of a costume for a time somewhat perplexed us; until, hav-

ing inquired the price of hire, and inspected every dress in Nathan's wardrobes, from the habit of the field-officer at fifteen shillings, to the Albanian pirate at three guineas, we finally decided upon arraying ourselves as "a gent. of the nineteenth century," and therefore, when the eventful evening arrived, we arrayed ourselves in one of the fashionable five-and-twenty-shilling-union-workhouse Taglioni's now so popular, and a long bright blue satin stock, worked with gold flies and forget-me-nots, which was fastened by a massy pin, representing a gilt lobworm twirling round a large white currant, connected by a small jack-chain to another jewel, which had the appearance of a bird's-egg set in a miniature-frame. We also turned up our wristbands over our cuffs, and wore our hat on one side; and, having received the complimentary assurance of an esteemed friend that we looked "a thorough snob," we set off towards our destination about half-past eleven at night.

As we passed through Westminster some cabs rattled by containing ladies and gentlemen, more or less disguised; but the first real evidence of the night's entertainment was presented at Vauxhall Bridge, where we saw a brigand in a magnificent dress of green baize, trimmed with pewter-watches, calmly waiting at the toll-house for five-penny worth of coppers in change. His companion — they were both walking — had assumed the dress of an English peasant, in a smock-frock and navigator's hat; and his appearance was much heightened by a large artificial nose, to which a pair of frizzly mustachios was attached. Their noble bearing did not appear to awe the toll-keeper in any way: on the contrary, he betrayed little courtesy towards them, and returned a sullen grunt only to a joke from the robber, who requested "he would bring out his scales, because he thought one of the half-pence was under weight."

A large crowd had assembled at the doors of the gardens, who received each fresh costume with enthusiastic cheers, and many humorous allusions to the characters assumed. The quiet aspect of our own dress saved us from any of these salutations; and passing through the cimmerian glimmer of the entrance, we emerged from its gloom into the scene of festivity. The majority of the company were viewing the fireworks then exhibiting; but as we had no great desire to see what we had so often witnessed before, and which always appeared the same, except that the squibs were sometimes fixed in the middle of the frames, and the wheels outside, instead of the inverse arrangement, we remained in the promenade, perfectly contented with hearing the distant sounds of admiration at the exploding rockets, which diverting practice has lived longer than any custom we can call to mind.

With the concluding bang of the last *bouquet*, the company returned to the illuminated portion of the gardens, and a motley tribe they appeared. There were certainly amongst them persons of rare and undoubted talent, who assumed the dress and manners of the lower classes with such exquisite truth, that you could hardly believe they had paid their half-guinea for admittance. Two young ladies, dressed as mountain sylphs, considerably enlivened the scene by the fay-like manner in which they occasionally put their feet on the shoulders of different individuals that passed; and a gentleman in an apron, with a long broom and a red nose, created much mirth by sweeping dust over everybody that came near him,

especially annoying a knight in scale armour, who maintained a most lachrymose gravity of countenance all the evening, and fainting under the weight of his harness, looked as if he would have given the world for a pint of beer. A group of young ladies, also, in pinafores and pink sashes, with hoops and skipping-ropes, gave an air of innocence and childlike revelry to the *réunion*. We gazed at them with unfeigned interest, and moralising even in the midst of masquerade, inwardly hoped that their hearts might ever be as pure and guileless as they then seemed,—a wish which towards the end of the evening we certainly did not think appeared likely to be realised, when their merriment became rather Anacreontic than infantile.

As far as eating and drinking went, it is but justice to say, that every one performed admirably, but we observed that with the generality of the parties jugs of stout and dishes of cold beef, had the preference in point of popularity over champagne and cold fowls. But the end was answered just the same, for it had the effect of making the company exceedingly bacchanalian after supper, when their wit broke into full play. We perceived that the most favourite humour consisted in running very fast along the walks, and yelling loudly, — certainly a facetious performance; and it was esteemed an excellent conceit to bolt through the middle of the quadrilles which were being perpetrated beneath the orchestra, and jostle the dancers one over the other.

It was evident that assumption of character was never once thought about. The only instance we remarked occurred whilst we were discussing some cold ham, when a young gentleman, habited as Jack Sheppard, walked into our box, and presenting a sixpenny pistol, shot a pea in our face, and then walked out again: and — *a propos des bottes*—there are many legends told of the filmy slices of ham at Vauxhall, which ought to be refuted. We never saw any that were cut much under the thickness of ordinary slices, so think, like many other popular errors, the tradition lives upon its former credit.

It will scarcely be credited that in the midst of all this gaiety we more than once caught ourselves yawning. Yet so it was; and only the wish to see if the mirth would take another turn, induced us to remain after a certain period. At last, even the vivacity of a recruiting-party, who beat drums uninterruptedly the whole evening; and the vocalisation of a ballad-singer, whose lungs would have worked a blast-furnace, and the elegant evolutions of several energetic gentlemen who were waltzing together to the band under the front walk, ceased to amuse us. The grey light of morning was stealing over the gardens, putting to shame the few glimmering lamps that flickered on the motto, "VIVE LE MASQUE," now rapidly decaying; the chirp of two or three daring sparrows, accustomed to early rising, had supplanted the imitations of Herr Von Joel; and the spire of the Hamburgh church was once more vividly thrown out in the "natural light" when we left the gardens, most grateful with ourselves for having been to a masquerade, on the same principle that we thank a man, who, wearing a bad coat, tells us the address of his tailor.

THE LATE DR. MAGINN.

WILLIAM MAGINN is no more! The bright spirit whose wit has been the delight of thousands,—whose learning has been the admiration of a quarter of a century,—whose poetry could win the applause of Byron himself,—and whose guileless simplicity and modesty was the charm of all who knew him, has passed the portals of death, and his place knoweth him no longer! The drama is over—the last scene of his eventful history has at length descended, and the picturesque little village of Walton-on-Thames now contains all that was mortal of one of the most distinguished critics and scholars of the age. He died in his forty-ninth year, and has left a wife and family to lament their irreparable loss.

Born in July, 1794, the precocity of his talents astonished all who knew him, and gave a cheering presage of his future eminence. He entered college in his tenth year, and passed through it with distinction, winning all the honours that dignify and adorn an university career. For a few years he assisted his father in conducting a large and celebrated academy in Cork; but on the first appearance of Blackwood's Magazine he quitted Ireland, and edited that journal in Edinburgh. His papers are eminently original and fine; they attracted considerable attention, and would do honour to the loftiest name in our literature. Having by his connection with this periodical, and his contributions to the Quarterly Review, fully established his name as a writer of first-rate ability, he came to London, and was soon appointed to the joint-editorship of the *Standard* with the amiable and learned Dr. Giffard. On the establishment of this Miscellany, Dr. Maginn became a contributor to its pages. To him the public are indebted for the able series of articles entitled "The Shakspeare Papers," which have been so justly admired.

The following sketches of him, as he appeared about this period, have been drawn by a man of no slight talent, and with great powers of observation — the late Dr. Macnish, better known by his assumed signature of the Modern Pythagorean.

"I dined to-day at the Salopian with Dr. Maginn. He is a most remarkable fellow. His flow of ideas is incredibly quick, and his articulation so rapid, that it is difficult to follow him. He is altogether a person of vast acuteness, celerity of apprehension, and indefatigable activity both of body and mind. He is about my own height; but I could allow him an inch round the chest. His forehead is very finely developed, his organ of language and ideality large, and his reasoning faculties excellent. His heir is quite grey, although he does not look more than forty. I imagined he was much older-looking, and that he wore a wig. While conversing, his eye is never a moment at rest; in fact his whole body is in motion, and he keeps scrawling grotesque figures upon the paper before him, and rubbing them out again as fast as he draws them. He and Giffard are, as you know, joint editors of the *Standard*."

"I had some queer chat with O'Doherty. I did not measure Maginn's chest, but I examined his head. He has a very fine developement of the intellectual powers, especially ideality and wit, which are both unusually large. His language is also large, and he has much firmness and destructiveness, which latter accounts for the satirical bent of his genius. That beautiful tale, 'The City of the Demons,' he informed me he wrote quite off-hand. He writes with vast rapidity, and can do so at any time. He speaks French, Italian, and German fluently; these, together with a first-rate knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English, make him master of six languages, so that you can allow him one. He is altogether a very remarkable man. Indeed, I consider him quite equal to Swift; and had his genius, like Swift's, been concentrated in separate works, instead of being squandered with wasteful prodigality in newspapers, magazines, &c., I have no doubt it would have been considered equally original and wonderful. He was much tickled with the apotheosis which I recited to him. I told him you were master of seven languages. Had you been present, I would have confined your abilities to a smaller number, lest he had taken it into his head to try you with the others. The letter-press of the Gallery of Literary Portraits he hit off at a moment's notice, and in the course of a few minutes."

Scarcely less flattering is the following picture, which has been drawn by the elegant pen of Dr. Moir of Musselburgh, a distinguished poet, and a good man, of whom Maginn always spoke, as he deserved, in the highest terms:

"To a portion, and no inconsiderable one, of the literary world, Dr. Maginn is

known *par excellence* as *the Doctor*; in the same way as Professor Wilson is recognized as *the Professor*. Nearly twenty years, *eheu! fugaces, Posthume, labuntur anni!* have glided over since the Doctor and I were *co-litterateurs*; and yet, strange to say, we have never chanced to meet. By every one capable of judging, the powers of Dr. Maginn are acknowledged to be of the highest order. Has he given the world assurance of this in the way he might have done? We doubt much; but from "The City of the Demons," "The Man in the Bill," "Colonel Pride," "The Shakspeare Papers," and many other things, posterity will be able to appreciate him. *Ex pede Herc.*"

Such was William Maginn as he appeared to these two eminent men. And truly can it be said that the portrait is not overdrawn; or that if in any way unlike, it is because it scarcely does justice to the merits of its original. It is, to be sure, enviable praise to be associated with so brilliant a name as Swift; but, much as we admire the writings of the Dean, we must in justice say that they are far short of those of Maginn. For Swift was morose, and cynical, and austere,—Maginn was kind, and gentle, and child-like. Swift's whole conversation was irony or sarcasm, Maginn's was entirely genial and anecdotical and free from bitterness. Like the lives of all literary men, that of Dr. Maginn will be best found in the series of his publications. We do not know a single individual to whom the praise of Parr or Fox more perfectly applies, and never do we peruse it that we do not almost fancy it was written expressly for Maginn.*

Can anything more exquisitely portray the kindliness of his heart, and his devotion to his children, than the following verses, now published for the first time, and inlaid in this place like pieces of rich mosaic? They are simple, and homely; but it is the spirit they breathe for which we love them.

"TO MY DAUGHTERS.

"O my darling little daughters!
O my daughters, lov'd so well!
Who by Brighton's breezy waters
For a time have gone to dwell.
Here I come with spirit yearning,
With your sight my eyes to cheer,
When this sunny day returning
Brings my forty-second year.

"Knit to me in love and duty
Have you been, sweet pets of mine!
Long in health, and joy, and beauty
May it be your lot to shine!
And at last, when God commanding,
I shall leave you both behind,
May I feel with soul expanding
I shall leave you good and kind!

"May I leave my Nan and Pigeon†
Mild of faith, of purpose true,
Full of faith and meek religion,
With many joys, and sorrows few.
Now I part, with fond caressing,
Part you now, my daughters dear—
Take, then take your father's blessing,
In his forty-second year. W. M."

We hope it will not be found that the young and interesting family of the great man, whose genius reflects credit on our country, — whose single-heartedness and benevolence were immediately observed by all who approached him, — who, in the course of as diversified a life as ever literary man led, never had but one foe,—whose political principles swerved not from their original path, but continued steady and firm to the last,—whose intellect adorned every theme that he touched, and whose only fault was to be too careless of the morrow (that prime failing in men of the loftiest minds), —we hope that this man's children will be provided for by the resources of such a country as ours. Literary men too rarely leave fortunes to their children; but the present is, perhaps, the most distressing instance that has happened for many years in England.

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* If you had been called upon to select a friend from the whole human race, where could you have found one endowed as he was with the guileless playfulness of a child, and the most correct and comprehensive knowledge of the world; or distinguished as he was by an elegant taste in the dead and living languages, by a thorough acquaintance with the most important events of past and present times, by a profound skill in the history, and by a well-founded and well-directed reverence for the constitution of his country, and by the keenest penetration into all the nearer and all the remoter consequences of public measures?

PARR. *Character of Fox.*

† A pet name for his youngest daughter.



[illegible] John Doy

London Richard Bentley. 1842.

HUNTING JOHN DORY.

BY GEORGE SOANE.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

Matthew Muchmore was a fat little gentleman, on short legs, with a glistening eye, a round shiny face, and so unctuous withal that he involuntarily impressed you with the idea he must have oil in his veins instead of blood, like other people. He was a man of exquisite taste — not in music, nor yet of painting, and still less could it be said of him that he was particularly distinguished for his taste in dress, or dancing, or any such frivolities; no, it was in the matter of turtle and venison, champagne and Burgundy, that he was truly great; in these his taste was pre-eminent. Some foolish folks, whom I know, can see nothing to admire in this faculty of appreciating good things, and make it a great merit that their coarse throats can swallow anything. But why should not taste be as much cultivated in the tongue as in any other organ? Surely there is quite as much merit in being able to point out and relish the various niceties of some exquisite dish — niceties imperceptible to the vulgar, — as in the faculty of enjoying pictures with the eye, or music with the ear. So thought and reasoned the great Matthew, and, by the beard of Plato, many worse systems of philosophy have been and still are current in the world. It unluckily, however, chanced with him as it has done with so many other people, Nature and Fortune could by no means agree in electing him for a common favourite, for, while the one had endowed him with this admirable delicacy of palate, the other had been exceedingly niggard in supplying him with the means of gratifying it. Hence it followed that he was obliged to be a regular diner-out, if he meant to dine at all; but, as he had a fund of good humour to back him, could tell a story well, and was besides no mean adept in the art of flattery, he was for the most part a welcome guest at the table of his acquaintance, whom, for his especial convenience, he took care should be as numerous as possible. They were chosen, moreover, with every attention to the quality of their dinners, so that a certain malicious wag used to say that his dining frequently at any house was as good as a diploma to the cook of that particular establishment.

Still it would sometimes happen that his stomach got baffled and disappointed in its expectations; the meals even of his most valued friends were not at all times equally choice or well-supplied; and in more than one instance, when dropping in and invited to stop, the dinner which he fondly expected would consist at least of fish and fowl, in the absence of better things, proved to be that opprobrium on decent housekeeping, cold meat, eked out by the fragments of the day previous. Sorely was his patience tried, and his philosophy tasked by such occurrences; for, however good-humoured a man may be, every human temper has limits to its powers of endurance, and this with him was the limit — the last straw on the back of the overloaded camel; it was the one evil of life that he could not bear without wincing, and his curses, like those of Macbeth's subjects,

were not loud, but deep. At length, after long and serious reflection on the subject, he bethought him of a notable expedient by which he might be able to guess his bill of fare beforehand with some degree of certainty, instead of rashly accepting an invitation which might end, when too late to retreat, in cold orts and indigestible pickles. This was, to inquire at the various butchers and fishmongers who usually supplied his friends, what their several customers had ordered, and according to their replies, all duly entered and noted down, would he regulate his visits for the day.

It was in compliance with this laudable custom that our oleaginous little friend one day paid a visit to the King's fishmonger. On a marble slab at one side of the shop lay, as usual, several parcels of fish variously ticketed, according to their several destinations, and as he was by this time well known to the master, he was of course permitted to examine these important records, which he immediately fastened upon with all the *gusto* of an antiquary who has luckily discovered an illegible MS. There were soles — better never appeared at the table of a duke; cod-fish—the worst of them might have tempted a Jew to forswear his creed, and sit at a Christian's feast, even without the hope of cheating him; salmon — the Lord Mayor, and his whole court of aldermen, might have abandoned the greenest turtle, or the highest venison, only for the chance of a single mouthful. But, pre-eminent amongst them all was a John Dory — and oh! such a John! so magnificent in his proportions! so delicate in his complexion! so firm in his texture! of a verity he might have been eaten even as he lay there in all his uncooked loveliness, unscathed by fire, untouched by water, unadulterated by sauce. The heart of Matthew leapt within him as he gazed upon this noble product of the salt seas; his eyes and mouth ran over from excess of rapture; his cheeks grew more oleaginous and shiny, the inward spirit lighting up his face as a farthing rushlight dimly burns through the yellow horn of a lantern. A moment's glance at the ticket in the fish's jowl sufficed to show him that John was intended for the table of Lord Spring. Here was a glorious chance! his lordship was one of those who constantly asked him to dinner with the benevolent purpose of laughing at him. "But let him laugh who wins!" thought Matthew to himself, and off he posted, on the wings of love — his passion really deserved the name—and in less than half an hour he was to be seen knocking at his lordship's door, — not the loud, bullying dub-dub of an importunate dun, nor the consequential rat-a-tat-tat that so fitly announces an aristocratic visitor, nor yet the sneaking knock of a poor artist who seeks for patronage,—but a sort of conciliatory, yet firm tat-tat-tu, evincing that the knocker has great respect for the knockee, but still considers himself to be somebody in the world.

Now it happened to be just nine o'clock, consequently his lordship was at breakfast,—people kept shocking hours in those days to what they do now, — and Matthew was fortunate enough to gain a ready admission to him.

"I was just thinking of you, Mat.!" he exclaimed, smiling benignantly on the epicure; "I have a score of jovial spirits to dine with me to-day. Suppose you join our party."

Most cheerfully did Matthew accept the invitation.

At this moment a servant entered, bearing on a silver tray a small pink-coloured note, redolent with all the perfumes — not of Arabia, but of De la Croix, or some other of his odorous brethren. It was from Madame Pantalon, a fashionable Frenchwoman, in whom his lordship especially delighted. As he read her perfumed missive, a bland smile stole over his face, indicative of satisfaction with the writer, and he inquired of the servant what game there was in the house?

"None," was the reply.

Whereat his lordship, giving a short, dissatisfied "humph!" demanded if there was any fish.

"Only a John Dory," said the gentleman's gentleman, "which has just come in for your lordship's table to-day."

"Is it a fine fish, Mortimer?"

"Remarkably, your lordship."

"That will do, then. Send it to Madame Pantalon, with my compliments, and say that I may perhaps see her to-morrow."

Mortimer accordingly departed. But Matthew, unfortunate Matthew! the colour fled from his rubicund cheeks, and he sate the image of despair. Dido, abandoned by the false Æneas, did not look more disconsolately after the ship of the flying traitor.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" exclaimed his lordship. "Are you ill, Mat.?"

"Only a little touch of my old complaint, a little vertigo, or so," said Matthew, the colour bounding back again to his cheeks.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed his lordship, starting up, and laying his hand on the bell-pull; "he's going to have a fit; I'll send for Dr. Stumps."

"Not at all necessary, my lord; I am much better now; a mouthful of fresh air is all that is requisite; so, with your leave, I'll just step into the park for an hour or so."

"Then I must not expect you to dinner to-day, I suppose?" said his lordship, in a tone of sympathy.

"I fear not; but, perhaps, as I shall be so close, I may look in upon Madame.

At this reply, carelessly and dexterously as it was given, the words seeming to slip from Matthew's lips almost without his consciousness, a sudden light flashed upon his lordship. He looked steadily at his visitor for a few moments, and then said, with a knowing laugh,

"Do so, Mat.; John Dory is the best thing in the world for your complaint; and you can hint to Isabelle that the fish I have just sent will not keep till to-morrow."

Matthew now shuffled out of the room, with joy at his heart, and posted off to the little Frenchwoman's. Here, as his lordship's friend, he was of course made welcome, but not a word did the lady say about dinner, despite of all his hints about unoccupied time, and not knowing what to do with himself. Madame baffled, as it seemed, by his long visit, at last begged he would stay and dine with her.

"But this is fast-day," she said, smiling, "with us Catholics, and I have nothing but my favourite dish of maccaroni."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the alarmed epicure, "then John has not come?"

"Jean!" said the lady, opening her eyes to the utmost, and giving a shrug, such as only a Frenchwoman can give. "What Jean?"

"The beautiful John Dory!" cried Matthew, more in the way of exclamation than reply.

"Monsieur Dory?" said Madame; "I shall not be acquaint with no Monsieur Dory.

"If anything should have happened to him on the road!" exclaimed Matthew, without noticing the lady's disclaimer, fortified as it was by a double negative, "if that careless rascal should have dropped him in the mud!"

"Mais, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame, waxing impatient and irritable, "I shall not know him, no, nothing at all. Who is monsieur?"

"Bah!" said Matthew, angrily; "he's no monsieur, he's a fish, the loveliest that ever smoked upon a table!"

Madame burst out into a prolonged fit of laughing.

"Du poisson! ah! mon Dieu! à présent. Now I shall comprends,—you was intend an ugly monster, with a huge head, comme çà—ah! comme il étoit laid!"

"Ugly? he was beautiful!"

"Eh! mon Dieu! you shall have de taste bien extraordinaire; mais n'importe; I shall no like such poissons, and have send him to my old ami, Monsieur Dumas."

This was the unkindest cut of all. Of Monsieur Dumas he absolutely knew nothing, except that he was suspected of being a Catholic priest, a dangerous character to associate with in those days, when Popery was very generally believed to have an intimate connection with the cause of the Pretender, who, even then, according to the best intelligence from abroad, was preparing to make another struggle for the throne of his ancestors. Independently, then, of the peril, there would be no little difficulty in contriving for himself a place at the dinner-table of a perfect stranger.

It was a daring scheme which our epicure meditated; some may even feel disposed to call it a piece of matchless impudence: and in the very outset his confidence was destined to be put to a severe trial. Scarcely had he time to rejoice in his dexterity in obtaining his release from Madame and a maccaroni dinner, than he encountered the mischief-loving Sir Frederick Sands.

"My good fellow!" he exclaimed, in a tone that was meant to express much friendly anxiety, "what on earth could take you to the house of that Frenchwoman? Don't you know that to be seen going there is to be suspected of Jacobitism in these days, and that to be so suspected is the nearest way to a halter and gibbet of your own? But whither away so fast?"

"To Lord Spring!" answered Matthew, vainly endeavouring to free himself from the knight's grasp.

"Then I congratulate you," said the knight, "on the very fair chance you have of being hanged forthwith. Why, Lord Spring is one of the staunchest adherents of the Pretender! there was a talk only the other day of sending him to the Tower upon suspicion."

Matthew's jaw immediately dropped, and his whole face elongated prodigiously at this intimation. But yet, to give up his John Dory! it was impossible to entertain such an idea for a single moment.

"Come what may come," thought he to himself, "I must and will

dine upon John this blessed day, — yea, though I should lose my head for it to-morrow."

Resolution worthy of a Roman! and by way of tempering so much courage with a due mixture of caution and prudence, he communicated the whole mystery of his past and future wanderings to Sir Frederick, so that in case of any accident he might have a staunch loyalist and a true-blue Protestant to fall back upon for a character. To all these details did his mischievous auditor seriously incline, and, having heard him out, commended with laudable gravity his pursuit of the fish — the *flying* fish, as he called it,— but all the time with the secret intention of leading him into a scrape before the day was over. Somehow or other, it generally happens that when a man is bent on any mischief, the devil is sure to be ready at his elbow with the means. And so it chanced now. Scarcely had Matthew bade farewell to his insidious adviser, than a certain secretary, well known as a Government spy, made his appearance on the scene. Touching his hat to Sir Frederick, he was about to pass on, as one who thought his absence was more likely to be agreeable than his company, when the latter staying him, said,

"A word with you, Mr. Breedon!"

The spy started at the summons, not quite satisfied whether he was going to receive a bribe or a beating, for his conscience, without being asked, assured him he had quite as good a right to expect one as the other. He stopped, notwithstanding; blows being much too common an occurrence with him to let the fear of them stand in the way of any better chance.

"Well met, Mr. Breedon!" cried Sir Frederick, hastily; "you have come in the very nick to do a service to the state, and to yourself at the same time."

Mr. Breedon instantly called up a look of patriotism that would have done honour to "the noblest Roman of them all,"— it was absolutely Brutus in coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, — a great improvement on the costume of ancient Rome.

"You see that short, fat man, in the blue coat and grey trowsers? Yonder, I mean, — he is looking in at the pastrycook's window, — now he walks on again. Do you mark him?"

"I have him," said the spy, eagerly.

"Then follow him; watch him; do not lose him for a moment."

"I won't."

"He 's a Jesuit in disguise!" continued Sir Frederick, sinking his voice into a mysterious whisper.

"Is he, indeed?" said the spy, in a similar tone; "but truly I thought as much; he has all the air of St. Omer's about him, though he 's much fatter than the breed in general."

"Fat as he is, he brings letters from the Pretender to the Jacobites on this side of the water. He has just come out of Madame Pantalon's—you must have heard of her—she corresponds with half the Catholics in England, and he is now going to Mr. Dumas, who is generally suspected for a Jesuit."

Off galloped the spy in pursuit of Matthew, who, in his no less eager pursuit of the John Dory had by this time reached the house of Mr. Dumas. For a moment a qualm of bashfulness withheld his uplifted hand from the knocker, but he thought of John, and immediately was himself again. Down came the knocker, out came the

servant, and in went the modest Matthew, with an intimation that he wished to see Mr. Dumas on a very urgent business. In a few minutes a message was brought down from the master of the house, expressing his readiness to see the urgent gentleman, and up marched Matthew into the drawing-room, under the convoy of the servant, who, having placed a chair, again withdrew to the lower regions, leaving the two principals looking at each other in silence.

"I crave your pardon, sir," at length said the veracious Matthew; "when I asked for Mr. Dumas, I fully expected to see a very different person,—one, indeed, who is not half your years, and permit me to add, who is by no means so well calculated as yourself for the higher walks of life."

"There needs no apology, Mr. Muchmore," said the old gentleman, peering out the name from a furtive glance at the card, which he still held in hand.

"I am quite ashamed of my stupid blunder," replied the bashful visitant, "and fear I must give up all hope of ever seeing the object of my search. I have already been over half London."

The benevolent old gentleman took the hint, and politely requested him to be seated. Here was one point gained, at all events.

"You are too good," said Matthew: "I ought by this time to be with Lord Spring; but, no matter; I can put off that business to another day."

"Lord Spring!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "you are acquainted with that excellent nobleman,—my worthy friend, if I may presume to call him so?"

"Intimately," replied Matthew; "I was at his breakfast-table this very morning."

Our epicure had struck the right chord. The benevolent old gentleman came at once to look upon him as a friend's friend, and, throwing off the last shades of reserve, earnestly pressed him to take some refreshments. "Would he like wine and biscuits? or did he prefer a sandwich?"

"Much obliged to you," said Mathew; "but, as I like to dine early, I seldom eat anything before that meal."

This was a wise forbearance, and showed the delicacy of his tact, but still it did not produce the hoped-for invitation; so Mathew did all that could be done in such a dilemma. He made himself as agreeable as possible,—told a thousand pleasant anecdotes, at which, indeed, he was an adept, — discussed every subject that he thought most likely to prove interesting to his host, — and, in short, played his part so well, that the old gentleman at last requested the favour of his company to dinner.

"Oh! John Dory! John Dory!" mentally ejaculated the delighted Matthew, "at last I have thee!—*post tot casus, tot discrimina rerum*—after so many cruel disappointments, so many buffetings of unkind fortune!"

On his invitation being accepted, the old gentleman politely expressed a hope that his guest might be able to make a meal of the Lenten diet he had to set before him. "Not expecting," he said, "the pleasure of any company, he had nothing better for dinner than some *soup-maigre* and an *omelette*."

At this announcement Matthew was thunderstruck—no John Dory, after all! Had Fate herself entered the lists against him, and vowed

to make of him a second Tantalus? He groaned inwardly at the idea. And what had become of the fish?—whither had it gone?—who was the lucky mortal destined by too partial fortune to feed upon its sweetness? It was no easy matter to get a solution of these knotty points, except, indeed, by putting the question directly to the old gentleman, and this was rather too much even for the modesty of our friend Matthew; so he fidgetted, and bit his fingers, and looked foolish, greatly to the surprise of his host, who could only attribute these symptoms to discontent with the Lenten fare he had announced. In his usual spirit of kindness, therefore, he said,

"'Tis a pity you did not happen to call a few minutes earlier, as in that case I might have amended our meal with a splendid John Dory. It had just come in from an old friend; but being much too great a treat for a bachelor dining alone, I sent it off to good Master Gillies."

"The hunchbacked tailor of Cheapside?" said Matthew, with sudden vivacity.

"The same," replied the old gentleman. "Odd enough that, high or low, you should seem to know all my acquaintance."

"Very odd," responded Matthew. "And now I think of it, I promised to see him to-day by one o'clock. It's on the matter of a bill of some standing;—and really I wonder how I came to forget it."

Great was the old gentleman's admiration at this spirit of punctuality,—so great, indeed, that he was not particularly urgent with Matthew to fulfil his first promise of dining with him on *omelette* and *soup-maigre*; so that our unctuous friend once more found himself in the street in pursuit of the fugitive John Dory. But in proportion as his speed brought him nearer and nearer to the tailor's well-known shop, so did his confidence in himself and his cause decline, the fact being that he was in Master Gillies' books, but not in his good books, and between the two there is a wide difference. Poor Matthew's appetite quailed for a moment when he remembered this circumstance, and how much worse than gout or rheumatism was the twinge from a bailiff's paw, however lightly laid upon the shoulder; but John Dory still gleamed to his fancy in the distance, marshalling him the way that he should go, as whilom the visionary dagger led Macbeth to the king's bed-room. On it beckoned him, and on he went, as if writs had been only innocent bits of parchment, with no more harm in them than so many strips for tailors' measures.

In this desperate mood he entered the domicile of the redoubted fashioner, and though at the first glimpse of his visitant a dark cloud passed over the hunchback's face, yet this was transitory as an April shower, and like that was succeeded by a fair sunshine.

"I have not come to pay you," said Matthew, deeming it wisest to anticipate the attack that he knew else awaited him,—"I have not, indeed."

"I did not suppose you had," answered the hunchback, in a mild voice. "It's rather the old suit for a new suit, I should imagine." And the little man chuckled as gently at his own facetiousness, as if he were half ashamed of doing anything so much out of character.

Matthew of course laughed, and in a much louder key, as in prudence bound; but the next moment, putting on a demure face, he

gravely said, "No, no, Master Gillies; henceforth I intend incurring no fresh bills till I have paid off what I already owe."

"A very virtuous resolution," said the hunchback, with a smile. What that smile meant it was no easy matter to divine; but it made Matthew feel anything rather than comfortable.

"I have only called," he said, "that you might see I have not forgotten you, nor the little unsettled account between us."

Again the hunchback gave one of his inexplicable leers, and his voice lost none of its wonted gentleness as he replied, "Well, that *does* show an honest mind; there's at least the intention to pay—when you can."

"Of course, of course," cried Matthew, hastily.

"And now you are here," said the hunchback, "perhaps you will honour my poor house by taking your nooning with me?—some cake and a glass of sherry?"

"Nay, that were to spoil your dinner; for I know you keep early hours, and it's hard upon two already; but, if it does not put you too much out of your way, I'll take a snack with you when you sit down to dinner."

"I shall be proud of your company," said the tailor. "Excuse me, though, for a few minutes; I have some orders to give the men in the workshop."

"Oh! don't let me interfere with business," exclaimed Matthew. "Do exactly as if I were not here."

To this the hunchback only replied by one of his uncomfortable smiles, and edged off something after the fashion of a crab into his back-parlour.

"Confound the little distortion!" muttered Matthew, as the door closed upon his host; "I hardly know what to make of him to-day. Now if he has gone out only to send for one of the city-officers, meaning to pack me off to the Compter, now that he has me in the rat-trap? Oh, John Dory! John Dory! what toils, what perils do I encounter for thy sake!"

This was a wise suspicion, all things considered, and it was not a little strengthened when, through the shop-window, he saw one of the hunchback's myrmidons hurrying along like one who is bound on a business that requires no ordinary despatch.

After such a hint, it would have been no very prudent measure to have trusted implicitly to his host's smiles: out, therefore, he darted, and followed, though not too closely, the steps of the flying tailor, till he saw him enter a house with grated windows, and a huge brass plate affixed. On the latter, even at that distance, he could plainly read, "Thomas Fangs, Officer to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex,"—a proof that even in those days bailiffs had the grace to be ashamed of their vocation, and so endeavoured to cloak a foul office by a fine name. Here was "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ;" and, as if that were not enough, the tailor's man had not been in the house more than a minute when he came out again with Mr. Fangs himself in his best top-boots, a dirty, bandy-legged follower bringing up the rear of this respectable party. Off flew Matthew the instant his eye caught them, up this alley and down another, till he was fairly brought to a stand, from want of breath, at a timber-yard on the river side. By a sort of blind impulse he dashed into the yard, and finding the door of communica-

tion open between that and the house adjoining, he entered without hesitation, and scampered up stairs to the drawing-room, much to the surprise of those who were sitting about the fire-place in expectation of their dinner.

"Mr. Muchmore!" cried the lady of the mansion.

"Matthew!" exclaimed the master; "where, in the name of wonder, do you come from?—and why in this strange fashion? One would fancy you had dropt down from the clouds amongst us."

The sound of these familiar voices acted upon Matthew like cold water dashed into the face of a patient just about to go off into a fit. His alarm at tailors and bailiffs passed away in a minute; and he at once saw that he had stumbled, without knowing it, into the house of an old friend,—no other, indeed, than John Gillies, the timber-merchant. It would be difficult to say which party looked the most astonished,—Matthew, or mine host and his family; but the former, with whom bashfulness was at no time a predominant failing, soon recovered himself enough to stammer out in excuse, that, wishing to cut a most unpleasant acquaintance, he had taken refuge in the merchant's dwelling. Now this certainly was the truth, only it happened to be truth in disguise, and it passed muster very well with the frank-hearted man of deals, who invited him, since he was there, to stay and take pot-luck with the family,

"By the by," he said, "we have had an odd accident to-day, that I was angry enough about at the time, but which I am not sorry for now that I find we are to have the pleasure of your company. A fine John Dory was brought to the house about half an hour ago, and, as it was directed to Mr. Gillies, — some namesake of mine, I suppose,—the cook thought it had been sent in by me to eke out a short dinner, and without farther ceremony popped it into the fish-kettle. It was only from a few words dropped casually that I learned the mistake, and then it was too late to attempt rectifying it — the fish was nearly half-boiled; so, although somewhat against my conscience, I e'en left Master John where I found him—in hot water."

Here was a pleasant stroke of that whimsical jade, Fortune!—after having hunted John Dory all the morning to no purpose, now to stumble upon him in a place and at a time when such a thing could be least expected. The heart of Mat., therefore, leaped and was glad within him at the messenger's stupidity in consigning the precious cargo to a wrong port, and internally he vowed to make himself amends by many a precious morsel for all his previous disappointments. But "*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,*" says the proverb, and so it turned out on the present occasion.

It was past the usual dinner-hour, and the timber-merchant, having repeatedly consulted his watch at short intervals, and as often received from it a renewed assurance of the fact, began to be impatient; his wife smiled more and more languidly in answer to his increasing complaints of the cook's want of punctuality; the young ladies looked pale and dull from fasting; and when nearly half an hour had thus elapsed, and still no call came to dinner, even Matthew's previous hilarity and triumph gave way to certain unpleasant misgivings, though he, too, was silent, hiding in his bosom, as whilom did the Spartan boy, the foe that was devouring him.

At length, instead of dinner, two strangers were announced, the

one a little, thin, dapper coxcomb, in a sky-blue coat, and the other a tall, broad-shouldered varlet, with legs and arms conformable, and a bull-neck, admirably calculated for the support of the huge head that rested on it.

"That's Mr. Muchmore," cried the sky-blue individual, pointing to our friend Matthew.

"Then you must come with me," said the more rugged personage, stepping forward.

"Not so, friend," replied the merchant. "I'll be his bail, and I hardly think you'll venture to refuse it."

"Bail!" said the man, with a sardonic grin; "it's much you know of these matters. Why, it ain't bailable,—not in no court."

"Not bailable!" cried the merchant. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"You hear it now, then," said the man, "and it's I that tells you—John Holdfast; so mind, old gentleman, you remember it another time."

Before the merchant could deliver himself of the angry reply that was at his tongue's end, Mr. Breedon—for it was no other than that worthy—gracefully stepped forward, and, with as much joy in his face as if he were communicating the pleasantest news imaginable, informed him that his friend was not arrested for debt, but apprehended on a charge of high treason.

"Me!" exclaimed the astonished Matthew,—"apprehend me upon a charge of high treason! There must be some mistake!"

"That 'ere 's no consarn of mine," cried the Bow Street myrmidon. "Make the Old Bailey jury believe as much, and it may save you a ride to Tyburn."

"Are you sure that this gentleman is the person intended in your warrant?" asked the merchant, quite satisfied that his fat friend was the last person in the world to mix himself up in anything of the kind.

"You 're precious hard of belief," replied the man, with a sneer. "Read the warrant yourself."

The merchant took the sealed parchment, and seemed to scan it over and over again, his perplexity being anything but lessened by the perusal. At length he said, "The warrant bears your name, sure enough. I should not wonder if some informing scoundrel has been trumping up this ridiculous charge, in the hope of somehow or other making money of you. There is no help for it, I fear," continued the merchant. "You must needs go, and I will go with you to see that you have fair play in this matter."

For the first time in the whole course of that eventful day was Matthew false to the memory of John Dory.

The magistrate, into whose awful presence Matthew was now led, or rather dragged, was devoted, as becomes a worshipful law-dispenser, soul and body to the powers that be. Short work was made with Matthew. He was fully committed to Newgate to take his trial, with a very fair chance of being hanged, unless some *Deus ex machinâ* descended, in this the fifth and last act, to save him from the gallows.

The hours passed sadly enough with the unlucky prisoner; confused visions of rope, and John Dory, and bailiffs floated before his

troubled brain, and even his appetite failed him, though the jailor very affectionately placed before him a nice loaf of sour black bread, and a large pitcher full to the brim of Thames water. Nor were matters much mended when night came. In spite of the accommodation afforded by a bundle of somewhat musty straw, poor Matthew could not for a long time compose himself to sleep; and even when, at a late hour, his eyes at length were closed, his dreams had just the same colour as his waking fancies: they were made up of fish, bailiffs, and hangmen. In one of them he cut off his own head with his own hands, and held it up to the admiring multitude, the said head discoursing most feelingly all the time on the wisdom of eating apple-sauce with fish, and stuffing goose with parsley and red-herrings!

It was now the evening of the second day, and Mat., from want of his usual food and sleep, had grown more disconsolate than ever, when suddenly the dungeon-door opened, and Sir Frederick appeared, his finger on his lip to intimate the necessity of silence, and an expression of fear in his face, that effectually stifled the joyful exclamation that was rising to greet his presence.

"Bribery!—escape!—caution!" he whispered rapidly, and seizing Matthew's by no means unwilling hand, he led him forth from the dungeon.

At last he found himself whirled along the streets in Sir Frederick's own carriage. Then, and not till then, did he venture to ask how this wonderful escape had been contrived. Sir Frederick burst into a fit of laughter.

"My good fellow, your escape is all a hoax. I heard from Breedon what had happened — indeed, to own the truth, it was I who set him on—and immediately I went and explained all to my friend, Sir Robert Walpole, who gave me an order for your discharge. More than that, he is anxious to see you, and has invited you to dinner."

"To dinner!" sighed Matthew, for the thought of John Dory rushed full upon his memory, now that he felt himself safe, and the tears came to his eyes.

Matthew was duly introduced to the minister, and sat down to dinner with a select party of friends of both sexes. There was the welcome clatter of plates and glasses,—the delicious odour of soup from the yet uncovered tureen,—then the serving-men stepped noiselessly forward, and all the covers were simultaneously removed,—all, save one, and that one stood before Matthew. A moment's pause followed—every eye was fixed with an odd expression upon our unctuous friend, who actually gasped with expectation. His colour went and came like a young lady when first listening to a lover, or like a dying dolphin, only the simile is somewhat the worse for wear—the servant, at a sign from his master, removed the cover —and what a glorious sight!—it was—yes, it was a John Dory!—a fresh John Dory!—a plump John Dory!—fresher, plumper than that for which he had gone through so many trials! Happy, happy, happy Matthew!

THE VISION OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Of all the singular apparitions or visions that have ever been set down, the vision of Charles XII. is, perhaps, one of the most curious, and decidedly the best authenticated relation of the kind on record, depending not upon the testimony of an individual, who, from nervous excitement, or other mental morbidness, might have fancied the whole scene, and afterwards transcribed his waking dream in the glowing terms of a fanciful imagination, but upon the concurrent authority of one of the most learned and grave characters in Sweden, supported in many of his assertions by the *concierge* of the palace. The original document is still in existence, and open to the inspection of every traveller who desires to see it. The whole is clearly and concisely written, and signed by the King, his physician (Dr. Baumgardten), and the state porter. A note is attached in his Majesty's own hand-writing, stating his thorough conviction that so strange a vision must have been vouchsafed to him as a prophetic warning, and also his desire that the said document should be preserved among the State archives, in order to see whether the prediction would ever be accomplished. This note bears date some short time before Charles was killed (as well as I recollect about 1716). The complete fulfilment of the vision came to pass in 1792, above eighty-six years after its appearance. As I unfortunately did not take an exact copy of the MS. when on the spot, I can only relate it as nearly as I can remember, changing however the style of the narrative from the first to the third person.

It was a dark and gloomy night. The clock had struck ten. The ill-lighted room cast an additional gloom on the figure of Charles the Twelfth as he sat in front of a huge fire in his favourite saloon in the palace of Stockholm. Immediately in front of him, over the fire-place, was suspended the picture of his Queen, with whom, to tell the truth, he had just been disputing, and now sat in silent discontent, mentally comparing the charming form which hung before him with the now less beautiful figure of her Majesty, only breaking his sullen silence by occasionally muttering some curse on her altered temper.

When the King was in these moods he was always closely attended by his physician, Baumgardten. The re-action in a mind so buoyant as that of Charles, being proportionately dangerous, it was often feared he might commit suicide; so the doctor always remained near to him, seeking for a convenient opportunity to draw his mind back to livelier themes, to arouse him from the dreadful mental prostration to which he was subject.

On the evening in question Baumgardten had sat patiently for about an hour, alternately watching his Majesty, and the storm which was raging outside. But neither the view of the sullen monarch, nor the opposite wing of the palace, which formed the grand hall, where the state trials and similar events took place, could afford much amusement to the tired son of Æsculapius, who finding his patience begin to wear out, suddenly started up, and began pacing the room up and down, in the same manner that mariners pace the quarter-deck of a vessel at sea,

occasionally stopping at the window to look out on the black and gloomy pile of building I have mentioned.

Suddenly he started back. "Great heavens, sire!"

"Silence!" growled the King.

The doctor took two more turns across the chamber. At length he could contain himself no longer.

"What is this extraordinary appearance? Please your majesty some strange event is taking place in the hall of justice."

"Hold your tongue, sir, or I shall command you to quit the room!" replied the monarch, who felt much annoyed at these interruptions to his reverie, and which he believed arose from a mere desire to arouse him from his meditations.

The doctor paused, but after awhile curiosity got the upper hand of his better judgment, and walking up to the King, he touched him on the shoulder, and pointed to the window.

Charles looked up, and as he did so beheld to his great amazement the windows of the opposite wing brilliantly illuminated. In an instant all his gloom, his apathy vanished. He rushed to look out. The lights streamed through the small panes, illuminating all the intermediate court-yard. The shadows of persons moving to and fro were clearly discernible. The King looked inquisitively at the doctor. At first he suspected it to be a trick to entrap him from his indulgence in moodiness. He read, however, fear too legibly written in the countenance of the physician to persevere in the notion.

The King and his doctor exchanged glances of strange and portentous meaning. Charles, however, first recovered, and affecting to feel no awe, turned to Baumgardten.

"Who has dared to cause the grand hall to be lighted up?" he exclaimed; "and who are they who, without my permission, have entered it?"

The trembling physician pleaded his utter ignorance.

"Go instantly and call the state-porter hither!"

Baumgardten obeyed, and returned with the terrified menial, to whom, however, he had not communicated the reason for his being sent for; but who, nevertheless, was sadly alarmed at being summoned before his royal master at this unusual hour.

"Where is the key of the eastern wing?" demanded the King, in a voice of unsuppressed anger.

"Here, sire," replied the servitor, instantly producing it.

Charles started with surprise, but quickly recovering himself, asked, "To whom have you afforded the use of this key?"

"To none, your Majesty. It has never left my side."

"Who, then, have you given admission to?"

"To no one, sire. The doors of the eastern wing have not been opened for at least ten days."

"Could any one enter without your knowledge by a second key or entrance?"

"Impossible, sire. There are three locks to open before admission could be gained. The sentry would allow none to pass in without my accompanying them. No human being could possibly get in."

"Look there, then, and tell me the meaning of those lights?" rapidly demanded the King, who suddenly withdrew the curtain he had purposely let fall before the entrance of the *concierge*.

The poor man stared for a moment, and gasping for breath, totally

heedless of the presence of his Majesty, fell back into a chair which stood near him.

"Arise, arise; I see you have had no hand in this strange affair," added the King, in a milder tone. "Get a lantern instantly, and accompany us to this building. We will pass round through the centre of the palace. Breathe not, however, a syllable to any one; but be quick."

In five minutes more the trio were *en route*, and soon arrived at the door, which the King desired his trembling servitor to open. He did so: the brilliant light streamed upon the group. The affrighted porter instantly fled, while Charles, followed by Baumgardten, boldly stepped into the room, though his blood ran cold as he perceived it filled with a large assemblage of knights and nobles superbly arrayed, whose faces, though he saw, neither he nor Baumgardten could distinctly catch. They were all seated, as if a state-trial was going on. The high officers sat in gloomy silence, as one or two inferior officers moved noiselessly about. Presently the word "Guilty" seemed to breathe through the room. A short, a solemn pause, and a door behind a temporary scaffold opened, and three men appeared, men apparently of rank, bound and prepared for execution. They were followed by the headsman, and others bearing the block, &c. Not a word was uttered,—not a movement shook the assembled judges. The principal criminal laid down his head on the block, and the next instant it rolled from the scaffold, and actually struck the foot of Charles the Twelfth.

At this juncture every light disappeared. The King called loudly for assistance to secure the persons who had thus assembled, and committed violence beneath the royal roof. Before he had time to do so twice, the frightened porter rushed in, attended by several officers of the household, and servants bearing torches. Not a vestige of the vision remained. Everything was in its proper place. The very dust, which had been allowed to accumulate, rested on the furniture. Every door was well fastened;—scaffold, block, criminal, and judges, all were gone.

One only token remained to bear out the actual scene which had taken place: a large drop of blood had stained the stocking of the King, exactly on the spot against which the traitor's head had rolled.

The next day the record was drawn up from which this sketch is taken.

In 1792, Ankerstrom and his two principal accomplices justly suffered death for the murder of their sovereign, Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden.

THE LITTLE HORSE.

AN EQUESTRIAN EPIGRAM.

Says Paudeen (to Paddy his father), "No wonder
They say that the world is all comin' asunder!
The Queen's got a horse that rides inside a carriage!"
"Now don't, ye spalpeen, go the Queen to disparage!
And as for this horse, which is only a pony,
If I had you in sweet Tipperary, my honey,
I 'd show ye a horse, if ye got but a view of 't,
A horse—ay, as little—*as little as two of 't!*"

IN PRAISE OF PORTER.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

The Poet asserteth the surpassing excellence of nectareous porter over all other drinks *ejusdem generis*,

O Heavy Wet! thine excellence
I sing, O Heavy Wet!
Nectar of man, who, having beer,
Need envy not Olympian cheer—
On thee my soul is set!

whereof he enumerateth the chiefest in estimation, viz. Guinness's stout;

Let other British bacchanals
Imbibe the fuseous stream
Which Guinness from Eblana sends
To Christendom's remotest ends,
Turban'd with mantling cream;

Hodgson's pale India ale, the ales of Burton and Edinbro', and the Cambrian Crw:

Or, fraught with Oriental floods
Of Hodgson's bitter brewin',
Of Burton, Edinbro', or Crw,
Consign dull care and devils blue
To utter rout and ruin;

the most perfect of all being Barclay's porter, 'specially when quaffed from 'the native pewter.'

The fittest drink I stout maintain
For coppers cool or hot,
Is Porter—by the Thames's side
From Barclay's vasty vats supplied,
Pull'd from a pewter-pot!

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Getting out of bed at 12 o'clock, nothing the worse for the jollities of the past night,

When noontide Phœbus from my couch
Invites me to arouse,
Recruited by the balmy charms
Of genial Somnus' downy arms
From yesternight's carouse,

he escheweth matutinal quackeries, such as tea and toast, or soda-water;

No vile infusion of Cathay
I femininely sip,
With muffin, or of toast a bite,—
No gas-and-water bottled tight
Pollutes my waking lip;

but breakfasts substantially on slices of Yorkshire or Westphalia ham, fried,

But rasher from the brawny thigh
Of porker, deftly fried,
Which Yorkshire unexceeded yields,
Or acorn-fed from forest-fields
Of Westphaly supplied;

whose passage downward he facilitateth with reviving draughts of Barclay's porter.

Whose savoury *catabasis*
I momentar'ly cheer
With fresh'ning streams (as summer rains
Invigorate the sitient plains)
Of Barclay's blessed Beer.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

Many smokers of fair repute are wont to moisten their lips from time to time

There 's many a worthy customer,
Who, when he sits to smoke
(To counteract aridity,)
Betimes his physiognomy,
Doth in a measure poke

with brandy-and-water, hollands-and-co., sherry-and-soda, coffee, &c. &c. &c.;

Of whiskey, rum, or shrub-baptiz'd
  Schiedam, or *eau-de-vie*;
Whilst Mocha's slop by some is priz'd
And soda'd sherry not despis'd,
  Sherbet, or sangaree.

but he, having lit his clay pipe, is seized with inexpressible longing for porter,

But I, my snowy yard of clay,
  Fill'd skilfully, and fired,
With longing thirst, as vain to tell
As pilgrims for the desert well,
  For Porter am inspired.

and to pipe and pot consigned, giving full scope to the flights of reverie,

The yard of clay I calmly draw,
  The pewter-pot I drain,
Whilst visions beatifical
In reverie extatical
  Scud rife athwart my brain.

FYTTE THE FOURTH.

He execrateth the multifarious abominations of outlandish cookery,

Anathema maranatha
  Be every French *ragoût*,
Hors d'œuvre, entremet, bouilli,
Potage of griping herb, *roti*,
  And witch-concocted stew,

wherein the flesh of horses and cats is oft times subtlely employed;

Where founder'd, broken-down old hacks
  As sav'ry meat are prized,
And victims of the feline horde
Are oft presented on the board
  Right *coneyningly* disguised.

but, on arrival of the dinner-hour, repasteth on domestic fare, (making especial mention of certain fishes, and concluding with cheese,)

When summon'd to the table by
  "The tocsin of the soul,"
A cutlet, rump, or fowl with gammon,
Preceded by a cut of salmon,
  Or turbot, or fried sole,

diluted with floods of Porter.

With Stilton's crumbling mass wound up,
  In guileless, solid pride,
Adown mine unsuspecting throat
In brotherhood congenial float
  With Porter's mellow tide.

FYTTE THE FIFTH.

He addresseth Father Mathew in a somewhat angry strain,

Oh, Toby Mathew, wondrous wight!
  Thou very reverend friar!
Despite the fame illumes thy path,
My soul against thy watery wrath,
  Is fill'd with righteous ire.

conceding just praise for his suppression of whisky-drinking,

For though great good thou hast achiev'd
  'Mongst men who mock'd the law,
But now are turn'd to peaceful mood,
From tongue of flame and hand of blood,
  By scouting Usquebaugh,—

but complaining of his indiscriminating prohibition of Porter.

It needed not to interdict
  All reasonable cheer,
And leave the shamrock to expire
Of utter drought, in land of Ire
  Denouncing wholesome Beer!

FYTTE THE SIXTH.

He rapturously apostrophizeth Porter, the true source of Paradisaical felicity;

Oh, Porter! stream of Paradise!
By thee to man is given
Delight more rare than bearded Turk,
When rushing to the deathful work,
Aspires to taste in Heaven.

its virtuous influences are more potent than the Elysian spells of the Enchantress,

Thy virtues on the moral frame,
And physical alike,
With influence beyond the power
Of fam'd Armida's fairy bower
Do magically strike;

conferring the blessing of robust health on the body,

For whilst on pious votaries
They bounteously bestow
A prize far 'bove *rouleaus* of wealth,
Of muscular and lusty health
The ripe and ruddy glow,—

and raising the mind to the purest felicity.

With like beneficence they shed
On th' elevated mind,
From all anxiety secure,
"Making assurance doubly sure,"
Felicity refined.

He concludeth in the pious spirit of loyalty and universal philanthropy.

Then let us sing God save the Queen!
And Barclay—Perkins eke,
And may we never know regret
For lack of pots of heavy wet
One day throughout the week.

NOTES TO FYTTE THE FIRST.

O Heavy Wet! thy excellence.] An apostrophe far more spirited and soul-sprung than that wherewith Byron opens his celebrated lyric, "The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece," inasmuch as the object is in the one case addressed *di*rectly in the second person singular; in the other *in*directly in the third plural.

Nectar of man.] As nectar is the beverage of the supernal gods, so is porter the drink of those mortals who seek to approximate the felicity of the Olympians, "to make of earth a heaven." Who ever heard of a man metamorphosed into a fiend by potations of *porter*, whereas (not to mention the daily frightful effects of spirituous liquor) the savage Saxons, and those ferocious pirates, the Danes, considered it the height of enjoyment to swill deep and frequent potations of *ale*.

Which Guinness from Eblana sends.] Guinness is a famous brewer in Dublin (Eblana), whose stout is to be met with among every civilized people throughout the globe.

The poet frequently, when upholding the superiority of porter in convivial circles, used to quote the following lines from "An Idyl on the Battle," as affording a comprehensive catalogue of beverages much in vogue, but all of which he maintained hid their diminished heads when placed in juxta-position with his idolized drink. The versification being unfamiliar to many, I shall take the liberty of facilitating its scansion by marking each verse into its several feet.

"Ales from the | famous | towns of | Burton, | Marlbro', | Taunton;
Porter from | lordly | Thames, and | beer of | various descriptions;
Brandy of | Gallic | growth, and | rum from the | isle of Ja | maica;
Deady, and | heavy | wet, blue | ruin, | max, and Ge | neva;
Hollands that | ne'er saw | Holland, rum, | brown-stout, | perry, and | cyder;
Spir't in all | ways pre | pared, stark | naked, | hot or cold | water'd;
Negus, or | godlike | grog, flip, | lambs'-wool, | syllabub, | rumbo;
Toddy, or | punch, or | shrub, or the | much-sung | stingo of | gin-twist."

NOTES TO FYTTE THE SECOND.

When noontide Phœbus.] In the opening stanza, the "regular irregularity" of his daily life is set forth in terms of mythological embellishment, which invest the subject with a singular poetic grace. Two facts regarding his habits are clearly deducible; the one that he indulged without fail in a nocturnal carousal,—the other, that he never rose earlier than twelve o'clock. As it takes eight, or at least seven hours' sleep to "recruit" a person properly, we may likewise conclude that his couch-seeking hour was not later than five, or earlier than four in the morning.

Cathay.] China. The patriotism of the poet is here manifest in his denunciation of that unnatural beverage, tea, for which so many millions are annually abstracted from our pockets to fill those of the pig-eyed and pig-headed, rat-eating, and rat-tailed Chinese. Were the money so thrown away expended at home in the consumption of porter; and, taking it for granted that, even as it is one Englishman is a match for any three Frenchmen, how many frog-fed Mounseers could he not then dispose of?

A similar spirit of contempt for the effeminacy of tea-drinking is evinced by O'Dogherty in his ninety-seventh maxim. "Of tea I have on various occasions hinted my total scorn. It is a weak, nervous affair, adapted for the digestion of boarding-school misses, whose occupation is painting roses from the life, practising quadrilles, strumming on the instrument, and so forth."

On the use of soda-water here condemned, as on that of bacon lauded in the following stanza, I allow that many opinions exist. I have more than once heard the father of the Irish bar boast his utter innocence of two acts, which he held in deepest abhorrence, viz. drinking soda-water, or tasting swine's flesh. And I fully appreciate the soundness of his self-gratulation; for the first I have ever regarded as an abominable compost, ever since the day that some of it being spilled on one of my boots speedily burned a hole through the leather; and, as to hogs'-flesh, with the exception of Westphalian ham, it is fit food only for the great unwashed. On soda-water, as it has its patrons, one word more. Its use is disapproved of by the ladies. If you *must* have some gaseous waking-drink, let it be *ginger-beer*, qualified with rum or brandy, the former (*crede experto*) is the better.

Whose savoury catabasis.] For the benefit of such readers as do not profess an acquaintance with the Greek tongue, I beg to mention that the word *cat*abasis signifies *de*scent, in the same manner as *an*abasis does *a*scent. The derivation of these words is curious, and was, I confess, unknown to me, until lately communicated by an eminent philologist. There lived at Athens, in the time of Pisistratus, a wealthy and powerful man of Scythian extraction, whose name was Abasis. He had two daughters, of singular beauty and accomplishments, the objects of universal admiration, and on his death he bequeathed to them immense fortunes. The one, by a virtuous and prudent bearing, rose higher and higher every year in the estimation of the Athenians till she finally attained to unexampled influence in the city. But the other, through extravagances and improprieties, retrograded in a like proportion, till she sunk into the depths of indigence and ignominy. Hence their names became "household words," that of Ann Abasis, the elder and discreeter of the two, being used to personify a progressive exaltation in good; and that of the other sister, Catherine, or Cat Abasis, a fall into the abyss of evil. The words, in course of time, came to be employed in a more unrestricted sense, *e. g.* Xenophon's Anabasis, &c. &c.

NOTE TO FYTTE THE FOURTH.

When summoned to the table, &c.]

"That tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell."—Byron.

Among a host of excellences it is difficult to make a selection; but perhaps of the entire poem this and the succeeding stanza are more pregnant with exquisite matter than any other. While the poet, led away by the warmth of his feelings, enters into a wide and varied field, replete with the choicest flowers and sweetest thoughts, it is to be remarked how beautifully he has preserved the harmony of design by making them all subservient to his great object, the praise of Porter, without which all the excellences he has introduced would be shorn of their effect. This, as Horace tells us, is the true art of poetry. What a throng of moving images appear in a small space! rising in rapid succession like the apparitions in

Macbeth, a scene which the poet must have had in mind; for, like them, they are seven in number, and, like them, each overpowering, in a separate and peculiar way, the senses of the beholder. "Cutlet," "rump," "fowl," "gammon," "salmon," "turbot," "sole." Here he stops for a moment, as if fearful of the effects he might produce on the excited imagination of the reader, did he not, by bringing the stanza to a close at this peculiar spot, give breathing-time to observe how gracefully he descends from his circling height in the ensuing line:

"With Stilton's crumbling mass wound up."

And then the finishing of the fytte with the glorious picture of all things floating in harmony upon the mellow tide. What is there in Byron's apostrophe to the ocean that equals this? Nothing.

N.B. "Never take lobster-sauce to salmon; it is mere 'painting of the lily.' The only true sauce for salmon is vinegar, mustard, cayenne pepper, and parsley." —MAXIM TWENTY-SIXTH.

NOTE TO FYTTE THE FIFTH.

Land of Ire,] poeticé for Ireland. Hannibal is now proved to have understood the use of gunpowder, and the ancient Egyptians that of steam-engines, and the art of brewing. It is also beyond doubt that brewing was well known to the Scythians, with a colony of whom, the ancient Irish, perished the knowledge of one of the sublimest mysteries ever known to man, — the art of making heath-beer from the blossoms of the heath-plant. And this was the manner of its loss: The Danes on their invasion found (to use the words of the chronicler) "amonge the famylys of the chiefetaynes a most sweete savoured and cunnynge drinke." The secret of its manufacture was so highly prized, that it was kept strictly confined to the chief of one particular tribe and his eldest son, the persons employed in making it being invariably put to death on the completion of their task, like the slaves who performed the office of sextons for Alaric. Phelim Olladh Oge, who was the possessor of the secret shortly before the reign of Brian Boru, was one of the most warlike and strenuous adversaries of the Danes, but was at length defeated in a bloody battle, and taken prisoner, together with his only son. On being brought before the Danish leader, they were offered their lives on condition of revealing the mystery of the heath-beer. For many days they stedfastly refused to do so; but at length, as narrated by Dalton in his records, "the sayde Phelim did feyne to consente unto theyre wishes, on condition that they wolde fyrste putte hys sonne to dethe before hys eyes, whiche beyng presently done, he clapped hys handis with delite, and mockit them grately, saying, 'Doe unto me as ye liste; lo, the yuthe is dedde, and there is none that remayns to tell.' Whereatte the kynge, chokeynge with rage did slaye hym strately with hys own hande."

That the ancient Germans also knew how to produce this liquor is proved by Tacitus. "Potui humor ex hordeo aut frumento in quamdam similitudinem vini corruptus." *De moribus Germanorum*, sec. xxiii. See also Pliny, lib. xiv. c. 22.

The Egyptians (of whose acquaintance with the art of brewing mention has been made above) ascribed the invention of beer to Osiris, whom they venerated nearly as much as Bacchus. They called it "zethum," and considered it little inferior to wine. See Diodorus, lib. i. pp. 17 and 31; Herodotus, lib. ii. c. 77.

The classical reader will recollect the passage in the Anabasis, in which Xenophon encounters a race of beer-drinkers in Armenia. "Their houses were under ground, the entrance like the mouth of a well, but spacious below. The inhabitants entered by means of ladders; but the way for their cattle was dug down, so as to enable them to walk in as on an inclined plane. In these abodes were goats, oxen, birds, and their young. The cattle were fed on fodder; and we found among them wheat, and barley, and pulse, and a *wine made from barley*, which is kept in jars; and there were reeds at hand, large and small, and when they would drink they applied the reeds to the jars and sucked up the liquor, which was of great strength, unless when mixed with water. We found it a most delightful drink. Their tables were covered with lamb, pork, kid, and veal, with great plenty of wheaten bread; and when the health of a friend was to be drunk they repaired to a jar, and applying their mouths to the reeds, sucked in a bending posture like as the ox drinketh, and thus satisfied their desire."

SECOND STAGE OF

MR. LEDBURY'S GRAND TOUR.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE bright sun was shining as impudently as he well might into the double-bedded room occupied by our travellers at Boulogne, when Mr. Ledbury arose the next morning from his slumbers. It is true his dreams of anticipated pleasure had been somewhat prematurely disturbed by Jack Johnson's singular love of harmony. This vivacious gentleman, always wide awake, and on the present occasion extra vigilant, had been indulging since five o'clock in an extemporaneous vocal and instrumental concert, as he lay in bed,—vocal, as regarded his execution of several new and popular comic songs, which would have frightened John Parry into fits, but were withal very diverting,—and instrumental, from the introduction of a solo on his pocket-comb enveloped in a piece of newspaper, on which he was imitating the cornet-à-piston, and performing an intricate air, which he termed "Hallelujah upside down."

They were not long in completing their toilet; and having locked their carpet-bags, and bolted their breakfast, they walked down to the office of the diligence in the Rue de l'Ecu, a quarter of an hour before the time of starting. There was a bustling throng of people, speaking every language ever known, round the *bureaux* of the rival conveyances; and Mr. Ledbury was all astonishment. Indeed, the lumbering form of the vehicles, the motley crowd of passengers, the costume of the postilions and *conducteurs*, and the running accompaniment of extraordinary oaths, and apparently violent altercations, without which the French can never do anything, and which are peculiarly in force during the lading of a diligence, — all these things together formed a scene so thoroughly novel and continental, that minds less reflective than Mr. Ledbury's would have been interested in observing them.

Their places had been taken in the *banquette*, that being the most agreeable as well as the cheapest part of the diligence; and Jack Johnson had rushed into a shop as they came along, and purchased a bottle of *cognac*, and also one of *vin ordinaire* for their especial solace on the road. When their names were called over, he climbed up to his perch by a series of violent gymnastic exertions; and then, taking the bottles from Mr. Ledbury, and stowing them away under the seat, he assisted his friend in the ascent to the summit, which was not accomplished until he had several times lost his footing, and still clinging to the strap, had swung about in the air like a samphire-gatherer.

At last the reading of the list of travellers was concluded, and the passengers were secured in the diligence,—the luggage-tarpaulin had been strained as tight as a drum, — the postilion contrived to collect about fifty reins, more or less, in one hand from all the six horses,— the *conducteur* first threw up his *portefeuille*, and then himself, and the huge machine moved on. Then Jack Johnson put himself into pantomimic attitudes, expressive of deep affection towards all the females he perceived at the windows; and even Mr. Ledbury, becoming rather joyous and excited, nodded familiarly to strange people in the street, and then, frightened at his temerity, drew back into a corner of the *banquette*, blushing deeply. After that, Jack Johnson asked the *conducteur* if he would favour him with the loan of his horn to play Mal-

brook with the chill off; and, on receiving it, performed a wild *concerto* thereon which was very effective,—especially the note of savage defiance that he blew at a *gen-d'arme* who was standing at the corner of the Grande Rue, and whose mustachios nearly curled up into the corners of his eyes with indignation at the affront.

These diversions lasted until they got out of the town, and were fairly upon the road, when the *conducteur* lighted his pipe, and the postilion began to hum a song, which appeared to have neither tune, sense, beginning, nor end, but with which, nevertheless, he seemed greatly delighted, especially a part which he repeated an indefinite number of times, and which ran thus, as well as Johnson could catch it:—

"Dhliou! dhliou! dhliou! dhliou!
Le postillon de Ma'am Ablou,
C'est un rusé loup-garou,
Hi! hi! hi! 'cr-r-r-ré nom de Dieu!"

At every village they passed, where there were any French words written up on the houses or shops, Mr. Ledbury pulled out a pocket-dictionary to learn the translation of the words; and when they stopped to change horses, Jack invariably imbibed some of the wine to the health of the natives who were loitering about the diligence, and then treated them with a song,—now expressive of some particular pilot, who upon a fearful night persisted in ordering a refractory passenger to go down below, instead of pacing the deck,—and anon describing his feelings of affection towards a certain ancient and courageous oak standing in his pride without a companion,—after which outpourings of merriment he generally appeared considerably relieved. Mr. Ledbury was much delighted at this exhibition of his friend's talents; and equally seized with admiration at the ingenuity of the postilion, who, upon approaching Montreuil, contrived to guide the diligence through an archway half its size and height.

Between two and three o'clock they rumbled through the streets of Abbeville, and finally stopped at the principal hotel, where the greater part of the travellers descended to dine; and Mr. Ledbury prepared to follow their example, getting down from the *banquette* with much caution, like a bear from the top of his pole at the Zoological Gardens, after he has been indulged with a bun by an intrepid little boy. Jack Johnson adopted a more rapid mode of egress, and descended over the *conducteur's* seat, somewhat after the fashion of the clown in a pantomime from the first-floor window of a lodging-house into which he had intruded.

"I suppose we shall dine here," Mr. Ledbury ventured to observe, as soon as he found himself firmly on his legs.

"I suppose we shall do no such thing," replied Jack. "No, no,—too dear!—three francs a-head for four courses of nothing, and no dessert! Do you know how they make the soup at a travelling *table-d'hôte*?"

Mr. Ledbury confessed his ignorance.

"Well, then," continued Johnson, "they boil all the bones of the day before in equal parts of hot water and lamp-oil, and serve it up with the bread that the horses couldn't eat. That 's what makes the French pigs so like greyhounds!"

"What!—the soup?"

"No—the want of it. That which we give our pigs in England they make soup of here. *Potage*, you know, is the French for hog-wash."

"Law!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury; and he was about to look out the word in his dictionary, when Johnson diverted his attention by saying,

"Come along with me; — I'll show you a dodge to get something to eat."

Pushing through the crowd of beggars that encircled the diligence, Jack entered a neighbouring shop, where he purchased a raised pie; then dragging Ledbury after him, who became exceedingly nervous if he left his side for an instant, entered a small *café* on the other side of the way, where several French passengers, chiefly inmates of the *rotonde*, were solacing themselves with bread, fruit, *bière de Mars*, *eau sucrée*, and other exciting and substantial refreshments. Seating themselves at an unoccupied table, Johnson ordered a bottle of *vin ordinaire* at sixteen sous "for the good of the house," as he termed it; in consideration of which "the house" furnished them in return with knives and forks, or rather French complications of stained wood and cast-iron intended for those implements.

"Now, you see, we are dining for one quarter of what we should have paid at the hotel," said Johnson.

"The pie is certainly very good," observed Mr. Ledbury, looking with a searching glance through his spectacles into the interior of it; "but I cannot exactly ascertain what it is made of."

"That's the great advantage of French cookery," replied Johnson; "you never know what anything is you eat. When we get to Paris, I'll take you to dine at a house celebrated for their mode of dressing cats."

"You don't mean to say they eat cats?" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury, opening his mouth with terror and surprise, until it formed a round O.

"If you always look so when you are astonished," said Jack, "you would be worth your weight in gentles to a fisherman, if it was only to be kept in a perpetual fright, and then sent running about with your mouth open to catch bluebottles."

"But do they really eat such dreadful food?" inquired Ledbury, in a confidential manner.

"Why not?" replied Jack Johnson, with a look of imperturbable innocence. "You will have learned to eat anything by the time you get back again. I never knew how nice cats were until I came to Paris. You would be surprised to see how well they jug."

"I must leave everything to you," murmured Mr. Ledbury, with an air of resignation. "I am quite at your mercy; and if I must be made sick or poisoned, your will is my law."

Whatever the pie was made of, it had the effect, in conjunction with the sixteen-sous' wine, of lulling our friends into a perfect complacency of feeling towards themselves and everybody else, when they retook their places in the *banquette*, including the *conducteur*, who had also dined at Abbeville, and was disposed to be equally friendly. He spoke English very well, and told them about all sorts of strange occurrences that had taken place on the road, whilst he had been connected with the diligence, some of which he had related so often, that he actually believed them to be true. However, they had the effect of beguiling time; and, as Jack Johnson never allowed himself to be outdone, he

also told some extraordinary stories; so that the journey passed very pleasantly on all sides.

As evening approached, and darkness gradually stole over the bare and expansive tract of country on each side of them, the conversation became less animated, and, under the combined influence of travelling, weariness, eating, and drinking, our two friends bethought themselves of trying to catch a little slumber. The *conducteur* routed out two or three sheepskins from under the seat of the *banquette*, which proved very acceptable, as the evening air was rather chilly. Mr. Ledbury shrank into a corner of the vehicle, and, taking off his spectacles, shut his eyes by main force, and fell into the monomania usually attendant upon night-travelling, of endeavouring to make himself think that he was going to sleep. Mr. Johnson, on the contrary, crept over the back of the seat under the luggage-tarpaulin, and, by changing the positions of sundry boxes and portmanteaus, cleared a space sufficient for him to recline in nearly at full length, wedging himself in with stray carpet-bags, and using a sheepskin as a coverlid. When he had arranged himself to his satisfaction, and lighted his pipe, he called out,—

"Halloo, Leddy, how are you getting on?"

"I am very comfortable, thank you," replied his companion, sorry to find that he himself was not asleep. "How are you?"

"Oh! all right—look here."

"You seem very strangely situated," cried Mr. Ledbury, peering into the space behind, wherein all he could see were Jack Johnson's boots up in the air, and a glow-worm-looking light where his head was, half concealed by a hamper. "I should think that was a very uneasy position," he observed.

"Not at all—beautiful!" replied Jack. "I've never been used to a bed. We had a small house, and a large family at home, and I never got promoted higher than the back-parlour sofa, except when I was very little, on tub-nights, and then I occupied the top-shelf of the nursery-wardrobe. Good night, old fellow!"

The *conducteur* here commenced another anecdote; but finding, after a short time, that he received no answer to his queries, and heard no expressions of admiration at the marvellous points in his narrative, he at length desisted, and drawing his fur cap over his eyes and ears, began himself to nod, until the necessity of paying the postilion at the next *relai* aroused him from his fitful dreams.

It was now night. The sky was clear, and myriads of stars were twinkling with frosty brightness in its deep blue vault, barely illuminating the long sweeping outlines of hill and plain that stretched out on either side of the road, where the formal rows of tall spare trees permitted an occasional glimpse of the country beyond. Here and there a solitary farm-house betrayed its locality by the glimmering light from its windows; but, with this exception, there were few tokens of habitations between the villages on the route, the highway everywhere preserving its straight, unbroken regularity; and in the villages themselves there was little appearance of life. A single lantern was generally displayed at the *messageries*, and two or three yawning figures, clumping about in their wooden shoes, helped the postilion and *conducteur* to change the horses; then all again became quiet, nothing breaking the silence of night but the rumbling of the diligence over the rough pavement, the conversation which the driver

was continually carrying on with his horses, and the monotonous jangling of the bells on their head-pieces and bearing-reins. As the vehicle, about the middle of the night, entered the market-square of Beauvais, every part of the large city was as noiseless as the grave. The very lamps hung across the streets appeared to be thinking about going to sleep; and the weary passengers, most of whom had enveloped their heads in travelling-caps of a shape and fashion which one only observes in a night-diligence, turned out to see what time it was by their watches, with the assistance of the gleaming lantern in front of the *coupé*; and, finding it much earlier than they expected, snored a few expressions of discontent to themselves, and with their eyes half shut blundered back to their places, to the great annoyance of the people who sat next the door.

Everything must, however, come to an end, whether it be a long night, a dull comedy, or one of Thalberg's solos at a morning concert; and about five in the morning our travellers stopped to breakfast at a road-side inn, which a glaring blue board with gold letters raised to the dignity of "POSTE AUX CHEVAUX." Everybody looked extremely owlish as they turned out for coffee; and a hasty toilet, without soap, in a pie-dish, did not much improve them. Jack Johnson preferred a good dashing ablution in the horse-trough, which he cleaned out and pumped full again for the occasion; but it was not without great perseverance that he prevailed upon Mr. Ledbury to do the same, for it was terribly chilly; yet they felt much refreshed after it, and looked quite ruddy and blooming. It was hardly light now, so they did not care particularly about the graces, but sat down to the coffee and dry toast with as great a relish as if they had been under the hands of a *coiffeur* for half an hour.

In twenty minutes they were again *en route;* and now Jack quitted his roosting-place amongst the baggage, and resumed his old position in the *banquette.* As they neared St. Denis, the villages approximated closer to each other, and when they arrived at that city the inhabitants were beginning to stir themselves; for the French, generally speaking, are an early people, both in getting up and going to bed.

"Have you quite made up your mind where we are to go when we get to Paris?" inquired Mr. Ledbury.

"Not quite," replied Johnson. "The Hôtel Corneille, in the Place de l'Odeon, would be our mark; but I think they would recollect me. I have not been there since I committed suicide."

"Did what!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury, starting with a nervous jump to the other end of the seat, and not quite certain whether or no Jack Johnson was a ghost.

"Asphyxiated myself, you know, with charcoal," replied Jack. "I was living with a fellow named Davis, who was studying, as he called it, at the Hôtel Dieu, and the carnival had run away with all our money. Davis was a young gentleman whom his father had 'found out;' an exceedingly jolly chick, but too jolly by half for his governor, who kept him very short of tin; and, as I was not better off myself, we found ourselves at the end of the month in a state of insolvency."

"How very dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury, pathetically; "and in a foreign country, without friends or resources!"

"Ah!—wasn't it bad? Well, we could not pay our rent at the hotel, so we agreed to flit, gradually moving all our things away, and shooting the moon to a friend's lodging in the Rue de la Harpe."

Mr. Ledbury, having but a very confused notion of the lunar sporting in question, merely ventured to ask, "How did you contrive to do so?"

"Oh! very well," replied Johnson. "We wore six shirts and three pairs of trowsers at once. Socks did not trouble us much; for the washerwoman had beaten them all away at the tops and bottoms until they were merely bands round the ankles. We put our shaving-tackle and small effects in our Wellington-boots, and carried them out in our hands, under pretence of getting them mended. When we had cleared everything, Davis packed them up, and then we tossed which should stay at the hotel, to prevent suspicion, whilst the other got away. It fell to me, and I committed suicide. You don't know what a *four du charbon* is?"

Mr. Ledbury confessed his inability to form an idea.

"It is a small French fire-place, like an anatomical preparation of a flower-pot with a false bottom. I filled mine with burning charcoal, and when the vapour had spread about enough to choke anybody, I rung the bell, shut the window, and threw myself upon the bed in the attitude of an untrussed fowl."

"But you had really no intention of killing yourself?" asked Mr. Ledbury.

"Will you oblige me by repeating that question?" replied Jack Johnson. "Did I mean to kill myself? Oh! yes, certainly; I should rather think I did!" and he raised his hand to the level of his nose, and appeared playing an imaginary *cornet-à-piston* with his fingers. "When the *garçon* came into the room," he continued, "he bawled out for the master of the house, who threw a basin of water over me, and rapidly brought me round. I told a sad tale about my companion having robbed me of my little all, and created such a sensation that I think they would have lent me fifty francs had I wished it. The excitement soon passed away, for the French are always up to their games in that line, and that afternoon I walked out of the hotel, and took the diligence to Boulogne, where Davis waited for me."

"But was not all this very dishonest?" asked Mr. Ledbury.

"Very, indeed," replied Jack Johnson, sighing; "I can assure you the recollection of it has cost me many bitter moments—very many."

And he looked very much indeed as if it had.

About half-past seven the diligence stopped at the barrier, and one of the patrols of the *octroi*, in dark-green clothes, with a sword in his girdle, mounted into the *banquette*, and took his place by their side, much to Mr. Ledbury's terror, having been informed by Jack Johnson that some one of the passengers would certainly be taken prisoner at the end of the journey. The diligence then crossed the Boulevards, not particularly lively at this time of the morning, and rumbling down the Rue de Grenelle, finally entered the archway of Laffitte's *Messageries Générales*, in the Rue St. Honoré, where the passengers descended, and the *douanier* commenced the almost nominal process of looking at their luggage.

"What does this man want my keys for?" inquired Ledbury, as the officer spoke to him in a dialect half English, half French.

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Johnson, assuming an air of fright. "You don't mean to say he wants your keys!"

"Yes, I do," replied Ledbury, growing very nervous. "What 's it for?"

"You are suspected of carrying secret dispatches, then!" replied Johnson. "You hav'n't — no — you can't have taken advantage of coming with me to tamper with the Government! What papers have you?"

"Nothing," answered Ledbury, "but some Penny Magazines."

"That's it, then!" said Johnson. "Good heavens! how could you be so imprudent as to bring a Penny Magazine into France? They saw them at the Boulogne custom-house, and have telegraphed the intelligence to Paris. We shall be sent to the Bastile!"

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Ledbury in acute horror, as the man reclosed his carpet-bag, and gave him the key, telling Johnson in French that he could go when he pleased.

"What does he say?" demanded Mr. Ledbury, anxiously.

"That we are in extreme peril," replied Johnson. "He adds, that we must go to the Hôtel de l'Etoile du Nord, and there await the prefect of police. How could you think of bringing a Penny Magazine into France, when you knew it contained a picture of herring-curing at Yarmouth?"

"I did not mean anything—upon my honour I did not!" cried Ledbury, energetically. "I never knew what herrings had to do with the French government."

"It is now too late," said Johnson, mysteriously; "our doom is sealed, and here comes one of the government cabs to convey us."

A *citadine* rattled into the yard, and Jack thrust Mr. Ledbury in just as he was about to appeal to the passengers of the diligence. Then getting in after him, they drove off to the Quai St. Michel, where the hotel was situated which Johnson meant to patronize; nor did he undeceive his companion, with respect to the treasonable conveyance of the Penny Magazine, until he had amused himself immensely with his extreme fright.

Having chosen a pleasant room on the fourth floor, with a cheerful view of the Morgue on the other side of the river, and the towers of Notre Dame to the right, our travellers refreshed themselves with a comfortable breakfast and a warm bath, and then made their toilette. Mr. Ledbury carefully unpacking his clothes, and having burnt his Penny Magazines — the mere sight of which gave him a nervous twitching,—he arrayed himself in such garments as he thought would be calculated to impress the Parisians with an idea of his style; including a waistcoat which had been amazingly admired at an evening party at Hackney, and a pair of very severe short Wellington boots. When this process was completed they sallied forth, Jack Johnson acting as guide,— a situation which he filled very well, from his perfect knowledge of the localities of Paris.

A plan is laid down in some of the itineraries for seeing Paris in a week; but Mr. Ledbury, under the auspices of his friend, very nearly made the tour in a day. Jack Johnson was one of the true "push-along-keep-moving" school; he first rushed through the Palais Royal, and then up the Rue Vivienne to the Boulevards; next he took an omnibus to Père la Chaise, and having whirled Ledbury through the cemetery, and showed him the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, he dragged him to the Place de la Bastile, and then drove in a cab to the Louvre; from this, he gallopaded rather than walked through the Tuileries and up the Champs Elysées; and, having pulled Mr. Ledbury to the top of the Arc de l'Etoile, and allowed him five

minutes to see the view, he bolted down again, crossed the river to the Invalides, and finally stopped to rest in the Gardens of the Luxembourg; where Mr. Ledbury, to use Jack's phrase, appeared "completely circumslogdollagized" with what he had seen; and had a very indefinite notion whether he was upon his head or his heels.

"Now I'll tell you what we'll do," said Johnson, as soon as he found breath to speak. "We will dine outside the Barrière du Mont Parnasse, and finish the evening at one of the *guinguettes*."

"But is it not Sunday?" observed Mr. Ledbury; a vague idea to that effect just striking him.

It certainly was—although there were few evidences of the fact. All the shops and *cafés* were wide open, the click of billiard-balls and rattling of dominoes issuing from the latter: music sounded in most of the streets, which were thronged with well-dressed people; and the bills of the various theatres against the walls all offered superior attractions. The students had donned their best grey trowsers, and the *grisettes* their prettiest caps. In fact, all looked as gay and cheerful as well might be.

Having rested themselves for a short time, they passed through the gardens, and crossing the Boulevart du Mont Parnasse, arrived at the barrier. Here an amusing scene presented itself. The entire length of the street was thronged with holiday-keepers: the windows were all open, and from each of them quadrille-bands were pouring forth their harmonies; swings and roundabouts were revolving on either side of the way with singular pertinacity; images of plaster were stuck up to be shot at from cross-bows at four shots for a sou: perambulating kitchens, for the sale of *goffres*, *gallettes*—the never-satiating *gallette* of the *grisettes* and their admirers,—and fried potatoes, sent abroad enticing odours to the hungry; delicious melons at ten sous each were lying about upon the ground for sale; whilst conjurers, fortune-tellers, and soldiers, pure idle "*tourlorous*," completed the motley throng.

Elbowing their way through the crowd, they arrived at a large building, on whose front was inscribed:—

"TONNELIER

AU SALON DES 200 COUVERTS."

They entered the hall, and ascending the stairs, took possession of one of those small rooms entirely appropriated in Paris to eating, drinking, and philandering. Here Jack Johnson ordered dinner, and whilst it was getting ready they amused themselves by looking out of the window into the gardens, where a quadrille-band was playing, and a large assemblage of young people dancing. Suddenly Johnson darted from his companion, nearly dragging off the table-cloth and everything upon it in his anxiety to get out; and then flying down stairs into the gardens, Mr. Ledbury beheld him, to his astonishment, offering a series of intense bows and salutes to a little black cap, with crimson ribbons, that enclosed a very pretty face.

"Bless me!" thought Ledbury: "he is going to bring a young French lady up here!"

Hereat he pulled up his collar, wiped his spectacles, and brushed his fingers through his short hair to improve his appearance, wondering all the time who it could possibly be.

His conjectures were cut short by Johnson's return with the young lady on his arm, whom he formally introduced as Mademoiselle Aimée. Upon which Mr. Ledbury made a polite bow, and got as far as "*J'ai le plaisir*," where he stuck fast, and then, not knowing what to do, blew his nose, and knocked a crumb off the table-cloth.

The new-comer was a perfect specimen of the Parisian *grisette*—small, but perfect in figure, with chestnut hair lying in smooth bands upon her fresh cheeks, and dark eyes that almost spoke, so eloquent was their expressión. A very becoming, yet withal exceedingly common shawl, was thrown over her shoulders in a manner only to be accomplished by a Frenchwoman; and her small foot was set off by an equally inimitable *chaussure*, without the least speck of dirt upon it, although the back boulevards are not the cleanest thoroughfares in the world. Her gown was made of some cheap fabric, yet with a style and perfection of fit that would have raised the envy of any English milliner, and her gloves were equally faultless. How this *tournure* is kept up upon thirty sous a day—the usual wages of the *grisette*,—we do not correctly understand; it was not until we discovered so many shops for the sale of little jean *brodequins* and black silk mittens in the neighbourhood of the Ecole de Médecine and Sorbonne that we could at all draw an inference with respect to this singular fact of foreign domestic economy.

"Do you know the young lady?" asked Ledbury, when the confusion of introduction had subsided.

"Rather!" replied Johnson, taking her hand in a most familiar manner, and putting it upon his own, which proceeding caused her to smile. "She is a very old friend. I used frequently to dance with her last year."

"She is very good-looking," observed Mr. Ledbury, "and has excellent teeth."

"I believe you," returned Jack; "regular mineral ones, as good as the sets on black velvet outside dentist's doors."

"Que dit-il?" asked Aimée, appealing to Johnson.

"Que tu es bien belle, ma mie," was the reply.

Dinner now appeared, and the trio took their seats at the table. The young lady did the honours with becoming grace. Jack Johnson acted as interpreter, and tossed for a bottle of champagne with Ledbury, who of course lost; but nevertheless drank his share, and after the third glass grew quite hilarious, and entered into a long oration upon the charms of female society.

"I wish I spoke French, Jack," observed our friend.

"You 'll soon learn it," said Johnson; "never be afraid to try."

"*I spik Angleesh!*" exclaimed Aimée, divining the subject of the conversation with the usual perception of a foreigner wishing to be agreeable. "I spik Angleesh—rosbif—God-dam—portare-beer."

"Bravo!" cried Ledbury, quite enchanted. "How 's your mother?"

"*Yes*," returned the girl, with a pretty smile.

The dinner passed off in the most pleasant manner; and then, as they had commenced lighting up the gardens, the party descended, and took their seats at one of the small tables which were placed round the space enclosed for dancing, Johnson ordering a bottle of wine at twelve sous—the ordinary outside-the-barrier price.

Our own Vauxhall, as it now exists—and we hope after so many

false alarms it will continue to do so—is infinitely superior in the *coup d'œil* of brilliancy and extent to any of the *guinguettes* of Paris; but it lacks the style of company that raises all the continental amusements so far above our own. Place the ordinary frequenters of Vauxhall, with their unmeaning, noisy mirth, in the gardens of the Barrière du Mont Parnasse, and they would sink below notice; but, transfer the spirit and gaiety—the students and *grisettes*,—the *cabinets particuliers*, and general arrangement of the Chaumière and places of its class to Vauxhall, and a fête would take place to which even the gorgeous festivities of the Arabian nights would yield in attraction. And yet, with all their licence, a female might go alone to any of the French dancing-gardens, without the slightest chance of insult.

The lights, the music, and the general excitement, aided by the wine, had such an effect upon Mr. Ledbury that he began to talk French to the waiters, and poke Johnson in the ribs, with an expression of sly humour; he being, to use his friend's expressive phrase, "hit under the wing, so that he couldn't fly."

At length the band struck up one of Labitsky's beautiful waltzes, and Johnson led Aimée into the circle. Emboldened to a singular degree, Mr. Ledbury thought he would attempt a waltz as well; and after being refused a dozen times in succession by as many different *belles*, at last prevailed on a lady to be his partner. It may be presumed that the performance which ensued was one of a novel and extraordinary kind. He rushed round and round the lady, like a cork in a whirlpool; and at last completely lost his equilibrium and fell down, dragging his partner with him. A roar of laughter arose from the spectators; and Johnson, not without some difficulty, succeeded in drawing him out of the ring, for, truth to tell, he was becoming rather obstreporous.

This event, however, soon blew over; and they had enjoyed themselves for about an hour and a half, when a circumstance occurred which somewhat spoilt their amusements. A gentleman with a light *paletot* and long dark hair,—a clean original of the dirty copies that flit about the Haymarket,—after dancing opposite to Johnson in one of the sets, came up to Aimée, and asked her hand for the next, accompanying his request by a most winning bow and smile. Now it is perfectly allowable at a *guinguette* to address any young lady without an introduction, in a polite manner, provided she be sitting by herself; but if she is in company with a gentleman etiquette obliges you to ask his permission. In the present instance this courtesy was dispensed with, and Johnson seeing Aimée hesitating and undecided as to what she ought to do, answered somewhat shortly,

"Monsieur, mademoiselle ne danse pas avec les étrangers."

The student, for such he appeared to be, took no notice of the reply; but, with a glance at Johnson which savoured somewhat of contempt, again addressed Aimée, saying, coolly,

"Veux-tu danser avec moi, mon ange?"

"I have told you, monsieur," said Johnson, horribly nettled at this last speech, and his taking the liberty to *tutoyer* in the most intimate manner, "that this lady is engaged. At all events, she will not dance with you."

The intruder muttered a broken sentence, in which the words "*cochon*," "*Anglais*," and "*sacré*," were very perceptible. At last he

came in such unpleasant proximity to Aimée, that Johnson pushed him back with his elbow, exclaiming, "Va-t-en, canaille!"

The student with the rapidity of lightning caught up a glass of *vin ordinaire* from the table, and dashed the contents in Johnson's face, who returned the compliment by planting a well-aimed blow on his adversary's chest. He reeled back against another small table, which he upset, falling himself amidst the bottles, glasses, and empty coffee-cups that were upon it.

"There will be the devil's own row!" cried Johnson to Ledbury. "Keep close to me, and look out!"

The strife attracted the attention of the bystanders, and the table was immediately surrounded by students; whilst a confused clatter arose from everybody vociferating at once, to which Babel was a dead silence. Completely hemmed in by young Frenchmen, Johnson perceived that he and his friend would have little chance in a struggle. Mr. Ledbury suddenly became a prodigy of valour; he seized two empty bottles by their necks, one in each hand; and jumping on to the table, whirled them about with his long arms like the sails of a windmill, without however committing any act of aggression.

The student who had first provoked the quarrel, and who had now recovered his feet, sprang upon Johnson like a tiger, and endeavoured to drag him down. But he had met with a little more than his match. Unless a Frenchman can kick your shins, or stick his fingers into your eyes, he has little power to overcome you. Johnson knew that; and, closing in quickly, he caught him round the waist, and again threw him heavily upon the ground. In a minute seven or eight of his friends crowded round Johnson with the intention of hustling him; nor was he able to get them off, until Mr. Ledbury jumped down from the table plump amongst them, with an impetus that knocked two down, whirling the bottle about like a wild Indian in a show performing a war-dance. There would now have been in all probability an awkward row, had not the municipal guards in attendance marched up to the spot, and broken through the ranks of the rioters. The instant Johnson caught sight of their helmets approaching he informed Ledbury of the fact, and darted away. His companion, however, was too much lost in the excitement of the fray, and the wine he had imbibed, to understand him, and in another instant he was somewhat surprised to find himself forcibly seized by two awful-looking soldiers, armed to the teeth.

Explanation was of no use, and if it had been, he could not give it. Half-bewildered, he fell a passive captive into their hands; for as somebody was to be taken into custody, of course the Englishman was the victim. Marching between their bayonets, he left the garden, and was conducted through the barriers into the city before he knew clearly what had taken place; and after a brief interview with the sergeant at the guard-house of the *arrondissement*, the unfortunate Mr. Ledbury found himself the inmate of a cell in a French police-office — a prisoner and alone!"

THE BOAR-HUNT.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

I HAD heard so much of this exciting sport, I was so anxious to partake of the inspiring influence of this noble chase, that I was up and dressed a full hour too soon, awaiting Charles Fitzroy, who had agreed to come over and breakfast with me previous to starting, the powerful exercise we were about to undergo requiring the stamina-conferring preparation of a good meal. At the appointed time my friend arrived. Never had I seen him in such high spirits. After a few moments' pause he confided to me the cause of his joy. Maria Selby had consented to accept his hand. He had cut out at least a dozen envious rivals, and gained the love of one of the loveliest girls that ever visited India. I could not do otherwise than congratulate him; at the same time I expressed my surprise that he could thus have left her even for a single day. With a look of triumph he assured me that so strong was her attachment to him that she had even consented to be present at the sport; a fact of which he was not a little proud, since it gave him an opportunity of displaying his superior horsemanship (he was one of the finest equestrians in Bengal) in her loved presence.

Presently our horses came round, and we trotted off to the appointed place of meeting. On our way we argued about the distance it was possible to throw our spears. For a trifling bet Charles undertook to send his weapon completely across the river which ran beside us, and which was about a hundred yards wide. I accepted his challenge. He made the trial, and succeeded. The question now was, how to get back his spear. Fortunately we saw at a short distance a man about to cross the stream with his cows. The custom is to drive these animals into the water, who instantly swim across to their usual feeding-grounds, the owner holding on by the tail of one of them, which not only assists him in swimming, but scares away the alligators which here abound. A bargain was soon struck; for the sake of a few *pyse* (pence), the native undertook to bring back the missile which Charley had so skilfully launched. In a few minutes more he was across the stream, and already held the javelin in his hand. The cows, however, who had willingly gone towards the rich pasture on the other side, sturdily refused to return; so the man was compelled to plunge in, and swim back as best he could. He was just about the middle, when we saw him make a sudden dart forward, almost out of the water, and utter a fearful scream. Again and again he called for help. I was about rushing in to his rescue, thinking he had been seized with sudden cramp, when I was suddenly laid hold of by my *syse*, who, with a face of terror, unable from agitation to speak, kept pointing to the river. Twice the cowherd disappeared, and as often rose, apparently struggling in great agony. A second object now became visible. Once it actually showed its wide jaws above the surface. The water was instantly stained with blood. I turned away in sickening horror; my pulses almost burst their bonds in terror and disgust. No help could be afforded; no aid could save the poor wretch. The scene was over; nothing but the encrimsoned current remained to tell us that we had been the unconscious cause of a fellow-being's death, who, for the sake of a few pence, perhaps to sup-

port a wife and children, now left destitute, had met with the most dreadful doom,—had become the prey of the ferocious alligator.

Such an omen at starting was not likely to give us a great relish for our coming sport. When we joined our friends, we were melancholy, and unfit to partake of their noisy merriment; yet, as Miss Selby was present, and had come here purposely to meet Fitzroy, it was impossible to turn back or leave them; so, *coute qui coute*, we mingled with the group, and soon became engaged in the animating chase. Would that my pen could do justice to the inspiring boar-hunt! Its dangers, its difficulties,—the scope it gives for showing dexterity both as a spearman and a rider,—the rate at which you traverse the unfrequented wilds of India,—the excitement when the hog stands at bay, and only yields to the superior address of the bold sportsman, who risks his life in approaching him,—the very horse you bestride sharing in your triumph, though conscious of his peril;—all this, and more, gives zest to a chase, generally acknowledged to be the first in the world.

Charley, however, for some time hung back: the scene of the morning had cut him up terribly. I kept close to him. Having ridden out with him, I determined not to leave him, even though I lost the cream of the sport. Maria Selby, encouraged by her father, under his efficient protection, was at least a hundred yards in advance of us. The ground was uneven. We had to cross several *nullahs* (streams). This our fair *protegée* did with perfect safety, Charles Fitzroy, though unwilling to join her, on account of his low spirits, keeping her always in sight. A second hog had been sprung, and we were going at a rattling pace, when suddenly, as Miss Selby crossed a high ridge, so high as to shut her out from sight, we heard her utter a loud cry. In a moment Fitzroy's spurs were in his horse's sides; like lightning he dashed after her, and with a sudden bound cleared the bank. A cry of terror—a shout of despair—and in the next instant I was beside him. How shall I paint the scene?—how shall I even touch upon it? She had fallen—Fitzroy's hunter had but too well cleared his leap—he had carried his rider across the ridge—his fore-feet had alighted on the chest of the poor girl, who now lay a corpse in the arms of him who would have sacrificed a thousand lives to have saved hers! while on the other side stood the maddened father, pouring out curses, calling down maledictions on the head of his daughter's unintentional destroyer. For a while Fitzroy seemed to doubt the truth of what he beheld: he kept frantically calling to her who now lay dead in his arms. The father's revilings he scarcely seemed to hear. Not a tear dimmed his eyes—his misery was beyond tears. His senses had temporarily yielded to the shock; for he continued calling on her in a frenzy of grief to look up and smile upon him. He suddenly seemed to recollect himself, and at a glance read the whole extent of his misery. He let the corpse gently down, and with a sudden spring wrenched my spear from my hand;—in the next instant he had driven it through his heart! He fell across the body of her whom he had destroyed,—her whom he had loved so well. Their blood mingled in one stream. Their souls, it may be fairly hoped, arose together to a pitying heaven!

MY FIRST CLIENT, THE BISHOP.

A TRUE TALE OF GRAY'S INN.

"Hip! hip! hip! huzza!" and one cheer more, resounded, on the evening of a sultry day, last July, in one of those said-to-be studious domiciles, first-floor chambers in Gray's Inn Square, occupied by John Greencheese, Esq., who luxuriated in the pride of being a full-fledged "gentleman," &c.—"Hip! hip! hip! huzza!" accompanied with the rattle of glasses, and knocking of knuckles on the table, in approval of the toast. The jovial souls composing the party in question were the host, Mr. Greencheese, his late fellow-articled clerks, Samuel Simpkins and Joseph Silverspoon, Esqs., and a sprightly Milesian, yclept Paddy Blake, who had managed to make the acquaintance of Greencheese by casually meeting him at various "chops at chambers." The object of the convivial meeting was the celebration of John Greencheese having completed the probationary period requisite to enable him to advise all of her Majesty's subjects who wanted, or fancied they wanted, the assistance of a regularly-bred, duly-certificated attorney-at-law.

Paddy Blake had just sat down after making, with the usual eloquence of his country, *vulgo* blarney, a highly complimentary speech, wishing from the abyss of the aorta of every one present every happiness, sub or superlunar, to Mr. Greencheese which he could wish himself, and which drew down the customary unanimous approbation in such cases made and provided.

Greencheese was a specimen of not a few who have, either through a total mistake of their own powers, or the injudicious determination of their parents and guardians, entered into a profession for which they are often not only mentally but physically incapacitated. He was the youngest son of a Liverpool merchant, who in the glorious days when fortunes could be made in the sugar-isles of the sunny west, had realized a very handsome one; in addition, he had married "well;" so that, although the father of a large family, he had managed to find means of settling two sons in thriving trades, and marrying three daughters most advantageously, and the three unmarried ditto had the reputation of possessing portions of a very pretty amount, that could not fail to secure them spouses. We mention these things to show why John Greencheese, the younger son, was by the sage father destined for the law, viz. that if he had no other business, that of the family itself would afford him a good start, and a fair income.

For young Greencheese it would have been much better had his father perched him on one of the high stools in his counting-house, and kept him from "morn till dewy eve" over the leaves of the ledger. He was a quiet, unassuming young man, rather weak in the upper story, possessing a great anxiety to *do business*, exceedingly goodnatured, having a most philanthropic feeling for all mankind,—though timorous, yet possessing a strong notion that he had, or ought to have, some stuff in him. Yet he was by no means vain; he was modest and well-mannered. With these characteristics, our readers may reasonably imagine that Greencheese was formed of capital materials to make him the most gullible of mankind, the very antipodes of what the prejudice

of the world supposes a lawyer should be made of; yet, truly marvelous though it seems there are scores of Greencheeses in the profession.

The song, the joke went merrily round, till at length Paddy Blake was left alone with Greencheese.

A few words will be necessary to describe Blake. He was shrewd, and would have been good-looking, but for a low cunning giving an excessive vulgarity to his features, the especial mark of the low-born Irishman. He possessed an abundance of a certain sort of wit of a tavern character, — knew town, and the men on it, — was always in debt, of course, but always in great expectations of *never getting out of it.* How he lived, and what his occupations were, no one knew. He managed to make a tolerable appearance; he was a great favourite with those loose fish, young sucking lawyers, for the talent he possessed for what he called "fun,"—a dangerous propensity, the consequences of which will be developed in the course of this *owre true tale.*

"Come, my dear Blake, you look serious," said Greencheese. "Another cigar?"

"'Pon my honour, my dear fellow, you 're too kind," said Blake, acting upon the suggestion. "You say I look serious;—now a notion came into my noddle about recommending you a client,—about doing you, I mean, a service."

"Indeed I should be very grateful," cried the delighted Greencheese, as an amateur angler might be at the prospect of his first nibble,—"very grateful!"

"Yes," said Blake; "but the divil of it is, he 's such a quare fellow to manage, — he is so quick in his manner, that he will want everything he spakes about done like lightning, and perhaps you—"

"If there is one thing," said Greencheese, slowly and solemnly, "which I pride myself upon, it is *promptitude.*"

"But then he has such odd ways for his rank in life, that no one would ever take him for what he is; so, to make a *firm* friend of him, ay, and a *great* friend of him, his caprices must be humoured, and *mum* must be the word."

"And let me add, Blake," said Greencheese again, solemnly, "another quality I flatter myself I possess, is a reverential regard for the secrets of my clients:—*confidence—confidence* is my polar star."

"I know it, my dear fellow; and by my soul I should like a young fellow of fortune like yourself to commence with a client of station. What do you think of a *bishop?*"

"A *bishop!*" shouted Greencheese, astounded. "Come, you 're not joking, eh? You know you are so fond—"

"Mr. Greencheese, do you think that I would joke on such a subject? If so, sir, we 'll forget it."

"Don't be offended — don't, I beg! But do you really say a bishop?"

"True. A cousin of mine, an Irish bishop, is now in town; but I am afraid that I don't stand very high in his good graces, — nevertheless, if I can, I will induce him to patronize you. But mark ye, see him only yourself—don't notice his peculiarities—and attend to his instructions."

"Rely on me—my lips are sealed."

"Then I 'll do my best. To-morrow you shall hear from me."

The rest of the conversation is immaterial to our story. In due time Blake took his departure, having ingratiated himself wonderfully with

his host; but just when about to go, he suddenly asked Greencheese, "By the way, you haven't got such a thing as a loose twenty about you, you could lend me for a week, eh?"

"With pleasure," said Greencheese, and going to his desk, handed a bank-note for that amount.

The next morning brought Blake to the chambers of Greencheese.

"Now," said Blake, "I have been to pay my respects to his lordship."

"Nothing like *promptitude*, my dear fellow," chuckled Greencheese, rubbing his hands. "My plan!—my plan!"

"He heard me very kindly, and is in excellent spirits, and has promised to call. Mum, mum, mum, to all that he says and does, and mind you act without hesitation."

"Blake, promptitude and confidence are my——"

"Very good! he was a wild fellow at college, and is rather a young bishop, and I believe has some little delicate matters to settle."

"When may I expect his lordship? You said he was a man of promptitude."

"As much as yourself. I should not wonder if he was here to-day."

"I shall not leave chambers, then."

"Good-b'ye!" said Blake. "Mind, mum 's the word! not a syllable to a soul!" and he departed.

Now Mr. Paddy Blake had paid an early visit that morning,—not, however, to the Bishop of ——, but unto a most vivacious brother Milesian, as great a lover of fun as himself, a disciple of Esculapius, who lived chiefly by his wits, but ostensibly by blue-pilling and black-dosing the people of Peckham and Dulwich, and a definitive treaty of *quiz* and *humbug* was drawn up over sundry matutinal imbibitions. Nicholas Sweeny agreed, for the consideration of the moiety of a twenty-pound note to fulfil the duty and station of an Irish client of rank to John Greencheese, gent., &c., and in that capacity to prove that no secret in the art and mystery of quizzing and humbugging should be left unpractised. Blake, however, for reasons best known to himself, though he stipulated that Sweeny should personate an Irish noble, happened carefully to conceal the fact that the said person of rank should be a wearer of the mitre, and Sweeny, Irishman-like, forgot to ask him the nature of the rank he should support.

Greencheese, as we have said, was a remarkably steady, quiet young fellow, though with what he fancied an aptitude for business; he therefore waited impatiently for the arrival of his *first client*, the bishop, "ever and anon" watching the appearance of a gentleman in black meandering in the square.

At last a very decent, quiet-looking cab, not of any great pretensions to fashion but of unquestionable respectability of appearance, drove up to No. ——, and out got his lordship, and his friend drove off.

The *soi-disant* bishop jauntily ascended the stairs, when on the ledge of the first window he perceived a tabby cat of the laundress indulging at full length in a peaceful slumber; to commence mol-rowing, spitting, and the utterance of every feline sound, harmonious or inharmonious, was the work of a second. This salutation disturbing the somniferous indulgence of the cat, she in terror made a spring, and un-

luckily alighted on the wig of a chancery barrister who was reading his brief with his head out of the window beneath, enjoying the open air of the garden, and carrying it away with her at the speed of a redshank. This so fascinated the *soi-disant bishop*, that he stuck his head out of the top window, giving the "Yoicks! view-holla! hark away!" with such stentorian power of lungs that it brought simultaneously from their respective chambers Mr. Greencheese and his opposite neighbour, a studious old conveyancer, Mr. Mustybook, to know the cause of the uproar. What was Greencheese's horror and surprise when he was accosted by Sweeny as "Mr. Greencheese, the friend of my cousin, Mr. Blake, I presume?" in a broad brogue. In a tone of trepidation, and with flushed face, he muttered, "Ay! ay! Yes, my lord!" and ushered him in.

Mustybook said, "Humph! 'my lord' indeed! Pretty beginning for the young scamp!"

The barrister who had lost his wig was on the stairs in a desperate rage, interrogating the laundress, who was in a fright about the loss of her cat, and wondering who did it?

Of course the author of these outrages was traced in a minute to Greencheese's room, and the porter and laundress, headed by the wigless barrister, went as a deputation upon the newly-inducted "gent.," &c. who quickly answered their summons. To be brief, he apologised as well as he was able, declared his total ignorance, deep sorrow, promised to do anything he could for the barrister, who, smelling perhaps a brief in the distance, seemed mollified; and, offering ample compensation to the laundress, who had reasons, also, for not quarreling, and vowed, no doubt, mentally, and with a fidelity never shaken by that class, to make it up for herself while *doing* for him.

These points being settled, and the deputation dismissed, Greencheese, who had hardly exchanged a sentence with his client, returned, and found him with his arm a-kimbo, looking out of window, smoking a cigar, and insinuatingly addressing a nursery-maid with a child in her arms. On hearing the door shut, however, he turned round, and slapping Greencheese familiarly on the shoulder, asked him, "If he didn't think it was a d—d good piece of fun?"

"Really, my lord," stammered the astonished gentleman, (for *gentleman* Greencheese *was*,)—"really, if I had not been informed—ahem! —that is if—that is—but for circumstances—ahem!—that is, it appears to me altogether most singular—most unaccountable!"

"Pooh!" said the *soi-disant*, with a knowing wink, "you don't know me. You must not judge of me by what you have seen. *Mum* for that!"

"Why, pardon me, my lord; but I really hope I shall not—"

Now Sweeney had a reason for cooling down, as, with the natural quick perception of his country, from what little he had seen since he entered the chamber, an idea struck him that he might turn Blake's delusion to his own account; so, throwing his cigar away, and assuming as patronizing and quiet an air as he could, he drew a chair, and said,

"You must not judge me, as I said. I know it's my misfortune not to have long since got shut of the thricks of my youth; but these fits don't last long."

"Most fortunate for you, my lord," said Greencheese, who was beginning to get firm.

"Yes! Well, but to business, I'm over here *incog.* The fact is, it's a very delicate affair I want to spake to yees about. Were yees ever in love, Mr. Greencheese, agrah?"

We have said Mr. Greencheese was a very modest young fellow, and blushing, he seemed quite taken aback. "No, my lord, no—not yet—I mean—I can hardly answer your lordship's question."

"Och! tunder and 'ouns! but 'tis I that can!" bellowed the *soi-disant*, slapping his forehead with affected passion, "and whin I think of my widdy it brings th—— Have you any brandy and wather in the house convanient, Mr. Greencheese? the weather is warm, God bless it! for the harvest."

"Certainly, my lord."

Greencheese accordingly produced the beaufet, and *his first client* very composedly filled up and tossed off a *magnum* of poorly-diluted cognac.

"Well! then you must know that I am anxious that a widdy lady, whom I've been long courtin', but who does not know meself as meself—you know what I mane,—should be tould by the madium of a respectable solicitor, in the most delicate manner, who it is I *raly* am. If, I say, she had this fact of my being the owner of the finest estate in Ireland, Cloughnaballydoollyblatherumskite Castle, Bog of Allen, and being my Lord ——"

Here he came to a dead stop; for it suddenly, and for the first time, occurred to him that he had forgotten to ask Blake what *title* he was to go by. This posed him for a moment, but Greencheese relieved him from his embarrassment by saying, with a smile meant to be very knowing and professional,

"Never mind the title, my lord; I know all in *confidence!* strict confidence!"

"Thin I'll thruble you to mintion it," *thought* Sweeny; but he said, "Oh! that's thrue for you; I had forgot. Paddy Blake, in coorse, mintioned iverything about *that*,—oh! in coorse—in coorse!" and thinking to be mighty 'cute, he shortly and sharply asked, looking at Greencheese full and earnestly, "Come, now, tell me, what *did* he say?"

But unfortunately for him, on *this* point Greencheese was unassailable. As the clearing-up of certain doubts had now become necessary to Sweeny ere he progressed farther, he rose to take his departure, telling Greencheese he suddenly recollected he had important business, and that he would call the next morning.

Sweeny sought the hotel where he had left Blake, to report progress and get his title.

"Well, Nick!" said Blake.

"Nick! me no Nicks, Mr. Blake! who *am* I? that's what it is."

"Who are you? Nick Sweeny, to be sure!"

"Who was I to be? that's the matter."

"Oh! begad! thrue enough I forgot that!"

"Faith! it's mighty asy to say forgot! but, faix! Mr. Greencheese did not forget. Who was it?—what is it?—who am I? I ask, *sur!*" said Nick, getting surly.

"Sure, Greencheese tould you, didn't he?"

"The divil a tell at all, at all! his mouth was as close as if a pitch-plaster was over his pitaty-trap!"

"Ho! ho! ho! now I have it! to be sure he didn't, for he couldn't,

for the best of all rasons, whin he asked I tould him when he saw you he'd guess; but didn't he call you '*my lord?*'"

"Oh! yes! I was 'my lord,' shure enough; but it's my Lord-knows-*who!* that I want to know—who? answer me that!"

"Well! Nick, agrah! for fear of accidents, it's the best way to keep him in the dark."

Nick was mollified after a time, and in a certain degree convinced that his position was better as it was; he then unfolded to Blake the idea that struck him of turning Greencheese to account to get him an interview with a woman of wealth, an alderman's wife, in a mysterious way, as an Irish nobleman in love with her. "And who knows, by Jabers!" says Nick, drawing himself up, and looking at his legs, "but I may make an imprission which my loss of rank won't destroy? Faint heart never won fair lady!"

Blake swore the idea was excellent. Sweeny now pleading an engagement as the evening was drawing on, left Blake either to see or write to Greencheese on the subject.

Whether Blake intended to forward the views of Sweeny, we cannot say; but, if he did, how mutable are all human resolves! While rising up to ring for a sheet of paper, his eye rested upon a card on the seat just vacated by Sweeny, with the name of Mrs. Mulrooney on it, the address being at a street near the Edgeware Road. On further examination of the card he found it endorsed by Nick in pencil,—"*Mem. to meet Mag at the English Opera at ten to-night.*"

Alas! for the claims of human friendship with the *man of fun!* the man of no *confidence*, but in this instance of too much *promptitude*, bolted off to Greencheese's chambers, and was lucky in finding him at home. In a few words he explained to him that he had reconciled matters with *the bishop*,—that the alderman's wife mentioned at his visit was living *au secret* as Mrs. Mulrooney, at the address given, and who, if Greencheese was "*prompt*," could be seen by him in *confidence* in the morning; enjoining him to be very delicate with her, as she was a *very sensitive and retiring woman.* All this Greencheese promised faithfully to do, and, protesting his solemn intention to carry into effect the delicate commission, they parted, and night threw her sable mantle over all my heroes.

The post the ensuing morning had just been delivered, when Greencheese, to whom it brought little save a few complimentary letters, might be seen in a cab, driving in the direction of the west, and poring over certain instructions which he had marked "*strictly confidential.*" Arrived at the mansion indicated by the card, he knocked at the door, and, on inquiring for Mrs. Mulrooney, was shown into a small tawdrily-furnished apartment. In a few minutes a showy female of some attraction, drest in a *blousalinda* kind of *deshabille*, and a cap of faded fashion very recklessly stuck on her head, to cover the ill-concealed disarrangement of her hair, flounced into the room with Greencheese's card in her hand, begging, with a faint, stagefied smile, to request the nature of "*his business?*"

"I have the honour, I believe, of addressing Mrs. Mulrooney?" said Greencheese, with mysterious and rather embarrassed politeness.

"That is my name, sir," said the lady, throwing herself on the sofa. "Allow me to ask to what I am *inditted* for the honour of this interview?"

This was uttered in a splendid brogue, strong enough, as the poets Milesian say, to hang your hat upon.

"I am intrusted, madam," said Greencheese, "with a very delicate mission."

"Are you X. Y. Z.?" said the lady, with an eager glance of inquiry.

"No, madam, my name, as my card tells you, is Greencheese; I am a solicitor, and a client of mine——"

"Oh! I see," said the lady, "I see it. Your client is X. Y. Z. Spake on, sir, in the most inimitable and deferential confidence!"

"Rather curious language," thought Greencheese, "for a sensitive and retiring woman to receive a delicate proposition. What can she mean by X. Y. Z.?" With *promptitude* the idea flitted across his imagination that the bishop had become acquainted with the lady by correspondence, and used the mysterious initials. Impressed with this idea, he (as he judged, with shrewdness,) followed it up, and boldly remarked, throwing as much lawyer-like knowingness into his countenance as possible, "Well, madam, I think, from what you have said, I may now speak with confidence. I am addressing a lady whose hand has been solicited."

Here the damsel took the opportunity of opening a large reticule, from which she extracted what doubtless she called a handkerchief, but which might, if it had been washed, have done duty with the brevet rank of napkins, and applied it vigorously to her face. This, of course, settled the affair in the mind of Greencheese. He now felt secure.

"Pardon me! I will explain. I am commissioned by a client of high position to see you on a delicate point; but—but, before I proceed, in order that there may be no mistake, will you tell me, did you ever hope to make an alliance of a tender nature with a gentleman of consideration in the Church? An answer to that will serve much to relieve mystery."

The female addressed became suddenly serious, and fixed her eyes firmly on Greencheese, and holding him at arm's length to search and scan his features, exclaimed in a tremulous tone, "Ah! then, why do you ask me? spake!"

"Because, if you have, I have received a confidential communication, giving me instructions——"

"What!" said the lady, much excited, "will he *see* me?"

"See you! ay, madam! I am directed to offer you *his hand*."

"Gracious powers!" said Mrs. Mulrooney, overcome, "can this be true?"

"Although his position in society is much higher than you imagine, he is most anxious to secure your smiles, not frowns, and would elevate you to his own rank. Remember, 'tis with you now rests the issue of your united fates. One word before I leave,—refuse *him* and you refuse *a bishop!*"

Greencheese, thinking he had performed wonders, or rather wondering at the success of his performance, here left the room, leaving the lady fainting on the sofa, dissolved in tears. On opening the parlour-door, and making quickly for the street, he stumbled against a man in his shirt-sleeves, with a pot of porter in his hand, which he had apparently just taken from the pot-boy at the door, and spilt some of the beer.

"D—n you, sir!" said the man; "what's the manin' of this?"

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Greencheese, astounded, "THE BISHOP!!"

"Who the devil's 'THE BISHOP?'" said the man, no less than Sweeny; but Greencheese had made a sudden spring into the street, and ran like wildfire home!

And here we must explain. Mrs. Mulrooney was the sister of Sweeny; a lady who had made divers desperate endeavours to hook a husband by fishing at the price of ten shillings a week in that matrimonial rivulet of print, the second column front page of "The Sunday Times." It is true that she did not openly advertise her anxiety for a husband, as the "manly-healthy-independent-great-expectation gentlemen" who therein figure, do for wives. Oh! no. Mrs. Mulrooney was a widow, possessing a competency, anxious to act as a mother to a family, perform all the beatitudes to a bereaved widower or mildewed bachelor, in fact, anything for a comfortable home. She had always expressed, as the most *taking*, her great desire to become domesticated in the family of a clergyman. Sweeny, who generally took his bed when in town at her house, after he had recovered from his astonishment, burst into the parlour, and asked his sister, whom he saw like Niobe all tears, though her's were those of joy,

"Arrah! what has that young blackguard been sayin' to ye, my jewel, avich! Arrah! thin what did he say or do to make you cry? Thry a dhrop of porthur, my pet!"

"No! no!" said the agitated damsel, repulsively, "he spoke to me of a gentleman, I know!"

"Did he say that he knew the gentleman?"

"Yes! a client of his; an excellent creature—a noble creature!"

"Tunder and ouns!" roared Sweeny, "shure he didn't spake of me?"

"You!" said the astounded lady, rather contemptuously,—"you? how could *you* think so, Nick?"

"Och! Mrs. Fineairs! becase I know him very well, and by that same token I see how it is! I'll be afther the puppy, Greencheese!"

"Puppy! sir; how dare you call that modest, respectable young gentleman a puppy! He who is quite the gentleman, which I cannot say of my own relations! He who is employed confidentially by the first of people—ay, *by bishops!* sir, he a puppy!"

"Whew!" and Sweeny gave a protracted whistle,—"whew! the bishop again! and who the divil is this bishop, ma'am?"

"Ask me no questions, sir, and then you need not expect false replies. His name shall never, never escape my lips."

There is no necessity to describe the scene. Sweeny imagined that Greencheese had discovered the deception, and endeavoured to extract from his sister the nature of his visit; he stormed, raved, foamed at the mouth, but all to no purpose; the lady left him, and locked herself in, so that at last he dressed himself, finished his porter, and left the house in a state of bewilderment and rage, with a determination to seek satisfaction of Greencheese, and by bullying him to settle the affair *modo Hibernico.*

With the ardour of her sex, Mrs. Mulrooney never attempted to penetrate the veil of mystery under which Greencheese announced the object of his visit, but jumped at once to the conclusion that he was the chosen commissioner of X. Y. Z., and who was nothing more nor less than a bishop. But, to return to the heroes of the tale,—Paddy Blake

had watched Greencheese in and out of the house, and taking a slight circuit, encountered him in Oxford Street, on his return to his chambers, and from him elicited the success of his mission, and his *rencontre* with "*the bishop!*" Blake expressed his great surprise in return, and promised to see his cousin *instanter*, and Greencheese left. He had scarcely past a minute before Blake encountered Sweeny coming along in a great hurry, bursting with passion, and elbowing the people like a madman. Blake stopped him with some difficulty.

"What, the divil, Misthur Blake, is the m'anin' of all this?"

"Of what, my dear Nick?" innocently inquired his friend Paddy.

"None of your 'dear Nicks!' Answer me this, how did your friend, Mr. Greencheese, find his way just now to my sister's,"—Nick put it mysteriously,—"and abuse me, and insult her, eh?"

"'Pon my honour and conscience!" said Blake, "it 's quare questions you 're askin', Mr. Sweeny. How should *I*, pray tell me, know about the matter? What did he do?"

Sweeny recounted as well as he could what had taken place, swearing he would give up his title *immadiately*, pitching to the devil all playing at lords, and as plain Nicholas Sweeny demand satisfaction for Greencheese's ungentlemanly conduct.

"Well!" said his *fidus Achates*, Paddy, after a pause of affected consideration, "I make it a rule never to blow the embers of anger into the fierce flame of combat, as my rivered uncle O'Twigger, who fought siven-and-twinty duels, used to say, and who died peaceably in his bed, poor man! after all; but honour is honour! and if a man under such suspicious circumstances was to do to me what Greencheese appears to have done to you, I would ——"

"Blow his brains out first, and horsewhip him within an inch of his life afterwards!" bellowed Sweeny. "Och! I 'll like to boil an egg in his blood!"

Blake blew his nose violently, and kept the handkerchief at his face; 'twas only to hide his laughter.

"And so he called you a bishop? the Lord save us! how much like a bishop *you* look, *Nick!* Well, there 's but one course, certainly; you must challenge him; so let 's adjourn, and have breakfast; which the worthies accordingly did, and Blake, while Sweeny, looking tigers at the waiter and everybody else, talked loud and savagely, eating and drinking like a famished ogre (and here I may note that passion always makes an Irishman either hungry or thirsty,) Blake penned the following to Greencheese:—

"SIR,—In consequence of your base and ungentlemanly conduct this morning to a lady, a friend of mine, and your underhand, and dishonest, and false——"

"Write *false* big," said Sweeny, "in mighty big letthurs."

"In mighty big letthurs," wrote Paddy, as correct as a *verbatim* clerk. Shall I say anything about the bishop?" asked Blake.

"To be shure," said Nick.

"And in applying to me the most gross and offensive appellation that could be addressed to an Irish gentleman, (mind, an Irish gentleman,) I am under the necessity of demanding satisfaction for the insult, and refer you to my friend,——"

"Who 's to be your friend?" asked Blake.

"Shure, won't you, man alive?"

"Why, I'm thinking, under circumstances, it might look quare, seein' the position I stand in. I'll get M'Shane, of the 8th, who has had nothin' to do, God help him! in this line for some time; his irons must be getting rusty, and a purty pair they are. He'll be delighted, I know."

"Very well," said Nick.

"—To my friend, Lieut. M'Shane, of the 8th, the bearer of this, who waits at the Salopian Coffee-House for an answer, to arrange a mating immadiately,

"I have the honour to be,
"NICHOLAS SWEENY.

"Late Surgeon to the Forces of H. R. H. the Cacique of Poyais, and of Cloughnaballydoollyblatherumskite Castle, Bog of Allen, now of 4, Snook's Place, Peckham.

"J. Greencheese, Esq."

This precious document being duly signed and sealed, the friends parted, Sweeny to go home to wait the arrival of his second, with intelligence of the progress of the affair, and Blake to *improve the occasion* with Greencheese. He accordingly got a porter he knew to follow him to Gray's Inn, and on getting there told the man to leave the letter about ten minutes after he had gone in. On entering he found Greencheese busy writing, and lost no time in broaching the business. He told Greencheese that he was labouring under quite a mistake as to the person whom he saw at Mrs. Mulrooney's being *the bishop;* on the contrary, so far from that, it so happened he knew the gentleman, who certainly bore a strong resemblance to the prelate, and indeed, was often mistaken for him, but who was a surgeon, by name Nicholas Sweeny, and of so impetuous a temper that he should not wonder if he did not resent it by challenging him *instanter.*

"True," said Greencheese; "what you say is all feasible enough. It could not, of course, be the *bishop.* But I never meant to offend this Mr. What-do-you-call-him?—'twas a mere accident, and why, in the name of goodness, should I be called upon to risk my life?"

Here a knock came at the door, and the letter containing the challenge was delivered.

"*Prompt* enough, ahem!" he continued, after reading it. "Here is the challenge."

"'Tis a bad job," said Blake, throwing his eye over it, and handing it back; "but it cannot be helped. I'll see you through it."

"See a bullet through me! I'll apologize. I never intended to offend the man by calling him a bishop. He must be crazed! And as for speaking about him to Mrs. Mulrooney, how could I?"

"He'll not take an apology. I know him: he's a divil when his blood is once up. I've known him follow a bluebottle fly a mile in a burning July day, the sun hot enough to cook a steak, merely because it buzzed against his nose."

"He's a madman!"

"He's a dead-shot," coolly replied Blake.

"I'll apply to the police."

"He'll horsewhip you before the twelve Judges, if he was transported for the term of his natural life!"

"Zounds!" cried poor trembling Greencheese, "I seldom swear, but may I be d—d (Heaven forgive me!) if ever I have anything to

do with an Irish bishop for a client, or an Irishman's recommendation! I 'll write over my door, as I read in the papers, 'No Irish need apply!'"

"Don't be personal, Mr. Greencheese," said Blake; "but I let your ungentlemanly and illiberal remark *now* pass, as you are in a passion."

"What am I to do? what am I to do?" cried Greencheese, pacing up and down the room in a fever of agitation.

"Accept his challenge, and fight him. It will give you *éclat* as a young fellow of pluck; and I'll be bound you 'll never want to fight another duel!"

"No, by Jove! for this dead shot, your confounded friend, will *settle* that, I suppose;" and he sank into a chair.

"Well," said Blake, after a pause, "shall I arrange your case?"

"Arrange my case!—what case? I am lawyer enough to arrange my own case, I hope."

"Oh! 'twas only your case of pistols I meant."

"Pistols!" quivered Greencheese. "I tell you what it is, I 've made up my mind I won't fight at all. No! I'll be shot if I do!"

"Humph! Then you 'll be posted as a coward."

"I don't care. Better be a coward than a corpse."

"Well, well," said Blake, "let me see;"—and he stood looking out of the window for some time. "Yes, it 's a very delicate mode of proceeding, certainly."

"Oh!" groaned Greencheese, "a curse upon all *delicate* modes of proceeding!"

"But," continued Blake, "I think, from old acquaintance' sake, I may venture on the trial. Greencheese—hark ye!—rouse up, man! I would not mind venturing on the experiment. Suppose you were to write a letter of apology, stating it was all mere accident—never spoke about him—never meant to offend—quite a stranger—and—"

"Which I can most truly, and will most *promptly* do," said Greencheese, starting up.

"So you can," said Blake; "but he might not take it in the spirit you meant; therefore, suppose, *without referring to it at all at all* in the letter, you inclosed *a fifty-pound note?*"

"Humph!" said Greencheese, "I don't see clearly the necessity for *that*, Blake."

"As you please,—as you please. I 'd rather you *would not* send any letter or money, because it 's a delicate mode of settling an affair of this kind; and he might, for all our ancient friendship, fix a quarrel upon poor innocent me. I say it might very possibly increase to wildness his anger against you; then there would be no avoiding *two* duels. As for you, the exposure would be worse than fighting now; therefore I think, all things considered, you had better fight him. But if you do as I tell you, and if he should take the inclosure as an insult, I 'll take *your quarrel on my own shoulders*, and defy him to the proof of his calumny, *as there will be no mention in the letter of the note.* Do you see that?"

"My dear fellow," said Greencheese, greatly relieved, "if you *will do this* for me, *I'll*—I 'll—I 'll give you a hundred pounds."

After which he sat down, wrote the letter of apology, enclosed a fifty-pound note, and handed the letter to Blake.

"And now, my dear fellow," he added, shaking his hand, "I trust to you to execute this matter with *promptitude and confidence*."

"You may rely on me, my dear friend, on my services, and my gratitude;" and, advising Greencheese to remain at home, and not be visible to any one, not even *the bishop*, until he returned from his mission, the wily Hibernian took his departure.

"Whew!" said Blake, after he got out; "by the powers! Paddy Blake, 'tis a 'cute lad your mother's son is! What a pity you 're not Chancellor of the Exchequer! For fear, Mr. Blake, you should lose the hundred you were promised, — but which, and a few more, is as safe, if you mind your p's and q's, as if in your pocket,—you had better make sure of the fifty convanient. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Who 'll be the wiser? and who desarves it better, I 'd like to know? So come out of this bush, my beauty!"

And, without further ceremony he took the fifty-pound note from the letter, and placed it in his purse, He then hit his hat a clink, like Jonathan Wild was wont to do, to cock it on one side, gave his trousers an extra hitch, his coat an extra button, his leg an extra swing, and strutted off as proud of his prowess and plunder as any lucky swell-mob man in the metropolis, to visit Sweeny at Peckham.

Arrived at Peckham, he found Sweeny in his garden in his shirt-sleeves, right arm bare, a bucket full of water on a chair, a powder-flask, and some bullet-moulds alongside it. He had chalked the figure of a man on the wall, and was practising for the duel."

"Ah! Blake, my boy, here I am—can pick off any button on his coat, I 'll be bail. Out of a dozen shots I hit his head twice, hit him in the belly three times, and shot dead over and over again. See here!"

And he leveled and fired, which was followed by a loud shrieking from a ladies' school, whose garden was divided by the wall, and the windows of the house having been kept carefully closed since Sweeny had commenced his practice, — and a horrible clatter of slates and squalling.

"What the devil have you shot now?" said Blake.

"By dad!" said Nick, scrambling up the wall, which was the signal for renewed shrieking from the seminary, "by dad! I 've shot an ould tom-cat that was asleep upon the wash-house!"

"Thin I advise you to cease firing, and hear sinse; for there will be no use for your pistols at all at all, as it happens."

"How do ye mane? Tunder and ouns! ain't I to have satisfaction?"

"Shure, hasn't he sint you an iligant and ample apology? — and didn't I do the thing nately for you? See here." And he handed him the letter of apology from Greencheese.

"Well," said Nick, "I 'm in your hands, and out of this little matter with Mr. Greencheese. But, arrah, Pat, what will I do with M'Shane? He 'll take the disappointment as a personal insult."

"Och! never mind. Tell him you 'll feel it your duty to attend upon him with pleasure, should he be hit when he goes out. But, Nick, you must let me have an answer to take to Greencheese *instanter*, as I have rasons for wishing no time should be lost."

Nick accordingly, by Blake's directions, drew up a handsome acknowledgment of Mr. Greencheese's *prompt* apology, and trusted that, if at any future time they should meet, the recollection of the *rencontre* would cause no unpleasant feelings. Armed with this, Blake posted back to town, and, on arriving at Greencheese's chambers, had the

misfortune of not finding him at home; so, leaving a note to say he would call on him the first thing in the morning, he passed the evening—his invariable practice when he had any money—at a gambling-house, and at five o'clock in the morning turned out from the den of infamy—to use the common phrase—"cleaned out," but not purified.

He rose feverish and restless, and as he walked from his lodgings to Greencheese's chambers, any one who looked in his face must have been struck with the ghastliness of hue his features presented, and the demoniac expression which ever and anon his countenance exhibited. On his arrival at Gray's Inn, he found Greencheese awaiting him; and on Blake producing the letter acknowledging the apology, his joy was great, and grasping Blake's hand, he drew out the cheque for a hundred pounds, and handed it over, as promised, adding, "You may always reckon upon my friendship."

"A reckoning," *thought* Blake, "I'll some fine day, and that ere long maybe, make you pay."

"And now about the bishop," said Greencheese. "I wonder that we have not heard from him, eh?"

At this moment a single knock was heard. Greencheese opened the door: it was the laundress, who said, "Please, sir, I had left my key in your room, and please, sir, I and my daughter will now finish, sir."

There was a door which opened from the passage into Greencheese's bed-room, and another door which led into it from the sitting-chamber.

"Oh!" said Blake, "I think he will be here to-morrow at the farthest. What do you think of asking him to dinner and a rubber, very *quiet?* He is a quare fellow for one of the clargy, you know; but in a quiet game there's no great harm."

Here a knock was heard again at the door, and a servant delivered into Greencheese's hand the following, which he opened and read:—

"JOHN,

"The evening before last I arrived in London, and yesterday morning, while walking from my friend, Mr. ——'s, in Connaught Square, we passed through —— Street; what was my surprise to see a person so perfectly resembling yourself, that I was induced to call after you, rush precipitately from a house, as though you were making your escape, at the door of which a tall, vulgar-looking man in his shirt-sleeves, with a pot of porter in his hand, was standing, and with whom it would seem you had had an altercation. Unwilling to believe my eyes, after much deliberation, I was determined to be satisfied, and turned back. On inquiry, I found that you were known to a Mrs. Mulrooney, and I learned from her brother that you had made proposals of marriage to her. This female showed me *your card,* and claimed you as *her friend!* Now, John, I came to London to spend a fortnight in personally introducing you to my influential mercantile and other friends. I intended, also, to make you a free gift, in addition to what you have already received from the abused indulgence of your father, five thousand pounds; nor should I have stopped there, if the extension of your business required it. I cannot—I ought not—I *will* not do so, and you know me too well to doubt me.

"Follow the path, John, you have chosen for yourself. I disown you. By such a low alliance you may bring disgrace on your brothers

and sisters. You may—nay, you will—break your mother's heart; but you shall not *bend*, though you may *break*, that of

"Your father,
"J. G."

Blake had watched with no small curiosity the convulsive quivering of Greencheese during the period he perused this document. At length Greencheese spoke.

"Look at that!—read that!" he said, handing him his father's letter. "I have been most infamously duped, deceived, and wronged! But I'll seek my injured father instantly"—Blake started—"I will lay before him all—all my conduct. I will with *promptitude*."

"Humph!" said Blake, glad of the opportunity of creating a diversion by a play upon Greencheese's favourite phrase, "don't be too *prompt*. Suppose you were to go to your father, what would you tell him?"

"I would endeavour at least to set myself right with him. By that means alone I can regain his lost love."

Blake continued, "And you'd tell him, mayhap, that I cheated you out of a hundred and seventy pounds, eh?"

Greencheese looked up, was about to speak, started, *and remained silent*. Blake kept his eyes so firmly riveted on him, that he attributed the start to the effect his bold avowal had made, and resumed—

"You'd tell him, maybe, that my cousin, the bishop, was no cousin at all at all, but Nick Sweeny,—that 'twas I who sent you to Mrs. Mulrooney, well knowing that she was Sweeny's sister on the look-out for a husband—you'd tell him that, maybe?"

Greencheese still remained mute, his eyes fixed upon the door that led into his bed-room, which was a few feet behind Blake. It was partially open,—just sufficient for a man's head to be seen, with his finger on his lips imposing silence.

"You'd say," continued Blake, his voice getting hoarser and hoarser, while he stealthily crept round near the fire-place, "that Patrick Blake had been cheating you. And what would I say? THAT IT WAS ALL TRUE!"—and he gave a bitter laugh. "But before you shall say all this, I'll give you more to say!"

And he seized the poker, and uplifted it to strike a fatal blow at Greencheese, when his arm was suddenly grasped in the giant gripe of a powerful policeman, and the weapon fell harmless at his feet. In a second he was handcuffed; and when he turned his eyes, it was to see Greencheese and his father locked in each others' arms!

If any of our readers should be curious to know how old Greencheese and the policeman gained admittance, it was when the laundress made the excuse about the key. The old gentleman had made inquiries of almost everybody, and lastly of her, respecting his son's companions; and she, though ignorant of Mrs. Mulrooney, had told him the story of the bishop frightening her cat, and that his son had become the dupe of swindlers. And on being informed that one of "the gang" was engaged with his son, he had taken *prompt* measures to secure him.

J. B. O'M.

THE FORGED WILL.

BY H. CURLING.

It was towards the close of a somewhat raw and gusty day in the month of December, somewhere about that year in which the invincible armada of Spain threatened destruction to our sceptred isle. The exact year, indeed, I cannot call to mind; but it was, as I said, towards the close of a cold and comfortless-looking day in December, that a single horseman rode rapidly up to the principal entrance of Marstoke House, in Warwickshire.

"Ah! Walter Greville!" cried the owner of the mansion, who, for want of more fitting employment to amuse his mind, was walking the quarter-deck, as it were, of his ample hall, and gazing occasionally into the park through the open doorway, till the evening meal was announced, for in these days your country squire went to roost same time almost as the chickens in his poultry-yard. "Ah! Walter Greville, man! 'fore Heaven, but I am right glad to see thee again," said the owner of the mansion, adding in a *sotto voce* aside, "'a south fog rot ye!' what in the name of the fiend hath brought this ill-omened hound hitherward?"

"I am glad to see you well, good Master Oldcraft," said the traveller, in hoarse guttural tones, getting at the same time off his wearied steed with some little effort, and all the caution and deliberation of one who had apparently ridden so far betwixt sunrise and sunset that his legs were afflicted with a sort of cavalry cramp, and bowed outwards like those of a bandy-legged turnspit's. "You are alone here, Oldcraft, are you?" he continued, pausing after his dismount, "or have you visitors or residents in your house besides the good lady, your wife, at the present moment?"

"Alone, man," said the host; "my wife even is absent at Warwick just now."

"*Good!*" returned the other, resigning his steed to the serving-man, and shaking his friend by the hand; "'tis best so."

"But you look pale and ill, Greville," said Oldcraft; "come in, come in; a stoup of wine will refresh and revive thee. You 've surely journeyed far to-day."

"I have done so," returned the traveller; "I have neither stinted nor stayed since daybreak, except to feed, and once to change my horse at Weedon, and glad am I after my ride to find you are alone here, since I have that to talk with you about which will scarce be fitting subject for other ears but thine and mine." In saying this he unstrapped the leathern belt which confined his ample riding-cloak, doffed his beaver, and, ushered by the master of the mansion, strode into the interior after him.

The two persons here introduced to the reader were good and portly figures,—"good men's pictures," as Portia has it,—strong-built, broad-shouldered, and stout-limbed fellows, and both were accoutred for the nonce in suits which were the usual equipments of persons of condition residing in the country in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Yet, although these men wore their doublets slashed and puffed, and embroidered after the most approved fashion; had their ruffs starched to the firmness of a deal-board, and carried rapiers by their sides of more

than an ell in length, yet was it easy to perceive at a single glance that neither of them were gentlemen.

For the one, and who, by reason of his being in possession, we may suppose to be the proprietor of the house and domain we have found him in; he was clad in an embroidered doublet, slashed and puffed, with continuations to answer, wore huge rosettes in his shoes, and, as before mentioned, carried those attributes of a gentleman of his day—rapier and dagger, at his girdle. His features, however, were not good; and although his physiognomy gave you the idea that he possessed a considerable share of courage, firmness, and talent, yet the face was essentially vulgar and common-looking, and his figure rather too fat and burly; there was also a want of breeding in his manner and appearance altogether, which neither his clothes nor his inches made up for. In fact, he looked more like one who had had riches thrust upon him, than one who had either achieved or been born to them.

The other, his visitor, was a tall, gaunt-looking fellow, with a restless eye, an acquiline nose, a long Quixotic visage, dark elf-locks, and an expression of countenance so uneasy and disturbed that apparently he was ever on the fret lest a bailiff or an officer of justice should steal and pounce upon him unawares. He looked haggard, also, and care-worn to a degree, shewing evidently that, in addition to his usual style, there was to be now seen in his hang-dog visage the effects of hard-riding, and the exhaustion of over-fatigue. He was accoutred, like his before-named friend, in the somewhat rich dress of a country-gentleman of the period; and in addition to his long and curiously-guarded rapier and dagger, he carried horse-pistols a foot and a half long at his girdle. His wide and heavy riding-boots, also, which were pulled up to the middle of his thighs, were accommodated with large and most persuasive roweled spurs.

Soon as Master Oldcraft had ushered his friend into a good-sized, oak-panneled apartment, on the hearth of which glowed a most comfortable wood fire, he once more bade him welcome to Marstoke House; and ringing a little silver bell which stood upon the table, desired the servant who attended to bring wine and refreshments immediately.

Meanwhile his guest, after spreading his extended palms over the blazing logs, and then thrusting his heavy boots into the flames, in order to warm his feet, now that he was fairly housed, and in a goodly arm-chair, placed opposite to that in which his host had seated himself, seemed to forget his fatigue in the anxiety and misery of his mind. His brow became more contracted, his countenance even more faded, his eye was sunken, and trouble and anxiety were in his every look. He started "like some guilty thing" when the attendant serving-man threw open the door to bring in the wine, and other refreshments, shrunk, and drew off his eye as he caught the man's glance, and walking to the window of the apartment, appeared for one moment as if watching the on-coming snow-storm, and then suddenly returning to the fire-place, was again lost and absorbed apparently in deep and troublesome cogitation.

Oldcraft watched his visiter with a steady eye for some little time ere he interrupted his reverie; apparently he saw what he did not altogether like in the mood he beheld him in, and his welcome had lost half its former heartiness of tone as he poured out a cup of wine, and bade the traveller drink to refresh himself. Walter Greville took the proffered glass, returned the pledge of his friend, and drained it to the

dregs; after which, fetching a deep and long-drawn sigh, he threw himself into the vacant seat beside the table, and shadowed his face with his hands.

The host, still eyeing him with a searching and steady gaze, proceeded to do a little cross-examination.

"The wine is good, Greville, is't not?" he began. "Try another glass, man; your spirit seems somewhat clouded. I don't recollect that I ever saw you so strangely moved. Even now you said you wished to confer with me alone. Have you any of the old leaven to talk of? I thought that subject was to be for ever quiet between us, eh?"

"It was and is settled," returned the visitor; "but matter hath grown out of it that I would fain speak to thee anent; matter appertaining to myself. In short, I am in want of the comfort and consolation of your companionship and your advice, not to mention that the shelter of your roof here will be more than convenient just at this time. I come to be your guest here, Master Oldcraft, for some weeks, perhaps, ere I take the western voyage. You see I am unceremonious in manner, and scruple not to invite myself. Nay, for the matter of that, we know each other well enough for me to say, it suits my purpose to enjoy the air of Warwickshire for a term, and keep close the whilst, and it *must* suit yours to say 'Walter Greville, you 're welcome.'"

"There needs no ghost come from the grave," returned the host,—"so to speak the words of our new poet of Stratford,—to tell me that fact, Greville. Knock about the bush no more, man. Out with your secret, and let me see if I can do aught to assist thee. What new villany weighs so heavily upon your conscience?"

"More than I can find words to describe to thee, Oldcraft," said the traveller; "but it must be done; the tale must needs be told, or I shall die."

"Curse upon the ban-dog!" muttered Oldcraft. "What a thing it is to be but half a villain! What, that over-greed of thine," he continued aloud, and somewhat bitterly, "not satiated with the fortune thou hadst amassed as my partner, sent thee again to the dice-table, and I suppose the loss of all you had (avariciously, as thou did always pouch the uttermost farthing thou couldst scrape together,) has nearly driven you frantic; so that now thou art come yelping here to confide this thing to me, and ask a further share, thinking, as you even now hinted, that I dare not refuse thee."

"No, by Heaven!" returned the other, in his peculiar and deep tones, "you are safe there. I would I were steeped in poverty to the very lips, so I could undo what I have committed. I am twice, nay three times as wealthy, Oldcraft, as when I saw thee last; but, unhappy was the hour in which I became so; accursed the deeds which have put me in possession,—for I have done an ugly crime to gain these riches, and the hand of Heaven is upon me. Yes, Oldcraft, in me you behold a murderer!"

Dreadnought Oldcraft, who wrote himself esquire of Marstoke House, in the county of Warwickshire, and who had risen to that estate from the calling of a London attorney "who told the clock for many years in Bridewell dock," was what might properly be called, in every sense, a cool hand, and on this occasion he shewed to advantage the imperturbable nature of his disposition. He neither started with horror at the abrupt declaration of his visitor, nor did he summon his household to secure the delinquent after so unscrupulous a confession, (perhaps

he had his reasons;) be that as it may, certain it is, that he merely smiled as he rose from his seat, and, quietly walking to the door of the oak-panneled apartment they were sitting in, he threw it suddenly wide open, stepped a pace or two into the hall, glanced hastily to the right and to the left, and then returning to his seat, took up the little silver bell from the table, and rang it merrily for the servant.

Walter Greville had, meanwhile, also started to his feet, and stood, "with cat-like watch," observing the motion of his auditor, and with his right hand grasping the butt of one of the pistols at his girdle, seemed apparently awaiting in doubt as to the fidelity of his friend; but as Oldcraft returned into the room his eagle eye caught the motion, and he signed to him to relinquish the grasp upon his weapon before the servant answered to the summons.

"I have business of importance," said Oldcraft to the servant, "with my friend here, who is fatigued with long travel; get fire, and a bed prepared in the guest's apartment; let the supper be served without delay, and place all we require at once upon table; after which leave us to ourselves, see to the security of the house, and quit us for the night. When you have refreshed yourself, Walter Greville," he continued, as soon as the serving-man withdrew to hasten the evening meal, "we will continue this matter; meanwhile calm yourself, and compose your spirits. It is ill talking between a full man and a fasting, as the Scot hath it."

So saying the host arose, and locking the door, removed at the same time the pistols of his guest to the table behind where he was sitting, and taking down a huge and elaborately-carved tobacco-pipe, the bowl of which was as big as a Scotchman's mull of the present day, he proceeded with infinite care to fill it with the weed of Sir Walter, which had just then come into fashion, and reseating himself in his high-backed chair, puffed out such huge volumes of smoke as he prepared himself to listen to the communication of his companion, that although the voice reached him through the *fusillade* he kept up, the countenance and figure of his guest were completely hidden in the cloud and eclipsed.

WALTER GREVILLE'S CONFESSION.

"I must needs begin my story," said Greville, "from the time I left this place, after we had succeeded in gaining possession of this estate, buried Sir William Marstoke, gained the suits you wot of, and taken up your residence here in Warwickshire. *You* took the estate, and I had my share in ready-money: I confess the partition was just, and I am content with what you have done for me."

"There's honour among thieves, then, according to the old proverb," said Oldcraft. "Come, I'm glad you give me my share in that, as I gave you yours in rose nobles. Proceed, and come to your story. Let's have less matter, eschew compliments, I don't want 'em—I want facts."

"When I left thee, then, (as you may easily suppose after all that had happened,) I was not likely to be a settler in London. I therefore sold what few things I possessed in the old house in Bridewell-Dock, where we had carried on business so long, doffed my suit of sables for more gallant accoutrements, and began to cast about in my mind where I should like to live, and ruffle it (since I was in condition to do so,) with the gentlefolks of the land. I had never forgotten Matthew Marstoke, Sir William's brother, to whose house you used to send me sometimes during the suit between him and Sherloke, and which suit we lost some ten years agone. The kindness and hospitality

of Matthew Marstoke, and the pleasant style in which he lived during the short stay I used to make at his house in Kent, quite made an impression on me. I remembered, too, his easy disposition, and the frequent invitations he used to give me to return and visit him, and more than all, I remembered the riches he was possessed of, and the tales he used to tell me of the moneys he had no use for, the chests of plate in his lumber-room, and the bags of gold which he said had lain uncounted for years beneath his bed. In short, I resolved to visit Matthew Marstoke, and setting out for Kent, arrived at Sandwich, and found he was absent from the house he used to dwell in, and living then at another place he possessed at Wingham."

"I know the house well," said Oldcraft; "it has a row of poplar-trees before it. I've visited him myself there. I remember, also, his dwelling in the town of Sandwich,—it's the great house in the market-place, stands at one end — a large red-brick building. Diccon Grasp, our agent, was on one side, and Master Hogsflesh, the mayor, lived on the other."

"I took that house," resumed Greville, "for Marstoke had removed from it in consequence of its being haunted, and dreadful sounds were heard all night long. I took that house, after staying with Marstoke for a fortnight, and became his tenant. Meanwhile Marstoke, I must tell you, had grown quite demented (I may say, almost silly). He had fallen into bad health, and was paralytic withal. He was delighted at my coming to see him, as he was ever at war with his domestics, who, he said, were eating him up alive, and killing him by inches, so that I became (as you may suppose) in a short time master of his whole establishment, and lived at free quarters, kept all his relatives at a distance, cudgelled some of his domestics, kicked others out of the place, and made quite a reformation in the household, till at last the old man was fain to consult me on the subject of destroying his old, and making a new will. You may easily suppose I did not lend a deaf ear to the suggestion, more especially as I naturally supposed he meant to make me his heir, after all the service I had rendered him. To my surprise and anger, however, I found, when we came to be closeted together, that he had a daughter living at Ghent, whom he had long discarded for marrying after her own inclinations, and against his; and that having cut her off whilst his resentment lasted, and which had endured full thirty years, he was now relenting, and wishing for her return before he died; and so, having entrusted to me the task of writing to tell her of his forgiveness, he also gave me full instructions to make a will in her favour, never so much as naming me for a legacy therein."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Oldcraft. "I should like to have seen thy hatchet-face at that moment. Your finger strayed towards the poniard at your girdle, I dare be sworn."

"Not a whit, man; I swore a deep revenge for being thus palter'd with, and resolved upon a scheme which I quickly put in practice."

"What! you filched the bags from beneath the bed, I suppose, advertised the hungry relatives of the old man's intentions, and turned them loose again upon him, aye? had him regularly torn to pieces by his own kith and kin."

"Not that, either," said Greville; "and here begins the story of my present discomfort."

"Begins!" said his auditor. "Why, man, I thought this preamble of thine was beginning, middle, and end."

"You shall hear; but give me more wine, for the story chokes me

in the utterance. I laid the plot thus: I invited Marstoke to spend the Christmas week with me at Sandwich. The town was just then all alive. The threatened invasion of the Spaniard made folks full of preparation. Sandwich, you know, is one of the Cinque Ports, and consequently a place of some importance. Meetings were therefore daily called, soldiers quartered upon the inhabitants; merchants, noblemen, and gentry, vying with each other in fitting out ships at their own charge, and troops were constantly passing and repassing along the coast. I attended these meetings, entered heart and hand into all the proceedings; offered my services to join the expedition, and *appeared* as forward as any there. Meanwhile, *one* only thought possessed me wholly, which was how to get Marstoke's riches into my possession, and dispose safely of the old man. Murder was upon my mind day and night; and until the deed was effected, I felt I could get neither respite nor rest. Just Heaven! little did I dream then the state of mind this deed would reduce me to when perpetrated. In short, the invasion, as you know, was deferred, Christmas arrived, and Marstoke was my guest in the old house at Sandwich. Amongst the soldiers, sailors, artisans, and men-at-arms, who crowded the town, I sought out and hired two servants, fellows 'out of suits with fortune,' and whom I had good reason to know were fit for any work I chose to put them to, and worthy of trust, if properly treated and rewarded. On Christmas-day I feasted several of the inhabitants of the town, and we kept up the revel till daybreak next morning. You will, therefore, easily conceive me it was not a very extraordinary circumstance that old Marstoke should be taken suddenly unwell and confined to his bed,—nay, so sick was he that I thought it but expedient he should make his will as he had before intended."

"Ah! ah!" said Oldcraft. "What, you drugged his posset for him, aye? and tampered with the roast-beef and plum-pudding? put ratsbane in the sweet-sauce? Ah! you're a cunning fellow, Greville; but you've no head for these matters."

"Not so," said Greville; "I gave out Marstoke was seriously ill; and on the third night after our Christmas feast, when all the town were wrapped in slumber, I turned the two fellows I have named into his room, with directions to strangle him in his bed. Accursed be the hour in which I conceived the deed! Never shall I forget the horrors of that night; what with wind and rain, I thought the old town would have been levelled with the earth before morning dawned. As I watched beside the old man's chamber-door, whilst the deed was being perpetrated, I heard his struggles as the villains strangled him in his bed. With morning's dawn (for I had lain upon my bed, where I had first thrown myself, like some terrified urchin in the darkness,) I somewhat recovered my self-possession, and reflecting that the worst act in this hideous drama was over, proceeded towards the consummation of my plot. With some little difficulty I screwed up my courage, and ascending the stairs, approached Marstoke's room. It was long, however, before I could muster courage to open the door. I feared to see the old man's ghastly corpse on the floor where I had heard him fall, and stood with my hand on the lock, like one suffering in the agony of some hideous dream, unable alike to go forward or retreat. At length, after some hours of this irresolution, I was aroused to the necessity of exertion by the sound of the two scoundrels I had thus employed knocking at the outer gate for admittance, and the opening of the maid-servant's door in a remote part of the house, as she answered to their summons.

Summoning, then, all my energies, I entered the apartment, and rushing to the bell-rope, pulled it violently, calling at the same time to the maid to desire one of the men-servants instantly to take horse, and hurry over to Wingham for Marstoke's lawyer, as he was so much worse that he desired instantly to make his will.

Meanwhile, before the scrivener came, I conveyed Diccon Web, the other man, into the bed with the dead body, and drawing the curtains close round them (the room at the same time being darkened,) I directed him to groan like one in great pain, and, counterfeiting at the same time the old man's voice, answer any questions the lawyer might put so as to manage to leave the bulk of his property to me, stopping any inordinate curiosity and compunctious visitings of the scrivener by a heavy legacy in his favour. We managed matters so well that all was effected without interruption or suspicion. Web, counterfeiting old Marstoke's voice, and seemingly hardly able to give directions as to how the will should be made, disposed of his estate in my favour; after which, desiring to repose himself from the exertion, the company assembled were requested, by desire of the apparently dying man, to leave him to his repose. Soon after which, spreading the news of his death throughout the house, and calling the servants up, I shewed them the corpse as if just departed in his bed. But the worst is yet to come. I succeeded to the estate; but the remorse I suffered was so great that I could not bear to live in the neighbourhood; my two new houses I would have been thankful to any one to have fired and burnt to the very ground. I grew nervous and frightened at my own shadow. The countenance of old Marstoke, and his cry to me for assistance, haunted me day and night. The two scoundrels, Web and Basset, too, began to grow upon me, and the constant sight of them was as basilisks unto mine eyes. I feared to part with them; and to keep them was ruinous; they spent what money they listed, robbed me to my face, and one of them in his cups affirmed amongst his companions that it was in his power to hang his master any day in the week. Basset, the other fellow, informing me of this, I became so seriously troubled that I resolved to fly the place, and, in order to prevent any danger of further babbling, managed matters with Basset so as to have Web closely made away. To effect this, I settled with them both to precede me to London; and sending them on the night before I intended myself to set out, gave direction to Basset to deal with Web on the road. Basset followed his orders, but did the deed somewhat earlier than I had intended. He stabbed his comrade through the back as they rode side by side along the Sandwich flats, and, dismounting, threw his body into the haven. The waters washing it up to Sandwich early next morning with the tide, to my horror and confusion it was brought to my house just as I was about to set forward on my own journey; so that I found myself obliged to attend the mayor during the inquiry about the rascal's death, and even agree with the magistrates as to the propriety of sending out a party to overtake and capture Basset for the suspected murder. This new mishap almost unsettled my wits; and the officers having luckily failed in capturing Basset, I hurried from the town two days afterwards, and the whole county being just then engaged in preparation for the armada, I joined the forces assembled at Tilbury Fort under command of the Earl of Leicester. Could I have safely joined the Spaniards I would have done so. As it was, I sought in the bustle of the camp, and the pomp and circumstance of war, to forget the horrible transactions I had been engaged in; but

it would not be. That which filled the minds of all around with enthusiasm was by me uncared for. The glorious sight of a Queen heading her armies in the field, and riding through the lines to exhort the soldiery to remember their duty to their country, avowing her intention herself to lead us against the enemy, and perish rather than survive the ruin and slavery of her people, was lost upon a wretch whose nights and days were passed in agonising remorse. The very din of the engagement, and the turmoil and bustle accompanying the destruction of the armada; the shrieks of the dying, the shouts of the victors, the thunder of the cannon, was all, I found, as nothing. I walked the deck of my own ship, and even boarded the enemy's craft, with the ghastly countenance of old Marstoke continually before me wherever I turned; so that I resolved more than once to surrender myself on the return of the fleet, and confessing all the villany of my life, end my sinful career upon the gallows."

"How then stands the matter with you at the present moment?" said Oldcraft, now fully interested in his companion's tale. "Speak, man, quickly. You said even now the business was blown. What leads you to think so?"

"The news," answered Greville, "which reached me yesterday before I left London (where I had been keeping close) of Basset's having been arrested at Faversham, and committed to jail on suspicion of Web's murder. I fled on the instant, and behold I am here in my extremity." The guilty man, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud as he finished his story, and in his agony and remorse called upon his more cool, and, apparently even more hardened companion, for counsel and advice.

"Give me comfort, Oldcraft," he said, "for I feel the hand of heaven is so heavy upon me that I cannot live under the burthen of my crimes. Death seems hovering at my heart, and yet I cannot die. Nay, there is the smell of death even in this apartment where we sit. Methinks it is my grave."

"Prophetic are thy words," said Oldcraft, suddenly bringing round his right arm, and firing one of Greville's own pistols into his breast, shattering his lungs to pieces with the closeness of the discharge. "Prophetic are thy words, fool! for 'tis thy grave."

The wretched victim, uttering a cry of agony as the life-blood flowed out in one gushing tide, fell with his face upon the hearth a ghastly corpse, as his executioner, starting to his feet, dashed his pipe to the further end of the apartment.

"'Twas time, indeed, to look to this gear," he said, as he pounced upon the quivering body, and turning it on its back proceeded to ransack the pockets of the doublet in search of his papers, which he hurriedly thrust into the fire without examining. "'Twas time, indeed, to stop this driveller's mouth, or, by the Lord, I should have been involved in his cursed confessions up to the ears. Former transactions, as well as more recent pastimes, would have doubtless come out before he had made an end of his shrift. What ho! there! Help! murder! help ho! Here, Stephen! Robin! James! help here!" He continued calling aloud, and at the same time drawing Greville's sword from the scabbard, and throwing it beside the body. After which he stepped to the door, and threw it wide open. "Help here! Arise, I say! I am assailed in my own house!"

"Behold!" he cried, as the terrified servants, awakened by the report of the pistol, and his cries, hurried half-naked from their beds.

This caitiff, not content with trying to extort money from me on this blessed night, suddenly attacked me sword in hand, and would have murdered me had I not luckily possessed myself of one of his pistols, and shot him dead.

A deep and awful silence, only interrupted by the occasional rattle of the snow-storm upon the casements, and the fitful gusts of the winter's wind, reigned in Marstoke House for the remainder of that night. The serving-men and maids who had been summoned from their beds by Master Oldcraft's cries, and the report of the pistol, were huddled together in the kitchen of the building, where, over the fire they had coaxed back into life, they discussed in fearful whispers the suspicions and surmises to which this strange transaction gave rise.

In those days of rapier and dagger, the matter of a man slain in a country mansion was not of such rare occurrence as to cause any very great confusion or dismay. Yet still, a death so oddly come by as this man's, having been shot through the lungs in the dead of night, and on the very hearth, too, where he had so short a time before been seen draining the cup of kindness with his host, did not altogether pass current without its comment.

Meanwhile, the principal actor in this hideous drama paced up and down the ample chamber, to which he had retired after having given orders that the body of his victim should be left exactly as it had been discovered by the servants on his summoning them to his assistance.

"My star," he said, as he communed with himself upon the deed he had just perpetrated, — "my star is yet in the ascendant. My good angel, or evil, if you will—for I care not though the very devil himself despatched this miserable driveller hitherward,— has this night put it in my power, by one bold stroke, to rid myself of the distrust and anxiety I have so long felt on his account, and by putting a seal upon his lips for ever, for ever rid me, also, of my fears.

This self-congratulation of Master Oldcraft's was suddenly interrupted by the clatter of horses' feet passing rapidly beneath his chamber-window. He paused in his soliloquy, and instantly extinguished the lamp which was burning upon the table beside his bed, and stepping to the window, cautiously drew back one of the sliding-shutters, and gently opening the casement, looked forth.

The day was just breaking, and he beheld a small party of some half-a-dozen horsemen turn the angle of the building as they rode into the fore-court. He was only just in time to catch a glimpse of their shining hauberks as they disappeared round one of the flanking towers of the old mansion in their way to the principal entrance.

Marstoke House had formerly (in the early part of Harry the Eighth's reign) been a religious establishment, and inhabited by a fraternity of Carmelites. It was at the present time only partially inhabited, as Master Oldcraft and his small establishment occupied but a part of one wing; and being much discountenanced and disliked in the neighbourhood, the place had a deserted and melancholy appearance at the best of times. On that side of the building which was occupied at the bottom of the garden stood a large water-mill, and which had in other times pertained to the monastery. It was at present in the occupation of one Jenden, a miller, who carried on business there. In the park or meadow-land beyond this mill were numerous fish-ponds, beautifully shadowed by overhanging branches of the enormous trees, and intersected by innumerable narrow divisions or walks, made for the purpose of netting and draining these stews. Indeed,

in old times, almost every abbey, hall, or manor-house had its stew or fish-pond for the supply of the establishment.

A something struck upon the heart of the guilty man, as the horsemen drew up and commenced a clamorous summons for admittance, that the arrival of the party had reference to Walter Greville's late misdeeds, and that he himself was not altogether uncared for and uncalled on. He felt a sinking at the heart as he listened to the sound of their repeated blows upon his fore-door, which gradually resolved itself into a palpitation of that organ, and which, although he was a stranger to fear, completely (for the moment) unmanned him; and almost fastened him to the spot he stood on. Suddenly, however, recovering his energies, he darted to the door of his chamber, and groping his way along the corridor, called to his servants not to draw bolt or bar until he had ascertained the business of these visitors. The order, however, came too late, as the door had been the more readily opened from the leader of the party demanding admittance in the Queen's name, having a warrant for the apprehension of one Nicholas Oldcraft, for the murder of Sir William Marstoke of Marstoke Hall.

Master Oldcraft, who had likewise heard these awful words just as he sprung into the hall, stayed no further circumstance, but, like many a better man, turned, and fled from the wrath to come. Retracing his steps, he once more gained his chamber, and, after securing the door, hastily drew back a sliding pannel in the wainscoting immediately behind his bed, and which admitted him into the garden of the hall, whence he intended to go and conceal himself in the adjoining mill, or escape by the fish-ponds beyond it.

The hunt, however, was fairly up sooner than he imagined, and he found, on emerging from the passage into the garden, that the mill was in possession of several of the party who had gained admittance to the hall. Still the mill was his only chance, and creeping along a dark and overshadowed walk beside the stream, he endeavoured to gain it. The miller, who stood near the mill-door, was listening with open mouth to the recital of one of the men-at-arms from Warwick, as he gained the end of the walk, and Oldcraft, seeing nothing better for it, quietly stepped across the wood-work, and, as the mill was not at work, concealed himself in the wheel.

"Strange news, indeed," quoth the burly miller, as he moved across the platform, "and strange times these we live in. Well, I always did say these Oldcrafts war no good, constable. I never liked the man in my life; and for the 'oman—Well, I says nothin'—it 's no business o' mine, and so I 'll e'en go arter what is."

In saying this, the miller stepped up and turned the water on his mill; the next moment a piercing shriek rung out amidst the rush of waters from beneath where he stood. The miller, hastening back in alarm, turned off the water, and stopped the wheel. It was, however, too late; and the body of the wretched Oldcraft, severed in twain, floated out with the gushing tide.

However strange this tale may appear, it is mainly derived from actual facts. Such a murder, so contrived, and so followed, did actually take place in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Such a will, with the living murderer introduced into the bed with the dead body of his victim, and where he personated the testator, whilst the household sat around without suspicion of the fraud, was actually made; and even such a circumstance as a man concealed in the wheel of a mill, and cut in twain on the waters being turned on, is no coinage of the brain.

A STRIKING INCIDENT.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Mrs. Machewel was the wife of one of the first civilians in Bengal. Jealous of her rank and precedence, she never went abroad without her "gold sticks and branch-lights." As these expressions may be as unintelligible as Sanscrit itself to the uninitiated reader, I must begin by explaining that, as there is little or no difference in the birth of the preponderating mass of British residents in India, it has been wisely settled that all persons in the service should take rank according to the post they hold, and the number of years they have served; thus holding out a chance of high honour and precedence to all who choose to remain long in the country. Where the aristocratic distinctions of hereditary title are almost unknown, the aristocracy of wealth naturally springs up. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the civilian is looked upon with far greater respect than the gallant officer, who, preferring glory to guineas, and abandoning the accumulation of sovereigns to risk his life with pleasure for the sovereign of his loved country, wears the little gold he possesses on his outward habiliments, willing to exchange the feverish throb of conscious wealth for the light heart and gaudy trappings of war.

After the Governor-General, the Supreme Council, and the Puisne Judges, come the senior merchants, according to their posts and standing; then the superior field-officers, the junior merchants, military officers, according to their grades, indigo planters, and persons without official situations, half-casts, natives, and pariah dogs. Thus I think I have given the whole chain. "*Humanum est errare.*" I may be wrong, but I think not.

Now the precedence of these fictitious grades in society are not by any means confined to the ball-room or the dinner-table. It would not content these persons only to be distinguished by being handed into the banquet, or out of the room, before others of less pretensions; but they require the same deference to be shown to them even in the very streets. When I say *they*, I do not mean the poor straw-coloured gentlemen themselves, who are better engaged than in running about showing off their distinctions. I allude to their wives, who are as proud of these demonstrations of dignity as a well-bred peacock is of his superb tail. They therefore dash about, distinguished in their rank according to the following graduating scale.

Number one has her palanquin not only surrounded by a crowd of bearers and kidtmutgars calling out the hyperbolical virtues and attributes of their master, shouting out to every one to make way for the Cousin of the Moon, and the Wise Star of the West, but also prove the superior rank of their lord by brandishing about a golden or silver-gilt cudgel, which marks the rank of the person they serve; and at night, in order that his glory shall even shine through the darkness, they bear branched-candlesticks, with wax-candles lighted in them, thus proclaiming that the person they attend has reached the highest honours in the Company's service.

Number two is only entitled to carry silver sticks, and no branch-lights.

Number three is attended by several of her servants, bearing spears with long red tassels.

Number four may have as many servants and followers as she likes; but not a spear, not a stick, not a candlestick may she allow to appear; while, worse than all, if number four meets number three in a narrow road, or on a rampart, or any other place where there is only properly room for one, number four must allow herself to be pushed into the ditch, or down the declivity, to make way for her superior, her only consolation being that she well knows number three will be served with just as little ceremony if she meets number two,—and so on.

Having thus premised, we will return to the thread of our narrative. *A propos* to Mrs. Machewel. Her son, a fine lad of sixteen, had just arrived from Europe. Unacquainted with all the details I have just given, careless, goodnatured, and impetuous, he stood on little ceremony with his more staid and pompous parent; and, as he was an only son, he feared little the chidings of his mother, or the long harangues of his " old governor," as he was wont to call his father.

The morning after his arrival he saw his mamma's palanquin, with its numerous suite, standing ready before the porch to take her out shopping in the Loll Bazaar. Now, it so happened that at that very instant Master Tom was considering how he could best get conveyed to Fort William, where he was anxious to go and call upon some of his friends, who had come out to India on board the same ship with him; so, without asking permission, Tom jumped into the palanquin, and trotted off to the Fort, fortunately having by accident closed the blinds; for on his way he passed the less aristocratic palanquins of several junior civilians, who would have instantly laid a complaint against the young soldier, had they known that he had thus dared to borrow the honours only reserved for old civilians. Had they done so, Tom Machewel would inevitably have been severely punished. Arrived in the barracks, our hero was perfectly happy. He laughed, jested, and joined in all the practical jokes and boisterous exercises which make India endurable; for, strange to say, the *dolce far niente* of other warm climates is here exchanged for rackets, fives, and similar violent games.

Amongst other treasures poured upon our youngster by his comrades, with whom he was an universal favourite, was a very large monkey of the ourang-outang species, who walked upright, leaning on a stick, could drink a glass of grog, and play a thousand amusing antics, to the delight of his now proud possessor.

How to get this animal to his residence was a puzzle to poor Tom, who, with the usual impetuosity of his character, was dying to send it home directly, but was gravely assured by every one that no Indian would touch him, or have anything to do with such an animal for the world. It is true Jack Sharp offered to take him to Calcutta in his buggy (all gigs are so called in Bengal), if he would wait till the evening. Tom hated procrastination, and therefore laid a plan for packing him off forthwith.

First of all, the jolly ensign desired his mother's palanquin to be brought up into the long barrack-passage, and sending off the ser-

vants, managed with the help of his comrades to thrust Jacko, stick and all, into it, and closing the doors, fastened them so that the animal could not get out. He next took a scrap of paper, and scribbled on it:—

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I don't dine at home to-day. Take great care of the monkey you will find in the palanquin. Give him something to eat, and pay every attention to him as you love
Your affectionate son, TOM."

He then recalled the bearers, the *punes*,* and the *kidtmutgars*, and desired them to take the palanquin home, and deliver the note, which he gave to one of the gold sticks, to his mother, and on no account to disturb a sick gentleman who was lying inside the vehicle, or presume to undo the doors till they arrived at his father's house. With these orders, the men jolted merrily along across the esplanade which lies between the city of Calcutta and the citadel which protects it.

Now it so happened that Master Jacko was not particularly pleased with the motion of his conveyance, and began to get fidgetty. He strove to open the doors, but, as I said before, they were locked. He examined every corner of the carriage, and at length found the windows, which open at the foot of it, and which Tom had never thought of. One of these Jacko managed to open, and though he could not get through it, he found great delight in sitting at it, grinning and chuckling, and poking his stick through the aperture at the heads of the bearers, who were within half a yard of him.

The poor men feeling a rude blow every now and then inflicted on their turbans, hastened their pace as fast as they could, for every fresh stroke they fancied was a hint to hurry on: so they increased their speed, and struggled to exert themselves more and more with each poke. Never did bearers travel faster, impelled by this uncouth but clear notice to make haste. They astonished every one who met them by their rapid strides: they even dared to call out as the strokes became more frequent, entreating the "*buwough sahib*" to relent, assuring him they were doing all they could to get on. The *punes* were actually so out of breath that they could no longer shout out the titles of the "Great Machewel." The fresh relay were preparing to relieve their brethren with terror, when a sudden, sharp, well-directed blow, brought one of the bearers to the ground, and with him, of course, the palanquin. At this unexpected jerk Jacko popped his head out of the front window, and with an unearthly cry, began to grin in the most terrific manner.

The Indians gave but one glance. They beheld, as they believed, the devil; the devil in his worst and ugliest form. The sick gentleman had probably been eaten up by him. They gave one roaring chorus of affrighted screams, and without again looking round, set off as hard as they could run.

Some civilians of rank who were passing, seeing from a short distance the fall of the palanquin, and the flight of the bearers, rushed up to assist their friend, (for from his distinguishing honours they recognised the equipage of Machewel,) and extricate him from his unpleasant position. Followed by their servants, they actually de-

* Messengers. It is from this word we have derived the word *pawn*, applicable to the lowest grade of chessmen.

scended from their own palanquins, and ran across to the succour of their colleague. With some difficulty they burst open the doors. Mr. Maloney put forth his hand to help his friend out. To his horror he felt it suddenly bitten. Calcott put forward his head to look for Machewel, but he suddenly received a blow on it. The next minute out sprang Jacko, who with a cry of delight bounded off towards Chowringee, where he was shortly afterwards recaptured and brought back to the fort.

In the meantime the offended civilians laid a formal complaint against Machewel for thus allowing his monkey to usurp the high honours of a judicial functionary, and only consented to receive an apology on the conditions that Jacko should be put to death, and Tom Machewel sent up to join his regiment.

These terms were complied with. Had they not been consented to, Machewel (*père*) might have got into a sad scrape.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT BARTHOLOMEW FAIR—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

By the time this sheet is in the hands of the reader Bartholomew fair will be spoken of as a festival that once was—an annual celebration, the account of which must henceforward be added, in the shape of an appendix, to the succeeding editions of Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes." For a long period its health has been visibly declining, from the effects of a shattered and depraved constitution. The same year that beheld the abolition of the climbing-boys — who whilome peopled the locality whereon it was held, for their yearly banquet, when the kind-hearted Charles Lamb felt it no degradation to sup with them, — has also witnessed the extinction of the *fête*, to celebrate whose return the "clergy imps" assembled amongst the cattle-pens, then and there to discuss the hissing sausages and small ale, which benevolence had provided for them.

Certainly better times and places for reflection might be found in London than Smithfield on a fair-day: and yet we confess to have fallen into a day-dream on the fifth of the past month, when we paid what will probably be our last visit to this departed festival. We are indebted for our vision to no romance of poetic situation. We were sitting on the handle of a gaudily-painted hand-cart containing penny ginger-beer, by the side of a small perambulating theatre, which set forth "the vicissitudes of a servant-maid;" and in spite of the unceasing noise on every side, we could not desist from indulging in a mental daguerreotype of events connected with the fair and its localities.

We first called to mind the period when Smithfield was "a plain, or smoothe fielde," from which circumstance, according to old Fitzstephen, it derived its name; and when, instead of the London butchers and country drovers, a gay train of gallant knights and

tramping men-at-arms, whose harness gleamed in the sunlight of the glittering lists; together with a bevy of smiling, fair-haired "damosels" on their ambling palfreys, rode over its unpaved area to join the tournaments there held. We pictured them coming by "Gilt-spurre or Knight-rider Street, — so called because of the knights, who in quality of their honour wore gilt spurs, and who, with others, rode that way to the joustings and other feats of arms used in Smithfield." And then we thought what a fortune the events of these times would have been to the *boudoir* romancists of the present day, who write such pretty stories with dove's quills and otto of roses, for the annuals. Next we lost ourselves in a reverie about the sly Rahere,—the founder of the monastery and fair, and minstrel to Henry the First, — who was in former days employed to tell stories to royalty (an office, it would seem, not altogether obsolete), and who once began one of so great a length that he himself fell asleep in the middle, and never finished it. Rahere when he was sick was frightened into his pious act by a supposed visitation of St. Bartholomew, and became the first head of the priory, within whose walls the drapers and clothiers invited to the fair were allowed to lock up their wares every night. Anon we allowed ourselves to be carried in dreamy listlessness along the stream of time, until we were again halting, as we chuckled at the recollection of the humorous doings in the fair in the days of "Rare Ben Jonson,"—the puppet motions of Hero and Leander, altered from Sestos and Abydos to Puddledock and Bankside,—the Bartholemew pig, "roasted with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches," — the court of *pié-pouldre,* the "well-educated ape," and the "hare that beat the tabor," — all hackneyed subjects to mouldy antiquaries, we allow; but, not being over-addicted to rummaging dusty records and worm-eaten volumes, still interesting to common-place every-day people like ourselves. And lastly, we pictured the fair as we had known it in our own days, of which poor Hone has left us so lively a specimen, and calling back some of the scenes we had therein witnessed, we began to think that the abolition was not altogether useless or disadvantageous.

Whether our reflections would now have taken a retrograde turn, and wandered back again to the days of the tournaments, we know not; but, having arrived close upon the present period, we were somewhat startled, upon wishing to use it, to find that our handkerchief had disappeared whilst we had been lost in our reveries; and possibly, was already fluttering before one of the neighbouring bandana-bazaars in Field Lane. Hereupon we determined to give up ruminating in Smithfield, leaving that process to those animals in the cattle-market whose peculiar nature it is so to do; and having risen from our seat, and thanked the ginger-beer-man for the accommodation his waggon afforded, we commenced making the tour of the fair, or rather the ground once allotted to it.

There were no shows — no huge yellow caravans, or canvass pavilions covered with wondrous representations of the marvels to be seen within: a few small portable theatres formed the leading exhibitions. One there was, to be sure, of higher pretensions, into which, upon payment of one penny, we were permitted to enter. The proprietor of the spectacle, who had pitched his theatre in the back-parlour of one of the houses near the Hospital gate, stood at

the street-door, and informed us that the entertainment set forth, "The Bay of Naples in its native grander with the percession of the Ingian monarch and his eliphint, — the sportsman and the stag as walked like life, — the wild duck and the water-spanell, with the burning of Hamburg."

Here was enough to see, so we entered forthwith, and wedged ourselves in the corner of a room, small, and unpleasantly warm, where an audience of some five-and-twenty had already assembled before a small proscenium, about twelve feet high, having a painted drop-scene, which represented, as nearly as we could make out the localities, the Castle of Chillon moved to Virginia Water, with Athens and Mont Blanc in the background. After an Italian boy, who with his piano-organ formed the orchestra, had played "The days when we went gipsying," the drop rose, and discovered the Bay of Naples, with surrounding buildings, and something of a conical shape painted on the back scene—the *flat* we think it is technically called—which we imagined to be a light-blue cotton night-cap, with a long tassel, until informed that it depicted "Vesuvius—the burnin' mounting, as it appears from the sea-shore." When the excitement caused by the rising of the curtain had somewhat subsided, a little figure, dressed like a Turk, shuffled rapidly across the front of the stage, moving his legs backwards and forwards, both at once, and evidently by means of a crank connected with the wheels he ran on, which were invisible to the audience. Next the "percession" commenced, which was extremely imposing, and would have been much more so if the manager had been less hasty in taking the figures off, and putting them on other stands to go across again, which gave them the appearance of being most unsteadily intoxicated upon their second *entrée*. Then a little man came on in a boat, and shot a duck, which the "spannell" swam after; and, finally, the ignition of some red fire at the foot of Vesuvius formed the burning of Hamburg, which conflagration was exceedingly advantageous in rapidly clearing the room of the audience, by reason of its sulphureous vapour.

The principal traffic of the fair, beyond the business transacted in gingerbread-husbands and wax-dolls, from four-pence to three shillings each, was monopolized by several men in tilted carts, who were haranguing little mobs of people, and apparently disposing of their wares as fast as they could put them up for sale.

There were such frequent bursts of laughter from the buyers, that we were attracted towards one of these perambulating bazaars, in the hope of participating in their merriment. The proprietor of the cart was a tall burly fellow, in a round hat and knee-breeches, something like an aristocratic railway navigator, and the cart, in front of which he stood, was covered all over with a most curious display of goods, guns, braces, gimlets, waistcoats, saws, cruets, — in fact, specimens of almost everything ever manufactured. The man was selling the goods by his own auction, and had a flow of ready low wit,—pure, unadulterated chaff,—which was most remarkable. We recollect a few of his jokes, and these we chronicle to show the style of his address, even at the risk of being again accused of "exhibiting the coarsest peculiarities of the coarsest classes with such ultra accuracy." But it is in the lower orders, according to our own notion, that the natural character of a people is to be best discovered.

"Now, then, my customers," he exclaimed, advancing to the front

of the cart, "I'll tell you more lies in five minutes than you can prove true in a week. Now, missus," he continued, addressing a female in the crowd, "no winking at me to get things cheap. My wife's in the cart, and she's as sharp as the thick end of a pen'orth of cheese, as ugly as sin, and not half so pleasant."

A roar of laughter followed this sally as he took up a saw.

"Now, look here!—you never saw such a saw as this here saw is to saw in all the days you ever saw. This is a saw as *will* cut;—all you've got to do is to keep it back. If you was to lay this saw agin the root of a tree over night, and go home to bed—"

"Well, what then?" interrupted a fellow in the crowd, who wished to throw the dealer off his guard.

"Why," replied the man, "the chances are that when you came in the morning you wouldn't find it. Sold again!"

There was another laugh, and the would-be wag slunk away very crest-fallen.

"Now, I'm not going to take you in," he continued. "If you don't like these things, come again to-morrow, and I shan't be here. I'll charge you a pound for the saw, and if you don't like that, I'll say fifteen shillings. Come,—you've got faint hearts. Say twelve, ten, eight, five, three, *one!* — going for one! I'll ask no more, and I'll take no less. Sold again, and got the money!"

He now turned and picked out a cheap accordion, upon which he played some common air, and then proceeded.

"Now, look! — here's a young piece of music: the appollonicon in St. Martin's Lane lays a dozen every morning, and this is one of them. It's got the advantage that, when you're tired of it, it will blow the fire or mend your shoes. May I be rammed, jammed, and slammed into the mouth of a cannon, until I come out at the touch-hole as thin as a dead rushlight, if it ain't cheap at five pound! But I'll only take five shillings, and if that won't do, I'll say one! Who's got the lucky shilling?"

Not fifteen feet from the cart of this man there was another similarly laden, and a constant fire of salutations and mock abuse passed between the two venders. The merchant, however, in this case was a mere boy — he could not have been above fourteen, but carrying an expression of the most precocious meaning we ever beheld. He was no whit inferior to his adversary in ready slang, as his following oration over a two-barreled gun will testify:—

"There's a little flaw in the lock, to be sure; but that don't hinder its going off. I sold the fellow for two pound to a farmer in Leicestershire, and I'll tell you what it did. The first day he took it out he fired one barrel, and killed six crows as he didn't see; he fired the second, and shot nine partridges out of five, and the kick of the gun knocked him back'ards into a ditch, and he fell upon a hare and killed that. These guns will shoot round a corner, and over a hay-rick; and they're used to fatten the paupers that are turned out of the Unions for not paying the Income Tax. They load the guns with fat bacon, and shoot it down their throats."

Of course this was a safe *entamure* for a laugh. When he had done talking about the gun, which, however, he did not sell, he took up a whip, and, cracking it two or three times in front of his cart, recommenced:—

"Here's a whip, now, to make a lazy wife get up of a morning,

and make the kettle boil before the fire 's alight. It even makes my horse go, and he 's got a weak constitution and a bad resolution; he jibs going up hill, kicks going down, and travels on his knees on level ground. When he means to go, he blows hisself out with the celebrated railroad corn as sticks sideways in his inside, and tickles him into a trot. Who says a crown for this whip?"

There did not appear much disposition to buy the article, so the seller commenced a fresh panegyric.

"You 'd better buy it: you won't have another chance. There never was but two made, and the man died, and took the patent with him. He wouldn't have made them so cheap, only he lived in a garret, and never paid his landlord, but when he went home always pulled the bottom of the house upstairs after him. If any man insults you, I 'll warrant this whip to flog him from Newgate into the middle of next year. Who says a crown?"

There were two or three other carts of a similar description in different parts of Smithfield, but these fellows evidently enjoyed the supremacy. How many profits had to be made upon the articles, or what was their original cost, we know not, but we bought four pocket-knives, each containing three blades, with very fair springs, and horn handles, for sixpence! We had a little conversation afterwards with the first-mentioned vendor, who was, out of his rostrum, a quiet, intelligent person, and he assured us that at Wolverhampton the ordinary *curry-combs* of the shops were being made by families for ninepence a dozen, the rivets being clenched and the teeth cut by mere infants.

Beyond these features there was little to notice; — the vitality of the fair was evidently at its last gasp, and the civic authorities did not appear inclined to act as a humane society for its resuscitation. A little trade was maintained by the sale of portable cholera, in the shape of green-gages; but the majority of the stalls were sadly in want of customers. Even the Waterloo-crackers, unable to go off in a commercial point of view, failed to do so in a pyrotechnical one. Had we waited until midnight, when all became still, we might possibly have beheld the shades of Richardson, Saunders, Polito, and Miss Biffin, with their more ancient brethren, Fawkes the conjuror, and Lee, and Harper, waiting amongst the pens, or gathering together their audiences of old in shadowy bands to people the fair once more, as Napoleon collects his phantom troops in the Champs Elysées, where, since he has been buried in the Invalides, he must find it far more convenient to attend. But there was no inducement to stay until that period, and we left the fair about twenty minutes after we entered it, having seen everything that it contained, and deeming ourselves fortunate in having been only once violently compelled to buy a pound of gingerbread-nuts, by the sheer force of a young lady who presided at the stall, and who appeared in a state of temporary insanity, caused by the lack of customers and limited incomes of the majority of the visitors.

September 11, 1842.

SUDDEN FEAR.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

It is curious to remark the sudden effects of fear, the manner in which men of the most acknowledged courage are sometimes paralysed when taken by surprise, when hurried unawares, and threatened by a danger before they have time to prepare for, and meet it.

Mr. C—— was once riding through Epping Forest, then frequently the scene of highway-robberies, caring for no one, fearing no harm, when he suddenly fell in with a couple of as pretty women as any in the county of Essex. The ladies were in the greatest distress. They had just been robbed and plundered by a couple of footpads, armed with pistols and dirks, two men of enormous strength, who had gone off across the country, carrying with them the purses, watches, and trinkets of the fair damsels, whose postilion and man-servant had not dared to interfere. C—— had no weapon with him, except his riding-cane; he, however, clapped spurs to his horse, and started off in the direction pointed out. His pursuit was successful. He came up with the robbers, and single-handed seized them both, and lodged them in Chelmsford jail. They were tried, convicted, and transported.

The daring which Mr. C—— displayed in thus encountering and conquering two armed men became the theme of the whole county. His health was drank at all public meetings. Families who had hitherto been unknown to him, flocked round him, eager to make his acquaintance. Songs were even trolled in honour of his noble exploit. While, on the other side of the question, the poachers and freebooters vowed deep revenge if ever they caught him. His death was said to be solemnly determined on by these gentry; which threat being repeated to our friend, Mr. C——, he determined for the future to follow the example of his neighbours, and never again travel unarmed. Months, however, rolled by, and no attack was made on his person or his mansion. The rogues were evidently afraid of encountering one of such determined courage.

One winter evening, about seven o'clock, Mr. C——, with five other gentlemen, well-crammed into the stage-coach, came to a sudden halt. The door was thrown open, and the muzzle of an awe-inspiring blunderbuss thrust through the aperture by an individual with a mask, who, after "hoping that he didn't intrude," demanded their watches and purses; when lo! the six passengers, including Mr. C——, although they had pistols enough amongst them to stock a moderately extensive armoury, quietly delivered up their cash and valuables to this single footpad.

The story got abroad; the tale was told with *gusto* by those who had envied C——'s former splendid feat, and additional verses were composed to the songs written on his courage. Jokes were cut at his expense. It was in vain that he raved and foamed. He took the wisest step, and left the county.

I quote this story as a sort of *pendant* to a very simple case of strange analogy, which came under my observation in Bengal.

Tom Philan (so let us call him) was as good a fellow as ever drilled a company of sepoys, or uttered a good pun at a company's mess-table. Brave and generous, like almost all his countrymen, Tom was fool-hardy. In a word, he was a regular out-and-out "Tipperary boy."

One evening, having exhausted every other topic for betting, we were trying our utmost to see who could jump highest, when Lindsay backed himself for twenty gold mohurs to touch the top of a high folding-door. The offer was accepted, and my friend took his spring. He succeeded in accomplishing the task, but as he descended we remarked he had suddenly turned deadly pale, and gasped for breath. The cause was, however, apparent; he had touched with his fingers a cobra manilla, which had been lying at full length on the top edge of the open door. So sudden had been the motion, that the snake had not had time to inflict his mortal bite, but, pushed from his airy position, had fallen on the floor in the midst of us.

A scream burst from almost every lip, and a regular "*sauve qui peut*" took place, many rushing out of the room, and even the house, fancying themselves pursued by the fell reptile. Not so, however, Philan, who happened to be present. He suddenly caught up a riding-whip which was lying on a chair, and advancing boldly up to the cobra, killed it at a single blow, to the admiration of every one present.

On another occasion, returning along the *Bund* at Berhampore, (a high steep bank erected to keep out the river,) which was so narrow on the top as to allow of only one person walking on it, tolerably well primed with liquor, preceded by his *kidtmutgar* carrying a lighted torch, Tom suddenly checked the song he was bellowing out, on seeing his servant throw down the torch, and rush into the stream. By the light of the still burning brand he beheld a cobra capella already dancing on its tail, ready to spring at him, its spectacled eyes beaming like two red-hot cinders, its hood raised, its every joint in motion. Tom did not like the looks of his enemy, but still he scorned to fly; so, drawing his sword, he manfully attacked the serpent. How he managed it no one ever knew, not even himself; but certain it is in about half an hour afterwards he was found lying fast asleep on the body of the snake, the head of the reptile having been cut clean off by a fine stroke of Tom's sabre.

But perhaps the coolest, the most determined, proof of his resolution, was one that happened a few days before I was introduced to him. Philan, like many others in India, chose to keep up many of his European habits, and amongst others, that of preserving a neatly-fitted-up dressing-room, with a table, on which he was able to have constantly displayed the silver ornaments and mother-of-pearl-handled razors, contained in a splendid case given to him by an old aunt, when he sailed from Europe. His boots were ranged with care along the wall, his whips hung round, sporting prints studded the *chunam* (a composition, or shining mortar resembling marble,) sides of the chamber. In fine, he had a regular English-looking dressing-room.

Now one morning Tom was pulling on a boot, when he suddenly felt something in it. It was cold and clammy; the chill of its nature struck through the thin silk stocking he wore. It moved, it writhed; it was evidently a snake. Who can imagine, far less por-

tray, the agony of the poor fellow, who at once believed he was a dead man! Some men, indeed I may almost say every one, would have paused under these circumstances, or attempted to have withdrawn his foot. In either of these cases death would have been the instant result. This all flashed, with a rapidity which nothing but thought possesses, across the mind of Tom. The snake was under his foot, evidently pinned down, striving to turn itself in order to bite. He at once saw his only hope. He pulled on the boot with considerable swiftness, and starting up, stamped on the iron edge of the Venetian blinds, continuing to do so with the fury of despair for nearly a minute, to the surprise and horror of his *surdar*, who, unconscious of his motive, thought his master had suddenly gone mad. Then sinking, overcome with agitation and fatigue, on the chair, he ordered the man to pull off his boot. He did so, when out rolled a small green snake, one of the most deadly of its kind, crushed to death, jammed to a perfect jelly.

The man who had accomplished such deeds was justly looked upon as one of the bravest men in India.

I dined, shortly after this last exploit, with Tom Philan at his mess. The dinner passed off with much festivity. Many had been the proofs of daring recounted to us of members of the corps present, and many the boasts of what they intended to do, when suddenly a young ensign, who was rising from the table, turned round and uttered a piercing scream. We looked back,—every eye was directed towards the spot on which he had glanced, when, to our horror, we saw an enormous snake slowly crawling towards us. In another instant every soul had risen from his place, and were flying away across the square in front of the cantonment as fast as our legs would carry us. Tom Philan led the van, shouting with fear, as if the monster were already coiled round his limbs. A few minutes' reflection emboldened some of our party to return. We found the reptile already dead, despatched by one of our servants. It was a rock-snake, an animal wholly innocuous. It measured some eight feet long, and was a beautiful specimen of its kind. I begged to have it, in order to send it home to some friends in England to preserve. It was given me, and I returned home with it dangling on my arm, laughing at the cowardice displayed by one, when ably supported, frightened out of his wits in the midst of an armed assembly by a harmless reptile, who had single-handed performed such feats of valour, and destroyed serpents of the most deadly kind.

TO **** *****.

Thou art bright to mine eyes
As the first glimpse of heaven to the soul,
Or those orbs of the skies
That in beauty and melody roll.

And I love thee, mine own,
As the flowers love the sweet sunshine,
And thy image has grown
Like a life in this heart of mine.

O dearest! O best!
Wilt thou be my guide-star here?
My life! how blest
When those fond eyes of thine are near.

A CAMPAIGN WITH THE CHRISTINOS,

In 1838 and 1839.

BY CHARLES F. FYNES-CLINTON.

CHAPTER I.

Bayonne.—The Pyrenees.—Zaragoza.—Spanish character.—Navarre.—Army of the Queen.—Pamplona.—Skirmish.

1838, Jan. 5, I left London, and arrived on the following day at Calais; whence, travelling by diligence through Paris, Orleans, Tours, Angoulême, Poitiers, and Bordeaux, I reached the Hôtel du Commerce at Bayonne on the 14th. Here I found the climate delightfully mild, although letters from England informed me that the winter there was very severe. In spite of the unfavourable season of the year the country looked beautiful. Indeed, I have seen hardly anything in the course of my rambles more pleasing than the neighbourhood of Bayonne. The broken ground about the city, covered with villas, woods, vineyards, and gardens, the sea in one direction, and the lofty Pyrenees with ever-varying tints in another, form a charming landscape; nor is the town itself, with its ramparts, its old church and high picturesque-looking houses, overhanging the two rivers that meet in its centre, by any means a disagreeable object. At Bayonne I took up my quarters for some time, learning Spanish, and getting all the information I could about Spain. The town was full of Spanish emigrants,—not less than six thousand were there.

It was surprising how ignorant most people were at Bayonne of the state of things beyond the Pyrenees. Even the Spaniards seemed to know little, and to care less what was going on in their own country, and as long as they could stroll about with a cigar in their mouths, seemed perfectly indifferent to everything around them. People talked of Spain as of some unexplored but terrible region, from which none who entered ever returned, and looked upon me, who meditated not only penetrating into that dread country, but even bearing arms in the sanguinary contest that was raging there, as little better than a madman. It was, however, with a feeling of inexpressible delight that I prepared to penetrate these lofty mountains, which interposed a barrier between me and that land of mystery and of romance. On the 12th of March I bade farewell to the few acquaintances I had made in Bayonne, and got into a diligence, which carried me through Ortes and a very pretty country, to Pau, and thence to Oleron. The scenery round these places is lovely, although neither Pau nor Oleron appeared to me *in themselves* very delectable. At Oleron I learnt that the diligence for Zaragoza would not start till the day following, so I bargained with a Spaniard to take me forward immediately to Zaragoza. The man was a native of Canfran, a small town on the Spanish side of the pass; he was to perform the distance (about one hundred and thirty miles English) in four days. In the afternoon of the 13th we left Oleron in a light covered cart, drawn by a pair of active horses, and rattled along at a brisk pace over a very good road, which lay up the bank of a roaring stream, following its windings, and at every turn dis-

closing fresh beauties. The mountains increased in height, and the scenery in grandeur as we proceeded; dark forests of oak, beech, and pine clothed the slopes of the hills, while far above towered the snowy peaks to a great height. At nightfall we arrived at Urdos, the last place on the French side—a squalid, miserable town. Here we put up at an inn of corresponding attributes, and found a large party of French, Spaniards, and Basques seated round a coarse supper. Next morning early I was roused by my guide, who mounted me upon a lean but sure-footed little horse; for there is no carriage-road between Urdos and Ayerbe, a distance of more than sixty miles, which lies entirely over the rugged steeps of the Pyrenees. This track was, at the time I visited it, the only communication that Madrid and the greater part of Spain had with France,—for the royal road between Bayonne and the capital was entirely in the hands of the Carlists. Soon after leaving Urdos we got upon the snow, and at the highest part of the road, in a silent desert of snowy mountains, we crossed the frontier; and after a tolerably laborious march, reached Canfran, at the other extremity of the snowy region. This is a poor little town, not much better than Urdos; and here I remained for the day at the house of my guide, which was one of the most respectable in the place. I spent the rest of the day in rambling about the wild neighbourhood of the little town, and was pleased to observe that the torrent which went foaming down the gorge of the mountains ran southwards, doubtless to contribute its waters to the Ebro.

Next morning, before the day broke, I was again on my road. The party consisted of the son of my guide, with a sturdy Arragonese peasant, and myself, each mounted on a good mule. Passing through stony tracks, and among barren mountains, we came down upon the little plain of Jaca about ten. It is a neat walled town, with a handsome citadel of great strength. The church is curious, and very ancient, and is, I believe, the only specimen of Norman architecture in Spain. These remarks, however, I made on future visits to Jaca,—for on the present occasion we passed under the walls without halting, and soon began to climb the lofty Sierra de Jaca, amidst forests of pine, box, and ilex. The view from the highest point of this ridge is magnificent. Behind, (that is, to the north,) lay the whole line of the Pyrenees, stretching east and west as far as the eye could see, a huge snowy wall of mountains, their jagged and glistening peaks standing out in bold relief against the deep blue sky, while to the south was a sea of rugged sierras and forests, with here and there a glimpse of the plains of Arragon, and the fertile valleys of Navarre. We halted at a solitary house, and procured a species of dinner, reeking with garlic and other abominable ingredients. Then plodding on over one ridge after another, we got down to Ayerbe at night, after a march of fifteen hours. Here we found a *galera* or stage-waggon going to Zaragoza, and taking our stations in it, we travelled over vast uncultivated plains under a scorching sun, till we reached Gurrea, a small place, with a tolerable *posada* or inn, where we passed the night.

On the following day, the 17th, we were again on the move; we crossed the River Gallego by a boat; and soon after leaving Zuera we came in sight of Zaragoza. The lofty towers and pinnacles of "the heroic city" were visible at a great distance, rising in a fer-

tile plain, amidst corn, olives, and vineyards, with a blue ridge of mountains in the back. So there I was, within sight of the immortal Zaragoza! I longed to see the men who had made that terrible defence against the armies of Napoleon, and who, only a few days before my arrival, had proved that they were not degenerate. For on the 5th March, before the day broke, three battalions of Carlists entered the town by treason, and the first notice the inhabitants had of their presence was by the shouts of "*Viva Carlos Quinto!*" There were no regular troops in the place, but each man there is a national guard, and each, snatching his musket, hastened to attack the enemy, although totally ignorant of his numbers. After a bloody struggle in the streets the Carlists were driven out, with the loss of nearly half their number. This happened twelve days before I arrived there.

The approach to Zaragoza was delightful. The domes and minarets of the numerous churches and convents glittered in the evening sun. The fresh green of the young corn, the spacious olive-groves, the orchards loaded with blossom, all were pleasing to the eyes after the barren landscapes which they had so long looked upon. The broad and rapid Ebro enlivened the whole, while the soft southern breeze wafted the odours of the bean-flower and of the fruit-blossoms. Crossing the Ebro by an ancient stone bridge, we passed through a gateway into the narrow gloomy streets, and I took up my quarters at the *Fonda de las cuatro naciones* — a very good inn. The people of Zaragoza are haughty and cruel, above any other Spaniards that I have met with, and on this occasion they strutted about with more than usual arrogance, owing to their late exploit. I found them, however, not inhospitable, and better disposed to strangers than the Castilians are. The way to manage a Spaniard is to be open and friendly with him. Let an Englishman shut himself up in that stiff formal bearing, which he is fond of assuming among strangers, and he will find the Spaniard proud and sullen in his turn; but only be civil, and flatter his pride a little, and your Don is one of the most frank, obliging persons in the world.

During the heat of the day few persons were to be seen in the streets of Zaragoza; but in the evening the public walks and streets were thronged. Most of the men wore the uniform of the National Guard; the peasants their blue velveteen jacket and breeches, blue silk stockings, and sandals, with a scarlet or blue sash round the loins. The head was bound round with a coloured handkerchief, sometimes surmounted by a conical felt hat, ornamented with little beads. The Spaniards of the lower rank wear the throat and chest exposed in summer and winter. The Arragonese peasants are tall, well-made fellows, with handsome regular features, very swarthy; they move with a free, fierce air, which strikes a stranger much. They are fond of using their long knives; murders are consequently very common, so that it is unsafe to traverse their dark, narrow streets at night. The women invariably wear the *mantilla*, a black silk scarf, which covers the head, and descends to the waist. They prefer black dresses, so that the promenades have a very sombre appearance. I think the Spanish women well deserve the fame that they have obtained for beauty; they have always fine hair and eyes, and throw a romance into their most trivial actions, which, with their beautiful language, makes them very fascinating. They are almost the only women I have seen who walk well.

In the evening all the inhabitants were in the streets. The guitar tinkled at the door of every house, accompanied by the tambourin and castanets, playing generally the monotonous *jota*, but sometimes enlivened by the cachucha, a bolero, or fandango. The weather, even at this early season, was intensely hot, and many of the trees were in full leaf. I remained in Zaragoza, rambling about its handsome churches and ancient Moorish palaces, till the 2nd of April, when I embarked in the canal boat for Tudela, a city of Navarre, situated on the Ebro, about sixty-five miles above Zaragoza. The river, however, is too rapid for navigation, and a noble canal connects the two places. The boat, towed by mules, went at a tolerable pace. That night we slept at a village about half-way, and arrived next day at Tudela. The plains through which we passed are very fertile, abounding with corn and vineyards. The irrigation by means of the canal is easy.

Tudela is a dirty town, in the midst of a plain, filled with olives of immense size. I did not tarry here long; for, finding a countryman going with a cart-load of beans to Tafalla, I agreed with him to take me. At Tudela is a bridge of great length, and very strongly fortified. Here I entered the theatre of war, and here I first saw some of the Queen's regular army, whom I regarded with some curiosity. I must confess that the first time I saw their infantry I thought them squalid and miserable-looking fellows; but when I saw some of their veteran regiments formed up, I was of another opinion. Although their clothes were patched and stained, their firelocks shone like silver, and there was a martial bearing about these old soldiers, and a reckless look in their fierce and swarthy countenances that pleased me extremely. Most of them had been marching and fighting for four years, and many had served in the old war of Napoleon. We passed that night at Baltierra, a neat little town, about ten miles from Tudela, and on the following day we journeyed through a bleak ugly country, and through the wretched town of Caparoso, where we crossed the Arragon river by a fortified bridge, and finally halted in Olite. Fortunately a column of the army of Navarre was disposed along the road, or we might have run considerable risk. Olite is famous for the remains of an ancient castle, once the palace of the Kings of Navarre.

On the 5th, early, we got into Tafalla, which is only four miles from Olite; and no sooner were we arrived than two or three battalions, and a squadron of cuirassiers, poured into the town, and I found great difficulty in getting a lodging. Tafalla before the war was a place of considerable trade and importance. The country round is extremely rich; but the town has been lately much reduced: all the best families have indeed deserted it. The inhabitants, who are attached to the Carlist interest, are worn down by fines, contributions, and the billeting of troops upon them. Two large convents have been loop-holed and fortified; and tambours erected across the streets. In short, the town wears a very desolate aspect. The Navarrese are determined supporters of Don Carlos; they are an obstinate, sturdy race, brave, hardy, and indefatigable in war, but less handsome and intelligent than the other Basques. So completely was this part of the country drained of men when I first went there, that the farmers were obliged to bring labourers from Arragon to till their land, paying them half a dollar (or twenty-five pence) a day, while good

mutton was only fourpence per pound, and wine (excellent wine too,) cheaper than beer in England. There was hardly a family in Tafalla that had not some relations in the Carlist army.

On the 8th, I left Tafalla for Pamplona, which is twenty-four miles north of it, with a convoy of thirty-five carts, loaded with stores of all sorts for the garrison of Pamplona, and a strong escort. About half way is a wild district of mountains and forests called the Carrascal, famous for many battles between Mina and the French. The mountains terminate in grey craggy peaks, distinguishable all over Navarre. The forests are composed of the ilex, mixed with box. Many villages, now ruinous, are scattered over the slopes of the mountains. The whole scene is beautiful, both for its outline and colouring. Soon after passing the Carrascal we came to a superb aqueduct, which, crossing an extensive valley, conducts water from the mountains to Pamplona, a distance of eight miles. We were not long before we came in sight of the capital of Navarre, which stands at the northern edge of a large plain, on all sides of which rise mountains of very picturesque form; those at the back of Pamplona are more lofty and rugged than the rest, and are offshoots of the great chain of the Pyrenees. It was on these hills that the famous battles of the Pyrenees were fought. Pamplona is one of the strongest, the neatest, and the prettiest cities in the Peninsula; and here I determined to take up my quarters for some time, and got introduced to all the best society then in the place. The *Tertulias*, or evening parties, are, with all due deference, mighty dull concerns: card-playing is the principal amusement; dancing and singing sometimes; but the latter is a much less common accomplishment here than it is in England. The public walks, or *paseos*, at Pamplona are very spacious and agreeable within the walls, which was fortunate, for at the time I was there no one could stir beyond the gate without danger of being shot or lanced by the enemy's horsemen, who maintained a pretty strict blockade, and it was only a column of some force that could enter or leave the town. Many harmless peasants and labourers were killed by the enemy, as they had proclaimed that fate to any one, man, woman, or child, who communicated with the place.

May 1st, I passed the night in the fortified convent of St. Pedro, without the walls. This convent is garrisoned by Urban, surnamed *Mochuelo*, or the owl, who was a famous *partidario* in the time of the great war, and now leads a free corps, composed of about two hundred infantry, and a troop of horse. He is a brave, intelligent chieftain, and has been exceedingly active in the Queen's cause. His officers are a set of rough veterans; we had a jolly supper together, and dancing after it. In the morning I went over his barracks and stables, which are very creditable. The huge size of the convent would accommodate an army. As we were inspecting the stables an alarm was given that the enemy was attacking a neighbouring village. In an instant the whole party turned out, and scampered away into the hills. I never saw such a motley assemblage of rascals in my life — Spaniards, French, Italians, Poles, cutthroats from all the nations of Europe. The scene was beautiful, enlivened as it was by the wild figures of the men; many of whom wore the *boyna*, which resembles the Scotch bonnet in shape; it is the dress of the Basques, and worn by the whole Carlist army.

On the 16th, three of the enemy's battalions, and two squadrons, crossed the country about two miles from the city. General Alaix, viceroy of Navarre, who had three strong battalions, and some cavalry in the town, did not think proper to meddle with them; but my active friend, Urban, was determined to exchange a shot or two with their rearguard, — for some of their lancers galloped up to the very walls, and brandishing their weapons, defied those within to come forth, with true Spanish gasconade, at the same time calling the Queen by names too shocking to be thought of. A Spaniard, who had been chief of a little band, was standing on the walls with many other citizens, and being a bold fellow, determined to chastise one of these vituperators of her Majesty; so getting his horse and lance, he sallied forth from the gate, and challenged one of the nearest horsemen to do battle; the other was not at all averse to the encounter. They were watched with much interest by their friends on either sides: both were large, powerful men, and well mounted, and they charged in good style. The lance of the Carlist grazed the arm of his adversary, but as he was dressed in a *zamara*, or sheepskin jacket, it did him no harm. The Christino took better aim, and struck his opponent right through the body, and so returned in triumph to the town.

Meanwhile shots were heard in another direction, which I soon discovered to proceed from Urban's party and the enemy's rearguard. Leaving the town by the Puerta de Francia, I got upon a rising ground near the convent of Capuchins, and was immediately witness of a very pretty skirmish. In the level corn-fields between the convent and the mountains was a line of skirmishers, with their supports and some cavalry. The enemy were on the mountain side, and very much superior in force; our men occupied a small village at the foot of the hill, from which they were chased out by the enemy, and came running back as hard as they could pelt. The scene now became very animated; the enemy pressed forward vigorously, and seemed disposed to sweep down with a squadron, which hung like a dark cloud upon the edge of the plain. The shot whistled round pretty closely; the smoke curled in white wreaths along the hill-side, while the rattle of the musketry, and the wild cries of the men, were re-echoed from the rocks. Our men retired, having lost ten men and a couple of horses; and the enemy, satisfied with having driven us back, also rejoined his main body, giving us a volley at parting.

CHAPTER II.

March to Logroño.—Espartero.—Taking of Labraza.—Vittoria.—British Auxiliary Brigade.—March towards Estella.—Retrograde movement.—Gloomy aspect of the Queen's affairs.

June 6th.—General Espartero, the Queen's commander-in-chief in the north of Spain, arrived this afternoon from Vittoria, with the division of General Buerens, and I determined to accompany him to Logroño. On the 8th, at daybreak, we marched out of Pamplona, and arrived at noon at Puente de la Reyna, sixteen miles from Pamplona, where we halted for the day. Puente is a neat pretty town, situated upon the river Arga, and surrounded on all sides by hills, the summits of which have been crowned by forts and batteries. The enemy have also a strong fort on the other side of the Arga upon a

hill which commands one of the approaches to the town. This river forms their eastern boundary, and they have made their line very formidable by forts, breast-works, and block-houses, at all assailable points of the river:—the only bridge, that of Belascosin, half way between Pamplona and Puente, they have fortified, and the guns of a large fort sweep the approach to it.

At three next morning we left Puente, making a digression to avoid the enemy's fort. The column wound up the side of the hill in silence, the arms of the men and the broad river below flashing in the moonlight. Suddenly the sharp crack of a musket startled the echoes of the mountains; the firing proceeded from the opposite side of the Arga, and was kept up till the column had passed that point. Our men only replied by loud cheers, and at daybreak we were close to Mendigorria. Passing by the ruinous town of Larraga, we halted some hours in Zerin, a yet more desolate place, which had been taken, and two thirds of it destroyed, by the Carlists, some time before, and which, when I saw it, was little better than a heap of ruins. From Zerin to Lodosa we marched across a scorched brown plain, whence was a fine view over the mountains of Castile on the opposite side of the Ebro.

At daybreak on the 10th we left Lodosa, and crossing the bridge, and leaving the olive groves on the bank of the Ebro, we passed over arid plains to Logroño, which is about twenty-four miles higher up the river than Lodosa.

Logroño, where the head-quarters of the Conde de Luchana were fixed for so long a period, is an ancient city of Castile, and is one of the filthiest of all the filthy towns of Spain. It lies in a fertile plain, which is watered by the Ebro, and inclosed by the sierras of Castile on the one side, and the lofty mountains of Álava and of Navarre on the other. This plain is covered with corn-fields and gardens; many walnut-trees of large growth are sprinkled over it; while the lower slopes of the hills are fringed with the vine and the olive. The mountains on the Navarre side of the river sweep upwards in craggy peaks of great height and most picturesque form, while their skirts and the plain below are dotted with white towns and villages. In short, the neighbourhood of Logroño would form even in a northern atmosphere a scene of great beauty; but under a Spanish sky it is indeed a lovely landscape; for in those southern regions the clearness of the atmosphere, and the rich tints which deck the scene are not to be described. The view is always of immense extent; while every distant tower or rocky peak is seen clearly defined as in some exquisite painting. The sun blazes the whole summer long in a cloudless sky of the deepest blue, and at his rising and setting lights up the landscape with a gorgeous colouring to which no painter could do justice. True it is that Spain is deficient in foliage and in water; but the hues of her mountains make amends for that deficiency, and wherever verdure is found it springs up with a tropical luxuriance. The banks of every river are either enamelled with a rich growth of trees, shrubs, and wild flowers, or they are decked with crops whose surpassing beauty attests the richness of the soil. The heat while I was at Logroño was intense, and no one thought of stirring out till the evening. Then the *paseos* (which had been much injured in the fortifying of the place) were crammed with people, among whom were the general, his lady the Countess (now

Duchess), with a host of aide-de-camps and officers of distinction, who really made a very gay appearance. Then came the Countess's evening parties, which were very well attended. That lady is very pretty, and has the most agreeable manners I have ever met with. I was also introduced to the general, who is a silent, reserved person in his manners. He is rather below the middle height, of a slight figure, and a fine expressive face, the nose aquiline, the eyes large and intelligent.

Don Baldomero Espartero, of rather humble origin, was, I believe, only a colonel at the commencement of the present war. He rose to be general of division, and in that capacity, under Cordova, contributed mainly to the victory of Mendigorria, so fatal to the Carlists, led by Don Carlos in person. He subsequently received the command of the army of the north; and, for his success at the bridge of Luchana, was made Conde de Luchana. Since then he has defeated the enemy several times, and very signally. He lay at Logroño in a marvellously inactive condition from the summer of 1838 till the spring of 1839, when, for his successes on the western frontier of the Basques, he was created a Duke by the extraordinary Quixotic title of "Duque de la Victoria." He is also a grandee of Spain, commander-in-chief of the armies of Spain, knight grand cross of all the military orders, &c. &c. Few men have risen so rapidly where their progress has been in conformity with, and in obedience to, the established order of things. In six years he rose from the grade of colonel to the highest rank and honours that his country could afford.

Perhaps it would be harsh to judge of his general plans, because his resources were often limited; but his battles have exhibited more courage than skill. A more cool or daring man in the field never existed than Espartero; and most of his brilliant successes have been owing to a bold dash at the head of his escort and his guides. The soldiers adore him; and while the Government sees the advantage and even necessity of keeping a man in command whose presence curbs those mutinies which want of pay and other causes would frequently produce under another leader, yet they cannot but feel the power that a general at the head of fifty thousand veteran soldiers must possess,—and, accordingly, he has of late directed the ministry at his pleasure.

The plan pursued by the commander-in-chief at the time I joined his head-quarters was to block the enemy within their territories,—the Basque provinces. This country, inhabited by an industrious, brave, and hardy race, differing in origin from the Spaniards, and speaking a language of unknown antiquity, is in many parts almost inaccessible to an army. The inhabitants boast that they have never been conquered. Napoleon's best captains and his disciplined warriors experienced here the most stubborn resistance, and never made any permanent impression. Don Carlos, mixing up his cause with theirs, and making them believe that they were fighting for their rights and their religion, (which religion meant the Inquisition and monastic establishments,) found in them his firmest supporters. Their population, thicker in proportion than that of any other part of Spain, supplied the ranks of his armies, the fertility of their valleys provided corn, their foundries furnished cannon, the near neighbourhood of France produced an easy supply of clothing for

the troops, the soldier himself (the discipline being lax,) did not feel it a hard thing to bear arms while he lived amidst his own family, particularly in a country where the disposition of the people inclines them to a roving life rather than to any settled occupation, —above all, the meanest peasant might, and did, rise to the highest grades, and even to the command of armies.

Before I entered Spain, I had often heard people express their surprise that the Queen's generals, with their overwhelming forces, did not at once crush and annihilate the Basques, and I held the same opinion myself; but when I found a brave and stubborn race, bound together by common interests, excited to a wild enthusiasm by their priests, who often fought at their head, —a race inhabiting a country of great natural strength,—enabled, from their position, to move at any moment as from the centre of a circle upon their enemy, who held the circumference of that circle,—when I beheld a people so situated attacked by troops raised in different parts of Spain, men forced by the conscription to take arms, who regarded chiefly the pay, (little of which, however, they got,) and cared not much for the cause which they served,—I say, on making these observations, my opinion changed, and my surprise at the long duration of the contest ceased.

But to go on with my journal.—On the 10th of July at midnight Espartero sallied out of Logroño, at the head of twelve battalions, five hundred cavalry, and twelve guns, and crossing the Ebro, entered the enemy's country, with the intention of attacking Labraza, a small town amidst the mountains, about ten miles from Logroño. At daybreak we came in sight of the place, which is strongly situated upon a conical hill. After crowning all the neighbouring heights, the town was summoned, and having refused to surrender, a howitzer battery opened upon them, and the shells soon brought the roofs tumbling about their ears. The enemy had no heavy guns, but opened a fire of musketry, which, however, they did not keep up long. They soon hoisted the white flag, and we entered the place, where we found a garrison of only fifty soldiers, besides the inhabitants. After this grand exploit we returned to Logroño.

On the 2nd of August I left Logroño, with the intention of visiting Vittoria, and, mounted upon a good Spanish horse, which I had purchased at Pamplona, with a sabre by my side, I sallied forth, and going up the course of the Ebro, I halted for that night at Montalva, a hamlet with an old castle and a wood of poplars, which formed a grateful shade at that burning season of the year. Next day I proceeded to the good town of Haro, where I crossed the Ebro, and entering the province of Alava, arrived that evening without adventure at Vittoria. The country round Haro is beautiful; the plains for leagues on all sides are covered with vineyards, at that time clothed with the richest foliage; the mountains are rocky and picturesque; and, after leaving Haro, the road enters a gorge of the mountains, through which rushes the river Zadorra, the same which waters the plain of Vittoria. That city possesses great interest for an Englishman, and is in itself well worth seeing. The Plaza is beautiful, and the old town, crowning a high hill, is curious. The view from hence over the fertile plain of Vittoria, studded with innumerable villages, convents, and towers, and bounded on all sides by

lofty mountains, is magnificent. After spending a day at Vittoria at a very good *posada*, and strolling in the delightful *paseos*, I returned by a march of two days to Logroño, where I found the preparations for an attack on Estella, which had been long actively carried forward, nearly completed. We were daily expecting to march in that direction, when the British auxiliary brigade arrived from Santander. This force, all that remained of the old legion, consisted of a squadron of cavalry and a battery of guns. I believe that it was originally intended to add a regiment of Spanish infantry. This, however, was not carried into effect. Colonel de la Saussaye, an Irishman in the service of Spain, an officer of great talents and courage, commanded the brigade. I had procured a commission in the cavalry, and when they arrived in the cantonments of the army on the Ebro, I hastened to join.

It was on the 24th of August that I first found myself amongst the gallant little band of Britons, then quartered in Fuen Mayor, a small town eight miles from Logroño. Next day there was a parade in full marching order, and I had an opportunity of seeing the squadron to advantage. There were about one hundred and twenty men in the ranks that day. They had just had a remount from England, and both men and horses looked admirable. A great happiness it was to me to see the red jacket again, and to hear the gallantry of my countrymen so much spoken of by the Spaniards. Our guns (beautiful guns they were: viz. four six-pounders and two twelve-pounder howitzers,) were stationed at Logroño.

September 3rd.—The long-expected order to march at length arrived: the army broke up from its cantonments, and directed its march upon Estella. My squadron turned out in high spirits, and passing through Logroño, we were joined by the guns, with which we marched to Galilea, a small town of Castile. The heat and dust were excessive. The road lay over arid plains of light sandy soil, and not the smallest breath of air arose to blow aside the cloud of dust that filled eyes, mouth, and nose, or to temper the scorching heat of the sun, which seemed to boil the very blood in our veins. Next day we passed by Alcanadre, and crossing a lofty cliff, came down upon Lodosa, where we were joined by two infantry regiments, and marched across the plain to Zerin. Here we found the general-in-chief, who inspected our squadron, and appeared much pleased with their condition and appearance.

On the 5th we remained at Zerin, and amused ourselves with examining with glasses the enemy's works on the Monte Jurra, above Estella, which was about ten miles from us.

On the 6th we quitted Zerin, and passed by Larraga, bringing up the rear of the column over those fine plains; the enemy's videttes were in sight, but kept at a respectful distance. Towards evening we arrived before Artajona, a ruinous town of some size on the side of a steep hill, crowned by an ancient castle, whose many and lofty turrets make a conspicuous figure. Being joined by General Alaix with the division of Navarre, the whole army was now collected in the neighbourhood of Estella. The cavalry was under the command of Don Diego de Leon, an excellent cavalry officer, and of signal courage. The soldiers eagerly and confidently expected the orders to begin the attack; although there were officers who did not feel so certain of the result, as the works of the place

were known to be of immense strength, the guns many, and the garrison numerous and resolute. Suddenly rumours of reverses sustained by the Queen's arms in Valentia were spread through the army.

On the 8th, general orders were issued, stating that, in consequence of the rebel Merino having invaded Castile, the general-in-chief intended first to go and chastise that traitor, and then to lead his brave soldiers and companions in arms to the conquest of Estella. The following day the heavy artillery was sent to the rear, and on the 10th we marched out of Artajona,—that is to say, the general-in-chief, the guides, guards, and his escort; and General Leon with our squadron, the cuirassiers, and the hussars. Espartero went to Lodosa, while we proceeded to Andosilla, a small town hanging upon the side of a precipitous hill, near the mouth of the river Ega. After a march of fourteen hours we arrived there at ten at night; and, after three hours' rest, we marched fifteen hours by Lodora and Logroño to Fuen Mayor, a distance of forty-five miles. It was late at night when we entered into Fuen Mayor, where we found the cuirassiers and three battalions. We now expected to start in pursuit of Merino; but that chief retired on finding that he had succeeded in drawing us from before Estella.

And so ended the proposed attack on the Carlist capital, for which preparations had been going on for two months. It appears to me very plain that Espartero ought to have detached a division against Merino, who had but a small force, and himself to have continued the operations against Estella.

The Queen's cause indeed was now in a very deplorable state. The successes in the beginning of the year against Negri, against Basilio Garcia, and at Peñacerrada, had caused money to be forthcoming to the Christinos, and great efforts had been made for the attack of Estella and of Morella. The armies destined for those purposes were in a more efficient state than at any previous period of the war; but a man possessed of greater talent and energy than any of the Queen's captains foiled the disciplined soldiers of General Oraa before Morella with a small and ill-equipped army; and having defeated the Christino general with great loss, sent Merino with a column into Castile to draw Espartero from Estella, while he himself invaded the rich country of Valencia, sacked the "garden of Spain" close to the very walls of the city, and returned to his own fastnesses with an immense booty. Thus did Cabrera at once raise the siege of two places, inflict great mischief upon his enemy, and cause his opponents to retire foiled and dispirited to their own lines, at the moment when they thought that they were about to strike a great and perhaps mortal blow against their adversary.

CHAPTER III.

March to Villarcayo.—Pass of Oña.—March into Navarre.—Battle of the Perdon. —False alarms.—Combat of Sesma.

Sept. 14th.—A column of infantry passed through Fuen Mayor, and a battery of heavy guns rattled through the narrow paved streets, directing their course up the Ebro, and on the following day we suddenly received orders to march in the same direction.

These sudden marching-orders were often productive of a most

amusing bustle and confusion in an officer's arrangement. We were generally billeted by twos or threes, and arranged our mess accordingly. Sometimes an order to turn out in half an hour would arrive shortly after an excellent dinner (oh! how rarely met with in those days!) had been placed before the fire,—and then all was to be left, and those who had been eyeing the preparations with such pleasing anticipations had to turn out and march they knew not where, perhaps to a place where nothing eatable was to be procured. Often, too, shirts, &c. would have been "sent to the wash," and were quietly drying upon a sunny rock beside a murmuring stream, at the distance of a couple of miles from the quarters of the owner, when the fell "boots and saddles" saluted his ears. Then was to be seen the quickness and resources of the servant accustomed to campaigning; while one with lightning speed saddled the horses, and gave their coats a last polish, another with equal quickness, and in almost the same instant of time, would save what portions he could of the half-dressed dinner in various tin boxes, bundle them into a sack, pack his master's valise, collect the scattered linen from the hill-side, and with shirts and socks dangling like the housings of some ancient knight around his horse's flanks, drying as they went, would sally from his quarters, and arrive triumphantly in rear of the squadron, before the last sections of threes had well quitted the parade-ground. I used often to think, that had some of these gentlemen, accoutred as they were, emerged upon an English high road, their appearance would have sorely perplexed the passengers; the livery-coat, the drab *kerseys*, and gaiters, would pronounce him to be a groom; but the head surmounted with a military forage-cap, a beard and mustachios, and a sabre by his side, would proclaim him to be of the profession of arms. At his saddle-bow hangs a *bota*, or wine-skin, besides a valise and cloak, and the sacks containing his horse's corn; there are many other bags filled with a very miscellaneous collection of articles, such as brushes, meat, pipe-clay, bread, potatoes, cigars, and blacking; the body of a deceased kid, lamb, or fowl not unfrequently dangles as a counterpoise to the *bota* of wine; while the horseman's whole appearance is often enlivened by the above-mentioned articles of linen, which rise and fall with the movements of the horse, or flutter in the breeze.

On the 15th September, as I have said, we marched out of Fuen Mayor, and halted that night at Briones, a town on the Ebro, possessing some ancient Moorish remains. On the 16th we left the Vittoria road, and took that of Burgos. Passing through the neat town of Casa la Reyna, we halted in Cuzcurita, a pretty village a little off the high road. Espartero's head-quarters were in Haro, and the army was cantoned in the neighbouring villages. At Cuzcurita is a castle with a fine massive square tower, very perfect. The houses are large and handsome, and we had excellent quarters here. A clear brook bounds one side of the village, and the country round is very pretty.

On the 19th we marched by Pancorbo to Santa Maria de Cubo, a small poor town. Pancorbo lies under the side of a precipitous rock, of immense height and singular form, which overhangs, and seems about to crush, the town below it. On the summit of this rock a large fort was erected by the French in the war of Napoleon, and the works, which are very extensive, are still visible.

20th.—We marched to Laparte, a village near the southern entrance of the Pass of Oña. Of all the miserable places in which it has ever fallen to my lot to be lodged in Spain, I have never seen a worse one than this. The houses are mere hovels, of the very vilest and most squalid appearance, and swarming with vermin. I was lucky enough to find some clean straw in a shed attached to the hut where three of us were lodged, and by that means I contrived to procure a little rest. To the east of Laparte, and about a mile from it, is a ridge of rocky mountains, part of the great chain that divides Biscay and Castile, and forms the pass of Oña. The lower slopes of these hills are covered with box; the tops rise in grey and precipitous crags, tenanted by the eagle and the vulture.

During the whole of the 21st we remained at Laparte; so, to pass the time, three of us climbed the mountain, in hopes of getting at an eagle's nest, the situation of which we could discover from below. After a laborious climb, we found that a precipitous wall of rock of about fifty feet, upon the top of which was the nest, completely barred our progress. The old birds watched our movements, sometimes sitting on a sunny peak, at others, stretching their huge wings, they sailed slowly round above our heads, their bright fierce eye fixed upon us. Although we failed in our attack on the eagles, we were rewarded by a glorious view from our lofty resting-place. It was a view of immense extent over Castile and Leon—plains, mountains, rivers, forests, towns, and castles, all lighted up by a Spanish sunset.

On the 22nd we entered the pass of Oña, and passing by the town of that name, we halted at the little village of Quintana, which is situated about the middle of the pass, where we remained some days: head-quarters eight miles hence at Villarcayo, which place Espartero was fortifying. It was said we were waiting for Maroto, the enemy's commander-in-chief, who intended to make an irruption by these passes into the Queen's country. That general lay at Balmaseda, about fifteen miles from Villarcayo.

The time we passed at Quintana was very agreeable. The weather was not too hot, and the scenery charming. The pass of Oña, about thirty-five miles in length, contracts at either end into a narrow gorge, through which the Ebro, there a mere mountain-torrent, rushes with great fury. A road has been formed between the river and the mountain by blasting the rocks. In the middle of the pass, however, the mountains fall back on either side, leaving a delightful valley, the sides of which are fringed with dark forests, while in the vale below the river runs sparkling and foaming amidst gardens and vineyards, and green sloping meadows, shaded by spreading walnuts and beech-trees. The ancient towers of village churches and baronial castles peep out here and there amidst the wood.

On the 26th we were suddenly ordered to leave this enchanting valley, and to march southwards. We learned that General Alaix had been completely overthrown in a general action on the Mount Perdon, near Puente la Reyna, in Navarre, and himself badly wounded.

General Leon was sent to take command of Navarre, and the British brigade accompanied him as his escort. That evening we arrived at our old quarters in the delectable village of Laparte, a distance of twenty-eight miles. To add to our comfort, it rained heavily the whole day; and as the men had not yet had any cloaks served

out, General Leon and the other officers thought proper not to wear theirs; consequently we arrived completely drenched at our hovels, and, after lying all night in our wet clothes, we marched next day in an incessant storm of rain to Casa la Reyna, thirty-two miles.

28th.—We went to Logroño, thirty-two miles; and on the 29th to Calahorra, thirty-six. This is a curious old town, with some Roman remains. It is a large place; and, as we were few in number, we had excellent billets here. The 30th, we crossed the Ebro by a ford, where the water was so deep and rapid that some of our men and horses were carried away, and with difficulty saved. Here we entered Navarre, and kept a pretty sharp look-out, as all the open country was in the hands of the enemy. We halted in Peralta, a neat town upon the river Arga, famous for its wine, and the beauty of its women. Here the general, either as a reward for our long marches, or to welcome us into the theatre of our dangers and our glories, rather imprudently ordered a double ration of wine to be served to the men. The effect of strong wine upon empty stomachs was soon apparent, and the squadron marched to Tafalla in rather a discreditable state. It required great exertions on the part of the officers to keep the men in their ranks.

Being joined by nine battalions and five squadrons in Tafalla, we marched (October 1st) to Barasoain, eight miles from Tafalla, on the road to Pamplona. On the 2nd at daybreak, three more squadrons having come up, Leon issued out of Barasoain at the head of about ten thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, and six Spanish guns, with the purpose of driving the enemy across the Arga. After marching slowly over difficult ground, we came in sight of the enemy about three in the afternoon. He was in his old position on the Perdon, about a couple of miles north of Puente la Reyna. We formed our line upon a ridge opposite to him, the two armies lying about a mile apart; the road from Puente to Pamplona ran between the two heights, which were bare and open downs. While the column was closing up, and the various regiments deploying into line, we had a good opportunity of examining the enemy, whose dark lines extended along the whole of the opposite ridge, and seemed to be calmly waiting the assault.

Our line being formed, Leon instantly began the attack, menacing their left with his right, while himself led a column against their right and centre. The skirmishers were soon warmly engaged, and ours were not long in driving back the enemy, and gaining a lodgment on the summit of the hill. The face of the enemy's position was exceedingly steep, so that the cavalry arrived in some disorder at the top. As each squadron came up, it formed close column of divisions, supporting the advance of the infantry, who, with colours flying, music playing, and loud shouts, went in a dense mass against the enemy. The scene was pretty and animated; but the enemy fell back at once, though in good order, and retired fighting through the mountains, and over ground almost impracticable for cavalry, so that, although Leon pressed vigorously after them, and annoyed their retreat with his howitzers, their loss must have been trifling; and they retired finally across the bridge of Belascoain, and the fords and boats, to their lines behind the Arga. A strong force of cavalry, with the guns of a fort, protected this movement; but the Carlists never made the least show of charging with their squadrons.

I saw a man hit in rather a singular way, soon after we got under fire. As he was shouting and swearing at the enemy, a shot struck him right in the mouth. He walked quietly to the rear, but making a rueful spectacle.

By sunset the firing had ceased, and we passed the night in various villages along the left bank of the Arga, in the quarters which the enemy had occupied in the morning. In some of the houses we found dinner preparing for the officers, who were expected back that night. This was an agreeable sight to men who had been marching and fighting all day in the keen air of the mountains; and the dinner changed owners at once.

The next day was spent in a long circuitous route over the mountains to Pamplona, where we arrived after having been marching for eight days, in which time we had fought a general action, and had gone over more than two hundred miles of ground.

For the next two months few things occurred worthy of mention. We were employed in watching the enemy, and restraining him within his lines, as well as in relieving the various garrisons of Navarre, escorting convoys, and such like occupations. The infantry took their turn of garrison duty; but we poor cavalry were always in the field, seldom remaining a day in any one place; and when marching in that cold weather among the mountains I quite envied the infantry, who looked warm and comfortable on foot, while we sat with our legs dangling, and our feet numbed and miserable.

I will mention a few occurrences that intervened between the battle of the Perdon and an affair at Sesma two months afterwards. Arriving on the 30th of October in Carcar, a town upon a lofty height near the junction of the Ega with the Ebro, we found that three hundred horse had passed by a few hours before, on their way from Cabrera's army to Estella. The Conde de Negri, Basilio Garcia, and another chief, were with them. They were completely exhausted, having marched sixty miles without a halt, and they had above twenty more before they would reach their destination. General Espeleta lay at Zerin with four squadrons, but the Carlists passed under his nose without molestation. So much for Spanish activity.

On the 8th of November, my squadron being at Tafalla, news was suddenly brought that the enemy, with two battalions and five hundred horse, was about to cross the Ebro at the ford of Mendavia. We immediately turned out, and starting at five in the afternoon, marched all night to Andosilla near Carcar, which we reached at four next morning, and found that there was no truth in the report. We then returned to Peralta, and hearing that the enemy had appeared in force at the Carrascal, we hastened back to Tafalla to dislodge them, but they retired within their lines.

This was the sort of harassing work they kept us at, going over the same ground day after day. No sooner did we fancy ourselves going snugly into winter-quarters than the enemy made a dash across the country in some direction, generally in the worst weather, and out we turned in pursuit.

Nov. 18.—Early this morning (a dark rainy morning it was), General Espeleta, with the division of the Ribera, came into Tafalla, and being joined by our division, we all pushed forwards in the direction of Lumbier, a town on the borders of Arragon and Navarre, garrisoned by the Queen's troops. The enemy had attacked some companies and a squadron somewhere on that road, and would have

overpowered them but for our approach. Marching quite across the country, through swamps and over ditches, we reached Monreal towards evening, and soon heard the cheerful crack of the musket along the slopes of the mountains, which rise on either side the road exceedingly wild and tangled. The enemy showed both horse and foot, and our light companies, spreading up the hills, began skirmishing; but it soon fell dusk. We lay that night in Monreal, Salinas, and other villages along the road to Lumbier, fully expecting to fight next morning. I can hardly conceive anything more wild than this country; it is covered with immense forests, abounding with bears and wolves; the villages contain few and poor houses; the people are very simple, and use torches from the neighbouring pine-forest instead of a lamp or candle. At Salinas de Monreal there are salt-pits. The next village, whose name I forget, was the birthplace of Mina. Close by, the lofty peak of Monreal, seen for an immense distance round, raises his grey head far above the surrounding mountains.

On the 19th we retired towards Pamplona, as Maroto made a movement toward the important positions of the Carrascal. The 20th we occupied those positions, the enemy's videttes crowning all the opposite heights; and it was said that Maroto, whose force was very much superior to ours, had sworn to the King to attack and annihilate our cavalry. On the 21st, the enemy fell back into his own lines, and we entered Tafalla; whence, marching by Olite and Peralta, we arrived on the 2nd December at Carcar.

On the 3rd, before daybreak, Leon issued forth from Carcar, leading a gallant column of eleven battalions, eight squadrons, and ten guns, and carrying with him a long string of empty carts, with which he intended to drive off contributions from Los Arcos, a large town of the enemy about twenty-five miles west of Carcar. I had charge of the rearguard, consisting of fifteen men, and together with a company of infantry we brought up the rear of the whole column. All that part of Navarre consists of undulating brown plains of dry grass. Soon after passing Sesma, a small town of the enemy, we observed a body of horsemen on a rising ground to our right. They advanced slowly towards us in four masses, and their red *boynas*, or caps, soon told us that they were Carlists. My position at this moment was not very enviable. I imagined Leon, with the rest of the cavalry to be many miles in advance, for the nature of the ground prevented me from seeing far to the front. The infantry were showing symptoms of unsteadiness; the muleteers made off with their carts with great noise and terror, and I had only fifteen men to oppose to four squadrons. However I fronted them to the enemy, and the infantry at the same time beginning an irregular fire upon them, they halted. I was waiting for them to sweep down upon us, and had prepared to charge the moment they advanced, when an aide-de-camp galloped up, and informed me that support was at hand, and that I was to join my squadron as soon as it appeared. It was plain that the enemy, being on higher ground than I was, saw something which I could not, which prevented his coming on, and annihilating me in an instant. The infantry had made off to join their regiment, when Leon, at the head of four gallant squadrons, swept at once upon the plain—a goodly sight. I then fell in with my troop, which was moving in close column of divisions, and at the moment I

did so we were ordered to form line, and advanced in line at the trot; and at the same instant the fight began in our front.

Maroto, confiding in his superior number, and particularly in his cavalry, whom he had been carefully organising for some time, had quitted his mountains and his breastworks, and come boldly forth upon the plains to fight. Pushing forwards four strong squadrons, all armed with carbines and blunderbusses, supported by a reserve of a like number, he began the action. Leon, unwisely undervaluing an adversary, whose cavalry he had often severely handled, led the light squadron of the guards against the enemy; but they were met by a volley of carbines, that staggered and checked them. A squadron of lancers of the guard were then ordered up, but were unable even to form line. Their major, a gallant officer, with many of his men, went down under the fire of the enemy; the rest turned, and fled outright. The superb squadron of grenadiers of the guard now fell on, but though they went to their work in good style, the enemy closed on them with a confident front, and they were overmatched. The moment was very critical. Leon now saw the mistake he had committed. Two of his best squadrons were broken; the grenadiers could not long stand before such fearful odds. Maroto had only to bring up his reserves, and to drive Leon's remaining squadrons in upon his infantry, and then closing with his battalions, send the whole Christino force pell-mell into the Ebro.

In this emergency the British were hastened up; the reserves were ordered forward; the artillery was sent for; while Leon himself, a man of great stature, and of a fine martial figure, animated and cheered on the men. A little band of brave and resolute men saved the army that day. The grenadiers were about to be carried backwards and scattered by the heavy line that bore upon them; men and horses were strewed about the ground, while the lancers and caçadores were trotting off in confused groups, when the British squadron, with a terrible shout, burst in upon the astonished foe, who broke immediately, and the whole mass went fighting down the opposite side of the hill, with a mighty hubbub. Here the ground was much broken, and covered with stunted forest-trees. I never shall forget that scene. The various uniforms of the Queen's troops, the wild dress of the Carlists, the groups fighting here and there among the trees, horses galloping wildly about without their riders, the wounded and dying wretches strewed about the ground, combined, with the shouts and cries of men, and the report of pistols and carbines, to form a scene not easily to be forgotten. Never was a charge more brilliant or more successful. A whole squadron of the enemy that formed the right of their line, went off in a body, without having any one opposed to them, for their line was so long that it overlapped ours. For my part, being on the left of our line, I followed these fellows, accompanied by one or two of my own men, and some Spaniards. With headlong speed we kept up the chase through the wild forest ground, and I laughed to see a whole squadron going off in that manner, their bodies bent forward, and all tearing along at full speed; but I was mounted on a gallant English mare, and gained rapidly upon an officer who brought up the rear of the runaways. I followed him close, supposing my companions were still near me. I shouted at the officer, who looked round, turned, and just as I came upon him, faced me, crying out at the same time to the others to set upon me. I in my turn looked

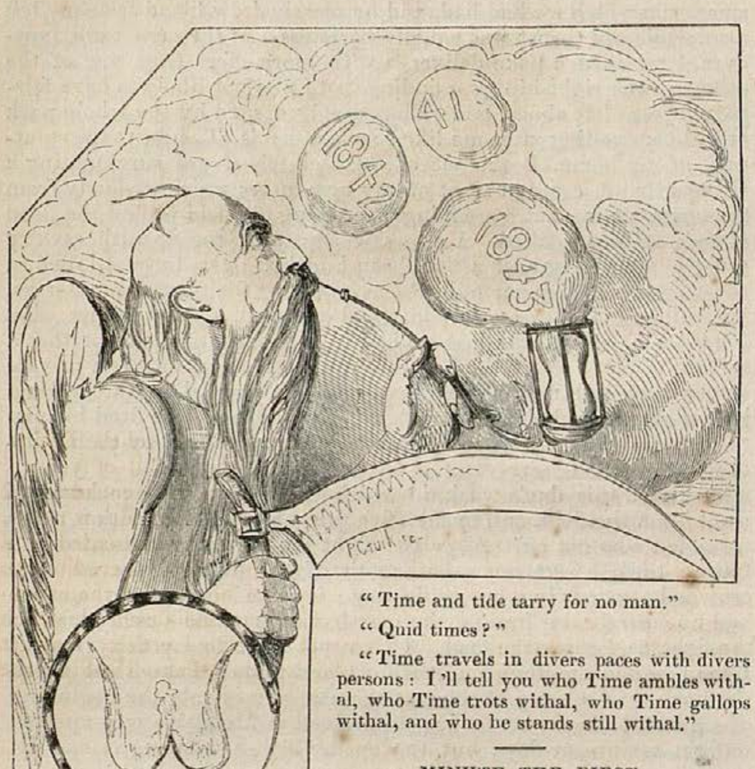
round for my men, but not a soul did I see; I had outridden them, or they had turned aside to plunder some of those who were down; and nothing was to be seen save the sloping banks of the forest, and the Carlist squadron, which was rapidly recovering from its panic, and halting and turning about very fast. However I had not much time for these remarks, for the gentleman with the red *boyna* cut them short by thrusting at me with his lance; a compliment which I returned immediately; but we were both *winded* with the smart run which we had had, and he merely drew blood from my left arm, while my thrust was equally harmless. At the same time, however, I received a poke delivered with more effect from one of the others in the right hip; so, finding that I was not likely to have fair-play, I went left about, and galloped off, pursued by the whole pack at full cry, yelling after me like so many fiends. Thanks to the stoutness of my horse, I got out of their clutches, and surmounting a rising ground, came in sight of my own party retiring slowly from the chase. It was a strange thing on crossing the field to find the dead already stripped naked. I also saw several of the Spanish cavalry cruelly butchering such as had been knocked over, but not killed in the charge. The enemy followed us, cracking their carbines after us, by which some horses were hit, and one man, a good soldier, shot dead. This was all the loss we had in our squadron, except that a servant of mine received a ball through the foot; as he was a private servant, he had no business there, but his martial ardour overlaid his judgment, and charging with the rest, he had just fired his pistol and drawn his sword, when an unlucky carbine checked his farther progress.

So ended this day's work, in which the enemy left one hundred dead upon the field, and twenty-five prisoners, not to mention many wounded who got off. After the fight we retired to Mendavia, a Carlist town about ten miles south of the field. Here we were crowded together in a miserable way; it rained incessantly, and we had no corn for our horses, the men having cut their corn-sacks in the fight to lighten the load. I must not omit to say that General Leon thanked the British on the field, and told us that we had gained the honour of the day. I thought the charge was only the beginning of a general action; and when we arrived at Mendavia we expected to fight again next day; but the enemy had had enough; and although we did not accomplish our object of going to Los Arcos, we remained all the 4th in Mendavia, raising contributions, with which we marched unmolested to Carcar on the following morning. Thence we marched to Peralta, Tafalla, and Pamplona; and the 18th we were again in the *Ribera*, as the southern part of Navarre is called. At Lodosa we learnt that Espartero was at Alcanadre, across the Ebro; and the following day he inspected the division on the plain of Lodosa. After making a speech to the division generally upon the affair of the 3rd, he rode up to our squadron, and addressed us in Spanish to this effect:—"Soldiers! comrades!—you have shown in the last action that you belong to the brave English nation. Be assured that your gallant deeds are by me faithfully reported to her majesty, the Queen, and that all that you do or shall achieve for her sacred cause will be gratefully acknowledged and amply recompensed. Long live the valiant English!"*

[* We hope to present our readers with the conclusion of this narrative in our next number.—Ed]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIME.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



"Time and tide tarry for no man."

"Quid times?"

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal."

MINUTE THE FIRST.

WHEN the wise man said there was a time for all things, he of course alluded to dinner-time, supper-time, and bed-time, and doubtless thyme for stuffing!

Pleasure is universally considered *pastime*, and New Year's Day, when *gifts* are exchanged, the *present* time!

Chiron, Saturn's fifth son, according to the mythologists, taught Apollo music; and it is reported upon the best authority, that when his music-master's daddy grew old, and was likely to become an inmate of one of the Unions, Apollo, from motives of gratitude, got up a *soirée musicale* for his benefit, and contributed no little to the amiable object by playing first-fiddle on the occasion.

In imitation of the god of music, his numerous disciples have since invariably vied with each other in "keeping time."

This is really a matter of fact, mingled with a spice of allegory.



He lives by Time, yet beats him.

MINUTE THE SECOND.

Time,—called Chronos by the Greeks, and Saturn by the Latins, which signified, according to Cicero, "one who is full of years:" *Quod saturatur annis.* Time was said to devour and consume all things: *tempus edax rerum,* as the elegant Horace expresses it; and, according to his portrait-painters, the poets, he is represented as a lean, lank old gentleman, with evident symptoms of no credit with the Nugees and Stultzes of his day. A bald head, with the exception of a solitary lock pendant from his wrinkled forehead, which the prudent and economical, with a sort of refined cruelty, instruct their pupils to pluck on every occasion; for "Take Time by the



Young Time.

forelock" is the very first maxim taught in their schools, notwithstanding the respect which his venerable and flowing beard ought naturally to command.

These fanciful gentry, the poets, have also provided the old gentleman with a pair of wings,—armed him, like an Irish labourer in harvest, with a scythe, and stuck a delicate-waisted hour-glass in his bony fist.

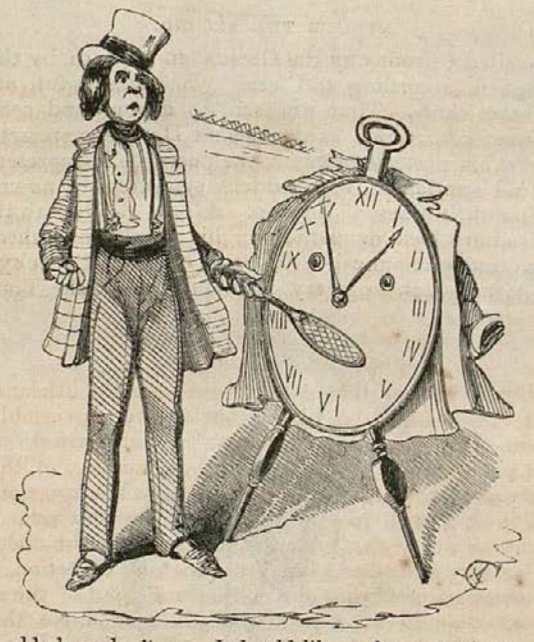
The rhyming rogues were, like many of their craft, Time-servers; but there is less of fact than fiction in their description.

MINUTE THE THIRD.

Some bewail the enormous *waste* of Time, as if he were afflicted with the dropsy, or were an alderman of Cockaigne, and an unfailing guest at the celebrated turtle-feasts.

Others, again, talk of their *spare* Time, as if he were a lean pauper, and could be employed at "stone-breaking" wages.

In fact, the old fellow appears to be a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and able to turn his hand to anything; for he is employed by one in painting, by another in fiddling, while some sporting youths, by way of a lark, as they term it, actually "run against Time," without the least regard to his age and infirmities; and, if the wager be accepted, Time is at least *spent*, if he be not "out of breath."



I say, old chap, don't go. I should like to have another innings.

It is no wonder, overwhelmed by these various vexations, that Time becomes distracted. Yes, "Time out o' mind" is now a household phrase in the language; and, in this case, it is said the best "Time-*keepers*" are punctual men and musicians!

Some ruthless rebels boast of "killing Time;" but this is a mere farce, an idle *façon de parler;* for, like clocks that run down, they are more frequently "wound up," and "go" rapidly, and Time ultimately kills them.



MINUTE THE FOURTH.

The Pagans *multiplied* their gods; — the moderns have *divided* Time, and we have now consequently a perfect pantheon. Among others too numerous to mention, there are—hard times,—piping times,—bad times,—good times,—sad times,—merry times,—a long time,—a short time,—a miserable time,—a happy time,—the time o' night,—the time o' day,—and "such times as never was." But the most classically correct of all is *pudding*-time; for the saturnalia invented in honour of old Chronos were celebrated at Christmas, which is indubitably the pudding-time *par excellence,* — at least in Old England!

MINUTE THE FIFTH.

One section of that curious class denominated politicians,—those monoculous Polyphemi, who, having but one eye, invariably see on one side only,—which is always the *right* in their partial estimation, —condemn the depravity of the age and the honesty of the times! The meaning they intend to convey we leave to the sagacious to discover, and, if they will, to communicate. For our own part, we candidly confess we prefer pancakes to politics; for they are not only more readily discussed, but are easier of digestion. At the same time we must avow that our politics are those of the majority, founded on that conservative principle which enounces the urgent necessity of—taking care of number one! But hold!—like all those who launch forth upon subjects which they do not understand, — we are losing our time!

MINUTE THE SIXTH.

"I am very particular in the distribution of my time," said

H——; "for 'time is the stuff that life is made of,' as Benjamin Franklin, or some other sage, has justly observed; and moreover, being perfectly convinced of the truth of the old saw,

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'

I am always stirring betimes. I have a bantam-cock who is an infallible regulator, for he punctually arouses me of a morning. I call him my gallinaceous clock!"

"Your *crow*-nometer would be more appropriate!" remarked B.

MINUTE THE SEVENTH.

TIME is a perfect optical delusion, being apparently long or short according as the mental telescope through which he is observed is handled, some looking at him through the smaller end, others reversing it, and "taking a sight" through the larger.

Thus, for example: Time to a lover about to be noosed by Hymen, or an expectant heir to a goodly estate, appears long; to a culprit about to be noosed by Mr. John Ketch of the Old Bailey, to a piccaninny at a pantomime, or to a school-boy in the vacation, appears extremely short!



Going out with the key.
"We won't go home till morning."

MINUTE THE EIGHTH.

To-morrow is the coin with which the procrastinator pays the urgent demands of that detestable dun—To-day, who is continually at his elbow; or it is rather his I. O. U., or promissory note, which he never honours, but continually renews. Time, however, saves his conscience, for no sooner is To-morrow born than old Chronos becomes its sponsor, and names it To-day; thus aiding and abetting the quibbling procrastinator in his fraudulent pretences and evasion. The consequences of this conduct are, however, always costly, and sometimes fatal to those who indulge in it, and frequently, indeed, approaches the borders of insanity.

Tom Tortoise receives a letter with the information that his maternal uncle is dangerously ill.

"Ah!" cries he, "I suppose I must post off and see the old fogey, — must exhibit my affection, — so I 'll pack up and be off—to-morrow!"

He goes, and, alas! finds the "old fogey" is "gone" before his arrival, and, vexed at his delay, has left the bulk of his property to some distant relative, or some friend of "to-day," who was cunningly "doing the attentive" on the spot!

A neighbour complains to old Slow that, in consequence of a hole in his fences the peripatetic pork of the said Slow have been enjoying themselves in his flower-gardens, and in their porcine ignorance of botany mistaken some valuable bulbous roots for turnips, or other legitimate food for swine.

"Oy! oy!" grunts Slow, blowing an awful cloud from his yard of clay. "I maun see to that—to-morrow!"

To-morrow comes, and with it a "lawyer's letter," setting forth an awful extent of damages, and the threat of an action. A compromise is insinuated, but his dilatory disposition prompts him still to



put off the evil day until it is too late, and Slow is mulcted in a round sum, and considerable costs.

To-morrow is, in fact, a notorious cheat,—a promise-breaker, who is always coming, but never appears; therefore put no faith in him, but trust in To-day, who is a plain-spoken, honest servant, who is always at your side, and ready to obey your bidding.

MINUTE THE NINTH.

"The difference between a bankrupt and a watch," said B., "is, that the former 'goes,' and is 'wound-up' while the latter is always 'wound up' before it 'goes!'"

Being in the artillery-ground when they were firing *minute* guns, he observed that those *field*-pieces ought in this instance to be called *time-pieces!*

And at one of those annual civic pageants, popularly called a Lord Mayor's Show, some one remarking how correctly the walking-footman in silk-stockings marched through the November mud, "What wonder is it that their legs keep such *exact time,*" said he, "for don't you perceive they are all furnished with *clock*-stockings?"

MINUTE THE TENTH.

We have thus far learnedly discoursed of Time, when, strange to say, we have suddenly convinced ourselves there is no such thing,—that we have reared our building on a foundation of sand, and that Time is an "airy-nothing." That to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow are all nonsense and intangible nothings, for will not to-day be yesterday to-morrow, and to-morrow yesterday on the following day?

Time hath neither beginning nor end. It is a circle—and all dates, periods, and ages, are arbitrary and nonsensical. It is true we know from memory that Julius Cæsar and Jim Crow have had their day, which in language gives the idea of time past, but the earth still revolves round the sun; albeit, notwithstanding the acknowledged truth of the Newtonian system, both foolish people and philosophers still talk of sunrise and sunset—which, according to that profound astronomer, is sheer nonsense. There is no such thing as Time.

The newspapers frequently indulge in paragraphs touching the "united ages" of three old fools who have vegetated, according to their calculations, two hundred and odd years! and again lugubriously lament the early death of some genius killed by consumption, or like Keates by an "article." Now this, in our opinion, is absolute twaddle, for if there be really any measure of longevity, it is certainly not to be computed by days, weeks, months, or years, but by incidents and accidents, and by actions bodily and mental.

A genius—a man of wit, intelligence, and brains, who dies at the early age, as they term it, of twenty, is actually older than the coarse, unintellectual, mangel-wurzel sort of vegetable man, who "rises with the sun" to plough, and goes to roost with the lark, full of beans and bacon, for the uniform life of the latter—the animal existence is comprised in one day, and every coming day is merely the child and counterpart of the past.

MINUTE THE LAST.

However indifferently some of our readers may regard this philosophical essay (considering it probably of only temporary interest), if they peruse it in a proper spirit, the good effects thereof will exhibit themselves — in time, and we have faith, hope, and charity enough to believe (with a sprinkling of confidence to boot) that those who seek will find everything they want—in Time!



This is Time's shadow; where is his substance?

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Air—"Drops of Brandy."

When we were all little and good,—
  A long time ago I 'm afraid, Ma'am,—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
  By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Ma'am;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight;
  In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
  For I 've not read the history lately.*
Rum ti, &c.

* See Bloomfield's History of the County of Norfolk, in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.

Their Pa and their Ma being seiz'd
  With a tiresome complaint, which in some seasons
People are apt to be seiz'd
  With, who 're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head
  As he could not get well to the root of it;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
  While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd faint
  And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who 'd
Think that this horrid complaint,
  That 's been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me,—nay, more,
  My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!
Bringing us so near Death's door
  That we can't avoid making a call on him!

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
  Your aid, and the last word she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
  When our toes are turned up to the daisies!
By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—
  Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,
And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
  Well with Whitehead's best Essence of Mustard!

"You know they 'll be pretty well off in
  Respect to what 's called "worldly gear,"
For John, when his Pa 's in his coffin,
  Comes in to three hundred a-year,
And Jane 's to have five hundred pound
  On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
So you 'll own a worse match might be found
  Any day in the week than our Jenny!"—

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
  And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
  And devoted himself to Old Bogey
If he did not make matters all right,
  And said, should he covet their riches,
He "wished that old Gentleman might
  Fly away with him, body and breeches!"

No sooner, however, were they
  Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away
  Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town,
  And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
  But receive a genteel education.

"Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!"
  Says he, "While his mind 's ductile and plastic,
I 'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,
  Where he 'll learn all that 's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
  Fortune-hunters, by score, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
  The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!"

Having thought on the How and the When
  To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He now sent for two ill-looking men,
  And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, "Each of you take up a child
  On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
  Take a knife out, and cut its carotid!"—

"Done" and "done" is pronounced on each side,
  While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
  And are not in the least degree frighted;
They say their "Ta! Ta!" as they start,
  And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
  They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback
  By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd, "I say, Jack,
  I 'm blowed if I *can* put a knife in them!"
"Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!
  You've pouched the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,
  And scrag Jane, while I spiflicate Johnny!"

He refus'd, and harsh language ensued,
  Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
  Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
  While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
  With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!

"I 'll be back in a couple of shakes;
  So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:
I 'm going to get you some cakes,
  And a nice butter'd roll—that 's a-baking!"
He rode off with a tear in his eye,
  Which soon ran down his rough cheek and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
  "Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
  Of the wretch who thus wrought their undoing,
But passed all that day and that night
  In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.
The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
  So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
  And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves
  To see what so cruel a dodge I call,
They cover the bodies with leaves,
  An interment quite ornithological;
It might more expensive have been,
  But I doubt, though I 've not been to see 'em,
If among those in all Kensal Green
  You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
  Conscience always makes restless their pillows
And Justice, though blind, has a nose,
  That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle, they say,
  In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
  And dreamt all night long of the d—l.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
  And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
  And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
  Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
  And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
  Ran away with his geese and his ganders,
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
  Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
  His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
  And his wife ran away with a tailor.

It was clear he lay under a curse,
  None would hold with him any communion;
Every day matters grew worse and worse,
  Till they ended at length in The Union;
When his man being caught in some fact,
  (The particular crime I 've forgotten,)
When he came to be hanged for the act,
  Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.

Understanding the matter was blown,
  His employer became apprehensive
Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
  Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive;
He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
  Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
  And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
  That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
  As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages!
Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
  And reflect it's a fact beyond question
That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
  Promote anything else but digestion.—

When you set about making your will,
  Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
Mind and word it with caution and skill,
  And avoid, if you can, any codicil!
When once you've appointed an heir
  To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
You leave a reversion, beware
  Whom you place in contingent remainder!

Executors, Guardians, and all
  Who have children to mind, don't ill treat them,
Nor think that, because they are small
  And weak, you may beat them and cheat them!
Remember that "ill-gotten goods
  Never thrive!" their possession's but cursory;
So never turn out in the woods
  Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
  Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;
His "riches will make themselves wings,"
  And his property come to the hammer!
Then He, and not those he bereaves,
  Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings
When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves,
  (Of fat catalogues) heaped up by Robins!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Sept. 23.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which Richard Savage appears to be not very handsomely treated; and exhibits an alacrity in resenting insult.

During six months then last past, I, who had many times in the course of my life been upon the very verge of starvation,—during six months, I say, had I protected Elizabeth Wilfred. It was little short of ecstasy,—the reflection that to me was she indebted (*indebted*—what a word!) for the means of her procuring all that was necessary to her life—agreeable to her comfort, or productive of her happiness.

What now was wanting to complete and to establish our joint happiness? Nothing but the fulfilment of his promise, on the part of Sir Robert Walpole. But this was not to be.

Very shortly after Elizabeth had withdrawn herself from Lady Hertford, and placed herself under my care, I was led to a suspicion that Lord Tyrconnel's favourable sentiments towards me were changed. I began to feel—he, indeed, began to make me feel—that I was not so much under his protection as subject to his power. And now it was that I was set upon reviewing the whole course of his behaviour towards me, since I had been an inmate of his mansion. It could not be concealed that we stood in a very different relative position toward each other from that which he himself had, in the first instance, defined, and upon the faith of the continuance of which I had consented to accept his patronage.

I now remembered many things, some trivial enough, but one or two of a graver description, which had contributed to the change of position of which I have spoken.

I should have resisted all encroachment from the first, and so I had done, but that it did not appear to me in the form of encroachment. "Blinded first, and then betrayed" by gratitude, I was too happy to accommodate myself to the wishes of Lord Tyrconnel, and did not stop to reflect that sometimes these wishes were unreasonable, and such as hardly became him to ask or me to perform. Insensibly, therefore, the change was effected, which it was useless to lament, because it was impossible to rectify it.

One day he had compelled me to break an engagement I was under to Gregory that I might dine with him. I would, of course, have gladly excused myself; but he pressed me so earnestly, and with such apparent friendship, that I could not well refuse. It was a small party. To one of the guests his lordship begged particularly to introduce me — Sir Arthur Page! I could not so easily conceal my surprise as my resentment.

On leaving, Page drew me aside, and very earnestly denied all intention of wounding my feelings.

Page went his way without further word, and I betook myself to a tavern to take a cool view of the evening's proceedings over a bottle of wine. I returned late, and hearing that Lord Tyrconnel had not retired to bed, but was in his library, I walked up thither — knocked, and was admitted.

"Oh, Mr. Savage, it is you?" said his lordship. "I am, as you see, very busy," he was writing, "and must not be interrupted."

"It is but seldom I disturb you, my lord; to-night you will excuse me."

I drew a chair, and seating myself directly opposite to him, fixed my eyes stedfastly upon his face, and said,

"I want to know, my Lord Tyrconnel, why it is you treat me thus?"

He was probably prepared for remonstrance, but the peremptoriness of my tone was something he did not expect. He laid down his pen.

"What on earth, Savage, do you mean?" he inquired, affecting an ignorance which he could not make his face assume.

"I will tell you," I replied. "It was at your urgent persuasion that I dined with you to-day. You know I had previously engaged myself to my oldest and my best friend, Mr. Gregory. You are aware that he leaves England the day after to-morrow for Antigua, and that I shall have no other opportunity of spending a few hours with him. You told me you could not dispense with my company — that you expected Sir Robert Walpole. Well, my lord, instead of Walpole I find Page——"

"Well," cried he, interrupting me, "and what if you do? I hope I am to be permitted the privilege of inviting to my own house and to my own table whomsoever I please! Mr. Savage—Mr. Savage—this—"

"This what?" I returned sharply. "Mr. Savage wants to know why he was introduced by you to Sir Arthur Page? Whether by so doing you intended to affront him, and if you did, wherefore he should not resent a freedom you presume to take with him, which does not come within the scope of your privileges, and which he intends shall never so come."

This speech roused him, but it was only for a moment. He returned himself to his former position. He spoke at last.

"I am surprised, sir, greatly surprised to hear you—*you* address me in this strain!"

"Probably you are," I replied. "Perhaps you will be more so when I tell you that it is a strain your own conduct has forced upon me."

"How! — I do not understand! — But — come, come, Savage," assuming a familiar tone and air, "we won't fight till we know the cause of quarrel. There is some mistake here. Did I not tell you before dinner Walpole couldn't come?"

"You did not; nor that Page could, and would."

"Pr'ythee lay aside that sad brow, and voice like the click of a trigger," said he. "What would you have me say? I am sorry we had not Sir Robert; and as to Page—I protest I hadn't the least notion in life that you didn't care to see that old Rhadamanthus. Why, now, were not the man as blind as the justice he misrepresents, he would have seen that my introduction of you to him was a cutting reproof.

After all, then, did he not design to insult me? Bland as he looked—affable and smiling—for he had now perfectly recovered his self-possession—I was assured he did. But he had so happily secured himself that I could say nothing at that time. His object was to wear out my patience by the friction of petty vexations, incessantly repeated, that when the rupture took place—which he had decreed, and I foresaw—I should have no one grave charge to bring against him.

I accepted his apologies, of which he was profuse, with the best grace I could muster; which, to say the truth, was not a little the worse for wear. I had heard something after I left his hospitable board that made it difficult to me to speak with common civility to him.

At the tavern to which I had gone I met Colonel Cleland, the Will Honeycomb of the Spectator, need I add, a former friend of Addison, of Steele, and of Brett? The warm-hearted old gentleman had many times thrown out significant hints that little 'dependence was to be placed in the professions of Lord Tyrconnel. On this, the last occasion of my seeing him, however, he was pleased to be more explicit. He assured me he had it from good authority that the proposition his lordship made me was the result of an understanding between my mother and him; that, terrified by my threats, she felt herself compelled to purchase my silence.

The knowledge of this fact had no influence whatever upon my deportment towards Lord Tyrconnel, who, on his part, began to be more circumspect in his dealings with me. But the *rift* had been made, and every effort to close it gave either side a rocking motion, an impetus the wrong way, leaving it wider than before.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Wherein Richard Savage acts a most unworthy part; and, quarreling with his patron, leaves the reader to decide which is the less estimable person of the two.

However fortune may have treated me in the main, it must be admitted that in one particular instance she was in the truest sense favourable to me, since to fortune, not to any merit of mine, am I to ascribe the preference with which Elizabeth Wilfred regarded me. This woman, beautiful, virtuous, noble-minded, the very soul of sweetness, of sincerity, and of honour, who for my sake had resisted the importunities of Mrs. Brett, (whom she loved,) in favour of Sinclair, a man of figure and fortune, whose addresses were believed to be honourable: who had stood firm against the solicitations of Lady Hertford (to whom she was bound by ties of the strongest gratitude) in behalf of Mr. Grantley, a gentleman, let me say so, of unquestionable pretensions to the hand of any lady in England—this woman had placed herself under my protection, had committed her present and future happiness to my care—trustingly—confidingly—absolutely; as assured of my love and of my honour, as though both had been attested by an angel on the book of life.

For three days last past have I hovered over this sheet of paper, my pen between my fingers, unable to proceed, because unwilling to go on. And yet this unwillingness is no offspring of shame, (although I am ashamed,) or of fear (which I do not feel,) lest my reader, more virtuous than myself, should condemn me for my want of virtue. It arises from an utter inability to reconcile the attempt of which I was guilty,

and which—I must confess the truth—I had long meditated—with that opinion of Elizabeth, which I declare to heaven, was never impaired.

Blind passion — a headstrong will — a heart not grown callous, but rendered heedless by paltry wrongs, just at the time that it should have taken most heed—the weakness or the fate of violent natures—these it was that impelled me; these, that have ever prompted me, urged me, goaded me, and ever to my own ruin.

Although I cannot so distinctly recal it to memory as to describe it, a change in my deportment towards Elizabeth must have attended the alteration of my views respecting her. My visits were as frequent as heretofore, but not so prolonged.

One evening, my heart fortified and my spirits afloat with wine, I called upon Elizabeth Wilfred. She was not unaccustomed to see me in this state. I had this day put up with one more of my Lord Tyrconnel's safe insults, which had set my blood somewhat in motion; but it was not this that had led or driven me to the bottle. I wanted a face that would not blush, or a face upon which, being flustered, no blush could be seen; and such a face I carried to the presence of Elizabeth.

"My dearest life," said I, "of what this world is composed, or rather, of what material the men and women are made who walk up and down in it, let those determine who have more experience or a nicer sagacity than your Richard Savage. Lord Tyrconnel is no better than the vulgar herd. I have nothing further to expect from him but insult, unless I consent to do that which would make me worthy of submitting to it—unless I choose to become his creature."

This brought her to my side. She took my hand.

"How surprised—how shocked I am to hear this!" she said, her eyes filling with tears; "now I know what it is that has been preying upon your mind for some time past — what it is that has occasioned the change in your manner I could not account for. Indeed, Richard, you must forgive me; but I have often thought you are too hasty. Oh, Richard! how I wish—" She paused—a transient blush passed over her face, and was gone. Her eyes were full of tenderness.

"What does my love wish that, being in my power to grant or to obtain, she need an hour longer wish for?"

"That we were married, Richard—"

An ill-timed wish. I started; but she continued hurriedly:

"Because then you would give me more of your confidence. But, perhaps, now you will do so."

"My sweetest creature!" I exclaimed in a momentary transport, folding her in my arms. I was moved by her manner of saying this. In her tone was mingled the frankness of the friend with the tenderness of the wife.

"But," I resumed after a pause, "do you know that my mother—so I am informed by Lord Tyrconnel—has sworn that should I marry you I am never to expect anything from her; but that if I relinquish all—hope—all," I stammered, "all intention of making you *my wife*," laying a stress upon the words, "she will consent to acknowledge me, and provide for me as her son." (This was a suddenly begotten lie.)

"Poor lady!" returned Elizabeth, sighing. "I always loved her, and never in my life, to my knowledge, injured her."

"Nor I; but you see how she pursues me. Is it worth reflection?"

"What?" she inquired.

"What my mother has conveyed to me through Lord Tyrconnel."

"Oh! I had ceased to think of it. No. Her threats, if they are threats, are idle, and mean nothing."

"And yet," I returned—and yet! I *cannot* live over again this portion of the shameful scene. The lie was pursued. "The die is cast," as there is some fellow to say in every tragedy I ever read. I must on. During this talk, I launched out against the institution of marriage, denouncing it as a springe to catch fools—as a device to fetter the free—as an obstruction to congenial souls. I summoned Nature by name—dear outraged mother, who is ever expected to conceal the wickedness of her children.

During my rambling and incoherent discourse, Elizabeth disengaged herself from my embrace, and at its conclusion gazed at me awhile with a look of blank surprise.

I smiled approval of my own doctrine. Hers was a sort of giddy laugh, shocking to remember, although at the time it seemed not so. She passed her hand across her brow two or three times, as though endeavouring to recal something to memory.

"Is my Richard conscious of what he has been saying?" she uttered, at length; "he cannot be aware that he has made proposals to me—good God! you cannot—*must* not intend—you do not know——"

"I know only that you are the most charming woman in the world," I exclaimed, clasping her rudely in my arms; "what I have said is spoken, Elizabeth. It must be so."

She burst from me, and bounded backward, not so much with a cry of fear as of horror. Her presence was full of grandeur, was glorious. Resentment, which I had never seen before, on her raised brow, in her flaming eyes, in her face, and heaving bosom, which, with her arms, were deepest crimson. She stood, the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, whose memory rushed at that moment to my heart, stabbing it through and through. A moment more, and all traces of anger were gone from her. Her eyes were bent upon me with a look of the most profound concern. No words could have conveyed the reproach of the look, which was not meant for reproach; nor did she utter a word, but hurried to the door.

I had been transfixed—spell-bound—a sad and sober villain, looking, however, simply a fool; but now I sprang forward, and made an effort to detain her; but she passed from the room ere I could snatch her hand, and hastened up-stairs.

I dared not follow her—I dared not even call to her and implore her forgiveness. Oh! that I had done so! Her heart was ever the seat of mercy, that scarce required prompting to forgive. Yet what avails? I had lost her respect for ever. Wantonly, and yet deliberately, I had dashed to pieces the image she had raised to my honour in the hallowed temple of her own pure and lovely mind.

I felt all this as I retreated—slunk to my chair. Good heavens! what fools are villains!

I was aroused out of my half-contrite, half-sullen meditations by the entrance of a person into the room. It was a lady. I started to my feet. Yes, my Elizabeth, generous and noble girl! I advanced with open hands to meet her. I was mistaken. The film before my eyes had prevented me from recognizing Mrs. Phillips.

I recoiled in extreme disappointment, which must have taken the form of disgust. This lady was a most impassive person—a most im-

perturbable woman. She perpetually presented the appearance of a piece of machinery—like a watch wound up every morning or night. She advanced upon me.

"Madam," said I, "pardon me; but I did not expect to see you. Where is Miss Wilfred?"

"Miss Wilfred," she replied, "came into my room about an hour since, and throwing herself into my arms, sobbed upon my bosom that I thought her heart would break. I could not prevail upon her to tell me the cause of her grief. She said that *now* she was the most miserable of women—that she had been unfortunate before; but that now she was wretched beyond hope. Now, Mr. Savage, if you have been the cause of this——"

"I have—I have—" I exclaimed, vehemently,—"I have been a madman, madam; but I am not a villain! The dearest creature!—Mrs. Phillips—I must pass you—I must go to her—I must fling myself at her feet——"

"You must not to-night," she replied, placing her back against the door, and holding forth her hands. "I will not have Miss Wilfred agitated to-night. She is in her own room. Nay, sir, you shall not pass."

The woman was too strong for me, or for such force as I could employ against a woman. It was in vain to wheedle or to remonstrate, although I did both for a considerable time. Mrs. Phillips was inexorable. I was fain, therefore, to retire, which, after all, when I had submitted to do so, I believe was the best. I was so utterly ashamed of myself that I know not how I could have stood before her presence.

I did not, however, go home, but to my tavern, which had already supplied me with courage to undertake my villanous project, and must now impart consolation to me on its defeat. I stayed there very late. How I got home I did not know until afterwards.

On the following morning, as I came down stairs, Lord Tyrconnel pushed open a door, and in an insolently imperious voice, called out from the inner part of the room,—

"That is you, Mr. Savage, I believe. Here! I want you."

I was in no humour on that morning to put up with insults; and indeed, not to have offended me this lord must have used very choice language. I looked in at the door with no smooth brow, and with an eye in no wise amiable.

"You spoke?"

"I want you."

"You want manners. Perhaps you have mislaid them. They cannot, I hope, be far off. Let me shut the door upon you and them, lest they escape. You will, probably, find them before I return."

He turned round, for when I looked in upon him, he was standing with his back towards me; but I closed the door suddenly, and left the house.

It was not long ere I reached the house of Mrs. Phillips. The servant ushered me into Elizabeth's drawing-room. I waited her coming with some anxiety, and in no small trepidation. How would she receive me? I almost dreaded to conjecture.

Mrs. Phillips at last presented herself. I saluted her with great gravity. She handed me a sealed letter in silence.

"What is this, madam?" I faltered, and must have turned pale. I felt the blood recede from my heart; I knew the seal too well. I dared not glance at the superscription. "What is the meaning of this? Where is Elizabeth?"

There was an alteration in the woman's face. There was sorrow upon it.

"Miss Wilfred is gone," she replied, "and has left that letter for you."

"Gone! Whither?"

"That letter, sir, will perhaps inform you."

"True."

I retired to the window, and with shaking hands broke open the letter, which I read as well as those hands would let me. Every word a viper in my bosom: yet all sweetness, gentleness, forgiveness; but forgiveness as of the dying to the survivor, who shall no more be seen. I could have burst into an agony of weeping, for my spirits had been overwrought; but I swallowed down the weakness which I feared Mrs. Phillips had detected. Crushing the letter together, I thrust it in my pocket. In another moment I drew the letter from my pocket, imprecating curses on my head for having so rudely deformed it. Again and again I read it — "Dearest Richard" — no hope could be drawn thence; — the letter itself forbade it. Had it breathed resentment, I had had less reason to despair. I must discover whither she had fled — throw myself at her feet, nor leave her till she promised my pardon.

I left the house abruptly, nothing doubting that, before the day was over, I should prove successful in my search, and be blest with her forgiveness. My spirits revived as her lovely and beloved idea filled my mind.

She had few friends or acquaintances: these my memory readily recalled, and to these in turn I hastened. Lord Trevor was out of town, nor had Elizabeth been to his house. Lady Hertford was at home, and listened to the story I forged upon the instant with cold incredulity. She had not seen Miss Wilfred. She added, that when she did see her, she feared it was probable she should have something concerning Mr. Savage that would induce her never to see *him* again. She had heard of my wild pranks at taverns, and was quite certain I had done something to affront Miss Wilfred.

I was in no humour to listen to the objurgatory speeches of this very correct lady, and took my departure with some abruptness. The same want of success awaited me everywhere. I went back to Mrs. Phillips, and compelled her to promise that, should Miss Wilfred return, she would immediately send a messenger for me.

I awaited his coming with the utmost anxiety until nine o'clock, when, unable to bear the suspense, the agony of my own thoughts, I flung out of Lord Tyrconnel's house, and once more presented myself before Mrs. Phillips. No tidings.

In no pleasant mood I carried myself away to my accustomed tavern; but I dismissed all appearance of emotion at the threshold. I met there several of the wild and waggish rascals with whom I had caroused on the previous night. They rallied me upon my state of helpless drunkenness, and reminded me, or rather told me, — for I had utterly forgotten it,—of a general invitation I had given to the



Carousal of Savage & his friends at

London Richard Bentley 1842.

nominally spent the night with me at the house of Lord [illegible]

Away we went, some half dozen strong, others intending to have slipped [illegible] of us [illegible] through the streets [illegible] of the [illegible] and of every obstruction, whether of [illegible] matter or of physical substance, that impeded, or seemed to impede, our onward progress.

[illegible] a vigorous application of the [illegible] [illegible] away and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] at the very moment when [illegible] have been, and probably was, talking [illegible] which he did not understand, and [illegible] into the room walk [illegible]

[illegible] of himself. Besides, in the [illegible] till he had been a [illegible] of the [illegible] and all that took place till the [illegible] of the party [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of this sentiment [illegible] I [illegible] the speaker. Zinken, however, took me quietly till Lord T[illegible] was [illegible] me from the room, where I [illegible] to [illegible] from the group and away I staggered [illegible] to the [illegible] of my social enjoyment.

I remember nothing that followed. When I awoke next morning, I found myself in my own bed, and by degrees [illegible] a [illegible] remembrance of the last night's scene, of its interruption, and of the presence of him by whom it had been interrupted.

company to spend the night with me at the house of Lord Tyrconnel.

Away we went, some half drunk already, others hastening to be so, eight or ten of us hallooing through the streets, intolerant of the watch and of every obstruction, whether of animal matter or of physical substance, that impeded, or seemed to impede, our onward progress.

Arrived at the house, a vigorous application of the knocker enforced immediate admittance. We burst like a torrent into the hall. I summoned the butler before me, and pronounced my orders. He remonstrated, but in vain. His were later instructions than, in my presence, had been given to him. I reminded him of Lord Tyrconnel's injunctions to obey me as himself. He was fain in this instance to do so. I passed with my friends up stairs.

I have no distinct remembrance of what took place after we had been provided with wine—plenty there was, and of the best. It was a scene of disorderly merriment. The sounds of uproar, of wild laughter, of songs and catches, of extravagance, of licentious nonsense, still ring in my ears.

In the very perplexity of the confusion—at the very moment when each man may be supposed to have been, and probably was, talking to his neighbour upon a subject which he did not understand, and in a language that was unintelligible, into the room walks, or rather stalks, my Lord Tyrconnel.

When I discerned him and a phantom of himself, looming in the distance, which was not, I believe, till he had been a minute in the room, I called aloud to him (this, and all that took place till the company broke up, was told me afterwards by one of the party):

"You are welcome, Lord Tyrconnel, very welcome; although not invited, you are, I say, very welcome."

To this he answered: "I believe, indeed, Mr. Savage, had I been invited, I should not have been more welcome, or less;" then turning to one of the gentlemen, "Mr. Barker, I am surprised to see you here. You know the terms upon which Mr. Savage holds a footing in my house. Let me tell you, after to-morrow he shall have no further opportunity of disgracing me or himself here. He is too drunk to listen to reason or to hear resentment to-night. Prevail upon your friends to go. It is no fault of theirs. I should be sorry to affront gentlemen in my own house, which, however, I must do, if they are not speedily gone. My servants have called the watch."

I think I heard the conclusion of this sentence; for, it seems, I arose and made towards the speaker. Barker, however, held me tightly, till Lord Tyrconnel was gone from the room, when I succeeded in breaking from his grasp, and away I staggered in quest of the insolent disturber of my social enjoyment.

I recollect nothing that followed. When I awoke next morning, I found myself in my own bed, and by degrees attained to a partial remembrance of the last night's scene, of its interruption, and of the presence of him by whom it had been interrupted.

A MALTESE GHOST STORY.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

"THAT is a singular looking rock," said I *to* myself, and, as I thought, *by* myself, while gazing from the southern coast of Malta towards the little islet of Filfla, which, about four miles distant, uninhabited and seldom visited, rises from the blue waves a solitary, rugged mass of cliff and table-land, rather less than half a mile in circumference.

"And that is a true saying, signor," responded a voice behind me in English, but with a strong Maltese accent.

I turned my head on the instant, and saw that I had been followed to the cliff where I had just seated myself, by an aged man, — a meagre, ragged Maltese fisherman.

"You speak English well," said I; "you have been in England."

"I served in a man-of-war for four years, and in an English merchantman just as long; but it was years ago. I could speak better once. English is sooner learnt than Maltese."

I fancied the old man smiled, for I had addressed him, perversely enough, in one of my best attempts at his own language, and, to turn the subject I suddenly asked him whether I could procure a boat in the neighbourhood.

"Not nearer than Marsa Scirocco," he answered, pointing towards that bay, "and there my son has one."

"Could he take me to Filfla?" I demanded; and not a little astonished was I at the effect my question had upon the old man.

Looking towards the islet rather than at me, a tremor seemed to seize his whole frame, and rapidly crossing himself, he exclaimed,—

"There are other fishermen at Marsa Scirocco. Holy mother of Heaven! ask not old Cristo, or son of his, to go to Filfla!"

"And why not, Cristo?" I inquired, my curiosity naturally excited.

"It is a long story," rejoined the fisherman; "but if the signor is going back to Valetta, and will give a few grains to a poor old man, who can show him the nearest way, I might tell it as we walked.

This was truly characteristic of Malta; a fair half of the population are beggars. I of course promised the required gratuity, and in return heard a genuine Maltese ghost-story. I shall often depart from the words of the fisherman; but the reader must take the narrative as I can best tell it, after the lapse of many months since it was told to me.

"Andrea Casha and Domenico Balzan," leisurely commenced old Cristo, "were neighbours' sons, residing at the entrance of the same *casal*, loving not the less for living near; though you know neighbours sometimes cease to be neighbourly. Their fathers' cotton, corn, and clover-fields; their gardens, well stocked with orange and fig-trees, and vines, were close to each other: the terrace-wall that supported the soil of the one proprietor, in continuation often did the like office for the other. Both the old men were thought equally

wealthy for their walk in life, until [the elder Balzan dying, it appeared that his property was mortgaged even above its value to his neighbour. He had speculated and met great losses in a mercantile house at Valetta, with which a Maltese farmer should have had nothing to do, and this caused his ruin. When Domenico Balzan had settled his father's affairs, he was obliged to accept the old Casha's offer of a home and employment on the property which he had looked upon as his inheritance, but which now belonged to another. This degradation he at first felt severely, for he was of a proud and restless spirit. He even quarreled with Andrea, who tried in vain to console him, and he would ultimately have emigrated to Sicily, had not the elder Casha died, and Domenico's too partial friend had it in his power to heap favours upon his old playfellow, which not only reconciled their differences, but rendered it likely that they would continue companions for life. Balzan was made by Andrea Casha the complete manager of his property, and he even went so far as to execute a will, by which, should he die without issue, Balzan's paternal estate would be restored to him. The young proprietor seemed, indeed, anxious to make any sacrifice rather than lose his friend, who, more than two years his senior, had been to him as a staff from his youth up, until he imagined that he could not go alone. Balzan knew well how to foster this idea, and to render himself essential to his patron. Unscrupulous himself, he would have encouraged any vices in Andrea that might distract his attention from business. Vices Andrea Casha had none, for he was a well-principled and amiable young man; but he had a weakness, which answered Balzan's purpose as fully. He was so devoted to the *festas* and other pageants of the church, that a great portion of his time, and no small portion of his income, was lost in his attendance on, and support of, what Protestants would call religious vanities: not a discharge of fireworks graced the eve of a saint's day in Malta but *went off* with some of his money.

"These dissipations had soon an effect which Balzan never contemplated. Andrea, on several occasions after his return from a *festa*, spoke in most lover-like terms of a certain Signora Margarita Abela, who it would seem was almost as faithful an attendant upon *festas* as himself. She was invariably accompanied by her uncle, an elderly *padrè*, with whom Andrea had made an acquaintance, and who evidently encouraged the attentions of the young farmer.

"'Domenico,' said Casha one day to his friend, 'I insist upon your going with me to the *festa* of St. Gregory. I am to carry the standard of our *casal;* Margarita will be at Zeitun, and bravely will I wave it in her honour.'

"Now the feast of St. Gregory at the *casal* or village of Zeitun is the most remarkable of all the country *festas*. Then and there the laymen of each of the *casals* in Malta, who subscribe to the support and watch over the interest of their principal churches, march in procession to the church of St. Gregory at Zeitun, from a village called 'Casal Nuovo,' where all these '*fratelli*' previously meet. They wear distinctive uniforms, and a standard is borne before each party, the bearing of which is an honour sold to the highest bidder. The rustic lovers of Malta are anxious to secure this prize, as it is considered a most winning compliment to lustily wave the standard on the approach of a chosen fair one, and as their staves are very

heavy — many of them plated with silver — it is no small proof of manhood. Balzan seldom went to *festas*, but he had a particular reason for going to Zeitun now that he heard Andrea speak of Margarita's intention of being there on the morrow. He wished to see the maiden who had won his patron's heart, though with no kindly feeling, as he was jealous of one who might be the wife of Casha, and perhaps the mother of children, who would interfere with his heirship to the lost estate.

"Suffering himself to be persuaded with difficulty, that he might the better please his friend by consenting, he agreed to attend the *festa*, and, accordingly, at daybreak the two young men joined the procession to the church of St. Gregory. On their way Andrea pointed out the approach of a very pretty brunette, whose dark eyes sparkled at the sight of the standard; up it went to the full length of the exulting lover's arms, and bravely did he wave it. Great was the crowd in the old church of St. Gregory, and of course there was a goodly gathering of the clergy. Priests and people shouted aloud "Misericordia!" not the less loudly that they knew not why. The origin of the *festa*, and the *rationale* of its ceremonies, are involved in the obscurity of ages. Mass was sung and said, and the last strain of the music had died away, and all this was before ten o'clock in the morning. Many were the carts, rude vehicles formed of rough battens on a level with the shafts, which now rattled away with merry parties of country-people, their best mattresses spread beneath them. These were industrious folk, who, having been into the church for edification, and to the stalls outside for sweetmeats, considered the duties of the *festa* over, and that they might return to their labours with a clear conscience; but the greater portion of the assembly were differently disposed.

"Every house in Zeitun appeared crowded with visiters, and the whole country around was covered by knots of gaily-dressed persons; the reason of these little gatherings accounted for by the baskets in the midst of each party, and one among the many pic-nics belongs unto our story. Here were Domenico and Andrea, with the pretty Margarita seated between them, on the one side of a very white cloth, spread with very eatable viands, while on the opposite side sat the *padrè*-uncle, supported by two staid dames,—the one an ancient widow, with whom Margarita had lived since the death of her parents, and the other no less important a person than the go-between, who, according to the custom of this country, had been employed by Andrea to negociate his marriage with the object of his affections. Balzan was not a little mortified to find that matters had gone so far; but he wondered not that Margarita was beloved by his friend, for ere he quitted her presence a passion, fierce and uncontrollable, except that he was able to conceal it, had taken possession of his soul. Yes! he hid the secret in his own dark thoughts, and smiled upon the lovers. What chance of rivalry had a pennyless with a wealthy man, and what interest could he hope to excite in the breast of Margarita Abela, who that day had become the betrothed of Andrea Casha? Soon after the *festa* of St. Gregory the young farmer began to put his house in order for the reception of his bride, Balzan appearing to share in his patron's happiness, and fully to enter into all his arrangements; and ere a month had sped, the marriage-day was fixed.

"Margarita would not be a portionless bride; she was, for Malta, a rich heiress, as she would bring her husband a fortune of ten thousand scudi—£834. Altogether the wedding was likely to make a great sensation in the neighbouring *casals*, and many were the preparations for the feast in honour of the occasion, which was to be spread in the house once belonging to the Balzans. Here Padrè Giovanni, and Signora Fenech—the widow who was as a mother to the bride—had, with their mutual charge, taken up a temporary abode.

"'The day after to-morrow, and you will be mine, Margarita!' sighed forth the ardent Casha as he took an early leave of his mistress on the eve of that envious intervening morrow, a day which was to be spent by the bride elect and Signora Fenech at Valetta in making the last wedding purchases.

"In spite of his having thus comforted himself with the proud expectation of coming happiness, Andrea that evening on his return home felt himself much depressed in spirits — he knew not why. Balzan rallied him upon his unaccountable gloom.

"'What makes you look so melancholy?' he asked his friend; "surely you ought to be the happiest man in Malta. Then, what a wedding yours will be! I have just been looking over the bill of fare for the feast: the servants say they have, or expect to have, everything that can be desired. No, by the by,' — here he paused a moment, — 'they have been asking me to procure them some rabbits: — do you remember when we were boys, the night we spent at Filfla, and the number we shot? I met two fishermen laden with shell-fish going to the other house just now, and I have half engaged them to let me try my fortune to-night. The moon will be up in less than an hour.'

"'I do not know that I can better spend the night than by going with you,' answered Andrea.

"'Agreed, then; so let it be,' rejoined Balzan.

"Guns were always at hand, for they were both sportsmen; and, after seeking the fishermen, they repaired to the shore, and embarked for Filfla, which is hardly four miles from that part of the coast. The fishermen, after landing the two friends, stood off about a mile from the island, for the purpose of fishing, having received directions to return for the sportsmen at the going down of the moon. When they did return they could not find their employers, and one of the men, consequently, proceeded to the top of the island in search of them. They were still missing. Hoping that he had by some chance passed them on his way up, the man returned to the shore. His comrade had seen nothing of them; and, after waiting an hour longer, it was agreed between the two fishermen that the best way of finding their passengers would be to coast the island all round as near the shore as possible. They had but half fulfilled their task, when, having arrived off the most precipitous part of the cliffs, they imagined that in the shadow of an overhanging crag they saw one, if not two, of the parties they sought; and now, for the first time, it occurred to them that some accident must have happened, as, whatever it might be of the human form which they descried on the shore, it was still as death.

"Pulling for the nearest point at which they could land, the fishermen soon reached the spot, where the first glance they took the

luckless fate of both their passengers appeared revealed to them. The bodies of the young men were cast one on the other, and the blood and brains staining the rock on which this wreck of humanity lay motionless, told too plainly that it was caused by a fall from the precipice above. Motionless, did I say? — no! The fishermen, as they approached the bodies, saw an arm raised, a hand drawn, as though painfully, across the brow of him whose face was partially upturned to the sky. They lifted him away from his companion, on whom his head had reposed, — they threw water on his face;—they perceived that their cares were attended with success: he heaved a deep sigh, and opened his eyes.

"'Where am I?' he exclaimed—'Ah!'

"He looked at the terrible sight before him, and, falling back in the arms of the fishermen, appeared to relapse into insensibility. It was Balzan—and Andrea Casha, he who would have been a bridegroom on the morrow, was now but a bleeding, shattered corse! After a while, Balzan, who was perfectly unhurt, relieved by shedding a torrent of tears, seemed to recover his presence of mind. He assisted the fishermen in removing the body of his friend to the boat, and, answering their questions freely, told them all that was ever known of the catastrophe he yet wept over as he spoke. It would seem that the sportsmen had met with indifferent luck, at which Andrea was very much provoked. Just as the moon was sinking they had, while lying *perdue* behind two piles of stones, at a little distance from each other, communicated their mutual inclination to be off after the next shot.

"'Ah!' said Balzan, 'that next shot! A large rabbit burst from a burrow before my unhappy friend: he fired, and only wounded it. I brought my gun to my shoulder; fortunately for what remains to me of happiness, I did not fire. Signor Casha had dashed after the wounded creature, and must have received my full charge. The result was, however, equally fatal. The rabbit tumbled over and over, and then bounded on. Casha pursued. At the very verge of the cliff he aimed a blow as it darted into a burrow with the butt-end of his piece, and missing his aim, I saw him topple — disappear over the precipice! My feelings I need not describe. How I got below I know not. It might have been by the usual path, and so round to the place where he fell, or most likely I rushed down a quicker, a desperate way that I heeded not — I found him! — Nothing more do I know until you discovered us both.'

"Such was the story which Balzan told to the fishermen, and, with little variation, to the Padrè Giovanni, immediately he reached the shore. Such was the story that met the ear of Margarita, who for a while was inconsolable.

"Andrea Casha had no near relations: those who inherited the greater part of his property were very poor people, distantly allied to him. No one doubted that Casha had come fairly by his death; no one grudged that Balzan should take possession of his father's property, which he of course did, by the will of his deceased patron. Nothing could be more edifying than the grief of Balzan for the loss of his friend; and, as though from sheer affection for the memory of the departed, he was a frequent visiter to the house of Signora Fenech, showed the most respectful attentions to poor Margarita, and made Padrè Giovànni some very acceptable presents. The re-

sult may be anticipated—Margarita became the wife of Balzan; and now never did man appear to change so completely in character. From being steady, and attentive to his property, he left it entirely to the care of his labourers. Like Andrea Casha in former days, he might be found at every *festa*, at every merry-making, religious or otherwise. Margarita generally accompanied him, and report said that they were a happy couple.

"I must now tell you, Signor, what I did not mention before,—(here let me endeavour to take up the words of the old fisherman,) —I was one of the men in the boat that landed the two friends at Filfla. I just this moment remarked that no one believed but what Andrea Casha came to his death fairly. I should have said no one but myself. Still who was I?—a poor old fisherman!—so, after sounding my comrade, and finding that he, too, thought all was right, I wisely held my tongue.

"I had lost sight of Signor Balzan for a long time, and I had given up fishing pretty much; for I had been hired to assist in a boat that carried fish to Valetta from Marsa Scirocco, and such ware as might be wanted, back. Sometimes, too, we took a party of pleasure to Scirocco from Valetta, and this was my employment on the last day I saw Signor Balzan. I always thought that when we had met, which was seldom, he seemed to shun me; and this day another gentleman, who was with his wife and himself, having hired me, he objected to the boat, and, indeed, did all he could to be off the bargain. I heard him say that he had been quite tricked into going part of the way home by water; and I believe it was only his wife's remarking in jest that she thought he was afraid of the sea, which made him consent. Now the next thing was to find my comrade who worked with me in the boat. The gentleman got impatient at his not coming. Signor Balzan swore horribly that, if he must go by water, he would show them that not only was he fearless of a boat, but that he could manage one, and telling me in a passion—just as if I had done him any harm!—to get ready for shoving off, he handed his wife in, and with the other gentleman away we went. I took the rudder, without seeming to notice the Signor's rage; and you may be sure I did not claim his acquaintance, but behaved to him like a stranger.

"It was a very fine evening when we started. The pretty, gaily-dressed Signora Balzan laughed and talked, and the gentlemen trimmed the sails, and talked to her,—Signor Balzan appearing to have recovered his temper. I have seen many a *gregalè* (north-east wind), but the one that was then coming the Holy Mother of Heaven must have sent on purpose. The breeze freshened and freshened again, till we were well off Marsa Scirocco point; for we had not hugged the coast: still nothing was thought of it. But then—blessed St. Paolo!—there came such a blast! The sails were old—the mainsail split into ribbons; for Signor Balzan, who should have let go the sheet, was standing up in the boat as though he had changed into stone:—his eyes were fixed on Filfla Island. The other gentleman was useless; he knew nothing at all about a boat. The poor Signora screamed, and well she might; for, leaving Marsa Scirocco on our starboard-quarter, we were running before the wind in a *gregalè*, with more easting in it than common, for Filfla.

Night came on—the moon had risen, but was obscured—I only saw one star, and this looked redly out from the dark sky above the island towards which we were hurrying; for the boat was now quite unmanageable. Perhaps I did not do my best to manage her: I, too, had my eyes fixed on Filfla; I felt impressed that we must near the isle, I knew not why. If I had a thought beyond, at that moment, it was that by making a long stretch we might afterwards fetch in under the land, and possibly reach a small bay on the western coast; or, when the *gregalè* had expended its fury, we might beat back to Marsa Scirocco.

"Poor Signora Balzan, seeing her husband stand appalled, his eyes glaring towards the fearful isle, the sight of which she turned from shudderingly, clung to him, and hid her face in his bosom; but he heeded her not. Just then—oh! night of horror!—we were nearing the very cliff beneath which I had found the dead—ay! the murdered man. It seemed to me that I was obliged to run close to it, and that I had no power over the helm. Then came a lull, as though the blast had done its worst. I heard a cry—a yell from Balzan:—he had thrown his wife to the deck—his arms were extended—he pointed to the crags above. I looked—I could not have been mistaken—there was a human form leaning over the precipice —it fell! The gentleman who was with us called out, 'It is a fall of the cliff.' A fall of the cliff certainly followed on the instant—down it came with a sullen noise like distant thunder.

"'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed Balzan,—'I come! I come!'

"The waters had hardly closed over the fall of rock when the murderer dashed headlong from the boat, and sank amid the waves. That night we succeeded in beating back to Marsa Scirocco. The Signora Balzan never spoke from the moment she beheld her husband's awful suicide; every sense seemed paralyzed. The gentleman, who had done little as yet but cross himself, was now of some service when we got on shore. He had a friend near at hand who owned a *calesse*, and in this the poor Signora was conveyed to her solitary home. She is now, I believe, in a Sicilian convent.

"Can you wonder, Signor," concluded the old fisherman, "that I like not to visit Filfla? Did I know that a boat-load of fish might be had for the fetching from beneath those unlucky cliffs, I would not go there, though I am very poor; and whatever the Signor gives me will be a charity to one who often wants bread."

So ended, as it commenced, in an appeal to my compassion, the Maltese Ghost-Story.

THE TWO GATE-KEEPERS.

The Doctor receives us from birth at bed-side,
  And forwards us on towards Death, his pale brother.
Thus life is a railway on which we all glide,
  With the Doctor at this end, and Death at the other!

G. D.

night came on—the moon had risen, but was obscured—Louis ... [illegible] ... and the locked rocks out from the dark sky above the island towards which we were hurrying; for the boat was now quite unmanageable. Perhaps I did not do my best to manage her. I own, had my eyes fixed on Julia; I felt impressed that we must [illegible] the rock, I knew not why. If I had a thought beyond, it was that by making a long stretch we might afterwards reach round the land, and possibly reach a small bay on the western coast; and when the squall had expended its fury, we might beat back to [illegible] Schrecke.

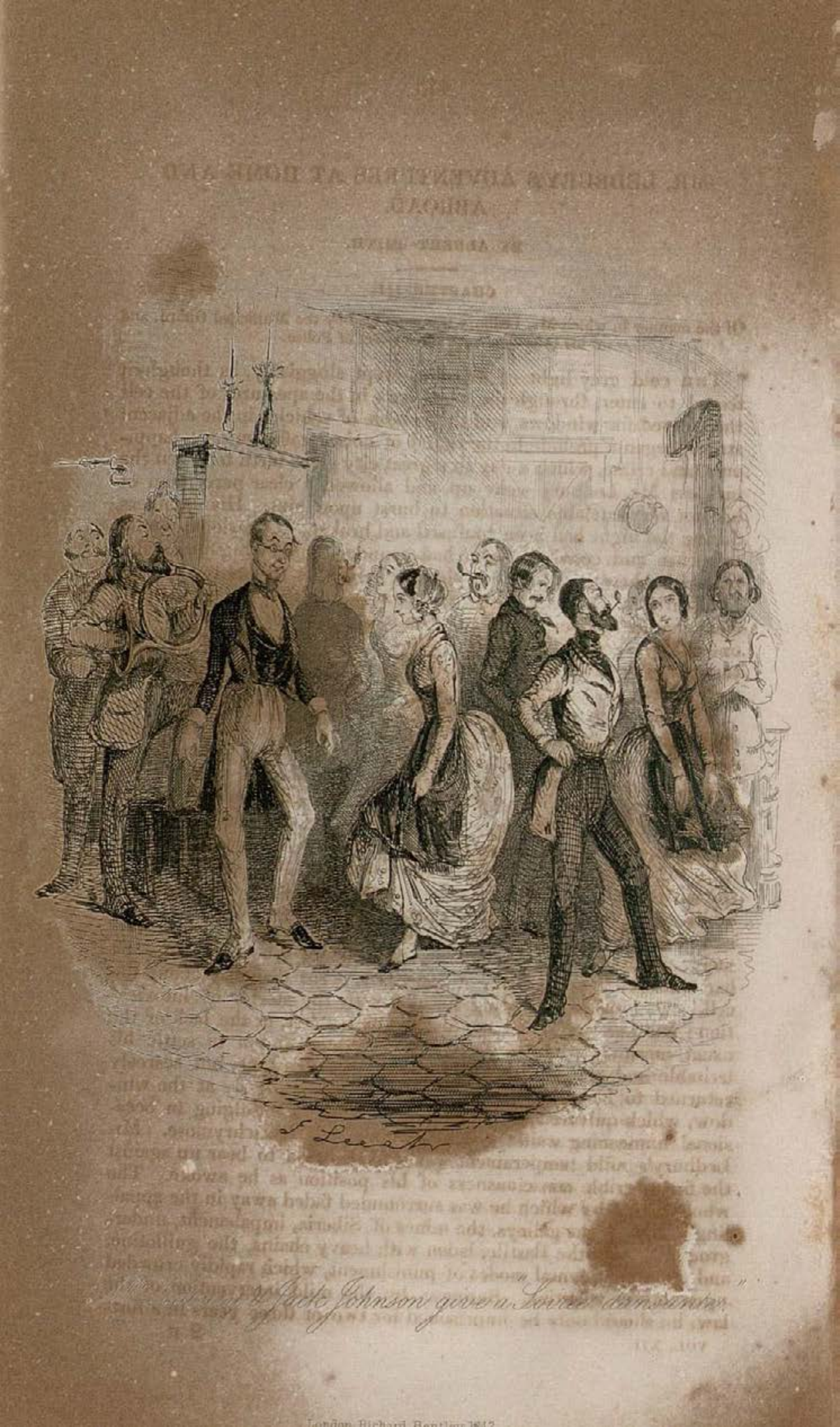
Poor [illegible] Helsen, seeing her husband stand appalled, his eyes glaring towards the fearful rock, the sight of which she turned from shudderingly, clung to him, and hid her face on his bosom; but he heeded her not. Just then—oh! night of horror!—we were nearing the very cliff beneath which I had found the dead—[illegible] [illegible] It seemed to me that I was obliged to run close by it, and that I had no power over the helm. Then came a lull, as though the blast had done its worst. I heard a cry—a yell from Helsen—he had thrown his wife to the deck—his arms were raised ... [illegible] ... I looked—I could not have [illegible] ...

[illegible]

... Thus ended, as it commenced, [illegible] ... the Maître Ghost-Story.

THE TOLL-GATE-KEEPERS

The Doctor receives us (from birth) at first-stage,
And forwards us on towards Death, his pale [illegible]
Thus life is a railway on which we all glide,
With the Doctor at this end, and Death at the [illegible]



Jack Johnson gives a "Soirée dansante."

London. Richard Bentley 1842.

MR. LEDBURY'S ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

CHAPTER III.

Of the manner in which Mr. Ledbury was examined by the Municipal Guard, and of his interview with the Prefect of Police.

The cold grey light of morning crept sluggishly, as though it feared to enter, through the rusty bars in the apertures of the cell that served for windows, and the rumble of vehicles in the adjacent streets began a prelude to the round of noise, traffic, misery, happiness, and crime, which a day in a great city gives birth to, when the luckless Mr. Ledbury woke up, and allowed a clear perception of his not very enviable situation to burst upon him. His slumbers during the night had been confused and broken. Occasionally wild screeches and convivial yells had sounded from contiguous cells; but when these rose to an unpleasant height, or tended in any way to disturb the nerves of the *garde municipale*, (who dozed upon luxurious inclined planes of oak and iron in the outer room,) a visit from one of them generally quelled the riot for a short period, only to return, in most cases, as soon as the functionary's departing footsteps were heard outside the door.

All the excitement of the champagne and *vin ordinaire* which sparkled from Mr. Ledbury's eyes the night before,—all his rapid defiance and valorous demeanour had passed away. A head-ache, which appeared likely to split his brain into two, had succeeded to his gay imaginings of the previous evening. His eyelids smarted with inflammation and the want of legitimate rest; and moreover he had broken one of the pebbles of his spectacles. His mouth was dry and parched; his hands red and swollen, and looking about the nails as if he had been excorticating millions of new walnuts; whilst his mind revolted at everything he thought of or perceived about him. Two or three companions of his imprisonment, of the lowest class of society, and of whose presence he had hitherto been entirely unconscious, were disposed about the cell. One was still snoring heavily with the stertor of intoxication; another was smacking his lips with thirst, or the lack of the usual morning stimulus from the *marchand de vin* to settle his irritable and depraved stomach; and a third, awake, but scarcely returned to his proper intellects, was gazing listlessly at the window, which quivered in his disturbed vision, or indulging in occasional unmeaning wailings, half melodious, half lachrymose. Mr. Ledbury's mild temperament was ill calculated to bear up against the first terrible consciousness of his position as he awoke. The whole reality by which he was surrounded faded away in the appalling visions of the galleys, the mines of Siberia, impalement, underground cells in the Bastile, laden with heavy chains, the guillotine, and other continental modes of punishment, which rapidly crowded upon his imagination. Suppose, by the mild intervention of the law, he should only be imprisoned for two or three years in a fort-

ress! Gracious powers! how would his family, who lived at Islington, bear the shock when they came to hear of it!—what desolation would brood on the hearth, or rather the Chunk stove, of his office! What would Miss Mitchell, Miss Hamilton, and all his young-lady friends of bygone evening parties think of him, when they were informed of his disgrace?—and how would the Saturday-night organ, that always played "As I view these scenes so charming" out of tune, contrive to do without the hebdomadal penny which purchased its retreat to an inaudible distance? These were fearful things to reflect upon, and he cried as he thought about them, or rather gave a very good imitation of having a very bad cold in his head. He envied the very flies, that flew in and out the bars just as they pleased, without asking permission of anybody.

An hour or two passed miserably away until about nine o'clock, when the bolts were withdrawn, and he was summoned to the front office of the guard-house, and confronted with the chief officer of the force to be interrogated; his extreme state of conviviality on the preceding evening having quite precluded the possibility of getting anything like a correct answer from him.

"Monsieur," gruffly demanded the guard, in a voice made ten times more terrible by its transmission through a pair of formidable mustachios, "dites-moi votre nom, s'il vous plait?"

"Not guilty," replied Ledbury, who had some faint idea that a species of judicial inquiry was going on.

The supposed cognomination was immediately written down, as near as they could catch it.

"Où est votre passeport?"

"Je non pas," answered Ledbury, slightly comprehending the question, and endeavouring to answer it in French.

A very suspicious look from the guard followed this declaration. The truth was, that our hero, having been so short a time in Paris, had not yet got his provisionary passport exchanged for his travelling one; but this he could not explain. The officer, not understanding him, gave orders that his pockets should be investigated.

One of the *corps* forthwith began to search Mr. Ledbury,—a process which was exceedingly interesting to the others. The first article they turned out upon the bench was his pocket-handkerchief, covered all over with a representation of the flags of different nations, and a large Union-jack in the middle. This was evidently considered a most important discovery, and immediately entered in the police-sheet as a code of private signals. The standard of Algiers strengthened this belief, and the whole of the *garde* pointed it out immediately with great exultation; for, ever since the French won the battle of Constantina, they have formed a singular idea that there never was another victory in the world, and have framed all their toys, *bonbons*, sports, and public shows accordingly, wherein "*les sacrés Bedouins*" are always represented as getting ten to one the worst of it. Then from the other pocket was produced a most suspicious list of the General Steam Navigation Company,—evidently in correspondence with the pocket-handkerchief; together with his keys, his little French dictionary, some crumbs of biscuit, and some nuts, which he had pocketed from the dinner-table, having heard such proceedings were customary in France, and proper to be done. His waistcoat gave up all of the *cosmétique* that he had not

eaten at Boulogne, a half-crown pencil-case which he had been lucky enough to win for eight shillings at a Ramsgate library last year, a few francs, an old pass-check of Covent Garden theatre, with the word "COMUS" on it,—another proof of some secretly-organized society,—and two or three *jujubes* melted into one conglomerate.

As soon as the search was completed the guard got under arms, and Mr. Ledbury prepared to accompany them to the prefect of police,—comparatively, much in the same state of mind as a condemned criminal who takes his last look at the coppers and stew-pans of the Newgate kitchen on his dreary journey to pass through the hatch of the debtors' door, and ascend the fatal scaffold to

"danser une danse
Où il n'y a pas de plancher."

There is generally a crowd of loiterers round the door of the Corps de Garde, to see what delinquents make their appearance in the morning; and when Mr. Ledbury emerged from the portals pertaining to the establishment of "LIBERTE, ORDRE PUBLIC," between two of the municipal guard with fixed bayonets, he would have given worlds to have become the inmate of one of his own short Wellingtons,—in other words, he wished, like the charity-boys immortalized in the "Wreck Ashore" by the late Mr. John Reeve, of glorious memory, "to have shrunk into his very half-boots with fear." The little boys,—and sad impudent fellows indeed are those Parisian *gamins*,—pleased at his woe-begone, yet withal benevolent, aspect, ran by his side and huzzaed; the *grisettes* who were on their way to market or to work smiled at his general *tournure*, as some of them recollected his waltzing exploits of the previous night; and a few idlers at the doors of the wine-shops addressed a few speeches to him in slang French,—the *argot* of the Courtille,—which, as they were not very consolatory, it is fortunate he did not understand.

They had not a very great way to go, and Mr. Ledbury soon found himself at the Prefecture, in the presence of the acting official, who somewhat reassured him by being very like an ordinary man after all. Moreover he spoke a little English, and could sufficiently understand Mr. Ledbury's defence of the suspicious pocket-handkerchief and other articles, to perceive that there was no great sedition brewing through their means. The charge was entered into, and the master of the *guinguette* appeared to complain of his broken glass; but, as none of the French students were present to speak of the assault, the case was finally dismissed,—a few francs only being demanded in payment for the broken articles at Tonnelier's. This sudden deliverance quite overwhelmed Mr. Ledbury. He would have entered into a long speech expressive of his gratitude at the leniency of the court; but another case came on, and the *sergent de ville* in attendance told him he might depart. Whereupon he left the office, and was not sorry to meet Jack Johnson at the door, who had not ventured inside, for fear that he might be recognised, and declared as one of the offenders.

Mr. Ledbury's first feeling was to treat Jack Johnson with a cool disdain, as if he deeply felt the inhumanity of the latter gentleman in deserting him at his hour of trial. But his better nature prevailed, and he shook hands with his companion, just as if nothing

had occurred. Having paid a visit to a neighbouring *coiffeur*, in order that a becoming toilet might be made, they jumped into an omnibus, and proceeded to breakfast at one of the *trois plats restaurateurs* in the Palais Royal.

"Well, Leddy," said Jack, as soon as they were seated in the *salon*, "you 've begun well. It is not everybody has the good luck to see so much of French life as you have done during your first twenty-four hours in Paris."

"I think I have seen quite enough for this once," replied Mr. Ledbury.

"Oh! fiddle-de-dee!—take some more wine. I knew a man who stopped a fortnight at Paris without recollecting a sight he had visited, although he kept a journal all the time—after a fashion."

"How was that?"

"Why, like many other of the brute classes of humanity,—the animal 'gents' who visit Paris,—he thought the chief attraction was buying Cognac at fourteen pence a bottle. He used to get regularly intoxicated at breakfast every morning, and then start out sight-seeing with his companions. At night they told him where he had been, and he put it down; but beyond this he had no idea. Do you like your breakfast?"

"I think my appetite is returning," answered Mr. Ledbury, who was making a tolerable attack upon some *rognons sautés*, and had already finished his *demi-bouteille* of Chablis. "What are you eating there?"

"*Sole au gratin*," replied Jack Johnson; "scalloped sole, if I may term it so,—only it isn't."

"Well, but it *is* a sole, is it not?" observed Mr. Ledbury.

"No more than you are a grasshopper," returned Jack. "How could they afford soles for a twenty-five sous breakfast, and so far away from the sea? The soles here are all flounders cut into shape, kept to acquire a game-flavour, and then served up with sauce and mushrooms."

"What a deception French cookery is!" remarked Ledbury.

"So is English too, occasionally," said Jack, "especially school-pies, and hashed mutton at home on Saturdays—all culinary equivocations."

"I suppose you will tell me next that these are not kidneys which I am eating."

"No more they are," replied Jack; "they cut them out of *foie de veau*. It 's the same with everything else. Stewed fowl is made out of boiled veal, peach fritters from Normandy apples. We have learnt that cats and rabbits are synonymous; and *biftek aux pommes* is made from—no, I won't tell you. You shall go some day to Montfaucon and judge for yourself.* I told Aimée this morning that I thought I should make you open your eyes before you went home."

"Oh! you have seen the young lady, then, already?" said Mr. Ledbury. "She must be about very early."

* This speech is not altogether an imposition upon the credulity of Mr. Ledbury. Our readers may recollect, that a year or two ago several hundred kilogrammes of horse-flesh were seized at one of the barriers by the *octroi* guard, and we know that this event was followed by the immediate failure of some of the cheap *restaurants* of the Quartier Latin.

"She is — very," answered Jack, shooting a bit of crust from off the table with his finger, and hitting an old gentleman on the nose, who sat near them, with a red riband in his button-hole; whereat the old gentleman looked remarkably fierce at a little child whom he imagined to be the culprit; and the little child, after wriggling about in various uncomfortable attitudes beneath his savage glance, finally began to cry, and was immediately knocked on the knuckles with a spoon by its mother for being fractious.

Having concluded their meal, Jack Johnson informed Mr. Ledbury that he had hunted up some lodgings for them that morning in the Rue St. Jacques, and that they would therefore leave the Hôtel de l'Etoile that day. He added, as their stay in Paris would possibly be for some little time, this would be much cheaper than the hotel, at which he merely intended to rest the first night, that they might look about them for a suitable apartment. Mr. Ledbury could not help smiling, now the danger was all over, at the little advantage he had received from the bed he was about to pay for, which certainly had not been of much service to him, — a circumstance of which Jack Johnson, on his part, did not complain.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the Quartier Latin, and Mr. Ledbury's lodgings therein.

Situated on the unfashionable side of the Seine, in the same relation to Paris as the Borough is to London, is a dense congeries of narrow, dirty, tortuous streets, that cling and twist round the Sorbonne and Panthéon like mud-worms round a pebble at low-water, and form in their *ensemble* the venerable Quartier Latin. It is a part of the city little known to the mere "weekly visitor" from England, and yet withal a most interesting locality. The flaunting Chaussée d'Antin and aristocratic Rue de Rivoli swarm with too many of our own countrymen; and the announcement of "Pickled Tongues" and "Cheshire Cheese" in the Faubourg St. Honoré inspires purchasers with a suspicion that the "English spoken here" places a treble price upon every article vended. The frigid respectability and dilapidated grandeur of the Faubourg St. Germain reminds us only of a French translation of Fitzroy Square; the Quartier St. Antoine is a mass of rags and revolution; and the Champs Elysées a conglomeration of conjurers, girls' schools, Punch's shows, *cafés*, and boarding-houses.

But the Quartier Latin has claims upon our attention and respect of another description; for there is no division of Paris more rich in historical associations. Independently of the interest attached to the Sorbonne and the gloomy crypts of St. Généviève, nearly every street is connected with some romance of the *moyen age* of French history. In the monastery of the Cordeliers, which formerly stood on the site of the fountain near the spot where the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine debouches into the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, we are told that in 1522 a lovely girl was discovered in the garb of a page, who had long waited upon the holy fathers in that capacity,— they being, of course, perfectly unconscious of her sex; and that the authorities were ungallant enough to whip her from the convent, of which a portion of the walls is still visible in the Rue

l'Observance. Here the club of the Cordeliers received the Marseillois auxiliaries previously to the slaughter in the Tuileries on the terrific 10th of August; and here also the following summer Marat lived, and was assassinated by the heroic Charlotte Corday. Within a radius of two hundred yards from this spot we arrive at the Place St. Michel, where a statue was raised in the reign of the "mad king," Charles the Sixth, to the memory of Perinet Leclerc, the son of the gate-keeper of the Porte St. Germain, who stole the keys from beneath his father's pillow to admit the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which led to the downfall of the partisans of Armagnac.

In the Rue St. Jacques,—where Mr. Ledbury's new lodging was situated, the privacy of which we shall anon invade,—on the dreadful eve of St. Bartholomew, Bethune, the young brother of Sully, narrowly escaped assassination by showing a breviary to the soldier, which he had fortunately caught up in the confusion of the massacre. In the adjacent Rue de la Harpe and Cloistres de St. Bénoist this book again saved him; and, after lying concealed for three days in the Collége de Bourgogne, which stood on the site of the present medical school, he was liberated and pardoned upon consenting to go to mass. The valiant Philip de Mornay at the same period escaped from his house in the Rue St. Jacques, whilst it was actually in possession of the mob, who were pillaging it, although the landlord was a Catholic. Nor should we omit to mention that, at a later date, in the Carmelite convent which stood formerly in the Rue d'Enfer, the beautiful and penitent Louise de la Vallière retired in 1680, where also, after thirty years of pious seclusion and regret, she died.

But there is little now left to recall these bygone events; for the buildings have been razed, and streets of tall, dirty houses erected on the spots they occupied, if we except the time-hallowed walls of the Hôtel de Cluny in the Rue des Mathurins, which alone inclose tangible memorials of the Quartier Latin in the olden time. And although the majority of sight-seekers at Paris know as little about that venerable edifice as a west-end exquisite does of Ratcliffe Highway, yet is it well worthy of inspection; with its fine Gothic architecture, its fluted and embossed armour, its curiously-fashioned windows, breaking the sunbeams into an hundred fantastic forms upon the polished oaken boards, for daring to intrude where all should be dim and mysterious; and its domestic relics of other days, which call up with mute and affecting eloquence indistinct imaginings of those who made a home of that old mansion, whose very names have now passed away even from the ancient chronicles.

But we will not farther rout up the mouldering archives of bloodshed and crime, — our business lies not so much with them as with present records of gallantry and merriment; for the Quartier Latin derives its interest from other sources, doubtless more congenial to the taste of our readers. One half of the promoters of the real fun and gaiety of Paris reside within its limits. In a word, it is the abode—we think the *hive* would be a better term, were it not for the ideas of industry connected with that straw tenement—of nearly all the students of law and medicine in Paris; and very fortunate indeed is it that they have a quartier to themselves, or the walls of the city would not contain then , to say nothing of the iron gates at the barriers. They are all joyousness and hilarity; and their hearts

are as light as the summer breeze that sweeps over the pleasant foliage of the Luxembourg gardens, endeared to their memory by so many flirtations on their stone benches. And the French students are not exclusive in their love-making, for they pay their court alike to all. The rosy Cauchoise in her high lace-cap,—the sprightly Lyonnaise,—the "*belle petite Belge*," (and what pretty creatures the Belgian girls are!)—with the laughing, pouting, constant, coquetting *grisette*,—THE *grisette, pur sang*, of Paul de Kock, Jules Janin, and Beranger,—each in turn receives their protestations of an eternal love for the winter course of lectures, and equally each in turn jilts them. But they feel no very bitter pang when their professions are laughed at. Their love is as light as their hearts; and, when they lose the affectionate glance of one pair of eyes, they endeavour without loss of time to rekindle the flame, which is soft and transient as the ignition of a hydro-pneumatic lamp or a German-tinder *allumette*, in another.

The students are not, however, the only characteristics of the Quartier Latin. It is a great resort of *marchands d'habits*, or old-clothes men, as we unpolitely term them in England; and one would think they must be in the habit of transacting a considerable share of business with the inhabitants, as they possess an astonishing predilection for the streets about the Ecole de Médecine and Panthéon. Then there are perambulating sellers of almost everything at a certain price; and their barrows present a strange collection of articles, all of which may be purchased for five sous each — plates, knives, whips, decanters, whistles, pins, brushes, lucifers, brooches, looking-glasses, almanacks, pencils, — in fact, an endless variety of wares. It is needless to add, that all are of inferior manufacture, and more or less damaged; but they do for the housekeepers of the Quartier Latin.

The suite of three rooms — or rather the apartment, with two closets to sleep in, which the enterprise of Jack Johnson discovered for Mr. Ledbury and himself—was a very fair specimen of the lodgings of this part of the world. It was on the fifth floor, for the sake of air and economy, the price diminishing from forty to fifteen francs a month as you ascended the staircase; or, to speak properly, as they talk about the radiation of caloric at the Adelaide Gallery, "in an inverse proportion to the square of the distance" from the street-door. The furniture was simple and scanty, but there was enough. They had a fine looking-glass, however, with a marble slab before it, the use of the bellows, a vase of artificial flowers from the Boulevards, and an alabaster clock which did not go; there was also a secretary, which let down to form a species of table, and a stove in the corner, — a curious compound of iron and crockery, with a tin chimney.

"Well, Leddy," said Jack Johnson, as he pulled his panting companion up five flights of stairs, and into the room, "what do you think of the crib?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I—"

What Mr. Ledbury intended for a reply was never ascertained; for, as he entered the apartment to inspect it, his feet slid away from beneath him along the glazed-tile floor, which had been polished by the *frotteur* until he could see his face in it, and he measured his length upon the ground.

"Bravo!" cried Jack, quite enraptured at the event. "Here 's your artificial ice without a patent, and nothing to pay for trying it. Get up, old fellow!—that 's it. Are you hurt?"

"Oh! no—not at all," cheerfully replied Mr. Ledbury, with the air of a person who has tumbled down in the street on a frosty day, but goes away smiling and looking pleasant, inwardly smarting with pain and confusion—"Oh! no—not at all. The room is rather high up, though; isn't it?"

"That 's the beauty of it," replied Jack. "Look at the view! If we were lower down, we could not see one of those chimney-pots, nor the towers of St. Sulpice. Besides, the higher we get, the more noise we can make. And then the furniture!"

"I don't think that clock goes," said Mr. Ledbury, peering at the face of it.

"That 's no matter—they never do: the look of it 's the thing. Did you never win one of them at a travelling bazaar or fancy-fair?"

"I never had that good fortune."

"That is because you didn't try soon enough," said Jack Johnson. "The clocks are always won the first night the establishment opens. People who come afterwards never get anything but backgammon-boards, boxes of soldiers, and mother-of-pearl salt-spoons. How deficient the diffusion of Useful Knowledge is still, in spite of all the society's books!"

"This is a fact certainly worth knowing," said Mr. Ledbury.

"To be sure," replied Jack. "You may depend upon it, if Government was to start an educational course of 'Dodges for the Million,' it would be of infinite service."

"You would make an excellent professor."

"Rather!" said Johnson; "and, from what I can make out of the newspaper reports of Hullah's plan with his thumb and four fingers, I should do it in the same style—somehow so."

And here candour compels us to state that Jack Johnson forgot himself, and was vulgar enough to "take a sight,"—a coarse habit peculiar to the lower classes when they wish to express the word "gammon!" pantomimically.

As soon as their effects arrived, and were stowed away in their proper places, Jack Johnson informed Mr. Ledbury that, as they had come to live amongst the French medical students, they had better attire themselves accordingly, lest they should look too particular in the streets, which he thought they did at present. And, indeed, any one else, with far less powers of observation, would have made the same remark, had they witnessed the crowd of odd beings who were loitering after lecture in the open space between the Café Dupuytren and the Ecole de Médecine when our friends turned out to make some purchases. Some wore their hair flowing down their backs almost as long as a woman's; others had it cropped quite close, and covered by a flat cap of bright scarlet, without a poke. These cultivated their mustachios until they grew like penthouses over their lips; those allowed their beards to reign on their chins in unshaven luxuriance. The majority wore trowsers of a dingy grey, brought down very low over the insteps, and coats with half-inch collars, similar in style to the costume of the seedy foreigners who loiter about the *Quartier du Lester-Square* at this

time of the year. Some wore dark blouses; others *paletots*—a species of light shooting-jacket; and a few had frock-coats. Nearly all carried pipes in their mouths, which they doggedly kept there; removing them only to address some bright-eyed little *grisette* who chanced to pass.

Guided as usual by Jack Johnson, Mr. Ledbury repaired to a ready-made clothes' establishment in the Palais Royal, attracted by an announcement at the door, of "25,000 PALETOTS!!" to choose from — a piece of information which caused much admiration in the passing reader at the ingenuity which could pack such a legion of coats into so small an establishment — the whole concern being about the size of the little shops that used to be — and possibly still are — let into the wall of Hyde Park, at the commencement of Knightsbridge.

There was a great deal of haggling when they at length discovered some apparel which fitted them. Jack Johnson generally commenced the traffic by offering the vendor just half what he asked; and then he rose his bidding as the other came down, until a price was obtained satisfactory to both parties. And very brilliant indeed did Mr. Ledbury look when he turned out in a fifty-franc coat, a twenty-franc pair of pantaloons, and a ten-franc waistcoat; and, when a new hat was added to the costume, he felt so thoroughly French that he almost expected the language to come intuitively with the habits of the country. He did not, it is true, see many of the French students in spectacles; but, then, some of the National Guard wore them, and this was an excellent precedent.



"There's something in these clothes," observed Mr. Ledbury, with great deliberation, as they entered the Rue St. Honoré.

"The deuce there is!" interrupted Jack Johnson. "What is it? —not the moth, I hope?"

"No — no," continued Ledbury. "I was going to say, or rather to observe, that there is something in these clothes which makes me think I could waltz if I had a fair trial."

"You shall try with a chair when we get home," returned Jack; "and I will teach you."

And in five minutes Mr. Ledbury was lost in a day-dream of delirious anticipation of the sensation he should create by his elegant manners and dancing when his friends at Islington gave an entertainment to celebrate his return from abroad. Indeed, he so far forgot himself as to commence doing his steps along the pavement of the Pont Neuf, until he made a graceful *balancez*, and nearly upset some fried potatoes exposed for sale in one of the hollow buttresses.

CHAPTER V.

Of the evening-party given by Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson to certain students and *grisettes*, at their rooms in the Rue St. Jacques.

A FEW days passed very pleasantly, without much stirring excitement. Mr. Ledbury found himself more at home in Paris, and began to hammer out a few words of French; whilst Jack Johnson employed his time in hunting up all the old students that he had known formerly, who remained at the hospitals, having himself at one time entered the Ecole de Medécine when he had some idea of following the profession. Feeling the truth of the axiom, that there was nourishment in whatever did not poison, they usually dined at Viot's, in the Rue de la Harpe, for eighteen sous; and in the evening patronized some of the promenade concerts, or went to Franconi's, in the Champs Elysées, where Mr. Ledbury was more entertained than he would have been at the regular theatres, from his inability to follow the performers.

The latter resort was his most favourite place of amusement; and, being very susceptible, he used to fall deeply in love every other night with one of the *ecuyères*,—now lost in admiration at the beautiful and daring *Lejars*, — anon yielding to the fascinating attitude and *haute équitation* of Caroline; and then forgetting both for the witching blandishments of Virginie Kenebel. Indeed, so powerful was the impression made by the last-mentioned Peri upon his inflammatory heart, that Jack Johnson discovered him one night standing upon a chair on one leg, and endeavouring, in a graceful attitude, to copy the fair *artiste's* impersonation of "The flight of Zephyr." He had also purchased a map of Paris, and began to find his way about by himself; and, forgetting all about his imprisonment, had even visited the Chaumière, and descended the *Montagne Suisse* upon a wooden horse, without being at all afraid, and, excepting that he knocked his hat off, and ran over it as he shot down the inclined plane, with unusual success for a first essay.

Although Mr. Ledbury was not exactly one of the sort whom the

French students usually associated with, still some of Jack Johnson's acquaintances, to whom he was introduced, were very friendly towards him. And, indeed, if he was not very "fast," he was amazingly good-tempered and liberal; and always looked so benignant and contented through the lenses of his steel spectacles, that at last they took quite a fancy to him. Several little *réunions* were given at their different lodgings; and although Mr. Ledbury's first pipe made him exceedingly pale and sick, yet after a few trials he succeeded pretty well, and even went so far as to buy a bowl made from white clay in the shape of a Turk's head, for his own especial use.

"I have been thinking," said Jack Johnson, one day, as they sat on a bench in the Luxembourg, enjoying the still balmy air, and watching the droll manœuvres of some recruits who were being drilled, — "I have been thinking that we ought to have a flare-up in our rooms. We have been to a great many of the men's lodgings, and it is but fair that we should ask them back again."

"I am sure it will give me great pleasure," answered Mr. Ledbury; "but what shall we do with them?"

"I vote we have a dance," said Johnson.

"Law! what shall we do for ladies?"

"Oh! don't distress yourself upon that account," replied Jack. "I can find plenty who would give their ears to come."

"But, excuse me," observed Ledbury. "Will it not be strange for girls to come alone to a bachelor's house?"

"Not at all—you don't understand," answered Johnson. "They are all good girls, although they are *grisettes;* and you shall see how properly young people in Paris can amuse themselves, even in the absence of all restraint, although the English might sneer at the *morale* of such society. Did you see any impropriety in Aimée the other evening?"

"None at all," replied Ledbury, afraid that he had offended Jack Johnson, — "not the least. She was an exceedingly well-conducted young person, in whose company I should find much pleasure."

"I should think you would," returned Johnson, looking exceedingly sly and wicked. "Well, Leddy, when shall we have the hop?"

"Any time you like," answered his companion. "I leave everything to you, and thank you into the bargain for seeing to it."

The point once settled, Jack Johnson immediately set about carrying it into execution. Nothing could exceed his industry; and even Mr. Ledbury, accustomed as he was to his friend's displays of general utility, was surprised at the many new causes for admiration that turned up daily as he collected the guests both male and female. The first were not very difficult to call together, for they all jumped at the invitation; but the others required much eloquence and persuasion before they were convinced that everything would be *très comme il faut.* And here Jack's wonderful omniscience came out uncommonly strong. First, he knew a *petite modiste,* named Suzon, in the Rue Racine, that he was convinced would come. Then, two young artists of his acquaintance, one of whom played the French horn, offered to bring Irma and Célestine, who sat for studies at their *atelier.* Next, he bolted down to his

washerwoman's, close to the Ecole Pratique, and persuaded two of the prettiest amongst the laughing, chattering *blanchisseuses de fin* there assembled to honour Mr. Ledbury and himself with their company, promising them as much *galette* as they could eat, and no end of waltzing and *sirop de groseille*. And these young denizens of the *lingerie* must not be placed upon a par with the awkward persons who bring home the baskets of clothes in England at the end of the week; on the contrary, they were very attractive and *spirituelle*, speaking pure French, that would have passed current in the palmy days of Versailles, although, to be sure, an idiom or two peculiar to the Quartier Latin and its inhabitants did occasionally break out.

One or two of the young damsels, it is true, hung back a little; but then Jack bought a fine sheet of note-paper, with cockatoos and gold flowers all about it, and the name of the day on a pink tablet up in the corner, and penned an epistle as follows:—

"MM. Ledbury et Johnson présentent leurs complimens à Mademoiselle (Célestine or Eulalie, as the case might be) et la prient de leur faire l'honneur de venir en soirée chez eux," &c. &c.

It is true, that if the little *grisettes* had paid more attention to making up books than learning to read them, they could not very well make out the purport of the note; but they understood the cockatoos and gold flowers to mean something very polite, and the *billet* generally produced the desired acceptance of the invitation.

Aimée, Jack's old flame at Tonnelier's, was, of course, to be mistress of the ceremonies; in consideration of which, that she might look becomingly elegant, he had given her such a pretty pair of net-work gloves, with flowers worked on the back in floss-silk; as well as—ought we to chronicle it?—as well as a kiss and a pair of glass ear-rings, which he had bought for twenty-five sous (the ear-rings, not the kiss) at a stall beneath the piazza of the Odéon theatre.

Not having a very extensive *salon*, the invitations were limited to a dozen, and the ensuing Monday pitched upon as the evening for the *fête*. As the time approached, Mr. Ledbury got very nervous for fear everything should not go off well; but was unwearied in his efforts, with Jack Johnson, to collect various articles for the comfort and nutriment of the guests. The proprietor of the house, who was a little, fat, irritable man, always looking very hot and greasy, as if he carried a broken flask of salad-oil in his hat, and allowed it perpetually to run over his face, became very cross and surly at the increasing arrival of parcels that Jack sent home; and the wheezing old lady on the first-floor, who kept the fat poodle, went into several mild fits of apoplexy, from seeing her pet-dog kicked up to the landing above, or launched down to the one below, in consequence of being always in the way when Ledbury or Jack came by with fresh purchases. There were one or two people in the house that our friends invited for the sake of their chairs and crockery. But they were requested not to talk about it, as all their fellow-lodgers could not be asked; the house being so tall, and containing so many inmates on its different floors, that you might almost have imagined it to have been one side of a London street turned up on its end.

The eventful evening at last came; and, an hour before the ap-

pointed time of meeting, the *salon* looked exceedingly imposing. Two entire pounds of long wax-candles were disposed about the room, placed in candlesticks as far as the stock would allow, and the remainder set in empty bottles, still, however, garnished with pink and white ornaments by Mr. Ledbury's love of refinement. Jack had hired for five francs, from an Italian boy, a piano-organ, which played an unceasing set of Massaniello quadrilles, and an endless waltz, as well as the Cracovienne. This was placed on the top of the drawers; and the performance thereon was to be intrusted in turns to the company. All the fire-wood and charcoal was routed out of the closet, and put, for the sake of cleanliness and convenience, in Mr. Ledbury's carpet-bag and hat-box; and the shelves were now bending beneath bottles of Cognac and Macon, endless coils of bread and *galette*, and a few flasks of *limonade gazeuse, sirops,* and *fleur d'orange*, for the more delicate guests. The whole stock of fruit pertaining to the old woman who kept the stall at the entrance to the Luxembourg gardens was purchased by Jack, and displayed by Mr. Ledbury, with an artistic eye to effect, upon his bed. All the glass, and knives and forks, were shut up inside the stove; and when all the arrangements were completed, and the candles lighted, our hero thought he had never seen any stage banquet of *papier maché* pine-apples and gilt wicker covers look half so imposing.

As the first clock began to strike the hour — a process which in Paris occupies twenty minutes amongst the different churches— a ring at the bell of their room announced the arrival of their first guests; for, when an hour of meeting is stated in the Quartier Latin invitations, it is understood to signify the time to a minute. Mr. Ledbury was too much agitated with expectancy to go to the door; so Jack Johnson opened it, and introduced Mademoiselle Aimée, "*fraiche comme une rose*," as Paul de Kock would have said had he seen her, all smiles and good-humour. She was immediately installed behind a large coffee-pot, with some spirits of wine, a box of lucifers, and a peck-measure, more or less, of lump-sugar. Before long a French horn was heard in the distance playing "*Au clair de la lune*," which as it ascended the stairs gradually merged into "*Ma Normandie*," and then a terrible flourish of defiance was blown at the door to herald the entrance of the two young artists, (who were called Jules and Henri,) accompanied by the two young ladies whom they escorted, and who were politely handed to seats by Mr. Ledbury directly they came in, — since, never wearing any bonnets, they had no occasion to take them off. Next came the two inmates of the house—sober clerks in the Bureau de Police,—who looked very blooming, each in a pair of nineteen-sous *gants de Paris* from the doors of the Opéra Comique. And before the first distribution of coffee was ready, a merry musical laugh announced the arrival of the little *blanchisseuses* from the neighbourhood of the Ecole Pratique.

Now in England each individual would have been very silent and formal, making common-place remarks, and equally unmeaning replies, or quietly wondering who and what the others were; but here it was quite different. Everybody was as much at their ease as though they had known one another for years; and they laughed and joked, and eat and drank, all so heartily, that it would have

done your heart good to have seen them. You would have thought that there was some good qualities in human nature after all — despite the persevering labours of those crabbed essayists who write upon sand-paper with a stick of caustic dipped in lemon-juice, and are so unceasing in their endeavours to make us think what a heartless, hypocritical set we all are. Mr. Ledbury, it is true, did not understand all their jokes, but nevertheless looked very happy, and laughed very joyously at them, which kept the fun going just as well. And when there was a minute's pause, which, however, was of rare occurrence, he handed about the plate of *biscuit de Rheims* with most expressive pantomime; or showed the only conjuring-trick he could perform, of making a rout-cake jump into his mouth from his left hand, by slapping it with the right; in the execution of which piece of dexterity he was allowed by all parties in Islington to be very clever. Everybody had arrived within half an hour, and, when the coffee was all gone, they burnt brandy over lump-sugar in the saucers, and made what they were pleased to term *punch*. After which, all the dirty cups and plates were shot away into the drawers, and the table turned outside the door, to make room for the dance.

The set was soon formed, and Mr. Ledbury perched himself upon the marble slab to play the organ, having volunteered to be the first musician. Jules put in a few occasional notes upon the French horn, which gave a very inspiring effect to the orchestra, although they were in another key, and belonged to a different tune. There was no angry-looking Municipal Guard or Sergent-de-ville to interfere with them; and if occasionally the dance did get a little reckless, and somewhat livelier than the style adopted in our high circles, yet they expressed no more merriment than they felt, and were at no pains to mask their natural hilarity, or dress Pleasure up in a suit of starch and buckram. When the quadrille concluded they rested for some refreshment, and Aimée took Ledbury under her charge for the waltz, in which he succeeded tolerably well, having taken lessons of Jack Johnson for a few days previously. One of the clerks did not waltz; but, having modestly stated that he thought he knew enough of music to turn the organ, he was forthwith perched upon the drawers, with a bottle of wine, and kept there for an indefinite period.

"Well, this is doing it, Leddy,— is it not?" said Johnson, as his friend concluded the waltz, and tumbled up against him.

"Oh! capital!" was the reply. "But, I say, Jack, do you think it's going off well?"

"I should rather think it was," returned Johnson. "There's only one man here I don't know. Aimée says he makes a little too free."

"Ah! which is he?"

"That sallow-looking fellow with the long mustachios. He came with one of Lisfranc's pupils; but Henri tells me he is always lurking about the schools, and is connected with some private gaming-house on the Boulevards."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Ledbury. "He asked me a little while back if I could play *écarté*."

"Well, don't do it—that's all."

"Law! Jack, — I don't know a spade from a club," answered

Ledbury, who had about the same idea of playing cards as he had of dancing a hornpipe on his head — perhaps not so much. "I am almost sorry now that I have accepted his invitation."

"Why—where has he asked you to go to?"

"To dine with him to-morrow in the Rue Louis-le-Grand—I think he said,—and bring you with me."

"And you have said we'll go?"

"Why, I could not very well help it," answered Mr. Ledbury, getting rather frightened. "He appeared a very gentlemanly fellow, and I had told him we were not engaged."

"Well, it can't be helped now," said Johnson, "and we must go. I shall not play cards there, though, for all that."

Another quadrille finished as he was speaking, so their conversation was interrupted, and Mr. Ledbury was soon engaged looking after their refreshments. As they had been dancing a great deal, Jack thought it was time to introduce supper; and forthwith wheeled the table back into the room, and then they covered it with the viands. Mr. Ledbury was voted by general consent into the chair; and exceedingly convivial was his deportment therein, being much enlivened by a delicious compound of eggs, hot-water, brandy, and lump-sugar, which Jack Johnson concocted and beat up in a soup-tureen. At last he got so lively that he volunteered a song: and, as the chair was too ignoble a situation for him to sing it from, Jules and one of the clerks hoisted him on to the top of the secretary; and there, between two candles, he indulged his audience with a patriotic ballad, which he gave with much spirit, about a certain exceedingly durable flag which had braved all sorts of rows and tempests for a thousand years, and wasn't worn out yet, but quite as good as new,—in fact, better, for aught he could tell. He was particularly great in his runs and shakes, and drew down thunders of applause when he finished, although of course nobody knew what it was about, except Jack Johnson. When he had concluded, Aimée sang "*Les Laveuses du Couvent;*" and the harmony once set going was kept up by all the guests except the mild clerks, who, nevertheless, made capital listeners, and admired everything they heard. At last Jack Johnson struck up the following student's song, in the chorus of which they all joined most enthusiastically:—

"La vie a des attraits
Pour qui la rend joyeuse:
Faut-il dans les regrets
La passer soucieuse?
Jamais! Jamais!
Le plaisir est Français.

(*Chorus, with great energy.*)

Eh! ioup ioup ioup—trala la la la!
Eh! ioup ioup ioup—trala la la la!
La la la!
La la la!!"

There were about thirty verses to this song, and they progressively increased in energy until the last chorus appeared to have aroused the popular indignation of the neighbours. A knocking was heard underneath the floor, which was at first imagined to be

somebody beating time in the wrong place; but, as it continued after the song had finished, Jack formed the idea that somebody below wanted to go to sleep. He was not far out in his notion, for in a few seconds there was a ring at the bell, and the door being opened, allowed an entrance to the landlord, M. Mito, and a very imposing-looking *gendarme* at his side, who, before anybody had time to ask what they wanted, said that it was eleven o'clock, and that the orders from the *maire* were for every *hôtel meublé* to be closed by that hour.

The order was at first received by Jack Johnson with a permission for the mayor of the *arrondissement* to go to a nameless locality which forms the last scene in the opera, and the first in the burlesque, of Don Giovanni. But, recollecting upon second thoughts that little is gained by opposing the French police, he filled up a bumper of brandy, and hoped the new-comers would honour him by joining their party, and drinking "to the health of Marshal Soult, and the battle of Austerlitz; coupled with the memory of the Emperor and the Charter of 1830."

This was a patriotic grouping of toasts that no Frenchman could withstand; so the *gendarme*, having glanced around him to see that he was not observed, entered the room with M. Mito. This fresh addition to their party after a short time increased the revelry, which grew fast and furious, until an hour of parting unparalleled in the social annals of the Quartier Latin. More invitations on all sides than ever were known were given and accepted, and the guests finally separated, as the newspapers say, highly delighted with their evening's entertainment.

At daybreak the next morning Mr. Ledbury found himself sitting on the drawers, and turning the organ the wrong way as he sang "She wore a wreath of roses" to the expiring candles. The *gendarme* and Jack Johnson were seated on the floor, playing a very random game of dominoes. M. Mito was discovered in the fireplace, crying, as he thought of his grandfather, who was one of the Old Guard, and died some twenty years before he (M. Mito) was born; and the *garçon* of the house found all the keyholes of the different rooms filled with cherry-stones from the *cerises à l'eau de vie*, and the bell-pulls cut away from the doors, whilst all the lamps on the landings were trimmed with *vin ordinaire*.

And in the midst of the confusion which the room presented, in a comfortable *fauteuil* that had been borrowed from the porter's lodge, a cloth in her hand, and some clean cups by her side, as if she had fallen asleep from pure weariness, in endeavouring to set things straight for breakfast, slumbered poor Aimée,—as pretty and neat as ever,— dreaming, no doubt, that she was in some fairy-land where all the trees were laden with peaches and *galette*, and all the fountains played *eau sucré* and lemonade.

PLACING A NAWAB ON THE MUSNUD.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

The Nawab or sovereign of Moorshedabad had just expired when I joined my regiment at Berhampore, and the majority of our garrison were ordered out to attend his funeral. Accordingly, under a burning sun, which laid up about one-fifth of them with fevers, they marched over to the palace of the defunct, a distance of eight miles, where they rendered him military honours, and returned to their cantonments. Just as I arrived, they were all jaded, fagged, and tired. The next morning, however, each of the officers received a couple of shawls, worth about £40 the pair, with an intimation that they were permitted by the government to accept them; for, without this last addition, they would have been compelled, under pain of being dismissed the service, to send them back. The men received a rupee each, and a letter of recommendation appeared in garrison orders. No wonder, then, when I received a command to attend, together with the rest of my corps, the ceremony of placing his highness's successor on the *musnud* or cushion of state I felt delighted; for I naturally argued that, as two shawls had been received by each officer for following a dead man to the grave, four at least would be the reward of those who should assist his successor in celebrating his advent to the throne. Besides, I knew I should see a great deal of Indian life in its higher grades, and be able to form a judgment of their habits and customs. I was all impatience, therefore, till the day arrived.

On the previous evening I drove over to the resident's house, which was situated within two miles of Moorshedabad, to supper, having agreed to accompany him the next morning to the ceremony. The gentleman, who then held the post of resident, was one of the most honourable, generous, and hospitable men in British India, profuse even to a fault, princely in all his ideas. He was above the power of bribery; no money could purchase his opinion. He was one of the right noble sort, who are, alas! fading daily away in our eastern possessions, making room for the cold, sordid calculator, who only looks forward to the hope of amassing riches, wherewith to return home; and lucky was it that such a man held the situation at the time I speak of; for during supper a scene occurred which I can never forget. The circumstances are as follow:—The resident, amongst other charges, has that of the custody of the crown-jewels belonging to the Nawab. These he usually keeps in a strong *go dowr* (cellar), fastened with English locks, and made as secure as possible. Now it so happened that, on the resident visiting the place where these treasures were lodged some four or five days before the coronation, it was discovered that several valuable gems were missing,—how, when, or by whom extracted was a mystery. He therefore called in witnesses to prove the fact, and reported the circumstance to head-quarters. Suspicion, very strong suspicion fell on some of the very highest natives about the court. Nothing, however, had yet been proved; so the resident (whom we will call Bedford) was commanded to allow the use of the jewels as they were to the new Nawab during his coronation,—that over, they were instantly to be replaced in the cellar, and Bedford was to close the door,

and affix his official seal on it. Thus stood the matter when I arrived at his house.

We were sitting at our evening meal when our host was called out. He remained absent nearly half an hour, which, as we all looked upon him as a pattern of politeness, astonished us not a little. At the end of that time he returned to us pale and agitated; his cheerfulness had fled, he had evidently had a most exciting interview. When every one else had retired, he thus explained it to me:—

"You may remember my being summoned from the table this evening. You were not more astonished at my being thus disturbed in the midst of gaiety than I was myself. But the rank of the person who sent for me was so high, that I did not dare to disobey the call; so I descended, and found two of the highest natives in the country awaiting me, who desired an instant and strictly private audience. This I immediately granted them, though I considered their visit at this late hour strange and unaccountable. A few words told me their business, which was touching the jewels. They were too cautious to admit that they had purloined them; but from their discourse I learnt that the gems had been taken out and made use of, for the purpose of raising a temporary loan on them; that they were ready to be returned, provided I would allow of their being so without making an inquiry into the circumstances. Of course I was not justified in accepting this proposition, and told them so. After a very long conversation, they at length made me the following offer, namely, that if I would to-morrow evening place my seal not exactly on the opening, or crack of the door, but rather on the side of it, the jewels should be replaced, and I should receive for my share in the business two lacs of rupees (£25000), or even more, if I required it. I am a poor man,—I am in debt; the offer was sadly tempting, since it involved no dishonesty, no loss to government; on the contrary, it insured the return of the missing jewels. But, alas! it was a direct disobedience of orders, a dereliction from the straight line of conduct I have ever pursued. It might be looked upon as a participation in their guilt. The struggle was severe; they urged me by every argument, and even produced diamonds and other gems to tempt me. They vowed eternal secrecy, and went so far as to increase their offers. My honour, however, thank God! rose superior to all other feelings. I rejected their terms, and have sent them away. The mental conflict has been awful; but I can now go and lay my head on my pillow with a pure conscience, though I know that I must now live and die in this country, unable to pay off those debts which their bribes, had I accepted them, would have enabled me to do. To-morrow evening you shall see me place my seal, loyally and truly, to the government I serve."

Having thus said, poor Bedford, who performed his promise next day, hurried to his couch.

The next day about three o'clock we drove over in state to Moorshedabad. The whole city was thronged with natives from every part of the province, dressed in their gayest attire. While the resident went to have a private audience with his highness, I strolled about the precincts of the palace. In the court-yard, amongst other strange company, I perceived several tame cassowaries stalking about. Within an hour afterwards one of these enormous ostriches broke the thigh of a poor soldier by a single kick of its powerful leg. But what amused me most was a kite-match, on which two rajahs were staking their money;

the amount pending on the result being considerably above five thousand pounds. The plan of this sport is, to send up two large kites, the strings of which are covered with the finest pounded glass and other cutting materials. The adversaries then endeavour to get their kites as high as possible, and crossing their cords, try to cut each other's string. The kite first severed from its flyer loses the wager. The shouts, the noise, the anxiety of the spectators can only be equalled by the dexterity of the players themselves. Ridiculous as it may appear in Europe, I never beheld a more exciting sport, one which, if ever introduced at home, I feel confident will become far more popular than many of our present amusements. I next visited the cock-pit. Here I found princes and private soldiers, chiefs and their dependants, all promiscuously mingled, screaming with delight as the cruel combat went forward, staking whole fortunes on the main. So prized is this sport in India that several persons had travelled two hundred and three hundred miles to be present. Many of the cocks had been brought from provinces at least one hundred and fifty miles off. At length the sound of *tom-toms* and *gongs* told us the Nawab was about to seat himself on the musnud, a ceremony to behold which I instantly rushed. It took place in a very large tent outside the palace. All the authorities were present. The high black men were absolutely covered, I may almost say, borne down, with jewels. The Nawab, a young man of about five and twenty, had a ruby on one of his arms fixed in a bracelet, and an emerald on the other, each worth some five or six thousand pounds. One of the diamonds which glittered in his turban (and he had at least fifty) was valued at twelve thousand pounds. Every head shone with gems; every black foot was uncovered. Even the British resident, and other European civilians, had taken off their shoes, as a mark of respect. The military alone remained booted. Bedford read a proclamation in Hindostannee, which his highness answered. Then giving him his hand, he rose, and seated himself on the royal cushion; a volley from the troops outside announced the event. Every Indian instrument known took up the sound, and echoed it. The people shouted throughout every part of the city, while high native officers came round, and presented every one at the ceremonial with splendid gifts. These we were only allowed to touch, as a tantalizing, a false sign that we accepted them. They were instantly handed back to the Nawab's treasurer. A song was drawled forth in honour of the new sovereign, and we (the Europeans) adjourned to the palace, where a splendid repast was prepared for us.

Nothing could exceed the splendour of this banquet. The Resident presided, and in presence of the assembled native chiefs we drank his highness's health. After about two hours thus pleasantly occupied, we returned to the tent, where we found a large body of Nautch girls dancing before the prince, who seemed sinking under the fatigues of the day, overcome by the screeching of several persons who kept singing around him. He, however, occasionally roused himself up, and threw presents to these strange posturers, whom I could not for the life of me admire. The tent was so redolent of atar of rose, orange-flowers, and cajeput oil, that two European ladies were carried out fainting. Never was I more thoroughly delighted than when we were summoned back to the palace, to behold from its windows the fireworks which were to close the sights of the day.

In the whole course of my life I never beheld anything so superb.

Illuminated palaces floated down the river, which almost washed the walls of the royal residence. In an instant these sank, and rose up again, having changed their form into a garden or forest of fire, through which blazing serpents meandered. Next a stupendous fortress came swimming down the stream, when suddenly a fleet of illuminated boats attacked it with rockets, and battered it to pieces. Fiery fish rose and sank in the stream. The air was filled with every-coloured flower. Dragons tore about in the air, while trees of fire rose from the waters. To describe or do justice to this magnificent scene would be impossible. It lasted half an hour, and cost above twelve thousand pounds. It was worth almost a trip to India to behold. The following week I received notice, together with my brother officers, that each of us were to have two shawls as a present. Our commandant reported the circumstance to head-quarters, and at the same time solicited permission to accept them. This the government peremptorily refused; why, or wherefore, I never could learn.

The business of the royal jewels was hushed up. Bedford eventually returned to Europe a poor man.

THE YOUTH'S DEATH.*

BY MRS. HOWITT.

"Oh! wander not into the gloomy wood!
'Twill cost thee, youth, thy dear heart's blood!"
"My God in heaven, my light alway,
In the gloomy wood will be my stay!"

He wandered down, and he heard anon
At his feet the wild stream brawling on;
The black wood whistled above his head,
And dark cloud over the sunset spread.

Then he came to the robber-house, wild and dim,
And a maiden mild looked forth on him—
"Oh woe! so young, so fair art thou!
To the valley of death what brings thee now?"

From the door the murderous rabble sprung;
A veil o'er her face the maiden flung—
They struck him down, and they took his gold—
In his blood they left him lying cold.

"Oh woe! how dark! no sun, no star!
On whom shall I call?—is my God so far?
Ah! maiden, with heavenly beauty bland,
Receive my spirit into thy hand!"

* From the German of Ludwig Uhland.

HER FIRST VISIT AFLOAT.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DECK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK."

SCENE.—*Malta Harbour. A group of Seamen seated round the fore-hatchway of the Vernon frigate.*

Interlocutors.—BENJAMIN BUNTER, Captain of the Foretop, SAMUEL ROBERTS, Quarter-gunner, and ROBERT WILLIAMS, Main-topman.

BUNTER. Ah! I only wishes we had Her here: we should then have more of fun and less of fag.

WILLIAMS. And, in course, somet in the way of extra swizzle this hot weather, to make up for loss of leakage.

BUNTER. That you would—double allowance.

ROBERTS. 'Twas lucky, Ben, you were left behind sick at Hazlar hospital, or you wouldn't a seen the sight.

BUNTER. I rather ha' died than not a' seen it. And what 's more, all the supernumeraries borne for a passage out on the books said the same.

WILLIAMS. In course, Ben, she 's like her pictur'?

BUNTER. *Pictur'!* God help ye! Where 's the pictur' as could give even the ghost of a notion of *such* flesh and blood? Did you ever see a pictur' as could show the sort o' sunset we sees on stations such as this? Moreover, where 's the chap as could look patiently on, and paint the likes o' *She?* A boy may be brought to stare death full in the face; but where 's the *man* as can fix a stedfast gaze on the eye of a reg'lar-built angel? It 's not in natur'!

ROBERTS. No more it isn't, Ben. Look here. We 'll say I 'm employed tarring down the main-stay. Well, "Handsome Sue" or "Coaxin' Kate" comes alongside in a wherry. Why, if either one or t'other on 'em threw a look aloft, the tar-brush would fall clean out of a fellow's fist, and the precious contents of the bucket come slap on the bleached kiver of the launch stowed on the booms. It 's all fine talkin', but ye can't work agen human natur'.

WILLIAMS. Well, but try back for a bend. It wasn't her *first* visit afloat?

BUNTER. Sartinly not. The crew of the Emerald cutter could tell ye a different tale. But 'twas what the first-leaftennant of the Queen called her first *public* 'spection afloat.

ROBERTS. The beginning o' March is no time for a frolic afloat.

BUNTER. That it isn't. For the standin' part o' two days the weather was dirty, gusty, and terribly agen her. But, bless her heart! She braved it all, and behaved like a reg'lar Briton. 'Twas easy to see as She was a chip of the old block. *She 's* none o' yer fine-weather birds, afeard of a bit o' a breeze, or a toppin' spray uncurlin' her locks or wettin' her corns. Some o' the young gemmen afloat might take pattern o' She—I 'm blest if they mightn't! For the first day it was blowin' blunderbusses and rainin' bullets. Still, the ships at Spithead, as well as them in the harbour, was all titivated off to the nines,—touched off in every way likely to tickle her eye. From the truck to the water's edge all were rigged out with flags, and dressed in colours

as never was seed afore. I 'm blest if there wasn't buntin' enough flyin' afloat to soak up a month's rain in the wettest month of the year. At night the harbour was all of a blaze. Them as could see her, say as the flag-ship was the finest sight as ever was seed since the bringin' o' Boney into Plymouth Sound. All along her yards, low an' aloft, glass signal-lanterns, not more nor two feet apart, were hung in reg-'lar tiers. How they managed to muster so many is more nor Ben can tell; but we all knows where there 's a will there 's always a way.

WILLIAMS. In course there is.

BUNTER. Well, when they mans the yards, an' all laid-out aloft, steadily placed,—every man standin' upright in his station as stiff as a steeple, an' all facin' in full the spot ashore, as was fixed for her to see the sight; a blue-light was let off from every yard-arm in the ship, 'sides two from the folksel, two from the gangways, an' two from the poop. For more nor a minute an' a half four-an'-twenty beautiful blue blazes was seed all at once flarin' up the same dientical time; an' by the strong flexshun as fell full on the faces o' all aloft, She could see, they say, the very muscles of every mug on the highest yard as plainly, by Joe, as if she was lookin' at her own straight in the glass. But, bless yer hearts, all this was a flash in the pan compared to her comin' off to 'spect the ship at Spithead; for they say no breeze—no, not even the *Breeze** of old, as made all the lords in the land shake in their shoes, would a' stopped *She* from comin' off to see the craft as was christened after herself!

ROBERTS. Did she christen her herself? In course she shied the bottle at her figure-head when she was launched.

BUNTER. How should I know when I wasn't there? But, how-somever, three or four days afore She comes afloat, an order was gived reg'larly out in writin', as when She went round the decks there wasn't to be as much as a breath breathed. A churchyard in commission wasn't to be silenter, no, nor the ship fore an' aft! The ship's com-pany was to be all mum as monks, an' seated in their berths below. Whether this was to give every feller borne on the books a fair chance of throwing an eye at Her as She went her reg'lar rounds, or only a bit of a caper o' the skipper to shew off the kelter o' the ship and order o' the crew, is more nor Ben can say. But this I can tell ye, the order was stuck up in the bellfray; and, to make it clear as a pikestaff, the people was mustered at divisions, an' every man and boy borne on the books o' the barkey was told by the officers what they was to do, and what they *wasn't* to do. Well, the next day the clerk o' the weather gets better behaved, gives his bad humour a bit of a spell, and breaks out in a fit of openhearted Natur' as claps a smile on the mug of all afloat. *Out* shines the sun, an' out comes the Steamer, with the Standard flying at the main. Then it was, my bose, as the barkey was all alive. Clearin' for action wasn't a more cheeriner thing. Fire was flashin' out of eyes as afore was duller nor purser's dips. Young gemmen was seed flyin' here an' scuddin' there, divin' down ladders, an' tumbling up hatch-ways. The admiral rubbin' his two-fisted flippers,† an' now an' again throwin' an eye on his new roast-beef coat, his laced trowsers, or the stars and crosses clingin' to his double-bank breast. The skipper strut-

* The Mutiny at Spithead was termed by the tars of that time "*The Breeze at Spithead.*"

† Whether Jack is correct in this particular we cannot say. But the gallant and distinguished officer in question is unquestionably a man of immense stature.

tin' like a lord o' the land; the boson lookin' bigger nor a bishop (for the thought o' pipin' the side to *She* well nigh turned the brain o' the man). Then the leaftenants were all on the tack o' *touch-me-not.* The passed midshipmen, and the passed mates ('ticklarly them as was stationed to tend the side,) pacin' the deck, as if every man Jack on 'em had his parchment in his pocket, an' his swab on his starboard shoulder. As soon as the smoker rounds the buoy of the Spit, then there was, Man yards, all the ships at the anchorage a-followin', in course, the admiral's motions. The wind lullin', and the water turnin' as smooth as milk, the smoker runs slap alongside o' the ship, and *up* She comes the 'commodation-ladder, wanting no one to lend her a fist, and seemin' to care never nothin' for no one.

ROBERTS. That 's *Her!* *She* 's a trump.

BUNTER. Well, as soon as she sets her tiny, taperin' foot upon the deck (for, facin' aft from the foretaupsle-yard, I follows with my eye every step she takes, and every plank she paces,) bang goes the first gun o' the salute (all the ships openin' their fire with our second barker,) an' down in the thick o' the smoke comes the admiral's flag, an' up in lieu goes the Standard at the main. As soon, you know, as all the bisness o' presentin' arms, rattlin' o' drums was over, the band done God-savin'-the-Queen, and all scrapers were clapped on, an' the big-wigs kivered agen, down She dives to the admiral's cabin on the middle-deck; whilst the people was piped down from aloft, and then piped to dinner below. To show ye, as She 's a reg'lar-built chip-o'-the-old-block, She waits till they sarves the grog afore she axes to go below. Well, you might a hard a pin drop on the deck when She claps her foot on the first step o' the after-lower-deck ladder. At this dientical time, Big Bob, as they calls the chief-boson's mate, takes up his station in front of the main-hatchway ladder, holdin' up his hand like the arm of a telly-graff, as much as to say, the ship's company was to look at he! But who the devil wanted to look at *he* when all as we wanted was to look at *She?*

WILLIAMS. In course.

BUNTER. Well, the first thing She does was to taste the ship's soup —in course she didn't make much of a meal o' that; then she sends for a sample of the ship's company's three-water swizzle. This the skipper on a silver salver brings her in a clear crystal glass, as was never afore touched by mortal lip. Well, as soon as she tastes the tipple, an' shews as she likes it in her heart by takin' another swill, and tossin' it all off, Big Bob, as all the time was watchin' her, with his call* placed atwixt his two lips, gives the pipes "*stand* by;" and then all seeing his drift, and struck by the *one* thought, up in less than the turn of a quid starts upon their pins more nor seven hundred souls, and out breaks (Bob leadin' with the call) three thunderin' cheers, as ye thought would a burst the very sides o' the ship! It was then, my bose, as She *did* look as if She *liked* us all the better for breakin' the admiral's order! God bless her! The weather spoilt my best mustrin-trowsers, to be sure. But, I 'm blest if I wouldn't go without trowsers all the days o' my life could I only *see* her again afloat! I 'm blest if I wouldn't! Come! spell oh!

And here the group broke up, all to a man delighted with "Ben's" account of "Her First Visit afloat!"

* Boatswain's whistle.

THE LIFE AND SONGS OF ANACREON.

EDITED BY BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

PART THE FOURTH.

Wine, wine in the morning
  Makes us frolic and gay,
Then like eagles we soar
  In the pride of the day,
Gouty sots of the night
  Only feel a decay.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
  Fill them up, now he shines;
The higher he rises
  The more he refines—
For wine and wit fall
  As their maker declines.

Est jocus in nostris sunt seria multa libellis,
  Stoicus has partes, has Epicurus agit,
Salva mihi veterum maneat dum regula morum
  Ludat permissis sobria illusa jocis.—AUSONIUS.

Sing, sing, who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings.
    Ah! who is this lady fine?
    The vine, boys, the vine,
    The mother of mighty wine.
A roamer is she o'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.—BARRY CORNWALL.

WE have at length arrived at the end; and I dismiss from my desk the author, to translate and illustrate whom is a very labour of love. I am conscious that the versions possess many faults; the favourable manner in which they have been noticed by the press, makes me believe that they possess some merit. Whether they shall be deemed worthy of taking their places amid the good or bad translations of our author, time only can demonstrate.

It would be difficult to find any two poets between whom so great a similarity of genius and disposition existed as that between Anacreon and Horace; and if we could be disposed to believe in the doctrine of Pythagoras, we might without much scruple suppose the spirit of the Teian to have transmigrated into the amorous Roman lyrist. Both might have inscribed over their libraries the motto of Alcæus, Νυν χρη μεθυσκειν: Both were passionately fond of flowers, and wine, and azure eyes; both continually preached the doctrine of *carpe diem* [*noctemque*], and practised what they preached.

Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimiùm breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,
  Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
  Fila trium patiuntur atra.—HOR.

Both were favourites of kings: both deserted the splendours of a court for the agrestic pleasures of their villas.

"When I have Telesilla," says Mr. Menage, "I think I have the world; if I had the world, and had not Telesilla, I should feel myself poor." Horace and Anacreon were of one mind in this respect also; and, as far as we can learn from their writings, were never without a "Telesilla."

Ode XXII. To Bathyllus.

Here, beneath the vernant shade,
Sit, and view the pictured glade;
While the wandering ZEPHYR flings
Incense from his purple wings,
And the whispers of the breeze
Sound like songs amid the trees;
And the waters murm'ring near
With a music sweet and clear,
Woo the passenger to stay
Here, and linger life away.

Achilles Tatius tells us that, while sitting beneath the trees, the music of the winds seemed to him like a nuptial song.

It is under a grot of roses also that Horace used to court Pyrrha.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, &c. Od. 5.

What graceful youth, with liquid perfume glowing,
On beds of roses in some charming grot,
Clings, Pyrrha, on the honey of thy kisses?—
For whom with winning art those tresses flowing
In auburn clusters bind'st thou in a knot?—
Alas! how oft he'll ponder o'er past blisses
And fickle Cupids; and with simple heart
Gaze on the swellings of the once calm sea!
He—who now basks beneath thy sunny smiles,
And hopes thee aye to be what now thou art,
A lovely child of nature, guileless, free:
He knows not of thy soft bewitching wiles!
Unhappy they who love and know thee not.
I, when with shipwreck'd bark I 'scaped the main,
(So tells yon sacred tablet,) humbly brought
My votive garment to the Neptunian fane.

Ode XXV. On Himself.

When the rose-red bowl I drain,
Lull'd to sleep are care and pain,
And my heart enwreathed is
With a flowery twine of bliss.
Life resembles lightning fleet—
Let it pass in pleasures sweet.
I will all my hours employ
In rich sparkling scenes of joy;
For when I the wine-cup drain
Lull'd to sleep are care and pain.

Ode XXVI. On Himself.

When the blushing GOD of wine
Plays around this heart of mine,
All my cares away do wing,
And I gladly quaff and sing;
Rich in thought, and ivy-crown'd,
Kings less happy may be found.
Some delight in battle-fields,
Nobler pleasures BACCHUS yields.
Sweeter on this rose-sprent floor
'Tis to fall, than fields of gore.

There is a strange similarity between the two last lines of this ode and Falstaff's soliloquy on honour. The Edinburgh Review has immortalized the translation of it by a certain Rev. W. Younge:—

Let others love war,—bring a bottle, my boy,
For have it I will and I must:
Dead drunk to lie stretch'd is allow'd to be joy,
But none to lie dead in the dust.

Ode XXVIII. His Mistress.

Master of the RHODIAN art,
Paint the mistress of my heart;
Absent now although she be,
Carefully attend to me,
And her form, more sweet than MAY,
Beauteously thou shalt portray.
Draw her ringlets soft and black,
Clustering down her milky back,—
Breathing like a perfum'd wind,
And with flowers intertwin'd.
Let her brow be ivory white,
Or like star-beams in the night,

And her graceful eyebrows show
Arches like APOLLO's bow.
Let her eyes, that love inspire,
Dazzle like some flashing fire,
And shoot forth a humid light,
Like dew-drops in violets bright.
Paint her roseate cheek and nose,
Like purple flowers set in snows;
Let her lips, the ruby throne
Which PERSUASION sits upon,
(Open half, as if they spoke,)
Kisses honey-sweet provoke.
Let the sister GRACES rest
In her neck and rose-papp'd breast;
And her figure sparkle through
Her thin robe of crimson hue,
Which her form, more sweet than roses,
Half conceals and half discloses.

Cease—methinks I see her now,
Such a skilful hand art thou.
Sure 'tis only voice is wanting
To make her *life*—and all-enchanting.

"A mouth prepared for kisses," says Salmasius, "is an elegant form of expression for lips which are delicately prominent and pouting, and apparently prepared both to give and to take kisses." Sir John Suckling declares of such a lip as the critic alludes to, that

Some bee had stung it newly.

Ode XXIX. Bathyllus.

Artist—artist, paint the boy
In whom centres all my joy;
Paint him in his beauty's pride,
Golden PHANSIE for thy guide.
Let his locks lie loosely sprent
Charmingly, though negligent,
And adown his shoulders flow,
Tinctur'd with a myrrh-like glow,
Which shines through the deep brown hair,
Like sunlight imprison'd there.
Let his love-arch'd brows unite
'Neath a forehead broad and white;
Serpent-lustre give his eyes,
In whose wells god CUPID lies;
Let them have the fire of MARS,
But be soft as dewy stars,
And in their deep orbs insphere
LOVE and TERROR, HOPE and FEAR;
On his ruby cheek be strown
Crisped down, but newly grown;
If thou canst, too, draw his blush
Like rich AUTUMN's sunset flush.
Let his lips—but words are faint—
Oh! that thou his lips couldst paint!
Soft and dewy like the MAY,
SUADA's temple sweet are they,
Rosy as POMONA's fruit—
Eloquent, though they be mute.
Let his face like ADON's be,
And his neck of ivory;
HERMES'-like his hands and breast,
Be in breathing paint exprest;
With your portrait of his charms
Blend all that pleases, all that warms.
And in his looks of fire be seen
Longings after PAPHOS' queen.
For this piece, which seems to live,
Whatsoe'er thou ask'st receive;
See! APOLLO near me stands,
Painted by a master's hands,
Take it, if thou wilt, and limn
Bright BATHYLLUS after him;
When thou dost to SAMOS wend,
PHŒBUS paint like my loved friend.

Ode XXX. Cupid.

The MUSES bound CUPID in garlands of flowers,
And gave him to BEAUTY to keep in her bowers,
When his MOTHER, more fair than the foam of the sea,
Brought a ransom to set the dear prisoner free;
But arch little CUPID refused to depart,
For the blue eyes of BEAUTY had fetter'd his *heart*.

An elegant little fable. Who can resist beauty which enslaves even Cupid? The poets are fond of representing Eros as taking up his residence with the ladies.

Oft when I look I may descry
A little face peep through that eye,
Sure that 's the boy which wisely chose
His throne amongst such beams as those,

Which, if his arrows chance to fall,
Will serve for darts to kill withal.—CAREW.

Michael Drayton places Cupid in the bosom of a lady.

In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver, which he once did bear;
Since he that blessed Paradise did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there.

And George Gascoigne eloquently says,—

Love hath built his bower
Between my lady's lively shining eyes.

Lernutius sees the god playing in the same place.

Amorem ocellis flammeolis heræ
Vidi insidentem credite posteri,
Fratresque circum ludibundos,
Cum pharetrâ volitare et arcu.

The above little ode seemed to me pretty enough to be amplified into a melody; "Reade, but not deride," as some old poet says.

AIR—*Through Erin's Isle.*

As CUPID play'd
Through TEMPE's shade,
The MUSES ran around him;
And, laughing sweet,
With arch deceit,
In rosy bondage bound him.
With lotus' strings
They chain'd his wings,
And, hoping to enslave him,
They brought the BOY
With looks of joy,
And up to BEAUTY gave him.

Soon VENUS hears
With smiles and tears,
That BEAUTY had decoy'd him,
And in her bowers,
A-weeding flowers,
From morn till night employ'd him.
With anxious haste
Her zone she laced,
And hurried forth to see him:
With robes as bright
As woven light,
For BEAUTY if she'd free him.

She came, and smiled
To see the child
In BEAUTY's arms was lying,
While both caress'd
With breast to breast,
And eyes to eyes replying.
And, oh! the looks
Of each were books
Of things—but this is telling:
Lips may conceal,
But eyes reveal
The thoughts within us swelling.

"Come, child," said she,
"To Heaven with me,
And our own bower of blisses,
Where HEBE sweet
Awaits to greet
Thy blest return with kisses."
LOVE raised his head,
And archly said,
"Dear mother, pray forgive me,
But this fair star
Is lovelier far
Than Heaven or her, believe me."

These free paraphrases of the original Greek have been admired. I beg leave, therefore, to insert here a translation of the fifth ode in the same form.

Air,—*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*

Crown the board with cups of wine,
And wreathe around my glowing temples
Roses red, whose eyes divine
Can charm the soul like BEAUTY's dimples.

Pluck the vine's green leaves, they 'll gleam
Like em'ralds 'midst the ruby flowers:—
Rev'lling thus, young BLISS shall beam

His brightest sunshine o'er our hours.
Cull the rose
That richly glows
Like purple paps on Lesbia's bosom;
Zephyr rears
And Venus wears
Around her brows the full-blown blossom.

Cupid with his little hands
His hair with roses interlaces,
Dancing o'er the silver sands,
And fondled by the loose-zoned Graces.

Crown me then, and soon my lyre,
By wine the witch evoked from slumbers,
Many a song of sweet desire
Shall breathe in Love's own softest numbers.
With the rose,
The purple rose,
Enwreath'd in every floating curl,
I 'll dance beside
My blooming bride,
My fond, confiding, gentle girl.

Ode XXXI. On himself.

Fill me up the silver bowl
With the wine of gladness,
Let me—let me fire my soul
With the grape's sweet madness:
The twain of old went wild, 'tis said,
And heart-corroded;
I no mother's blood will shed,
But the vine's grape-loaded.
Wine, then, rosy-blushing wine,
All the joys of earth are thine.

Stern Alcides frenzied grew
From the poison'd quiver;
Ajax pierced his bosom through
By Scamander's river.
Give *me* not or shaft or blade,
But deep cups wine-flowing;
Let my helmet be a braid
Of red flowers glowing.
Thus—thus with flow'rs and wine
I shall feel a rage divine.

This is a regular Bacchante song, and our poet has inwoven no allusions to love with it. He ought not to have forgotten that Cupid and Bacchus should never be separated.

Huc mihi vos largo spumantia pocula vino,
Ut calefactus Amor pervigilare velit:
Ardenti Baccho succenditur ignis Amoris,
Nam sunt unanimi Bacchus Amorque Dii.

Ode XXXII. His Amours.

If thou canst count the silver sands of ocean,
Or the green leaves of the vernal groves;
From their number thou mayst form a notion
Of the number of my nymphs and loves.
Twenty damsels am'rous, and flow'r-shining,
Athens freely offer'd to my heart:
Corinth added forty—arch, and *so* designing,
Every glance pierced like a Cupid's dart.
In Ionia, Lesbos, Rhodes, and Caria,
I enjoy'd ten thousand at the least.
You stare—you disbelieve—fair sir, prepare ye
For more wonders ere my list has ceased.
Whole troops of beauteous mistresses Assyrian,
And girls of Crete, the golden-citied isle,
Damsels of sweetness, Bactrian and Gadirian,
Have bless'd my heart with many a rosy smile.
But thou couldst count the myriad stars that slumber,
Cradled in light, in yon broad æther hung,
Sooner than all the loving lasses number,
Whom I have loved, or said I loved, when young.

There is a good deal of cool poetical impudence in this confession. Cowley's imitation of it is the most cold and tasteless composition possible.

Tanaquil Faber, it may be added, pronounces this ode a forgery, "unworthy of Anacreon, and the work of some modern blockhead." Whereupon Barnes politely retorts on the Frenchman: "Faber was certainly mad when he wrote this — Cerebrosum in hac parte Fabrum pronuncio." I hope their shades have settled the dispute before now. An old French poet glosses over his inconstancy by a very fair argument. How Anacreon justified his fickleness to the fair, he has not stated.

A Aglae.

Tu me promets d'être constante,
Et tu veux qu' aux pieds des autels
Nous formions des nœuds solemnels !
Aglaé ta flamme est prudente.
Eh bien ! d'un éternel amour
Je fais le serment redoubtable,
Si tu veux jurer à bon tour
D'être à mes yeux toujours aimable.

To Aglae.

You swear, you little rogue, you 'll be
The very pink of constancy,
And ask me at the holy fane
To bind our hearts in Hymen's chain.
Certes, your passion's cool and sage,
But ere, my dear, I 'll thus engage
To yoke myself in chains that ne'er
Can sever'd be, I 'd have you swear
You 'll always be as young, as pretty,
As gay, as arch, as fond, as witty,
As now you are,—and, if you do,
This very day I 'll marry you.

Ode XXXV. To a young girl.

Though my star is declining—
  My locks thin and grey,
And thy beauty is shining
  Like sun-flashing May,—
Yet, fly me not, fairest,
  But twine round my waist,
Like the rose-wreath thou wearest
  With lilies inlaced.

A conceit worthy of a French wit. Our Gallic neighbours have given several worthy imitations of it. This which I transcribe and translate is one of the very best.

Il est vrai que la vieillesse
  A fait blanchir mes cheveux :
Mais de la vive jeunesse
  J'ai sçu conserver les feux.
Ah ! malgré tout l'avantage
Que vous donne le bel âge,
Venez, unissons nos cœurs :
Dans ces couronnes de fleurs,
  Voyez avec quelle grace,
    Belle Eucharis,
  Une rose s'entrelaçe
    Avec les lis.

Old am I in sooth,
  Silv'ry are my tresses,
But the fire of youth
  Still my heart possesses.
Though your cheeks present
  Smiles more sweet than Venus,
Why should that prevent
  Kisses, dear, between us ?
See this garland bright
  Roses blent with lilies !
Shall we so unite ?
  Eh, my pretty Phillis ?

A certain continental epigrammatist, whom Menage praises highly, accounts for the whiteness of his hair in the following curious quatrain:—

Ante diem fudere meo se vertice cani
  Dum procul à vultu cogor abesse tuo ;
Sole absente quidem nigrescunt omnia, novi.
  At canesco, et abes sol, Galatea, meus.

My brow is bare, my locks are grey,
Yet thou, sweet love, art far away ;
When Phœbus veils his golden light
We know that earth grows dark as night :
And so methinks it ought to be
When thou, my sun, art far from me :
But vain the thought, — my hairs do grow
Not dark, but white as winter snow.

A wretched conceit !

Ode XXXV. Europa.

This proud bull is thundering JOVE,
Bearing off the nymph of love;
Seated on his noble back,
While he cleaves the ocean track.
Though the billows round him rise,
He their threatening crests defies.
Which of all the steers that reign
O'er the herd, e'er braved the main,
Or would quit the lowing kine,
But the thunder-king divine?

The commentators tell us, that this was suggested to our poet by a picture representing Jupiter bearing off Europa. It is utterly unworthy of Anacreon. Some dull monk might have composed it.

Ode XXXVII. Spring.

When SPRING appears the GRACES scatter roses,
As happy maidens shed their purple looks,
The OCEAN like a cradled babe reposes,
Or murmurs softly like sweet village brooks.
The water-fowl frequent the wave-girt bowers,
And the crane back to home and sunshine flies,
APOLLO comes, and daylight flings like showers
Of perfume from his glad and golden eyes.
No more are seen dark clouds through æther rushing,
But all seems smiling o'er the genial earth,
Fruits, flowers, and trees in gay confusion blushing,
And loving faces and red cups of mirth.

Anacreon, an admirer of the country, welcomes in the spring. This ode has always appeared to me like a picturesque landscape. Not a single adjunct of the fairest period of the year is omitted from the catalogue. We may suppose that our poet celebrated its advent like old Ben Jonson,—

Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will bee,
But that which most doth take my muse and mee
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine,
Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as doe their lines, till now had lasted.

Philostratus makes the arrival of spring the pretext for exhorting his mistress to live pleasantly.

To a young Girl.

It is spring, and the rose has unveiled her beauty. He who enjoys not the golden Present acts foolishly. He is slow when he should be as if on wings; he tarries when he should join those who are already on their way. Time is the great envier. He snatches loveliness from the flowers, and vigour from the body. Hasten, then, sweet girl!—hasten unto me, O thou who art the rose of my heart! and while thou hast life and charms share them with thy Philostratus!

Ode XXXVIII. Himself.

My hair is white
As the star of night,
But youth sits shining within my soul,
And my heart doth joy
Like the heart of a boy,
In the nectar that lies in the sun-bright bowl.
When the fair maids move
In the dance of love,
I brandish no staff, or leaf-dress'd wand;
But my fingers twine
Round a vase of wine,
That glitters like orient diamond.

Whosoe'er he be
That will venture with me
In the war of flowing cups to engage,
Shall find me a foe
Not unworthy, I trow—
So bring me my armour, my trusty foot-page;
No corslet or casque,
Silly page, I ask,
But a flaggon of wine shall my weapon be;
And while this I hold,
Like SILENUS old,
Let me dance and sport o'er the velvet lea.

Anacreon, like a true and honest man, did not desert his cups in old age, but clung to them with a desperate fidelity. Age seems to have taken no effect on him; his foot did not totter even when oppressed with wine. Never—like another noble old toper, Daniel Heinsius, staggering home drunk—did our Teian find it necessary to speak in metre to his right leg,—

Sta pes—sta bene pes—sta pes—ne labora, mi pes;
Sta pes, aut lapides hi mihi lectus erunt.

Had he sat down to a drinking-bout to contend for that "Whistle of Worth" of which Burns sings, he would have borne away the palm from the sturdiest Scotchman among them all; and had he been exhorted in his declining years by some honest father confessor to live cleanly and declare all his sinnings, he might have epitomized his whole life in the very distich which D'Herbélot tells us (*Dictionnaire*, p. 102) Amin Ben Haroun sent to his father:—"On dit qu' était encore jeune, et le Khaliffe Haroun son père le forçant d' étudier, il écrivit sur son cahier ces deux vers,—

Je suis occupé de mes amours:
Cherchez quelque autre qui étudie."

Father Prout—the immortal—has written a very pretty French song inculcating these excellent maxims.

Ami, puisque une loi fatale
Nous a tous soumis à la mort,
Voue dans l'un et l'autre sort
A conserver une ame égale.

Que tes jours coulent dans la peine
Ou qu'ils coulent dans les plaisirs,
Attends sans crainte et sans désirs
La fin d'une vie incertaine.

Jouis sagement du loisir
Que l'oubli des parques te laisse;
L'âge, la santé, la richesse
Se donnent les biens à choisir.

Errer dans les riches prairies
Où les arbres entrelacés
Offrent aux voyageurs lassés
L'ombre de leurs branches fleuries.

Frequente ces côteaux rians
Qu'en fuyant lave une onde pure,
Qui par son paisable murmure
Endort les soins impatiens.

Come, my old boy, since mortality
Tells us we 're fated to die,
Let us with true joviality
Brighten the hours as they fly.

Whether with sorrow or gladness
Our years pass away in their flight,
Thinking about it is madness;
Be gay, and you 're sure to be right.

Sensibly laugh while you 've leisure,
Sobriety pitch to the deuce.
Why have we health, strength, or treasure,
Unless we can put them to use?

Is it not pleasant to wander
Through gardens enamell'd with bowers?
Is it not glorious to squander
In good whisky-punch all your hours?

How gladly I list to the murmur
Of streams in the evening serene!
Engaged with a volume of Sturm, or
More likely a flask of potheen!

Porte dans un réduit champêtre,
  Avec des parfums et du vin,
  Ces fleurs que produit le matin
Et que le soir voit disparoître.

How gladly I sit in the corner,
  While the whisky sends round its perfume,
As happy as famous Jack Horner,
  As mellow as noble Hal Brougham!

Ode XL. Cupid.

Like a pretty bird untrammel'd,
  Little Love one day went skipping
Through a garden flower-enamell'd,
  All the ripest roses clipping.
But a bee which chanced to linger
  There unseen among the flowers,
Stung dear Cupid in the finger
  Till the tears ran down in showers.

Off he flew to Venus' presence,—
  "Oh! I'm kill'd! I'm kill'd!" exclaiming,
"By a winged snake, which peasants
  Call a bee, my finger maiming."—
"If a bee," quoth she, in answer,
  "With such pain thy finger harrows,
How feel they, say, if you can, sir,
  Whom thou'st wounded with thy arrows?"

Theocritus has imitated this ode; Stephens has elegantly translated him:—

Improba apis quondam furem confixit Amorem,
Dum rapit ille favos alvearibus, articulosque,
Undique perstrinxit summos. Dolet ille manumque,
Exsufflans, pede pulsat humum læsumque parenti
Ostendit digitum, et queritur quod tantula visu
Bestia quàm sit apis tantum det acumine vulnus.
Cui tum subridens mater. Quid? Non apis et tu
Es similis qui tantillus das vulnera tanta?

I have written a paraphrase of it.

Air,—*The daylight was yet sleeping under the billow.*

As Cupid one morning was culling a posy
  Of ripest young flow'rs in the gardens of Joy,
Little Phillis, the wood-nymph, with features as rosy
  As summer, tripp'd by, and attracted the boy.
The Love-god, who often the maiden had courted,
  And ask'd with his happiest smile to be his,
Observed her, as o'er the green meadows she sported,
  And vow'd to be cheated no longer of bliss.

The garland of flowers then carelessly flinging
  Away to the Zephyrs, he fled from the glade,
And light as a star thro' the firmament springing
  This archest of striplings ran after the maid.
But just as he seized her, a bee from the flowers
  Stung his finger, and fill'd him with pain and affright;
"Even thus," sigh'd the god, "on love's happiest hours
  Will Sorrow intrude, and put Pleasure to flight."

He ran to his Mother, his eyes with tears streaming,—
  "Alone as I wander'd but now through the grove,
I was stung by a serpent," cried he, little dreaming
  That Venus rejoiced at the wounds of young Love.
He ceased, and look'd upward, his hands wildly wringing,
  Venus said, while her countenance mantled with glee,
"How can *you*, who our hearts are eternally stinging,
  Complain of the sting of an innocent bee?"

Pignorius mentions a picture in which a plot like that of this little song was portrayed:—

Dum puer alveolo furatur mella Cupido,
Furenti digitum cuspide fixit apis;
Sic etiam nobis brevis est peritura voluptas
Quam petimus tristi mixta dolore nocet.

As childish Cupid tried to rob a hive,
A bee incensed stung the little thief;
So all the short-lived joys for which we strive
None taste without the sharp alloy of grief.

Ode XLI. A Dream.

In a dream, on glittering wing
Through the air methought I sped;
After me LOVE seem'd to spring,
But his feet were bound with lead.
He o'ertook me: what means this?
Though his chains I often wore;
Yet I freely must confess
I was ne'er so bound before!
Once I roved at liberty—
Shall I ne'er again be free?

From this ode Barnes concludes that our poet married in his old age. Madame Dacier assures us, that he was too fond of pleasure to take a wife. I do not see what other interpretation can be given of the Cupid with the leaden feet, and the captivity of the poet, if the supposition of Master Joshua be not adopted.

Ode XLV. Cupid's Arrows.

VULCAN, beauteous CYPRIA's lord,
Once—as olden tales record—
Bars of sparkling steel ybeat
Into arrows sharp and fleet,
Destined for th' EROTES, who
Pretty maidens' hearts undo.
CUPID dipt the darts in gall,
But his mother threw o'er all
Honey, such as from her lips
Or HYMETTIAN flowers drips.
From the heat and dust of wars,
Brandishing his spear, came MARS,
And at CUPID's armoury
Look'd with fierce and scornful eye.
Little LOVE, with rage inflamed,
Seized a barb, and thus exclaim'd:—
"Prithee, MARS, this shaft receive,
'Tis not light, as you believe."
ARES took the polish'd shaft:
CYTHEREA loudly laugh'd:
When the WAR-GOD, pierced with pain,
Cries, "Pray take it back again;
Heavy 'tis." Quoth CUPID, "Nay,
Keep it, MARS, *do* keep it, pray."

It was on this ode that Tanaquil Faber wrote his absurd apostrophe beginning,—

Felix, ah nimium felix! &c.

Ode XLVI. Love.

'Tis hard to bear the rosie chaine
Which CUPID round us throwes;
Yet not to love is greater paine,
As everie fond hearte knowes.
But to be scorned by the faire
Is greater woe than manne can beare.

Wisdom and birthe are now despised,
They aid not Love's designs:
Golde—earthe-born Golde, alone is prized,
And Beauty farre outshynes.
Oh, curst be hee for ever more
Who first dugge oute the beamyng ore.

Parent and mother—all sweet tyes,
Are weake against its force;
The plaine with humaine bloode it dyes,
Deathe followes in its course;
And worst of all it can undoo
Fond, trustyng, haplesse lovers too.

Every one—even the irritable tribe of poets—is satisfied of the annoyance of loving without being loved again. Few have expressed their concern more elegantly than Anacreon. Spenser has told us

"What hell it is in suing long to byde;"

and a French *petit-maître*, Danchet, corresponds with him in opinion:—

Ah! que c'est un tourment affreux,
D'aimer sans espoir d'être heureux.

On an ancient Grecian gem I have seen an inscription which is eminently beautiful:—

ΕΙ ΜΕ ΦΙΛΟΥΝΤΑ ΦΙΛΕΙϹ, ΔΙϹϹΗ ΧΑΡΙϹ, ΕΙΔΕ ΜΕ ΜΙϹΕΙϹ·
ΤΟϹϹΟΝ Μ'ΟΥ ΜΙϹΕΙϹ ΟϹϹΟΝ ΕΓΩ ϹΕ ΦΙΛΩ.

Si qui amo te, redamas, dupla est Charis: oderis at me
Non tam odisse potes quam te ego diligere.

Anacreon's scorn of money-matches tallies well with the anecdotes of his life; but I am afraid it would not suit those Caledonian farmers who have learned to sing—

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty 's alarms.

The poet Anysius is equally severe on Cupid bought by Plutus:—

Who first for gold chaste Beauty sold,
Burst Nature's sweetest bonds in two;
The heart that 's bought is false; but nought
The knot which Love binds can undo.

Ode XLVII. Another Little Song.

I love to see delighted Age
In youthful plays and sports engage;
I love to view the young man's glee,
When mingling in the revelry.
But when an old man joins the choir,
And dances to the sounding lyre,
Round him the glow of youth appears.
His head alone betrays his years.

Anacreon having commenced life as a lover of wine, does well to keep up the character to the last.

Ode XLIX. Another.

Best of painters, listen, pray,
Listen to my lyric lay:
Paint me cities, every one
Gay and smiling like the sun;
Bacchic sports their sole employ,—
All around them song and joy,—
And—if wax can all express,—
Lovers in their happiness.

I do not believe this song to be written by Anacreon. The two last lines certainly have much of his delicacy of fancy.

Ode L. Bacchus.

Bright Bacchus, bright Bacchus to earth is descending,
So crown ye with roses the god to receive;
Let us revel, as *he* does, in joy never-ending,
And dance like Lyæus from matin to eve.
See—see, in his snowy right-hand he is bringing
The deep-purple liquid that wells from the vine;
To these bowers of perfume his flight he is winging,
To loose from its swathings the rich autumn wine.
Though many a fillet is now twined around it,
The moment is near when its flow shall be free,
And when once the glad god from its cells hath unbound it,
We 'll quaff to his name in our goblets of glee.
Such Vigour and Health in its current are flowing,
No pain shall e'er follow your banquets of bliss;
And when *next autumn's* sunsets above us are glowing,
We 'll welcome its vintage as gaily as this.

Ode LI. On a disk representing Venus.

Who has on this disk imprest
With bright pencil OCEAN's breast?
Who, the waves that o'er it flow,
Sparkling like untrodden snow?
Who has drawn the sea-born QUEEN
Rising up in Beauty's sheen,
From its bosom calm and fair,
To give new light to upper air?
In her naked charms she 's drawn,
Blushing like the rosy dawn,
Or the rosy purple streak
Which bepaints the rainbow's cheek.
Though the waves her beauties shroud,
They shine through the crystal cloud,
As the moon's refulgent beam
Does through mists more softly gleam;
And the charms which are confest
Give sweet promise of the rest.

White as purest foam is she,
Gentle as a summer sea;
Soft as are those early flowers,
Which are born of APRIL showers—
And with smile divine and bland
Glides towards the pebbly strand.
Underneath the pearls that deck
Her enchanting silv'ry neck,
And just above her bosom's roses,
See—an azure wave reposes,
O'er which she shines as lilies do,
When set in beds of vi'lets blue.
Through the foam-bespangled tide
Many-colour'd dolphins glide,
On whose backs the CUPIDS sit,
Playing many a trick of wit.
Round her as she moves along
See the gleaming fishes throng.

Tanaquil Faber is furious at the idea of this ode being mistaken for the composition of Anacreon. "I say again, and again," writes he, "and I will maintain it *usque ad ravim,* that this ode was not written by him." Tanaquil Faber gives no reason for condemning this ode.

It will be expected, perhaps, that I should say a word relative to the above ode. But it is not needed. It proves itself to be genuine. The Greek writers are profuse in their praises of the pictures of Venus Anadyomene, and, in particular, that drawn by their prince of artists. Phryne, after whom Apelles drew this famous picture, was so beautiful that it was dangerous to look at her, and for this reason she was interdicted the public baths.

Ode LII. Bacchus.

Zeus-born BACCHUS, god of Pleasure,
  When my soul 's with wine unbound,
Leads me in a sprightly measure
  This wild-myrtle arbour round.

Then my heart with rapture swelling,
  Tastes life's dearest, purest charms,
While the nymph who gilds my dwelling
  Clasps me in her snowy arms.

This is the last of the songs of Anacreon which I mean to translate. Several remain of great beauty;—to some "hands less unworthy than mine" I resign the task of changing them into English. It is a bold attempt to render Anacreon into our vernacular metre; it has been done so often, and so well, that a new-comer like myself cannot expect to do much. Of the English versions which I have seen, (and they have been not few,) those from which a reader unacquainted with the classics will derive the truest knowledge of what Anacreon really wrote, are by Stanley, Cowley, and John Addison. Fawkes's translation is, in many places, extremely immodest, and is, besides, mere rhyme.

Stanley's translation, on the whole, is a beautiful thing; not so Anacreontic as that of Cowley, or so *pretty* as that of Addison, it gives a better idea than either of Anacreon. But many of Cowley's versions are not to be excelled,—I think I may add, equalled—by some of the rhymers of the present day.

A TRAITOR'S DOOM.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

As our regiment marched sullenly along, I could see the tear glisten in the eye of many a hardy soldier. So true it is as Bayley has expressed it in his beautiful ballad,

> " Go search the foremost ranks in danger's dark career,
> Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear."

Yes, the sunburnt warrior, whose lion-courage I had almost wondered at the evening before when scaling the walls of the fort out of which we were now marching, held down his head, and uttered an involuntary sigh as we passed the spot where our sepoys were still busy, assisted by a few Europeans, in burying our dead. The number of men we had lost was far beyond that which we had anticipated. Our well-laid plans had been made known to the enemy, and counter-strategy had been successfully employed to oppose our attack: in a word, we had been basely betrayed by one whom we had fancied our ally. The traitor had fallen into our hands, and little shrift had been allowed him. We were now marching forth to his execution, sternly going to behold the last moments of one whom we had formerly looked upon as our true, our valued friend; for he who had allowed the ties of country to rise paramount to the duties he owed as an honourable ally, was a chief of considerable power. With an education semi-European, he had hitherto fought with us nobly, and though a youth of little more than twenty years of age, had already been twice noticed in general orders. He was handsome in no common degree; a more affable and kind-hearted Indian I never met. He was of a high caste, and commanded a considerable native force. In an evil hour he had listened to emissaries, who painted us to him as the enslavers of his country. His relatives had espoused the opposite side; his brother had been killed in an action which had taken place. But all this, I am convinced would never have tempted Dewallah Surhat (so I will call him) to have betrayed us. How that deep, that dreadful task was accomplished I never have, I never shall, learn. Suffice it to say, Dewallah became a traitor, an unsuccessful traitor. Convicted of the offence, he had been doomed to die. The only grace accorded him had been to choose the manner of his death. He unhesitatingly preferred the one I am about to describe, and to behold which we were marching out of C—— the morning when this sketch opens.

On arriving on the ground we found three sepoy corps, and a detachment of horse-artillery already on the spot. As they only awaited our coming to complete the arrangements, after a halt of a few minutes attention was called, and we formed a hollow square, into the centre of which a tumbrel quickly drove. From it the prisoner, in company with the provost-marshal and his deputy descended. Never did I behold him look more firmly intrepid. His air was rather that of grave triumph and martial dignity than convicted guilt. Had I been told to pick out a traitor from the assembled troops he would have been the last person I should have fixed upon. He walked firmly to the centre of the square, and facing the brigadier-general in command, with a look of unshaken courage, bowed as he took his station, and calmly awaited the reading of his sentence.

The Deputy-judge-advocate was desired to read out an account of the proceedings of the general court-martial held at C—— on the prisoner, Dewallah Surhat, lately commanding the auxiliary native field force, charged with having on the night of the 15th of October, 181–, willingly and treacherously betrayed the British forces, with whom he was apparently acting as an ally, and thereby, &c.

While the proceedings were being read, the prisoner was much agitated whenever the treason he had been guilty of was alluded to. He evidently was much pained. The convulsive movements of his countenance showed how acutely he felt his position; but when the whole trial had been recited, when the verdict of "guilty" was pronounced, he seemed suddenly to recover his immobility. When the sentence of death was read out he did not quail in the slightest degree; and finally, when the sentence of the court condemned him "TO BE BLOWN FROM A GUN," he looked with an almost triumphant glance on his late friends who stood horror-stricken around him.

The General was perfectly overcome. His former friends and brother officers shuddered with dread at his coming fate; for though the sentence was strictly just, yet many who had never seen this mode of execution drew back with terror and disgust. Surhat was the calmest man on that field as we wheeled back into line preparatory to the dreadful scene.

We took open order, and the prisoner marched along the line, and up again between the ranks. He was then taken to a spot some hundred yards in front of our centre. No coffin was there to receive his remains, as I had previously seen at military executions,—no friends to take his body away after his doom had been completed—so clearly was it foreseen that his annihilation would be complete, his whole frame scattered to the winds, the morsels left in all directions for the beasts and birds of prey.

The troops were now "told off" in three divisions, the wings wheeled up, the artillery brought into the centre; thus, as it were, re-forming a hollow square, except on the side on which the prisoner stood. A single gun was now brought up, turned round, and unlinked. The drivers willingly trotted away to the rear. The prisoner was desired to advance: he did so within a pace of the muzzle. The deputy-provost-marshal produced a cord with which to bind him to the gun. For the first time Surhat seemed shaken. He made a special request that he might not be tied down. The general was solicited, and consented that it should be so. The prisoner turned upon him a look of the sincerest and most heartfelt gratitude, shook hands after the European manner with the provost-marshal, and after receiving his directions, agitatedly given, walked boldly up to the cannon, and pressing his body against the muzzle, threw his arms round the gun itself, gave one last glance, and stooped his head down to the piece. At the same instant a signal was given, the ready-lighted match was applied to the touch-hole, a flash of fire, a volume of smoke, a roaring sound re-echoed from the neighbouring hills, and all was over.

A few drops of blood, a few scattered remnants, scarcely recognisable as ever having belonged to humanity, were all that now remained of the once proud, the generous, the brave chieftain, who, by thus choosing a doom which brought total earthly annihilation, seemed determined to leave behind him no record of the basely-fallen chief, the hated name of traitor!

THE HAUNTED MINE.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

THE neighbourhood of Presburg in Hungary is celebrated for its iron mines. As far as the eye can survey, the country exhibits a prospect of yawning caverns and ponderous machinery ; and if the traveller dares to venture his person on one of the platforms constructed over the chasms, or mighty mouths of the mines, he will shudder on viewing the working peasants ascending and descending, reduced by their distance to pigmies in size, till those below are lost in gloom.

The Hungarian miners are great observers of their saints' days; mingled with religious duties are their songs, dances, and merriment ; these days are generally selected for weddings and christenings. It was on one of these holidays that our story commences.

Johan Varasok was a master-miner. He was about fifty, with a wife, and one son only remaining from a family of six. This son, Martin Varasok, was a fine athletic young fellow, of generous qualities and quick passions, and like most young men, he had the misfortune to fall in love.

In a small but neat stone cottage, situated in an outlet of the mining village, dwelt Marie Schönborn, the daughter of a widow who had seen better days. Marie was a girl of strong mind, of affectionate, ardent, and independent feelings ; and, by dint of great industry, she had succeeded in a branch of embroidery-work of gold and silver thread on Saxony cloth, which met with a sure market at the establishment of a *marchand du mode* in Presburg, and thus was she enabled to support both her mother and herself. Marie Schönborn was tall, fair-haired, and handsome. To be sure, her constant attention to her invalid mother, and the many hours she had to bend over her work, had blanched her cheek ; but whenever she went abroad, she formed an extraordinary contrast to most of the other females of the village. It is no wonder, therefore, that Marie Schönborn was the object of attraction to all the likely young fellows of the district, and amongst others, Martin Varasok was deeply smitten by her beauty.

His father, Johan Varasok, had got into a dispute about certain mining rights with a most respectable person of the same calling as himself, named Karl Berény, who had been very successful in discovering huge masses of ore, and become rich. The dispute having been carried into the court appointed to try such causes, a judgment was given in favour of Berény ; consequently Johan Varasok and Karl Berény (both captains) were no longer friends ; and their differences were not a little increased by the knowledge of the fact by both the Varasoks that Berény had paid great attentions to Marie Schönborn, and had been most favourably received by her mother, who was looking out for a wealthy husband for her daughter.

It was the holiday of St. Jasper, and the miners and their wives and children all dressed in their best attire, had been to church, and were commencing their sports, the younger men throwing the bar, leaping, &c. and the girls preparing their national dance, when a cart, drawn by a diminutive but hardy little horse, gaily decked

about the head and collar with flowers and bells, was driven by a boy into the centre of the throng. In the cart was a cask ornamented with garlands and coloured worsteds, and by the side of it walked, with a triumphant air, Karl Berény, accompanied by his kinsman, a fat little countryman, well known to all the miners by the name of Peter Patak. When the cart stopped, the crowd assembled around it, and Berény said, "Harangue them, Peter." Peter Patak thereupon stepped on the cart, and waving his pot-lid of a hat to obtain silence, screamed out, "Neighbours, do you know what is in this cask?—No: then I do. It is choke-full of wine of the Banat. Karl Berény has gained his cause in the court, and he brings you this barrel to drink his health, and success to all true miners."

This was answered by a joyous shout. A gimlet was instantly bored in the cask and a peg inserted in the orifice, every man produced his drinking-cup, (many of them of silver,) and Karl Berény's health was pledged as fast and as long as the generous wine would or could run,—Peter Patak, who was tapster, ever and anon tasting a cup, to see that it was in proper order, until he found it in such excellent condition that he saw double; and a mighty clattering of drinking-vessels and chattering of tongues ensued.

In the meantime Karl Berény had proceeded to the spot where the young fellows were hurling the bar, and arrived at the moment that Martin Varasok was preparing to throw it; but Martin, suddenly perceiving Berény, and irritated by the loss of the cause, and the presence of his rival, lost his customary nerve, and threw inefficiently. His rough companions raised a laugh of derision; when Berény, taking up a weighty bar, pitched it beyond the usual bounds, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the assembled miners. Martin Varasok again essayed, threw, but once more threw short. Berény then triumphantly grasped the bar, and, strengthened by the excitement of several cups of his sparkling wine, hurled it in first-rate style beyond the mark, and was proclaimed winner of the prize, a small silver goblet. Overpowered with vexation, his rival walked away. His father, who had watched the whole affair with some chagrin, followed Martin with hasty strides, and thus endeavoured to console him:— "Come, cheer up, my boy. I don't care for the loss of my cause, nor mind you the defeat in your game. These are the ups and downs in life,—the buckets that go to the bottom of the shaft come up again filled. But something else is on your mind, Martin."

"I will not complain," replied young Varasok, "though my heart is ready to burst!"

"What is it, boy," said Johan.——Martin sighed, and uttered "Marie!"

"Well," rejoined his father, "Marie—Marie Schönborn is a good girl, and I always wished that, if you were rich enough to marry—"

"Marie," exclaimed Martin, "will never be my wife."

"Why, I should like to know?" inquired Varasok.

"Karl Berény!" replied Martin.

"The devil's dumps!" shouted Johan, "Karl Berény again! What! has he insinuated himself there, too?"

"Yes," said Martin. "Her mother told me last night that Marie was to be Karl's wedded wife."

"Her mother is an old woman: what does the girl say herself, Martin?"

"Ah! father," sighed young Varasok, "I had hoped — I had fancied that I had perceived a tender joy sparkling in her eye when I have addressed her. My want of confidence, the infirmity of my temper, is the cause of my misery."

Johan paused, and muttered, "Marie Schönborn a jilt! I am an old miner, and have lived half my life under ground—but woman is woman. Compare Karl Berény with my Martin Varasok! — Beelzebub's buttons!"

At this moment the shouts and laughter were borne across the plain on the gale. "Hark!" said Johan, "the wine has got into their heads, and I am just in the humour to break a pate or two, and — Satan's sleeves! if I once begin, I'll — But as I am sober, and they are not, poor beasts! I'll prudently put myself out of mischief."

Hereupon the father and son walked towards their own home.

Although the young men and women were dancing and frisking about merrily, and tuned up to concert-pitch with Karl Berény's liberal supply, a knot of elderly persons were still gathered round the cart, and several had lighted their pipes, listening to Peter Patak's jokes and stories. Amongst them, with her ears wide open, was the wife of Varasok, a comely, healthy-looking dame, but pre-eminently possessed with a foible of her sex, curiosity. Peter Patak had been informing his auditors of a rumour that one of the shafts of the mine was haunted; and, on being asked what business a ghost had in an iron mine, Peter said that he was not the person to meddle with a spectre's business, but that he hoped he might be picked to pieces with pick-axes if he hadn't seen the ghost himself.

"Tush, Peter!" remarked the dame; "you saw your own light figure reflected in one of the pools!"

"Light figure!" replied Patak, placing his hands on his protuberant stomach. "Oh, no! I never reflect."

"Have any of the other miners seen this goblin?" inquired the dame.

"Johan Varasok, your lawful husband, has seen it; but he isn't a bit afraid of it."

"My husband, bless his heart! does not fear the devil himself, though I say it." Peter gave a gulp, and muttered, "He was a bold man when he married you, old lady."

The group now separated; the highly-complimented wife of Johan Varasok wended her way home to prepare her husband's food before he started for his customary occupation in the mine. When she entered their well-ordered little cottage, she saw her good Johan sitting by the light of a flickering lamp, which danced the shadow of his sober head against the whitened wall.

"Well, Theresa," said Johan, glancing kindly at her, "I must be stirring: it is my turn to relieve the other gang of workmen. My basket — I hope there is plenty in it. Put three loaves of millet-bread in."

"Why, Johan," said the dame, tartly, "you can't eat all the victuals I put in your basket."

"How do you know I don't?" replied Varasok. "I am in pretty good condition round-about; I work hard, and require food and drink in proportion."

"That may be, Johan," responded his wife; "but why do you re-

quire a double portion of candles in your basket when you go to the mine? You don't eat them, I suppose?"

"No," said Johan, "they consume themselves. One day, my old wife, I will explain—I will astonish you with a strange story."

Varasok kissed his better half with affection, and started off to his employ, and as he walked on he muttered, "She is an admirable wife, has a thousand excellent qualities, and only one natural draw-back,—she has a tongue!"

Meanwhile Karl Berény, exulting in his success, made his way to the door of the cottage of the Schönborns. The mother was seated in a high-backed wicker-chair, her countenance pale and emaciated.

"Ah! my dear, dear Marie!" exclaimed Karl, "I regard you better than anything in the world!"

Marie replied, "But you must not regard me better than anything in the world."

"Pshaw! Marie," continued Berény. "I'll tell you a secret. Your mother consented last night to all my wishes. She said, Marie, that as I had been kind to her, I might come and court you. In short, she said that I might marry you."

"Indeed!" remarked the girl. "But there is another consent to be obtained."

"Whose, I should like to know?" eagerly inquired Karl.

"That of Marie herself."

The mother raised herself up, and in an expressive tone said,

"Marie, before your parent sinks in endless slumber, promise that you will become the wife of Karl Berény."

"Exact not the promise at this moment, dear mother."

Karl was somewhat abashed, but he uttered, "I will endeavour to deserve your esteem, Marie. See the prize I have won to-day. This little cup will grace your chimney-piece." And he placed it in the mother's hands.

"Ah me!" tremulously articulated the old lady, "once I had good store of silver baubles, but now—"

At this moment a face gleamed through the window at the back, apparently watching anxiously. Marie's mother took her daughter's hand, and with gentle force and an imploring smile placed it in that of Berény. A loud curse was heard outside the window at the same moment. Marie turned more pale than ever, and Karl ran and opened the door to see who was the intruder; but the only person that appeared was one Issachar, a Jew nondescript. "Why, doctor, is it you?" said Berény.

The being thus addressed was a shabby-looking, sallow-faced son of Cain, who in a short wandering career had attempted half a dozen professions and trades, without settling or prospering in any. Baffled in his commercial enterprises, Issachar turned his attention towards operations on dogs, cats, and other animals; and this occupation leading him naturally and gradually to the noble science of anatomy, he branched off, without a diploma, into the whole duties of a medical professor, and from cat-skinning took to the obstetric art, tooth-drawing, and phlebotomizing. Doctor Issachar had come to the cottage of Marie's mother, with some cabbage-leaf nostrum for her rheumatism.

"Well, what brought you hither?" inquired Marie, who detested the dirty Jew.

Issachar muttered to himself, "She wants to get rid of me; but I'll

stir up some mischief,—throw in a double dose of bitters. Why, I declare, what a swearing noise Martin Varasok made at the window just now!"

"Martin Varasok!" exclaimed the old woman and Karl.

"Yes," grinned the Jew; "he peeped through the casement, looking as yellow as saffron."

"Martin is a gloomy-tempered youth," said the dame. "I like him not."

"No more do I," interrupted Issachar. Then assuming a knowing look, he whispered to Berény, "Martin is in sad want of a wife. Take care of your Marie. Good-b'ye, dame; I'll call and leave your cough-drops, and the poison for the rats. Mind, don't take the wrong!" Soon after the departure of the Jew, Karl Berény took his leave. He was going to the same branch of the mine where old Johan Varasok superintended his workmen, and he expected Johan to be very sore about the loss of the law-suit.

As the Hebrew cow-doctor proceeded on his way, he reflected that part of his business was effected, so far as startling the jealousy of Berény went. He now sought an opportunity to get a private talk with Martin Varasok, and thus, by setting the rivals by the ears, get rid of them both, and then make the bone of contention "bone of his bone,"—"flesh" he could not add, for there was not a sufficient quantity on his carcase. But Issachar wanted a wife to scrawl his pharmacy bills, and cut out his new shirts, whenever he had any.

Martin Varasok, through the window had seen the prize-cup given by Berény, and the hand of Marie placed by her mother in the hand of his rival. He was overcome with vexation and jealousy; and he bit his lips till they bled, muttering, "I will never see her more! Yet I fancied I perceived that Marie wept. If I could only hope!"

While musing in this manner, some one brushed at his elbow; it was Issachar.

"Bless my heart!" cried the Jew, "I don't wonder at your being in such a rage, considering what you must have witnessed at old Mother Schönborn's cottage. Karl Berény to be sure is a good-looking fellow; rich too: but he should take care, with a handsome girl right before the window, and no window-blind; and unless one was blind one's-self—but I say nothing." Issachar saw the effect he had produced, so he thought he would make Martin a little more comfortable. "Do you intend to be at Karl Berény's wedding?" said he, carelessly. "Ha! ha! old women will talk. I heard Marie's mother abusing you charmingly! She said you were the most untoward, ill-tempered, fidgety, cross-grained animal that ever walked on two legs."

Martin merely asked, "And did her daughter assent to this?"

The Jew replied, "Why, I say nothing: but this I will say, she did—if silence gives consent. Marie *might* have said a little more; but I, of course, never rip up old grievances; it is my business to heal wounds, not to inflame them—so I say nothing. Good-night!" and Issachar walked away chuckling with the notion that he had "made Martin as happy as a bird with both his feet in bird-lime!"

The distant bell of Presburg cathedral tolled the hour: and the clocks of the other steeples kept up a striking chorus, as Martin hastened to join his father in his duties at the iron mine. As they walked together, Johan Varasok guessed what was uppermost in

Martin's thoughts; so he sought to divert them to another channel. "Has your mother been talking to you again about the spectre of the mine, Martin?" said he. "Devil's darning-needles! but she pants to discover the mystery!"

"I could tell her no more," replied the son, "than the other miners have told her, and that I was startled one day last week by the tall, unearthly, haggard form which flitted by me with a lantern."

"Oh! my boy," said Johan, "you must not believe in such things! Did you ever hear of a miner called Michael of Filleck?"

"I recollect hearing of such a person before I left Presburg," answered Martin.

"This Michael," continued Johan Varasok, "was a wild fellow, and had been banished from Filleck for some serious offence; but when he came among us he appeared penitent and reformed. I held a helping hand to him: he appeared grateful, and worked with the strength of a lion. We contrived that he should marry, and he wedded a good girl, who taught him to love her tenderly, and a little smiling, curly-headed urchin blessed him with the name of father. For a time Michael appeared happy, till a fatal disorder sent his poor wife to her last home. Deprived of her bland influence, his wild and dissolute habits again broke out. Providence ordained a heavy calamity to the poor wretch. One day, by the carelessness of the woman who undertook to nurse Michael's child, the little fellow wandered to the mouth of one of the pits. He was playing about unconsciously, when his foot slipped, and he fell headlong! I need not describe its fate."

"Where was the father?" asked Martin.

"Below, at work in the mine, and the first person that discovered the lifeless and mangled form of his beloved child! From that moment his reason fled, and he never returned to the world. I watched him gloomily seize his spade and mattock, and in a remote corner of the mine he buried his poor infant."

"But, how has he contrived to exist?" inquired Martin.

"I have supplied him with food and light ever since. I have made many efforts to induce him to return above-ground: once I used force, but the powerful strength of the wily maniac repelled me."

"Father," said Martin, "I have always had a strong suspicion that the tall fellow with which I struggled on the night that Dame Schönborn's cottage was broken open, was that same Michael of Filleck!"

"Ah! well, if it should prove so," replied Johan, "it would be of no use breaking an incurable madman on the wheel! But I see, Martin, you are still brooding on that girl. Come, come; I have a better opinion of Marie; she has not the want of feeling which you attribute to her. Hark ye! your rival, Karl Berény has gone on to the mine. Go you back to Marie's cottage: pop the question at once. Cerberus's cat's-meat! you can't be in a worse plight should she decisively reject you. Pooh! you should have seen how I carried off your respectable mother — triumphantly, in a wheelbarrow, in sight of her hostile relations—one, two, three, and away! Go, boy,—go!"

Here the hearty old miner pushed his son from him, Johan descending the ladders of the shaft with practised vigour, while Martin with a beating heart took the direction towards the cottage.

Let us now accompany old Johan down into the bowels of the earth,

and look around us at the curious scene. It was here lighted with lamps, and pine-torches stuck in clefts of the walls, and columns of iron-ore, and brown and yellow clay ironstone, purposely left as supports to the roofs. These branched off into chambers and galleries in every direction. The workmen were dispersed about at their allotted situations, in short frocks, and trowsers of coarse flannel, and woollen-caps. In some parts corves or baskets filled with the ore were placed on trucks with four iron wheels, and drawn by a man with a rope across his breast, assisted by a boy, who guided the machine behind. Where the floor was more practicable three or four of these trucks and corves were attached together, and a small dingy-looking horse dragged them on a level to the shaft, where the baskets were wound up by chain machinery to the mouth of the pit. A constant hammering and reverberation of the sound of pick-axes were going on; and ever and anon a roar of awful thunder rushed along a gallery where they had been firing a train of gunpowder to blast through the iron-rock.

In one of the chambers, remote from the shaft that led to the entrance of the mine, Karl Berény, Peter Patak, and other miners, were at work. Presently Johan Varasok came along the gallery with his basket of provisions and a lantern; he placed the basket on a ledge of ironstone, and took out a millet loaf of a size that would surprise any one not conversant with the sharpness of a miner's appetite; and then quitted the chamber with his lantern. As the other miners were talking together they suddenly stopped on hearing a wild shriek of laughter echo from a chasm at the lower end of the gallery,—a yell resembling that of the caged hyæna when its keeper throws its food to it. Peter Patak tremblingly uttered, "There 's the spectre!"

"A horrible noise, sure enough," said Karl Berény; and the miners were all agog listening.

It happened that over a certain portion of the mine was an extensive bed of fine red sand, and this sand being extensively used in the iron-founderies, many thousand loads were carried away for that purpose. About this critical moment, owing, it was supposed to the perpendicular bearings that are usually left being too few, or being too much weakened to support the mass above, a falling in of the super-incumbent strata took place; and the disrupture occurring about midway between the shaft of the pit and the situation where Karl Berény, Johan Varasok, and the others, were placed, the driftways were instantly filled with the falling mass, consequently all escape for them was in a moment cut off. The concussion of air extinguished all the lights but the lantern of Johan Varasok. The men were in despair, but hardy old Johan did not lose his presence of mind; "Be firm, my friends," he exclaimed; "one and all must work or perish now. Karl Berény, don't hang back, man! your hand. We must forgive all animosity now. We are no longer disunited comrades."

Another heavy fall was heard, and then the loud gush of a torrent of water. Peter stumbled and fell against Varasok's lantern, which he crushed, and extinguished the light. Utter darkness now ensued.

Johan Varasok solemnly exclaimed, "God's will be done!" which was responded by "Amen!" from the buried men.

Suddenly Berény called out, "Here—here is a light from below."

All eyes were eagerly turned in the direction, when a tall, pale figure scrambled up to the platform, with streaming rags, matted hair, and beard perfectly white.

In agony Patak screamed out, "The spectre!—the spectre!"

It was Michael of Filleck, haggard and insane!

"Ho! Michael, your light! — your light!" shouted Johan, and attempted to approach him; but the maniac, howling and shrieking with unearthly laughter, rushed across a narrow plank which covered a chasm of water, fathoms in depth, and disappeared, leaving the unfortunate men in a state of frightful anxiety. The only sound then distinguishable was an exclamation in discordant tones, "Which of you threw my child headlong down the shaft?" and the wild yelling echoed through the caverns.

At this frightful moment Martin Varasok, who had proceeded to the cottage of Marie, stopped anxiously at the door Marie was up, for her mother, afflicted with infirmities, had passed a sleepless night; and when the morning dawned she had fallen into a heavy slumber. As Marie approached the window she perceived Martin.

"Marie," said he, falteringly, "dare I speak to you?"

"This is an unusual hour to visit the cottage, Martin."

Martin replied in a low, but impassioned tone, "Marie, I must and will ascertain my fate: my happiness or misery is in your hands; one word from you, Marie,—one little word will decide which is to be my lot: speak that word."

Marie sobbed. Martin, in a more subdued voice, said, "Marie, my heart and soul are yours: say you will love me, and for your sake I will conquer this impetuous temper!" He drew Marie towards him; her head sank on his shoulder, and her warm tears fell on his hands. Suddenly the alarm-bell tolled violently. They both started; hasty footsteps passed the cottage; an engineer was passing. Martin anxiously inquired what had happened. The engineer replied, with a look of horror, "The mine has fallen in, and all the workmen are buried!"

"Distraction!" cried Martin. "My father is down there!"

"And poor Berény!" added Marie.

"Ha! Berény!" wildly exclaimed Martin; "*her* Berény! fiends and furies! have ye been mocking me? Away—away! my father! my dear, brave old father! I will seek you to the centre of the earth, or die!" and he rushed out.

The bell continued tolling fearfully, and the alarm spread like wildfire: hundreds were seen rushing to the fatal spot; fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and children, by their cries adding misery to the scene. Martin Varasok soon arrived at the mouth of the mine, and, after a rapid consultation with the engineer on the spot, parties of workmen, headed by Martin, went down the pit in the hope of clearing away the rubbish below, so as to get at the unfortunate men; but, after many hours of hard labour, this was found to be impracticable, as not only the sand but water continued pouring down as fast as it could be removed from the bottom. The different masters then formed their gangs, and, people coming in from other villages, working parties were formed sufficiently numerous to relieve each other day and night. Martin was the first man to descend the old shaft; he was followed by several adventurous young fellows, and the work began in earnest.

Incredible efforts were made, and, by dint of perseverance for several days and nights of continued labour, a way was made into what they ascertained to be a portion of the iron mine. Martin Varasok, notwithstanding the great fatigue he had undergone, insisted on being lowered down to a platform he beheld by the light of his torch below. His comrades remonstrated with him, but ineffectually; so he was let down the chasm with a rope fastened around his body. He had a lantern also tied to his girdle, a torch and his mattock in his hands; but, alas! the rope, swiftly travelling against the sharp edge of a slab of iron-stone, was severed, and Martin fell when about twelve feet from the platform. He fortunately dropped on his feet, and was only severely shaken. He hallooed with all his might, to assure his comrades of his safety, when lo! he heard, or thought he heard, a distant cry or shout to the right, but still beneath him, he again exerted his voice to the utmost. This effort was answered by a horrid yell, and a peal of such laughter as could only have proceeded from a demoniac.

This served, however, only to encourage his brave spirit; for, although he was nearly certain that the first sounds he heard were in a distinct quarter from the latter, it proved to him that there was life below,—and while there was life there was hope. In the meantime the intelligence was conveyed to the surface that Martin Varasok had fallen, but that they had heard his shouts far beneath the platform. This intelligence immediately spread, and of course made its way to the ears of Marie Schönborn, to whom it was most maliciously conveyed by the Jew, Issachar. But Marie had too much energy of character to give confidence to all the little unprincipled Jew reported. She was a girl of determined principle; she could not rest easily at home, even with her infirm mother, until she was convinced of the fact that Martin was living. She went into the cottage of a neighbouring friend, whose brother was a miner; she implored her to come to sit by her mother, who very probably might not awake, and persuaded her friend to lend her the dress of her brother. She then succeeded in completely disguising her rather tall figure in the miner's habiliments, covering her fair forehead with a broad-brimmed hat. After offering up a hasty, but fervent, prayer for the success of her project, she ran to the mouth of the old shaft, which was discernible by the motley crowd and glaring of many torches.

The machinery, and chain windlasses with iron tubs, had been properly fixed at both the elevations above and below: and the men were selected who were to descend. As Marie mingled with the throng, she perceived a young woman, with an infant at her breast, grasping energetically the hands of her husband, a miner, and entreating him not to leave her. Her piteous tone and tears appeared evidently to impress him: and he wavered. Marie seized on this minute of indecision; and when the captain called out numbers one, two, three, and the men severally placed themselves in the corves to be lowered by the machinery, at the captain's order for number four, Marie, with a cloak muffled around her, presented herself, boldly stepped into the iron bucket, and was instantly descending link by link as the windlass turned. It may be easily imagined that her heart quailed in being placed in so novel a situation. The iron bucket was up to her shoulders, and the lantern

which had been placed in her hand threw its dim rays around. She thought of her aged mother, and trembled; then she recollected her first impression and secret vow to be the one to save Martin, if he was to be rescued; so, putting her trust in God, she reached the second level, from whence her lover had so hazardously ordered himself to be lowered. When she arrived there, she perceived on the grim faces of the miners manifest marks of distrust. The chain windlass was there, and manned; but a hesitation was evident as to the person who was first to descend; it even came to a doubt whether any of them would venture. Marie made a desperate effort, exclaiming,

"Make way, there: I will volunteer to go down."

Away, with the creaking of the rusty windlass only to be heard, descended the corve with the devoted Marie, fathom after fathom. At length the iron tub rested on a level surface. Marie looked around wistfully with her light, to observe whether she might only have been placed on the summit of a subterranean precipice; but, to the extent she could discern, the rock appeared flat and even. She therefore extricated herself from the corve, and gave the signal (by pulling a small line which had been tied round her arm before she descended,) that the landing had been effected.

The grating of the receding chain sounded harshly and painfully on the ear of Marie. She gazed around: at a distance, at intervals, appeared a flickering, pallid blue light, which extended itself considerably, but never in one place for a moment. This illumination, although she could not then account for it, was a slight ignition of fire-damp. The mind of Marie had been too well regulated for her to have any dread of supernatural agency; yet this sudden flashing gave her alarm. Whilst painfully pondering, a figure stood at some distance from her—an extraordinary figure—perfectly visible, with its dark and ragged outline standing forth from the sulphuric capricious blazing. Whatever the being was, it evidently was attracted by the light which Marie carried, she now felt her fortitude sinking! The creature approached—tall, enveloped in rags, white hair, and a huge white beard, the eyes sunken, and hollow cheeks. Starvation appeared to have nearly effected its utmost on the human frame—for it was a man! As he came closer to Marie, and glanced a flashing eye at her, he uttered in a faint and plaintive tone, "Bread! bread!" Marie looked at the miserable wretch with a woman's pity, and took from her wallet a half-loaf, which she held out to him. He eagerly snatched, devoured it like a famished wolf, and appeared to wait for more. Marie, summoning up all the courage of which she was mistress, asked him if he knew of the accident that had occurred in the mine? but the only reply was, "Bread! bread!" She gave him another piece, which was disposed of as greedily as the former. The mysterious being then beckoned her to follow him. As Marie had observed the path by which he had found his way to her was level, she assented, and this wretched, ragged, and white-haired object, led the way.

Several passages were traversed by the maniac, followed by the undaunted Maria. At last her conductor brought her to a small cavern, in a corner of which were heaped some rags, and a piece of coarse canvas: evidently the sleeping-place of this isolated being. It was very cold and very damp: here the white-haired recluse seated

himself on the bare earth, and endeavoured to call the attention of Marie to something in a corner; instantly turning the light in that direction, she beheld a rude heap of stones arranged in the shape of a tomb, but of such a dimension that it could only have been intended as the sepulchre of a child. The strange being looked at Marie piteously, and large tears flowed from his eyes, and he articulated, "Ludolph, my child, here is bread for you."

In agony, on his knees he seemed to pray; he then turned to Marie, and showed her a small leather cap, such as was worn at the period by boys, which he kissed frequently. On a sudden, however, the fiend raged within him, and scowling horribly at Marie, he screamed out,

"Ha! It was YOU that threw my poor child down the shaft!" and he sprang on the affrighted girl like a tiger.

It was in vain that she resisted. The maniac seemed to be possessed of supernatural strength. She struggled, and shrieked, "Retribution!" cried Michael of Filleck. "The death thou inflictedst on my boy is reserved for thee," and he laughed wildly. "Come—come! here is a chasm deep and dark enough."

The maniac dragged Marie towards the edge of a precipice. Her shrieks were awful, when suddenly the insane ruffian was felled to the ground by a blow on the head, which proceeded from the mattock of Martin Varasok, and in the next moment Marie swooned in his arms. He supported her back to the cavern, and with difficulty restored her to her senses. As soon as they had somewhat recovered from exhaustion Martin examined the rude sepulchre by the light of his lantern, when something glistening attracted his eye. He stretched his hand towards it; it was an antique silver flaggon. On Marie perceiving the vessel she recognised it to have been her mother's. Martin made a further search, various other articles of plate, and a bundle of papers tied up, and covered with mildew, were found. These proved to be the title-deeds of the estate of the Schönborn family, for the want of which they had been deprived of it.

But to return to the poor men, Johan Varasok, Karl Berény, Peter Patak, and four others, were entombed alive.

"Alas! alas!" said Berény, "to what purpose is it for us to prolong a dreadful existence, to perish by famine?"

"Who desponds?" exclaimed the brave old Johan Varasok. "Here Berény, friend in misfortune, here is a biscuit I had secreted,—eat!"

Berény wept in utter weakness. "And you, Johan?"

"Want nothing," replied Varasok, although he was, in fact, starving.

"Is there a hope of escape?" dolefully asked poor Peter Patak.

"Escape!" replied Johan; "I pledge my word we shall all eat our dinners above-ground to-morrow. Depend upon it, our more fortunate comrades are probing the earth for us now. Is not my bold boy, Martin, safe? Do you think that he will suffer his old father and friends to be buried alive? Hark! hark! hark! I hear them now. Hark!—an explosion!—they are boring the rock!—shout—shout—all—halloo! Strike against the ironstone walls with your hammers. They hear us! they hear us! Listen to their cheering!"

All now was increased activity. The miners were no longer labouring without strong hopes of saving some of their fellow-creatures: and this feeling gave an additional stimulus to their exertions. The iron-bound walls were at length driven through, and the first man that dashed into the aperture was Martin Varasok.

A MONUMENTAL PIC-NIC.

"Ah! them's pleasant places, them symmetries is!"

Such was the observation that fell upon our ear as we took our seat upon an emblematical tombstone, a twelvemonth since, in one of those suburban burying-grounds, which may be termed the fancy-work of dissolution—so imaginative, pleasant, and ornamental, is death made to appear.

After filling the air-cells of our lungs with nothing but the fog and blacks of our garret for some months, a breath of fresh air is always delightful; and since in these semi-rural outbreakings we are never in the saddest mood, but prefer choosing whimsical and eccentric scenes to gloomy and depressing ones, we generally keep our holiday in a metropolitan cemetery.

We repeat, we love to linger in one of those English translations of Père la Chaise. There is no affectation in its chiselled tombstones; no morbid taste or false poetry in its epitaphs: all its monuments evince the hatred of ostentatious display and purse-proud distinction, befitting the circumstances; and the secluded situation of most of the graves betokens the privacy in which the heart rejoices to commune with the departed. And, besides, in the erection of conspicuous tablets to the unconscious dead, by executors or legatees, there is a pure wholesome feeling displayed,—they are as camphorated amulets to ward off the pestilence of the world's innuendoes and envenomed slander.

With these sentiments we wandered from London one fine spring morning, and entered a cemetery to spend the day. Passing through the great gates of entrance, we were first struck by the affecting simplicity of a plain column at the side of the path. It was fashioned to resemble a portion of the decayed portico of a tumble-down house, which had been bought cheap, and on which was carved the simple name of "Bob." What a world of surmise and romance did that abbreviation open to us!

In the nearest part of the ground we observed the last resting-places of several members of the theatrical profession. The tombstone that most interested us was that of a late celebrated clown. It is composed of various slabs of granite, and has somewhat the appearance of a set pantomime-trick. You would not be astonished to see its various parts flap up and down, and turn into a kitchen-range, or something of the sort. There is a piece of sculpture on it, which represents the sepultured merryman bursting from the tomb, and exclaiming, "Here we are again!"

Next to this is another, bearing a device which portrays Death riding upon three pale horses at once, and it is simply entitled "The Vault of Widdicomb." But this must be a false announcement. Widdicomb can never die, and the only vault that would ever pertain to him, would be over the backs of nine horses and through a paper-balloon. He is an equestrian evergreen, to whom succeeding years give increasing youth and energy. When his mortal career shall terminate, (if it ever do so,) he will not die in the common way, but mount on horseback, and, putting himself at the head of the "Tartar horde of the untamed steeds of the wilderness," will ride away, over a series of "double platforms" and "triple terraces," with "upwards of two hundred supernumeraries," to establish a Cirque Olympique in the real Champs Elysées.

A simple tomb is erected to the memory of Mr. Howqua Green, the celebrated tea-dealer. It consists of a single pedestal, shaped like a tea-caddy, with a tea-urn on the top; and the inscription informs us that he introduced the celebrated family three-and-sixpenny congou to the public, and died universally beloved.

The calm and placid state of mind which inspired the following lines over the dust of a native of the distant Emerald Isle cannot be passed by without mention. Flowers are at all times beautiful adjuncts to monuments, and the allusion to them in the epitaph is touching and delicate.

"Here I lie,
Looking up to the sky,
And my turbulent spirit at ase is;
With the tips of my toes,
And the end of my nose,
Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

A column, shaped like a candlestick, and surmounted by an extinguisher, is highly emblematical. It is to the memory of Anthony, son of Mr. Dip, citizen and tallow-chandler, and bears the following lines, which evince great talent:

"Weep not for me, dear friends! my tomb about;
Death's photylupon has not put me out.
From life I made a rush at ten years old,
And now the Dip is changed into the mould."

Near this we noticed a tablet to the memory of Master Thomas Binks, with the following inscription:—

"He was a child of rare intellect and most amiable qualities. He possessed talent of a wonderful order, and his general excellent disposition and warm-hearted friendship endeared him to a large circle of friends. He died on the —— of ——, 18—, aged two months and six days."

But to return to the opening sentence of the paper, from which we went off at a tangent:

"Ah! them 's pleasant places, them symmetries is."

We turned round, and perceived a small party of two sitting on a flat tombstone behind us. The speaker was a female of that class known as "persons,"—half housekeeper, half *bourgeoise;* and her companion was a pale, solemn-looking man, with a white neckcloth,

something between a waiter at the Coal-Hole and an *al fresco* Methodist preacher. They had a basket placed between them, from which protruded what looked amazingly like the neck of a quart-bottle of stout; and some crustaceous particles, which had a marked resemblance to lobster-shells, were lying on the grass.

The remark being apparently addressed to ourselves, caused us to respond with much politeness. It was evident that we had pleased the good lady by our affability, for she immediately entered into conversation with us upon her domestic affairs; whilst the gentleman nipped a bit of German tinder with his nail along the rough marble, lighted a cigar, and commenced puffing himself into a state of blissful inanity.

"We comes here always once a-year," observed the lady, "ever since our blessed uncle Ben died as left us the 'nuity. We thinks it right to keep his death-day, and let him know we doesn't forget his bounty."

We made a remark in reply, intimating that we highly approved of this determination.

"To be sure," continued our new friend, "and we had this 'ere tombstun put up to his memory; for what I says is this, that it 's no right because a man 's dead as he should be forgot, partickly when he 's left you a 'nuity."

The monument in question was certainly of a curious kind of tumular architecture, and bore a great similitude to an empty ginger-beer bottle,—possibly, to imply the flight of vitality.

"We had decided," said the gentleman, in grave and measured tones, and speaking for the first time, "upon purchasing a second-hand warm-bath made of stone, from the statuary works in the New Road, that it might be like the sycophagus of Sir John Soane, at Belzoni's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the common people are an ignorant set, and would have thought it might be meant to imply that our uncle had lived in hot water."

"My husband," chimed in the lady, "thought it would be so nice to come here on a gipsying plan, and bring our cold meat—"

"No, my dear," interrupted the other, "no—not cold meat—here."

"Only he wanted the tomb," continued the lady, "further off. But, as I said, what was the use of a tombstone where nobody could see it? The side of the footpath is the place, said I, for real affection; and that 's why we had it put here. We bought these geranums for twopence a-piece, including the pots, in Tottenham Court Road; and them heads of brocoli was planted round, because he got the prize for the sort one year at Chiswick."

From this topic we gradually merged into general conversation, until at length, not wishing to lose the chance of a ride home in the omnibus, we left the cemetery. Some little time afterwards we visited it again. We found the tomb of "the uncle that had left the 'nuity" had lost much of its trim appearance; the 'geranums' had withered, and the brocoli had run to seed. We compared the conversation we had heard with the present aspect of the monument, and, looking to both, could not but confess that they conveyed a true idea—for, reader, this is *fact*—of the objects and end of the majority of interments in the metropolitan cemeteries.

J. Shallabala.

BALLAD LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

BY W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D. OF TRIN. COLL., DUB.

The late Dr. Maginn gave a new interest to the controversy respecting the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey by the publication of his Homeric ballads. These experimentally demonstrated that the Homeric poems might still be divided into such detached passages as were sung by the rhapsodists of old, the *ῥαπτῶν ἐπέων ἀοιδοὶ*, of whom Pindar makes mention, and therefore give strength to the theory of their having been originally a cycle of songs on the history of the Trojan war, similar to the English Garland of Robin Hood, and the Spanish Ballads on the Cid. This theory, erroneously ascribed to Wolf and Heyne, was previously advocated by Henelin and Perrault on the continent, and by Bentley in England; it was also maintained by Gilbert Wakefield, who believed that he could in many instances point out the connecting verses supplied by the editors, and from the volumes under consideration corroborative proofs may be derived, which appear to render the evidence for the ballad origin of the Iliad and Odyssey all but incontrovertible.

The entire external history of the Homeric poems renders it improbable that they were the work of a single author. All ancient writers agree that they were first brought into Hellas from Ionia by Lycurgus, and that the unconnected rhapsodies were first put together into a continuous narrative by the Peisistratidæ, who commanded them to be read at the festival of the Panathenæa. They were subsequently varied in their arrangements by successive *diaskenasts* or editors, and they received their present form from the academicians of Alexandria, who were the first to divide them into twenty-four books, corresponding with the letters of the Greek alphabet.

It is not inconsistent with this theory that there may have been an individual Homer, whose fame as a minstrel surpassed that of all the others who wrote ballads on the history of the Trojan war; but it is strange that nothing should be known of him personally—that his works should be preserved as a national treasure, while everything relating to the writer was forgotten. The name Homer signifies "a public reciter," and therefore was probably a title descriptive of his office or functions, like that of Homeridæ in later times. From the Odyssey we learn that there were many such bards, or public reciters, among the ancient Greeks, who sung the genealogies of the gods and the exploits of heroes at public festivals and regal banquets; it would therefore have been a strange anomaly in literary history if two narrative poems of such length as the Iliad and Odyssey had been preserved, and all the shorter pieces of contemporary bards utterly lost. Had these poems, indeed, existed as continuous narratives, the garbled extracts sung by the rhapsodists would not have been tolerated; and Lycurgus would have imported the Iliad and Odyssey complete, instead of the detached Homeric chants which he brought to Sparta.

The unity of design which some critics have found in the Iliad

* As the Miscellany is not a review, we cannot enter into any examination of the admirable collection of the Greek Classics now in course of publication by Messrs. Didot; but we are bound gratefully to acknowledge, that the scientific and truly intellectual system of classification adopted in the volumes has enabled us to examine the Homeric and Hesiodic cycles with greater ease and advantage than could have been obtained from any former edition of the Greek poets.

exists only in their own imaginations; the wrath of Achilles assuredly ends with his reconciliation to Agamemnon, and the narrative, so far as the hero is concerned, terminates with the death of Hector. In each book relating to the war a different hero is found prominent, as Diomede in the fifth, and Agamemnon in the twelfth book. The allusions to Achilles during his absence are few and far between; their character is such as belongs to passages likely to be inserted by the diaskenast when forming his collected ballads into a continuous narrative. The night-adventure of Ulysses and Diomede in the Trojan camp was declared by the ancients to have been a late addition to the Iliad, and it displays a want of tact not found in any other part of the poem. Diomede, for instance, meeting the Trojan spy accidentally in a dark night, actually addresses him by name. The ballad character of the Iliad is very conspicuous in Chapman's Translation, the best that the English language possesses.

Epic unity and completeness were not generally attributed to the Iliad and Odyssey by the ancient critics. Several epics supplementary to the Iliad have lately been published, to say nothing of the cyclic poets, whose fragments require a separate consideration. Coluthus's Rape of Helen, and the Homerics of Tzetzes, are professedly supplements to the Iliad cycle supplied by Alexandrian poets, who lived between the fourth and sixth centuries. Coluthus's poem was little known until an edition of it was published by Stanislaus Julien, the celebrated Chinese scholar, in 1832, based on the text of Bekher, which in the edition of Didot is improved by Hermann's emendations. As a specimen of his style may be taken the address of Venus to her attendants, when about to go before Paris in the contest for the golden apple:—

"O hither come, my train of Loves, attend your mother dear,
The hour that tests my beauty's power is drawing very near.
I doubt on whom that shepherd-boy the apple will bestow:
The patroness of every grace we royal Juno know;
To her belongs imperial power, all goddesses above,
And at her will she 's said to wield the sceptre of great Jove:
Minerva of the battle-field is recognised as guide,
And to the party that she wills she turns its doubtful tide.
But I, the Cyprian deity, no royal power can wield;
No bow I bend, no spear I shake, no falchion, and no shield.
But why despair? I bear a zone in which Love's potent charms
May well defy the monarch's sway, and the bold champion's arms:
'Tis from that zone to female hearts the stinging missiles fly,
From which they often suffer pain, but yet they never die."

The ballad origin of the Iliad may, however, be best illustrated by a reference to the cyclic poets. They derived their name from their confining themselves to the Epic cycle, which was to the early Greek poets what the Paladins of Charlemagne and the Knights of the Round Table were to the early writers of romance,—the only legitimate source of national, and therefore popular, fictions.

There were three cycles, not always distinct; the mythological, the genealogical, and the heroic. The heroic cycle was limited to three subjects; the Argonautic expedition, the Theban wars, and the destruction of Troy. These are the usual divisions made by critics; but it will be more convenient to suppose the existence of a Homeric cycle, a Hesiodic cycle, and what, for reasons which will soon appear, may be called the cycle of historical romance. To this latter cycle the poets called Cyclic properly belong.

Proclus informs us that the romantic cycle of fiction began with the

wars of the Titans, and ended with the death of Ulysses, who was accidentally slain by his son Telegonus.

The first of the cyclic poems is the "War of the Titans," ascribed to the Corinthian Eumelus. It taught the same principles of ethics which are inculcated in the Homeric cycle,—the practice of justice, the sacredness of oaths, and reverence for the laws of hospitality. It contained one singular passage, of which, unfortunately, but a fragment remains, describing the introduction of the worship of the Olympic deities as a religious revolution effected by Chiron the Thessalian Centaur. This is a curious confirmation of the theory that the Olympic gods were the national deities of the Hellenes, who came originally from Thessaly, as the Titans were of the Pelasgi, and that the fabled war between the rival divinities typified the contest between the two races:—

"His bland instructions first taught men the wondrous worth to find
Of sacred justice, and of oaths the consciences that bind;
What holy rites atone for crime, and win the Powers divine,
And who compose the blessed choirs that on Olympus shine."

Two lines of the Danaïs, a cyclic poem by an unknown author, alone remain; and there is not much more of the Atthis of Hegesinus, which celebrated the war of the Amazons. It came in the cycle before the Theban and Trojan wars, one of its heroes being Telamon, the father of the greater Ajax.

The Œdipodia of Cinæthus and the Thebaïs of Arctinus were the epic narrative of that magnificent trilogy, which is unrivalled in dramatic literature. A fragment of Arctinus gives a very curious reason for the curse which Œdipus pronounced on his sons; it is indeed one of the most interesting incidents in the cyclic poetry:—

"The noble Polynices then, the chieftain yellow-hair'd,
For Œdipus with reverence the royal meal prepar'd.
He set the silver table there which Cadmus had of old,
And serv'd him with delicious wine in precious cups of gold.
Those fatal cups, his father's gifts, the startled monarch knew;
Remorse and anger drove him quite distracted at the view:
Most bitterly he curs'd his sons, and vow'd revenge on both;—
The Furies heard that curse in hell, and register'd that oath;—
He pray'd that on no friendly terms the realm they should divide,
But have for their inheritance wars, murders, fratricide."

Herodotus informs us that the Epigoniad, a poem on the second Theban war, was by some attributed to Homer, but most authorities ascribe it to Alcmæon. The Œchalia, a poem on the destruction of that city, also bore Homer's name; but there was a tradition that Creophylus, the real author, once entertained Homer at his house in Samos, and that the poet in gratitude allowed his name to be given to his host's verses, in order to insure their circulation.

The Cyprian poems appear to have been a collection of ballads by various authors. One of these, Stesinus, had clearly the honour of anticipating Malthus in demonstrating the utility of war to remove a superabundance of population:—

"Men multiplied and fill'd the lands, so rapid was their birth,
They could not get enough of food from ever-teeming earth.
Jove pitied them, thus doom'd to starve, and in his prudent mind
To drain the surplus people off resolv'd some means to find.
'Twas for this cause he interfered to kindle Ilium's strife,
That war and death should lighten down the load of human life;
And so the heroes fought and fell along the battle line,
Until was perfectly fulfill'd the will of Jove divine."

A very graceful fragment describes the toilet of Venus:—

"Her vesture then the rapid Hours and lovely Graces brought,
O'er which bright wreaths of vernal flowers they curiously had wrought,
Such as adorn the sunny Hours;—the crocus and the rose
Twin'd with the modest violet, the sweetest flower that blows,
The hyacinth, and campanel, that hangs in clustering bells,
And bright narcissus, where the trace of youthful pride still dwells,
Their beauties wreath'd, their sweets combin'd, pour'd forth their fragrant store,
To decorate the flowing robe which smiling Venus wore."

The Iliad was placed next to the Cyprian songs in the great cycle of Troy's romantic history. It was followed by the Æthiopis; from which some critics have supposed that the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, and some episodes, including that of Dolon, were taken by the diaskenasts and added to the Homeric series, for the purpose of completing the artificial number of twenty-four books. Next came the little Iliad, by some ascribed to Homer, but of which most of the ancients declare that Lesches was the author. It brought down the narrative to the capture of Troy; but the destruction of the city was related in a separate series of songs by Arctinus. From the poem on the destruction of Troy we learn that the medical profession in that age was distinguished from the surgical, and deemed the higher branch of science. Arctinus thus speaks of Podalirius and Machaon:—

"Their father, Neptune, on them both illustrious gifts bestow'd,
But those of Podalirius the more important show'd.
Machaon got a skilful hand to heal a wounded part,
To soothe its pain, and extricate from flesh the barbed dart;
But Podalirius was taught the secret ills to scan
Which work unseen within the frame, and waste the inner man.
'Twas he who first the symptoms knew of fatal rage reveal'd
In Ajax, son of Telamon, lord of the seven-fold shield."

The Nostoi, in which the Odyssey was included, related the various calamities which befel the Grecian chiefs during their voyage homewards, and after their return. In the fifth book of the Iliad there is a very distinct allusion to one of these ballads which described the fate of Diomede; indeed it has all the appearance of being a quotation from one of the Nostoi as a popular and well-known poem. The cycle was completed by the Telegoniad, which described the fate of Ulysses. It is supposed that some portions of it have been incorporated with the later books of the Odyssey.

Though the Homeric poems were included in the romantic cycle, they certainly belong to an earlier school of poetry. The difference between the two is not very unlike that between the ballad and the metrical romance. The cyclic poets, like the writers of the old metrical romances, generally gave to their productions a biographical or historical unity; they begin with the birth of a hero, or the commencement of a war, and carry on the tale to the death of the one or the termination of the other. The Homeric unity, like that of the ballad of Chevy-chase, is dramatic: it refers to one great event, and makes the relations of time and place subservient to the development of action. But the cyclic poets were the successors of the Homeridæ; and the Hesiodic writers and the authors of the Homeric hymns may be regarded as subaltern intermediates in the degenerate descent.

A CAMPAIGN WITH THE CHRISTINOS,

In 1838 and 1839.

BY CHARLES F. FYNES-CLINTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Balls and parties. — Harassing marches. — A disappointment. — Taking of Los Arcos.—March across the country to Jaca.

It must not be supposed that we had nothing but marching, fighting, and knocking about at the period at which I write. Like good and valiant knights, we also had our gay dances, with music, and the bright eyes of ladies to welcome us after our toils, and to stimulate us to fresh actions. Such has ever been the received custom amongst gallant gentlemen, as all chroniclers, from the days of Sir J. Froissart to the present, do fully testify. After several weeks spent in the field, our gay general would march us into Pamplona, where he would give us a rest of a couple of days, and then nothing but gaiety went forward. The mornings would be passed in a grand full-dress review, to amuse the ladies; while the evenings were filled up with balls and lively parties; and there was to be seen Don Diego, with aides-du-camp, brigadiers, colonels, and a host of gallant officers, who, having thrown aside their rough and war-stained garb, shone out in all the brilliancy of the gayest uniforms, while ribands and crosses fluttered in profusion. But what jewels could glitter so brightly as the black eyes of the ladies, whose smiles welcomed the weather-beaten soldier after his toils? These little pauses in our labours, hallowed as they were by female society, were very agreeable to us all.

The time not spent at Pamplona was occupied in the usual way, —that is to say, in marching continually from one place to another, as the movements of the enemy, the escort of convoys, or the procuring of forage required. Cold winds, with snow or rain, were our companions on the march: forlorn and ruinous villages received us at night: rooms bare of furniture, and paved with stone, —windows without glass,—beds (when they were to be met with) dirty in the extreme; such were our quarters. An account of our marches would only be a dry catalogue of the various towns and villages of western Navarre; nevertheless such journeys and events as present any variety to the general routine I will describe.

On the 6th February we marched out of Tafalla, and out of Barasoain on the 7th, and slept that night in Salinas de Monreal, a wild village which I have described before. On the 8th we marched to Lumbier. The scenery on the road between Monreal and Lumbier is very fine, and from a high point a league from the latter town is a magnificent view. Lumbier, with its works and towers, lay in the plain beneath us, dimly seen through the grey morning mist that still hung over the low ground. The river Aragon waters and fertilizes the plain, which is surrounded by mountains rough with tangled forests. Far above all towered the snowy Pyrenees,—a bright, glittering wall of mountains.

On the 23rd, while we halted in the great plain between Caparoso and Peralta, we first heard that Maroto had shot five Carlist generals at Estella. These (who were leading men among the Carlist party) were Basques, and men who were determined never to make peace with the Queen, but to carry on the war to the last. Maroto was aware that as long as they lived he should never be able to carry into effect his object of making terms with the Queen's government; so he took the bold measure of executing them, without trial or prelude of any kind to his barbarous act, in the Plaza of Estella; then turning to the assembled troops and to the astonished people, he said, "*La guerra esta terminada!*"—*the war is finished.* Thus did he by a bloody deed begin those schemes, which ended in an act of cool perfidy and treason; for, six months after this he sold his sovereign, and passed over with his army to the Queen. Maroto is a *Catalan*, or native of Cataluña, and much hated by the Basques. He is a man of talent, and must have a cool, daring, and sagacious mind to have contrived and brought to maturity a plan directed against his king, against all the leading men of the Basques, and against the prejudices of that people and the priesthood. The natives of Cataluña generally are more resolute, sullen, and constant in their purpose than the other Spaniards—witness Cabrera and Maroto. When a man is ill-natured and obstinate, they say of him in Spain, "*Es muy duro, como un Catalan,*"—*he is very austere, like a Catalan.*

On the evening of the 23rd we lay in Marcilla, a village near Peralta, where I had not been quartered before. There is a very large modern *castillo* of some nobleman here, who is lord of this and the surrounding villages. In the house are many pictures and much old armour. The building forms a quadrangle, with a square tower at each corner, and is surrounded by a moat: in front of the entrance is a barbican. The windows look into the court within. In almost every village in Spain is to be found the house of some grandee, resembling more or less the one I have described. The rooms are spacious and lofty, and the buildings of very good and solid masonry. Those, however, which we saw in Navarre were deserted by their owners, and most of them ruinous. The one at Marcilla was inhabited by a tenant, and looked more comfortable.

Strange rumours continued to arrive from the enemy's country, and all men seemed to think that a crisis was at hand.

On the 25th the column lay at Carcar and Andosilla, while Espartero was at Lodosa and Alcanadre. On the 26th the division was formed upon the plain between Carcar and Lodosa, to be reviewed by Espartero. After waiting some time, Brigadier Picéro informed us in a short speech that Maroto and his staff had passed over to us, and were then in Pamplona, and that a factious squadron had entered Larraga, and surrendered to the governor of that town. Great was the joy at this intelligence. The Spaniards, officers and men, were to be seen embracing one another, beside themselves with joy. We marched to Larraga in high spirits, but next morning learned that the whole was a lie from beginning to end. How or why this extraordinary falsehood was propagated I have never discovered. Certain it is that it was announced by telegraph at head-quarters, and transmitted to Madrid.

On the 27th the division broke up from Larraga, and was cantoned in Carcar, Lerin, Artajona, and the villages of the Carrascal.

My own squadron, with that of the grenadiers of the guard and two battalions, was in Tiebas,—a wretched place, consisting of a church and a dozen ruinous houses, upon the side of a mountain ten miles south of Pamplona.

March 3rd.—We were all united again at Carcar and Andosilla. Espartero having also come up to Lodosa, a force of thirty thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and thirty guns, was now united upon this part of the Ebro. This looked like business; but, on the 4th, that active chief, Balmaseda, having gone into Castile with some cavalry, Espartero fell back to Logroño.

6th.—The orderly sergeant called me this morning at half-past one. No general orders had been issued; but, on getting into the street (in Andosilla), I found the troops turning out without the sound of drum or trumpet, and we marched in silence and darkness to Carcar, four miles, where, after halting a long time, we were joined by Leon and the troops who were in that place. Marching along the plain, we formed in order of battle upon a height overlooking Sesma, and the scene of our former glory. The enemy's videttes appeared along the opposite hills. The general and his escort entered Sesma, and, after keeping us in position two hours in the rain, he marched us into Lodosa, leaving seven battalions, four squadrons, and four guns in Sesma.

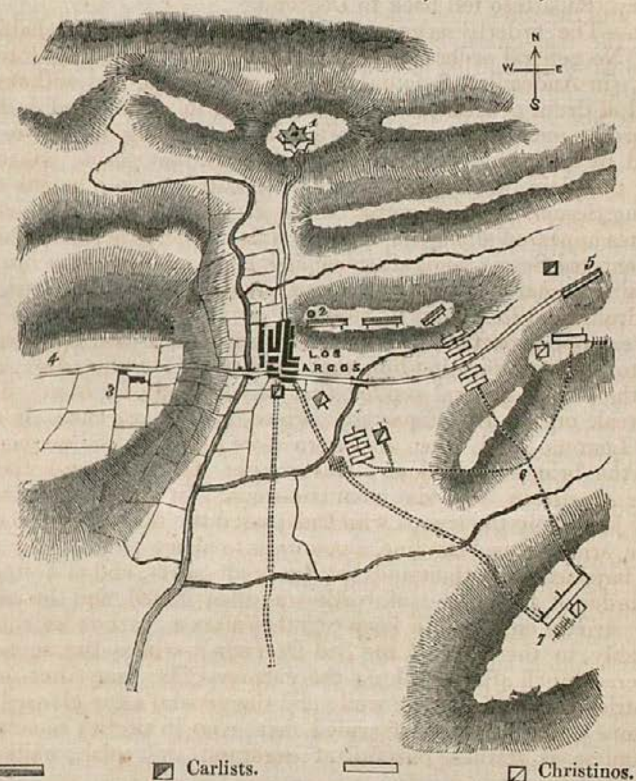
Every one expected a general action on the morrow, as Leon had sent to Maroto informing him that he intended to enter Los Arcos, and the Carlist general replied that he was ready for him. Before daybreak on the 7th, Espartero arrived, having marched all night from Logroño; and, when the sun rose, we saw his battalions pouring over the bridge of Lodosa. He brought eleven strong battalions, seven squadrons, and six mountain-guns. In front of Sesma we were joined by the troops who had passed the night there, and the whole army formed in line, amounting to about twenty-two thousand bayonets, one thousand six hundred sabres, and sixteen guns. The order of march and of battle was then issued, and the cavalry were strictly enjoined to keep together after a charge; an allusion, probably, to the affair of the 3rd December, where the squadrons scattered much after breaking the enemy. The army thus formed in battle-array looked very well; and the general's eye glanced with pleasure along the ranks of armed men, who in perfect silence, and motionless as statues, but full of eagerness and spirit, waited the signal to advance.

At length we moved off the ground, and directed our course towards Los Arcos, the enemy's horsemen retiring as we advanced. On reaching some high ground, we came in sight of Los Arcos, which was still about eight miles from us. Between us and the town was a swampy plain of corn-land, intersected by brooks and ditches, which flooded the country in many parts. The town itself lay under the side of a high ridge, which had an old tower upon the highest part of it, just above the town. A couple of miles behind this was a loftier ridge, upon which stood the fortified and impregnable convent of San Gregorio. Rocky mountains towered behind all, the town being surrounded by gardens and inclosures; and the hill, with its sides covered with tangled vineyards, formed an excellent position for light troops like those of the enemy: thence the retreat was open to the mountain of San Gregorio; and, if dislodged

from this, the sierras and forests in the rear offered a secure retreat. Upon the whole, we expected a formidable resistance.

Crossing the swamps with great difficulty, we halted upon a rising ground, about a mile from the town, to close up the column. We could now distinguish the enemy's movements. He had some cavalry in the open ground in front of the town; some battalions occupied the hill where the old tower stood; while a column was seen advancing on the road from Estella upon our right.

PLAN OF THE TAKING OF LOS ARCOS, MARCH 7, 1839.



Carlists. Christinos.

1. San Gregorio. 2. Old Tower. 3. Farm-house. 4. Road to Viana. 5. Road to Estella. 6. Leon attacking. 7. Espartero in reserve.

Everything being prepared, Leon began the attack. A mass of infantry, with some cavalry and guns, was thrown out to the right to hold in check the hostile line upon the Estella road. A column of infantry assailed the enemy's left, while Leon, with the heavy cavalry, some battalions, and the British guns, crossed the swampy ground, and marched directly against the town. The general-in-chief held his division in reserve. The rain, which had begun to fall when we left Sesma, now came down in torrents, and, as we were not permitted to cloak, (being in presence of the enemy,) we were of course well soaked. We formed again in the swampy fields in front of the town, the enemy retiring through the town as we approached.

Meanwhile the infantry who attacked the hill advanced steadily

forward, driving the enemy from all their positions. All this time we remained in a clayey swamp, from which it seemed hardly possible to extricate ourselves; and the enemy might have annoyed us finely from the houses and inclosures, if they had stuck to them. The horses sunk nearly to their saddle-girths; and in a squadron of cuirassiers, which was formed immediately in our front, I observed several of their heavy horses sink and roll over with their weighty riders.

The heights being carried, Espartero came up, and we began to pour into the town; but, though we entered about four in the afternoon, the rear-guard, consisting of a regiment of hussars, did not get in till the following morning, such was the badness of the ground and the confusion in the streets. The town, which is one of the largest and best built in Navarre, was deserted by its inhabitants; and a scene of pillage and confusion, which it was impossible entirely to prevent, ensued. The narrow streets were choked up with soldiers of all arms looking for their billets; baggage-animals, officers' servants, artillery and cavalry horses, were crowded together, while the rain poured down incessantly. The noise and confusion were terrible, increased by the din of breaking open doors, and by the shots from the retreating enemy. I and three brother officers, with two infantry officers, were lodged in a house that had been completely gutted by some of our nimble light infantry: here we lay upon the floor in our wet clothes. However, we made a roaring fire; and, as there was plenty of wine in the place, we thought ourselves very well off, particularly when, next morning, we found the unhappy rear-guard scarcely yet lodged, having been marching ever since they left Logroño,—two nights and a day, and half the time in the rain.

The house in which we were was at the end of the town nearest to the enemy, and at three in the morning (8th) they began firing upon the outposts near us, and kept it up till daybreak, which had no other effect than that of keeping us all on the *qui vive*. There was a general review this day; and, while we were all formed up, we were much amused at seeing one of the Carlists ride down the opposite hill, and fire his carbine at us. Two or three of the light cavalry went after him, but without success. The men and horses on parade looked none the better for their previous day's work. There was no talk of pushing forward,—our rations would only hold out for that day; and it seemed to be the opinion that we should retire on the morrow, having lost men and horses from fatigue, as well as left half the army barefoot, and gained nothing.

That evening I had charge of a picquet in a large detached house, the nearest to the enemy. Our videttes were posted along the ridge which we had carried the day before, and those of the enemy were upon a parallel height. I was much amused in going my rounds at the conversation that passed between our men and the enemy. They were generally little complimentary, and sometimes contained challenges to single combat, which I had some difficulty in preventing my men from leaving their posts to accept.

The house in which I was picqueted contained nothing but bare walls; the upper part was occupied by two companies of infantry, while we had the stable. I got a better bed than last night, viz. the manger, which was dry, and tolerably clean. About three in the

morning (9th) the enemy again began peppering away at us; but we were all desired to lie snug, and so they did us no harm. By daybreak we were on horseback, and patrolled the road towards Estella. We saw a Carlist squadron on the same errand, but retired by order without meddling with them. When we reached the town, we found every one turning out for a retrograde movement. We on picquet remained there till all were clear out, and then followed. Nothing could look more desolate than the town as I and my little party wound through the empty and deserted streets; broken pieces of furniture and bedding strewed about gave the place a most forlorn appearance. Espartero went by Viana to Logroño, while we retired to Sesma and Lodosa, without being annoyed by the enemy on our retreat through the swamps, which surprised me very much.

On the 12th we reached Tafalla, and late that night I received orders to march with a detachment to Jaca to fetch some horses for the squadron. Accordingly on the 13th, having waited on the general and received my instructions, I began my march, taking with me a sergeant-major, sergeant, and two men mounted, and twenty dismounted men. That day we went to Caparoso, sixteen miles. On the 14th we marched twenty-four miles to Sadava, over a dreary, desolate country, without a house all the way. On the road we overtook about thirty donkeys, driven by two or three peasants, and in an instant my men were all mounted, and a most ludicrous figure they made. When we approached Sadava, the bells tolled; and the people ran to arms on seeing our red jackets, taking us for Carlists. It was with difficulty I could prevent them from firing on us without asking a single question. The gates were shut; and, when we got in, the women were crying in the streets, and all in terrible confusion. At length the tumult was appeased, and they gave us good quarters. Sadava is a small town, inclosed by an ancient wall, while a large castle stands just outside the gate.

15th.—Twenty-four miles more of bleak and barren mountain-tracks brought us to Luna, a small town, which gave the title to the once-famous counts of that name. The people here also were much alarmed at our appearance; but, having no arms, durst not show it so openly as those of Sadava had done.

16th.—Passing over very wild mountains, we descended into the plain, and crossed the Gallego river, where we got into a level and less barren country, and reached Ayerbe, twenty miles from Luna. Our march had lain over rugged and difficult sierras, and my men had become foot-sore and tired; but I determined to push on to Jaca next day; so, pressing all the mules I could get at Ayerbe to carry those who were most tired, I began my march on the 17th. We soon began to climb the Pyrenees. On the Sierra de Jaca we encountered a terrible snow-storm, driven by the fierce north wind into our faces. The men were much exhausted; some of them, indeed, could hardly get on, striking their benumbed and aching limbs against the rocks that lay concealed by the snow. However, they bore up against it bravely, and before sunset we reached Jaca, thirty-two miles over the mountains.

18th.—I saw the governor, and received the horses, thirty-eight in number. They were French, and, though small, hardy, active, useful horses.

19th.—We were again on our march; but the men being recruited

by their day's rest, and mounted, we jogged along merrily. I determined to go by Zaragoza, as the roads I had come would have knocked the horses to pieces.

20th.—We went to Zuera, thirty-two miles; and next day marched into Zaragoza, sixteen miles.

22nd.—We went along the level banks of the Ebro, through Alagon to Mallen, a decent town, forty miles from Zaragoza.

23rd.—We passed through Tudela to Caparoso, forty miles, and next day arrived safely in Tafalla, having marched two hundred and eighty miles in the twelve days which had elapsed since our departure. As we had halted one day, it follows that we had gone at the rate of nearly twenty-five miles per day, great part of it over extremely difficult mountain-paths.

CHAPTER V.

Jolly life in the mountains.—Escort duties.—Skirmish on the Ega.—Operations on the Arga.—Battle of Belascoain.

When I arrived at Tafalla after my little expedition, I found the column occupying that town, and others along the high road to Pamplona. The day after I reached head-quarters we went southwards to the Ebro; then suddenly retracing our steps to Tafalla, we took the road of Lumbier. On the 31st of March the division was scattered along the mountain-villages, eight or ten miles south of Pamplona.

April 1st.—We advanced towards Lumbier, where the head-quarters were fixed that evening, the division occupying sundry small villages west of that town. In one, consisting of about nine houses, two strong battalions and my squadron were lodged. One house contained all the officers, and one troop of the squadron, with two companies and their officers: that is to say, some three hundred human beings and fifty or sixty horses were under one roof, and this an ordinary farm-house of Navarre. From this fact it may be inferred how large these Spanish houses are. Indeed, all the houses in that country are spacious and well built; and most of these Basque villages are composed of a dozen cottages, and three or four houses of *labradores* or yeomen. The rooms are very spacious, and the stables large and excellent. I have seen forty horses lodged easily in one stable. The reason of this abundance of stabling seems to be, that mules form the principal means of transport in Spain, few of the roads being practicable for carts; and therefore each farmer, and even cottager, has a great many of these beasts of burden. In the farm-house I have mentioned the twenty officers, two hundred and eighty men, and sixty animals, all lived comfortably enough for two days. We English had a long and lofty room, with a smaller one at either end. The smaller chambers formed our sleeping-apartments, while the large room was our eating parlour. This had a long table extending down the midst of it, with massive dark oak benches at the sides. The walls were hung round with our arms and accoutrements; swords, lances, pistols, carbines, pouch-belts, and *chapscas* ornamented the walls, while our saddles were heaped in the corners of the apartment. During the day we visited our stables, or rambled about the mountains; or, if it rained, we turned our great hall into a gymnastic ground, and had matches

at jumping over the benches or tables, sword exercise, sparring, and wrestling-matches. Meanwhile our servants were sent to market in Lumbier. We found a cellar well stocked with wine in the house, and ham, bacon, and fowls in abundance, which were not spared, as the village belonged to the Carlists. A fat young calf, which was found imprudently walking about the upper rooms on our arrival, fell a sacrifice to the keenness of soldiers' appetites, and contributed to grace our board; so that, with the mutton and vegetables (so famous in Navarre) brought from Lumbier, we made an excellent mess. The evenings were passed very merrily. After dinner, mulled wine and cigars were introduced, and we talked over our adventures and our homes till bed-time. Present enjoyment was everything with men who never knew in the morning where they might be at night; and therefore, like Captain Dugald Dalgetty, we took care to lay in a good stock of *provend* when we had it, as it was quite uncertain what length of time might elapse before we got any more.

One of our most harassing duties was keeping open the communication between Tafalla and Pamplona. The forests of the Carrascal afforded a good lurking-place for the enemy, and the courier could never go without a strong escort. Thus on the 9th of April our squadron and three battalions were sent out to protect the mail. This was not a four-wheeled vehicle, with coachman and guard, and the adequate number of horses, but a lad well mounted, and armed with sword, lance, and pistols, leading a fine mule which carried the letter-bags; which said mule was ornamented with bells, whose jingling might have announced her approach to the enemy a mile off. On the day of which I am speaking, the brigade and squadron formed in the Carrascal, while myself and another officer pushed on at a brisk trot with twenty men and the courier. We formed upon a hill about six miles from Pamplona, and waited, according to our orders, for the mail from that place. Presently we observed some horsemen upon a hill about a mile from us, and, after considerable movement and galloping to and fro, a body of horse and foot appeared. They were coming down the hill to attack us, and we remained ready to receive them, when a troop of cavalry was observed coming out of Noain, on the Pamplona road, which proved to be the return post. On seeing them, the enemy drew off, and disappeared behind the hill. It was an ill-judged thing to send lancers, or any cavalry who had not carbines, on these expeditions; for the Carlist horsemen always carried carbines or blunderbusses, and would come down the woody slope of a hill, or behind a morass, and fire coolly at those who, from the nature of the ground, could not get at them, and had no fire-arms with which to return the shots. When we got back to the Carrascal, the enemy showed themselves there also on the side of a hill, firing upon us. We scoured the forests in all directions, but in vain; so we followed the infantry to Tafalla.

The enemy, I suppose, were determined to show us that the operations of Espartero on the opposite frontier did not prevent them from molesting us occasionally. But we were soon to take the offensive in our turn; and it was rumoured that we were about to attack their positions on the Arga, said to be almost impregnable. The great point was to destroy the bridge of Belascoain, a work which I have mentioned before, and which formed the principal

communication between *their* country, properly so called, and that part of Navarre which, although equally devoted to the cause of Don Carlos, was intersected by our chain of garrisons, and overawed by our moveable column, and therefore only visited occasionally by the enemy's regular troops.

Full of high hopes and spirit, and in the finest discipline, our gallant division approached the enemy's lines. Passing by Peralta, Andosilla, Mendavia, we reached Lerin and Larraga on the 20th. At Lerin, as on a former occasion, we amused ourselves in watching the enemy's movements from the lofty tower of the church. The *curá* (or parson) of Allo, a neighbouring village, who was chief of a free band of Carlists, was observed patrolling the roads with some of his horsemen. Picquets and videttes were dotted along the country in all directions. The river Ega divided us, and the cavalry were ordered to go to water with their arms, as the enemy came down and annoyed us from the opposite bank. General Elio was said not to have more than six battalions and as many squadrons in front of us, besides the armed peasants; but his lines were very strong. The rest of the enemy's forces had been drawn away by Maroto to oppose Espartero at Balmaseda and Ramales.

On the 22nd, at five in the morning, the division issued out of Lerin and Larraga in two columns, and advanced across the level country in the direction of Estella. The columns united at Osteiza, a village on our side of the Ega, which was abandoned by the enemy at our approach. General Leon, taking with him his escort of light cavalry, the British squadron, two chosen battalions, and eight twelve-pounder howitzers, pushed through the vineyards and olives on the left bank of the river, and about two in the afternoon commenced a warm skirmish with the enemy. The bank of the river on which we were was much higher than the opposite side. A bridge, which had been broken by the Carlists, spanned the water below us; two roads led from this bridge upon the enemy's side: one to the strong town of Dicastillo, which, with a fort and fortified convent, crowned a hill on their right, a couple of miles from the river; the other lay up the right bank of the Ega to Estella, which was about four miles from us, and hidden by a turn of the river from our view. The ground near the river on the Carlist side was open meadows, and it sloped upwards, sprinkled with olive-groves and villages, to the Monte Jurra, which lifted its bare and craggy head to a great height, rising abruptly above Estella.

Our light infantry, pressing down the tangled bank, forthwith began a smart skirmish with the enemy, who replied as eagerly from their side. They were much exposed, being on more open and lower ground than our men, and we saw them drop pretty frequently. Leon now got his howitzers in a good position, and sent his shells crashing among the enemy's masses. A squadron that was coming down the road from Estella received one of these shells in the midst of them, which killed and wounded a great number, and the rest went about, and fairly galloped off to the shelter of an olive-grove, amidst shouts of laughter from our side.

The day was bright and clear, so that the smallest objects were distinguishable at a great distance, and the scene was lovely. The enemy's battalions and cavalry coming out of Dicastillo and Estella pressed down towards the bridge; the firing soon became pretty

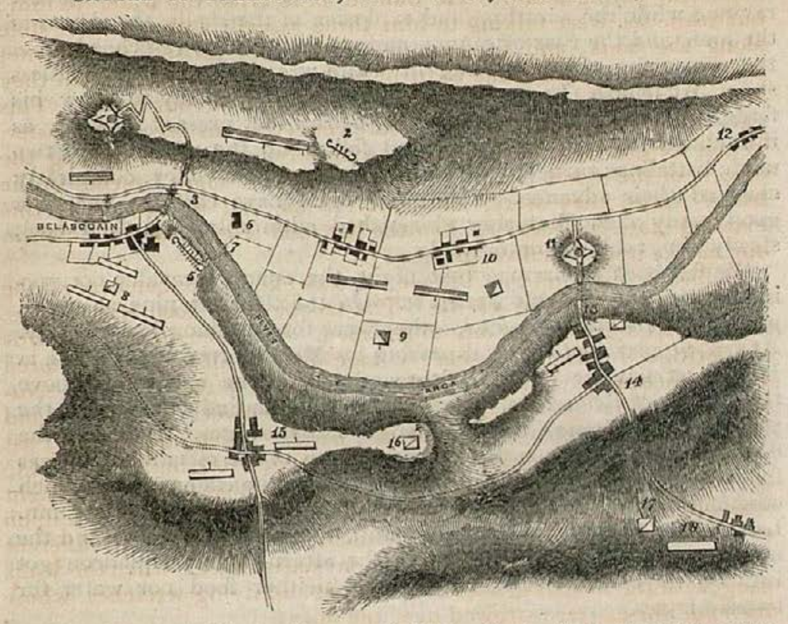
hot; the shrill sound of the bullets rung incessantly across the ravine; while the whistling and explosion of the shells, the shouts of the men, and the roar of cannon and musketry were re-echoed from the crags, the smoke curling in white wreaths into the cloudless sky. At length, Leon, having compelled the enemy to show his force, drew off. The Carlists, seeing us retiring, pressed forward, as if inclined to cross the river, and follow up the retreat; but two noble battalions turned, and pouring in a terrible volley, completely checked their advance. This affair must have cost the enemy a good many men; but they skirmished admirably, and their cool, steady aim, told also on our side.

We fell back to Larraga that night, the enemy's cavalry occupying Orteiza the moment we left it. On the 24th, at nine at night, general orders were sounded,—they were for marching immediately. At ten we marched out, and passing by Mendigorria and Puente la Reyna, at sunrise on the 25th we reached the mountains above the village of Belascoain. Here we formed, and advanced upon the place in two columns, moving along parallel ridges. Suddenly the deep roar of a cannon broke the silence of the morning, and was followed by several more reports. This was the enemy's fort, which commanded the bridge, and opened upon the head of the column. Leon, after reconnoitring the ground, fell back to Puente and the neighbouring villages. At two in the afternoon my squadron got into quarters, the horses having had neither food nor water for twenty hours.

On the 27th the squadron and a company of infantry marched out, and formed on the side of a mountain commanding the road from Pamplona to Belascoain, in order to protect a party who were employed in making the road practicable for the battering-train. Here we remained all day, and the general passed by to the front. In the evening we followed, and found him in a village on the Arga, opposite a fort of the enemy. He had with him his escort, the British guns, and three or four battalions. The place had been completely deserted by the inhabitants, who had carried with them their beds and effects, so that we were huddled together on the bare floors. Although the season was tolerably advanced the nights among these mountains were sharp, and the soldiers tore down the wood-work of the houses to make fires,—our only means of light as well as warmth.

On the 28th, at daybreak, the firing all along the outposts roused us. This day was employed in bringing up the battering-train from Pamplona, so we officers amused ourselves in reconnoitring the enemy's position. It occupied about five miles in length,—from the town of Echaurri to Belascoain. The village of Belascoain is on the left, or our bank of the Arga, and it, as well as the bridge, was swept by the guns of a fort on the opposite bank. Halfway between this and Echaurri was a smaller fort, commanding a ford at that point. The banks all along that side of the river were lined with breastworks. A formidable bridge-head, and a large stone-house containing mineral baths, completed the defences opposite Belascoain. The mountains there, and at Echaurri, rose immediately from the water; but between those two points the river made a bend, leaving a level plain between it and the mountains, which was covered with corn-fields, and enlivened just where the ground swept

BATTLE OF BELASCOAIN, APRIL 29–30, AND MAY 1, 1839.



1. Great Fort. 2. Mortar-Battery. 3. Bridge Head. 4. Ford. 5. Great Battery. 6. Bath House. 7. Ford. 8. British and Caçadores. 9. Corn-fields. 10. Ceriza. 11. Small Fort. 12. Echaurri. 13. Ford. 14. Uterça. 15. Hospital. 16. Grenadiers. 17. Lancers. 18. Road to Pamplona.

upwards into grassy meadows by two small villages. On our side, also, were two or three villages besides Belascoain, from all of which the people had fled.

It will be seen that to destroy the bridge and forts of the enemy, which was the general's object, was no easy matter. The larger fort could not be easily battered from our side, while the four heavy guns with which it was armed swept all the approaches to the bridge. Again, to cross a deep and rapid river, where the fords were few and difficult, and everywhere commanded by strong works, was also an undertaking of some moment. However, Leon had the advantage of numbers. The bank, also, on our side at Belascoain rose abruptly above the river, and would enable our guns to sweep the enemy's works at that point. The mountains rose on either side of the river, covered with forests of dark ilex ; and white villages, and farm-houses were scattered along the valley, surrounded by gardens, orchards, and patches of corn-land, while the lower slopes of the hills were rough with vineyards Through the midst the clear blue river wound, reflecting the oak, the birch, or the chestnut, with which its banks were fringed. The whole scene was one of exquisite beauty, clothed as it then was in the fresh garb of Spring.

During all the 28th the popping went on along the banks of the river, and I and two or three others suddenly found ourselves in the course of our rambles just opposite a picquet of the enemy. An officer who was near them called to us, and came down to the water's edge. He was a cavalry officer, very well dressed, and, moreover, a fine,

handsome young fellow. He wanted us to cross the water to him; but while we were talking to him three rascally infantry-men stole along the bank, and fired at us. How they missed us I do not know. We had just time to turn, and get up the bank, when they loaded and fired again, the bullets whistling over our heads. This gave us a dislike to hold any more conversations across the water. When we got back to the village, some of our comrades among the officers of the escort having found a table and some benches in the house where they were, lent them to us, and so we passed this evening more comfortably than the last, and afterwards lay down in our cloaks upon the floor to sleep.

Before daylight on the 29th we were awoke by the bands of all the regiments playing the *revéille*. The troops were soon under arms, and spirits were served out to the men. We then moved towards the bridge, halting at a small village about half way. I entered the little church, which was fitting up to receive the wounded. Nothing could be greater than the contrast between the bustle and noise of the street outside and the perfect quiet within it. I sat down on a bench to enjoy the calm of the tranquil building, and to give liberty to the thoughts which the scene called forth. The light was subdued and mellowed by the painted windows as it fell upon the carved altar-piece and the silent statues of saints. How different was that scene when I visited it two days afterwards, when the walls rang with the dismal groans of wounded and dying wretches, whose mangled forms were strewed over the floor!

Leon having occupied this village, pushed on towards Belascoain. The skirmishing along the banks below us was now kept up briskly, and a good many wounded passed on their way to the rear. The enemy had a tolerable mass of horse and foot on the level ground near the two little villages; and, seeing our column filing along the face of the mountain towards the bridge, they shouted loudly, their bands at the same time striking up lively airs. As soon as we turned an angle of the mountain, which brought us within range of the fort, their guns opened upon us. Our squadron and the escort formed on the mountain behind the village, while the artillery and sappers with some battalions entered Belascoain, and immediately began to form a battery. The rest of the division occupied the heights and villages fronting the enemy's line, and kept open the communication with Pamplona.

The battery went forward rapidly in spite of a galling fire of musketry from the bridge-head, bath-house, and parapets, and the shot and shells which came tumbling in from the fort. This was about ten in the morning; and by three o'clock we had mounted some heavy guns in the battery, and sent our twenty-four pound shot crashing through the roof and windows of the bath-house. The English guns, also, though much exposed, were admirably served, and swept the enemy's breastworks with a terrible precision. The firing, which waxed very hot as the day advanced, ended by the fall of night. We lay that night in the forest; and as day dawned on the 30th the fighting re-commenced. This day we had eight heavy guns in position. The enemy also got up three mortars on the hill in the rear of the bath-house, and shelled the great battery and the village with much effect. Much good practice was made on both sides, and one of the English guns shot away the flagstaff of the fort.

In the early part of the day, in spite of the crashing storm of iron which swept their lines in all directions, the enemy stuck manfully to their works, and crowded forward, shouting taunts and threats at the Christinos. Whenever a shot struck the great house a head would pop from a window, and a musket would be fired in derision. But it was soon evident that our heavy cannonade was telling. By sunset the bridge was knocked to pieces; the bridge-head and roof of the bath-house were completely riddled, and the English guns sent such a tempest of shot and shells into the breastworks, that the defenders were fain to leave them. Night again parted the combatants, and the watchfires of both armies glittered along the mountains.

The 1st of May dawned on the bloody banks of the Arga—a calm, grey, lovely morning. But long before the sun's rays had gilded the tops of the mountains, and before the mist was yet uplifted from the valley, the rattle of musketry resounded along the ravine, and a sparkling line of fire followed the windings of the river, marking in the early dawn the position of the contending parties. Soon afterwards the deep voice of a cannon woke the echoes of the mountains, —then another and another, till a ceaseless roar of artillery reverberated on all sides. A dark mass now gathering above a ford opposite to the bathhouse, showed that the Christino general was about to attempt the passage of the river. Supported by the fire of nineteen pieces of artillery, a light company dashed across the ford, breast-high in water, and carried the house in gallant style. The defenders were as numerous as the assailants; but, finding them forcing their way in at one side, they made off at the other. Many, however, were taken and killed. A lodgment being thus made, our troops rapidly crossed the river, Leon leading them on foot. The scene now became very grand. The great fort wrapped in fire and smoke, and the mortar-battery, plunged their bullets into the advancing column, while from our side nineteen pieces thundered in reply. Many thousand muskets also kept up a ceaseless roar, and, the valley being confined, the din was tremendous. The rushing sound of the cannon-shot, the whistling and explosion of shells, and the shriller whizz of the musket-balls, were heard all along the river, while the smoke hung like a thick canopy above. Meanwhile our troops, spreading right and left on crossing the river, and sheltered by a hollow road, maintained their ground, till, finding themselves strong enough, they at once assailed the steep and tangled hill where the mortar-battery stood, and stormed the bridge-head. At the same time our squadron dashed across a deep and difficult ford below the bridge, and a loud shout announced that the bridge-head was carried. The enemy, however, reinforced from his left, charged down the hill, and made some prisoners; but, being finally repulsed, he retired into the mountains, carrying off the mortars.

The garrison of the fort, seeing all around them in the hands of the enemy, and a strong column preparing to storm them, fled also, leaving four guns, and a great quantity of ammunition in the hands of the victors. Elio, who commanded, retired by Echaurri on his left. The smaller fort, with all that it contained, was evacuated at our approach.

Having completed the destruction of the two forts, which were mined and blown into the air, our squadron re-crossed the river at

night, bringing up the rear of the division, and annoyed by the enemy from the woods.

On the 2nd Leon completed the destruction of the bridge, and the enemy, who attempted to interrupt the operations, were repulsed with much loss by the English guns.

On the 3rd we marched into Puente la Reyna, and got into comfortable quarters, which were the more agreeable to us after so much knocking about. For six days our daily food had been a little rice, and a morsel of rancid pork, and for six nights we had not enjoyed the luxury of a bed, or taken off our clothes. Those only who have experienced it can appreciate the luxury of drawing off one's boots and spurs after wearing them a week without intermission.

Thus ended the battle of Belascoain, for which Leon was created Count, by the title of Conde de Belascoain. It seems to me that if he had pushed some of his numerous cavalry, with a battalion or two, across the river, and come in upon the enemy's left at the moment their right was so roughly assailed, he might have destroyed half their army. He would thus have dropped in upon Elio and the left of the Carlists; and the ground between the river and the mountains was very favourable for cavalry.

CHAPTER VI.

The Depôt.—A visit to head-quarters.—A surprise.—Sickness.—Conclusion.

In the good city of Tafalla, about the centre of Navarre, were fixed the depôts of the various cavalry regiments which composed that arm of the division of General Leon. That of the gallant *Reyna Ysabel Lancers,* of the British Auxiliary Brigade, who have made so conspicuous a figure in the course of this narrative, was there amongst the rest. Tafalla therefore became a sort of rallying-point to us all. Our letters were all addressed to this place, as to one to which we were certain to come now and then in the course of our rambles. A subaltern officer took it in turn to command the depôt, being relieved at the end of a month, and it was a rest which every man was glad to get both for himself and his horses, although it was a situation of considerable trouble and responsibility.

On the 6th of May I received orders to take my turn of duty, and leaving the column at Larraga, I proceeded to Tafalla for that purpose. My charge consisted of about sixty men, dismounted by the casualties of the campaign, and some twenty invalid horses, and my duties and life were monotonous and uninteresting in the extreme. There was no society in the town, all the good families having left it during the war, as I have previously said. The neighbourhood of Tafalla, moreover, although very pretty, did not hold out great inducements to stir beyond the town; for the immediate vicinity was filled with the bodies of deceased horses, who, having died in the depôt, were cast forth into the fields, the lawful prey of wild dogs, vultures, crows, ravens, and magpies. So that if one strolled into an inviting vineyard, or sought the tempting shade of an olive grove, the senses were regaled with the not very pleasing sight and scent proceeding from the bodies of those noble animals who had probably met a premature end from their too severe exertions in behalf of her majesty Doña Ysabel Segunda. If, again, the soldier ventured

beyond the precincts of this "Père la Chaise" he ran the imminent risk of being made a corpse by some of that young lady's ill-wishers. In fact, when the column was not near, roving parties of Carlists came up to the very gates of Tafalla, and some of our thoughtless Englishmen fell victims to their fondness for long walks.

My existence, therefore, was principally confined to the particularly uninteresting bounds of Tafalla itself—a dirty, ruinous, desolate-looking place, in whose streets you met nothing but a few invalid soldiers, a few filthy-looking old women, and half-famished dogs. The intense heat of the Plaza and streets, however, would at once drive you to seek the shade of your billet, if the abominable smells within doors had not induced you to prefer roasting to the endurance of them. When the column entered Tafalla, which might be one day in two or three weeks, there was life enough in the place; but during the time it was absent I was fretting myself to death with the idea that they might get into action during my absence from them. In this uncomfortable sort of existence at Tafalla many reasons for leaving the service which the bustle of my former active life had prevented from being presented to me, now came upon me in full force, and at length, on the 1st of June, I tendered my resignation, and, being well acquainted with the Spanish language, I determined, after procuring my passports, to proceed to Madrid, and thence by Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz, to England.

On the 18th I was informed by the governor of Tafalla that the division had entered Los Arcos, and was about to attack. I immediately ordered my horses to be saddled, and taking only my servant, I left Tafalla at four in the afternoon, with the intention of reaching Lodosa that night, and getting to Los Arcos the following day. It was dusk when we got out of Peralta, but the moon soon rose, the evening was delicious, and we trotted forward over the fresh open downs at a brisk pace. Nothing broke the stillness of the evening, save the hollow sound of our horses' feet upon the dry turf, and the jingling of our swords. However, no Lodosa appearing, I began to think we were on a wrong course, and after taking an observation, I perceived that we were going right towards the quarters of the Curá of Allo. As it was by no means desirable to arrive there, I turned sharp to the left, and after wandering about for some time, about ten at night the moon showed us the tower of a church, which I soon recognised to be that of Andosilla. This was an open town, the people were Carlists, and it was by no means impossible that some of the band of the worthy parson of Allo might be in the place. But it was getting late. I knew I had several friends in the town who were well-inclined to the English, and I determined to trust myself among them rather than to wander in the dark over the enemy's country.

I was not mistaken in my opinion of the affection of the people towards the red-jackets. When I got into the street the people crowded round, each eager to have me in their house. I selected an old acquaintance, by whom I was very well received and kindly entertained. This conduct on the part of people whose relations were serving in the ranks of our enemies, and who had been harassed by six years of war, oppressed by the quartering of soldiers upon them, by contributions, by the seizure of their cattle for the purposes of the war, and a variety of other miseries, such as those only whose coun-

try is the theatre of warfare can rightly estimate, was most generous. When I considered, too, that it was shown towards foreigners and heretics, I felt, and shall ever feel most grateful for the treatment I received. I knew their character. I had placed myself alone in the midst of them, and I felt certain that they would not betray me; and I must say that I always experienced, and know that my countrymen experienced generous and noble treatment from the people of Navarre.

On the 19th I pushed forward to Los Arcos, which I reached safely, to the no small surprise of the Spaniards, who would hardly believe that I had come alone from Tafalla, and seemed to think that by sleeping in Andosilla I ran a very good chance of "waking with my throat cut in the morning."

The streets of Los Arcos presented a very martial appearance — nearly fourteen thousand men of different arms filled the town. Nothing could be finer than the appearance and discipline of the division of Navarre at the time I took my leave of it. The infantry, swarthy and fierce-looking fellows, indefatigable in marching, and accustomed to battle; the cavalry, consisting of sixteen squadrons, well mounted and equipped, formed together a force which a general might well be proud to lead. The cavalry consisted of four squadrons of the royal guards; one of British; three of the third heavy dragoons; four of the fifth ditto; and four of the eighth light. Among the guards were men of great stature and martial appearance, and their horses were excellent. Indeed when this force, consisting of seventeen hundred cavalry, manœuvred together on the plains of the Ribera, the sight was very splendid. The different dresses of the troops made a gay appearance. There might be seen the bear-skin cap and blue and silver dress of the grenadier, — the cuirassier clad in steel, — the scarlet uniforms of the British, — the yellow jacket and steel helmet of the dragoon,—and the light cavalry clothed in green; then the lance-flags fluttering in the breeze, and the arms glancing in the bright sun of Spain: it was indeed a goodly sight. Nothing could be finer than to witness the whole column, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, advance in order of battle across those noble plains in the course of our field-days and reviews. The dark lines of the infantry; the flashing of their bayonets; the cavalry with their gay uniforms and glittering sabres; the guns, each surrounded by its armed gunners in close array, and followed by its ammunition-waggons; the tread of so many thousand feet; the tramp and neighing of horses; the ringing of arms—all struck upon the eye and ear: and when the bugles of the infantry and trumpets of the cavalry gave forth their brazen voice, "sonorous metal breathing martial sounds," he must have had a dull soul who did not feel able to "dare all that doth become a man" in such gallant company.

I must confess, however, that the Spanish cavalry do not deliver a charge as well as they might do. The fortitude and bodily endurance of both man and horse is astonishing; but both want life and energy in the charge. The infantry are far better than the cavalry. I have seen battalions in the Army of the North whose appearance as soldiers is not to be surpassed. I have seen both their powers of marching and their courage in the field put to the test, and on those occasions they behaved admirably. Indeed, in no part

of Europe have I met with soldiers to equal the light companies of the regiments Zaragoza and Princesa at the time I quitted the Spanish army.

The high name which both the cavalry and artillery of the British brigade held among the Spaniards was very gratifying; their gallantry in the field was never disputed, — that is, I believe, always conceded to my countrymen; but their orderly conduct in quarters, and their clean, soldier-like appearance, considering the circumstances in which they were placed, was highly to their credit.

Finding nothing doing, or likely to be done in Los Arcos, and that the badness and scarcity of water, the crowded state of the town, and the unhealthiness of the place were producing sickness in the army, I procured my passports, and taking leave of my comrades in arms, I proceeded on the 22nd by Viana to Logroño a distance of twenty miles, lying through a wild and picturesque country.

On the 23rd I rode to Calahorra, thirty-six miles, under the most scorching sun and oppressive heat that I ever experienced in my life. Soon after I arrived at Calahorra the money for the division of Navarre reached the same *posada* in which I had put up. It was contained in boxes carried upon mules, and escorted only by six or seven lancers, and as many infantry. Next morning I was awoke by the woman of the inn rushing into my room, and calling to me for God's sake to get up, for that we were surprised. I got up, and looked out at the window, from which I beheld a scene of great uproar. The horsemen who escorted the money were mounting hastily, apparently in considerable alarm; the infantry were examining and loading their muskets; women ran wildly about, shrieking, while several wounded peasants were led or carried along the street. Concluding from all these appearances that "the Philistines were upon us," I called to my servant, who slept in an ante-chamber, to saddle with all speed, and proceeded to dress myself; which being accomplished I took my sword, and went down into the street, and having at last succeeded in getting some connected answers to my inquiries as to the cause of the uproar, I found that my old friend, the "sporting parson" of Allo, learning that so many thousand dollars, with a weak escort, were passing under his nose, had (as any one might have expected he would have done,) dashed across the Ebro, at the head of fifty lancers, with the intention of capturing the said dollars. Having waited some time in the olive-groves between the town and the Ebro, and finding that the money did not make its appearance, the reverend gentleman rode up to the town, and amused himself with killing, wounding, or capturing all the poor, harmless, unarmed peasants that he could lay his hands on; and having disposed of above twenty in this manner, he retired.

Having waited till the storm was passed, about two in the afternoon I left Calahorra, and crossing the Ebro by a ferry-boat, reached Peralta. Here the town-major advised me not to go on to Tafalla, as some of the enemy's cavalry had been seen on the road in the morning. However, my horses were fresh, the country open, and the distance only sixteen miles, so I determined to take my chance. When we had got a couple of miles from the town, we observed a party of some twenty horsemen towards the Arga on our left. They saw us too, and made towards us; and as their red

boynas told at once who they were, we had nothing left but to ride for it. We led them a chase, in which we soon distanced them, and arrived safely in the Plaza of Tafalla about dusk.

Next day I began to prepare for my journey through the south of Spain, and was anticipating with pleasure a speedy return to my own country and home, when suddenly I fell sick of a low fever, very common in Spain, and it was not till the 16th of July that I was able to move. My plans were then changed, and I determined to get home as soon as my weak state would allow me. Travelling slowly over the old ground, Tudela, Zaragoza, and the Pyrenees, I reached Bordeaux on the 1st of August, and after resting there, at Paris, and at Havre, I landed at the Tower Stairs on Sunday, August 18th, after an absence of nearly twenty months from my own country. And so ends the soldier's story.

THE DYING CHILD.

THE night-shade had crept o'er the distant hill,
'Twas spring, and the eve was cold and chill,
The lone winds whistled o'er mount and steep,
And the day-bird lay in his nest asleep,
When a fond young mother, with aspect mild,
Wept as she gazed on her dying child.

With an eye too bright for a form of clay,
In its mother's arms the infant lay,
With its head on her bosom pillowed, where
Streamed its long tresses of golden hair,
Like straggling sunbeams of softest glow
Tinging the splendour of stainless snow.

Not a thing in that lonesome chamber stirred,
Not a whisper rose,—not a voice was heard,—
Nor a sound, save the gasp of the panting breath,
And the struggling sigh that heralds death,
The spell of that painful stillness broke,
Till startling and sudden the doomed one spoke.

"You remember a quiet green spot of ground,
Where the moss and the wild rose grow thickly around,
And a tall broad oak in its grandeur throws
Its cool shade alike o'er the moss and the rose,
Away from the hot sun's scorching glare,
Oh! when I am dead let me slumber there!

"Mother! O mother! my eye grows dim,—
Did'st thou not hear yon distant hymn?
Earth knows not the sound,—'twas an angel's tongue
Those kind words spoke,—those soft strains sung;
Calm and commanding, I see him now,
With the stamp of love on his dazzling brow.

"How beautiful! mother—his form divine!
How glistening and bright his white robes shine!
O sweet is the smile of his deep blue eye;
Kiss me, dear mother, before I die!"
From a cloud at that moment one star came peeping,
And the soul of the child with its God was sleeping.

Edinburgh. K. J.

PADDY CARROLL, THE PIPER.

BY BRYAN O'HALLORAN.

GENTLE Reader, have you ever seen an Irish piper? Have you ever heard an Irish piper? Do you know how an Irish piper lives? If you have seen one, he assuredly was a small, pale-faced, half-serious, half-comic looking creature, with fingers like drumsticks, and the bump of musical destructiveness as big as a potato on each side of his pointed forehead. But how an Irish piper lives in these days of cold water and temperance movements is more, I believe, than the poor fellows themselves can tell.

Paddy Carroll, the piper, was the plague of my life. During fair-time, at weddings, and now and then at a wake — for Paddy could play elegies better than Ovid wrote them—he was well enough, but when the boys were busy with the turf or potatoes, the girls preparing for station, and the brogues lay greased in the corner, never was there a more shadowy victim of blue-devilism than the favourite piper of my mother. Paddy and I were old friends; he knew me, I may almost say, before I knew myself; he played at my christening; his drone lulled me to sleep in my cradle; he danced at my wedding, when that poor girl — but I dare not look that way. So, to be brief, I think I ought to have been kind to my poor piper. Nevertheless, many is the good trick I played him, but all in a playful way. We are full of real jokes in Ireland, — a thing scarcely known in this matter-of-fact country. O! ye have none of the young life here. I tell you, ye were never young! That rollicking, roaring, heart-bounding joy which makes some days of our existence, like the sun-dance of Easter-morning, Nature's heaven-born revelry, is not to be found in *no longer* merry England. Surely when Nature gave her fresh milk of wit to gladden the young world, the overflowing cream was poured alone into the Irish heart. But even a joke may go too far, and tears fountained in mirth will, sometimes, find their channel in sorrow.

Well, I believe, the dickens was in me that fifteenth of June. I was wholly absorbed in business, when who should creep in but the piper. I accordingly laid down my pen, heard his petition, granted it, and, with the delight of earlier and happier years, listened to his music. But just as he was capering off, for the moment the drop passed Paddy's lips he became Terpsichore — the embodiment of ballet—well, then, just as he was wheeling away to the tune of Garry Owen, a thought entered my head, or rather, the old mischief-prompter put it there.

"Stop, Paddy, stop!" said I, "I want to speak to you."

The piper playing on reeled back into the office, and by a nod indicated attention.

"Cease your noise, man," continued I, "and listen to me: I have something to tell you which will gladden the old woman's heart."

He let off the last bar of his melody through the drone, and holding the rail which separated us, by an effort steadied himself.

"Well, Masther Brine?"

"Paddy, should you like to be rich?"

"Eh! thin, 'tis that I would, if I could come by the goold honestly."

"And, now, what would you do if you had plenty of money?"

"The divil a dhry heart or wet eye I 'd lave in all Ireland."

"Then 'twill be a merry time with us all; for you are a rich man, Paddy."

"Errah, is it me ye mane, sir? Now lave off yer jokes, if ye plase, Masther Brine. Wasn't it enough last week to make me as blind as Bahkus, and sind me across the herring-pond to England; where, whin I opened my eyes, God knows I thought I was dead and my sowl in one of the other worlds, and not the best one ather? Ah! I know ye, Masther Brine! I 'm up to yer thricks ye rogue ye!"

"Well, never mind my tricks; but walk in here, and attend to what I have to say."

Taking off his crownless hat, he entered; and after see-sawing to and fro for full five minutes, was at length prevailed on to sit down.

"I think, Patrick,"— I became deferential, —"you had a distant relative, a sort of third cousin, in the West Indies."

"Iss, I had, sir," said Pat, humouring what he thought a joke.

"You know, of course, he was very rich?"

"So I always heerd."

"I think his name was Mic Carroll?"

At this Paddy started, and turned as pale as a tin-plate on a coffin, and I thought he crossed himself, but soon rallying, he replied,

"Iss, sure enough that 's he, my poor cousin, Mic. But tell me, darlint, is there anything ails him? I am quite unasy! You look so sarious and pious-like, avourneen!"

This he said peering at me with his most roguish grin.

"There is nothing the matter with him now, Pat, for he 's at rest. He went off last winter when skating in Jamaica; and just before he sunk—for the ice is rather thin in those parts—he made his last will and testament, bequeathing the whole of his immense property to you."

"Errah, did he in arenest, sir?" said the poor fellow, half inclined to believe me.

"And this hundred pound note—" I held up one between both hands, and made it crack like a pop-gun,—"has been transmitted to us, as a kind of pocket-money for you till everything is settled."

"Give it to me! give it to me! Asthore! I should like immadiately to have a mass or two said for the repose of his soul."

"Ah! man, leave his soul in peace, and hear me. One of the executors, an agent of ours, instructs us to hand over this trifle to the lawful heir, when discovered."

"And very dacent of the eggs-ater. I suppose hins are plinty there. May the Lord reward him for his thought for a poor ould man!"

And then, leaping up in a frenzy of joy, which none but a piper and a poor man made suddenly rich could feel, he rushed round and round the room, playing away with the heart-thrilling energy of a madman.

"Compose yourself, Mr. Carroll," said I, holding up the note again to his dancing eyes.

He eagerly stretched forth his long fingers to receive it.

"A second, Pat. You know that I believe you to be Paddy the Piper?"

"The divil a doubt of it!"

"And I also think you had a third cousin, called Mic Carroll, in Jamaica?"

"Bad look to me if I hadn't. There now, thin, will ye give it to me?"

"A moment. Though confident myself that you are the Patrick Carroll, Esquire, referred to, yet the agent, to whom we are accountable for this money, will require positive proof."

"That a man's himself!" interrupted the piper, chagrined and disappointed. "I declare there was no occasion at all at all to be so mighty nice about the matther; but I suppose Father O'Shay's word will be enough for 'um on that score. But, won't ye give it to me, Masther Brine? Errah! do, duck, and I'll give ye a handsell for yerself!"

"I dare not at present, Patrick: but go home, and collect all the evidence you can, and then come to me about this time to-morrow."

"And so that's it, Masther Brine! Well, achra! 'tis a long lane that has no turning; and so good-b'ye to ye."

Thus saying, he, for the first time I believe in his life, left me dissatisfied, and with a feeling of resentment in his breast.

Well, kind reader, is not that a strange alchemy which turneth all things, even our inmost metaphysical convictions, to gold. Here was a man believing, or resolved to believe — which is much the same thing, that a large property existed, of which he was the heir; though, be it said in praise of his aptitude for knowledge, he had never heard a word of either Mic Carroll, the West Indian, or his estate, before that morning from my apocryphal lips: and all this at the sight of a hundred pound note. *Crede firmiter, pecca fortiter!* of a verity, Paddy Carroll, thou didst honour both ways to the national motto; for the firmness of your faith in the gold was only to be measured by the elasticity of your conscience in reaching at it.

Well, on he wended, comforting himself with the certitude and brilliancy of his fortunes; for, though of intellect neither subtle nor profound, Paddy saw no difficulty in proving himself *himself*. Not so Jerry O'Hayes, the schoolmaster, whom he met on his road home, and who, being a mathematician, a logician, and every other *ician* in the sciences, could not fathom a proposition so abstruse and uncommon.

"For, granted you are yourself," said he, reasoning from finger to finger, "and that every mother's sowl knows you are yourself, yet, as believing and proving are as different as cowld wather and whiskey, you'll find your demonstration no asy matter, I tell you."

"Errah! bad manners to ye!" said the courteous piper, "can't a man make it plain that he is what he is?"

"Where are your premises?" replied Mr. O'Hayes.

"My father and mother, of coorse," said the piper.

"Prove them—prove them, man! They may be a lie to what we know."

"My father and mother a lie, ye son of a w——, ye! What d'ye mane?"

"I mane, Paddy Carl," said the schoolmaster, who was too absorbed in the argument to heed the compliment paid to his mother, —"I mane, you can't asily prove you're your father's son."

The piper looked posed.

"And now, supposing you could,—which I deny,—then your father, all your great-grandfathers, and the whole of your paternity, back to Adam, should prove their identity, to uphould the link of the argument, which is no thrifle, I assure you."

Biddy Carroll, the piper's wife, a common-sense-like woman, with a grain or two of conscience, and a fund of religion, was quite taken by surprise to hear for the first time that her husband, whose relations to the ninety-ninth degree backwards, forwards, and sideways were as poor as porridge, had all of a sudden a third cousin in the "West Inges, as rich as Crœsus." Accordingly, her first exclamation was,

"The cross of Christ betune us and all harm! Maybe that ould croney, Deenah Feenan, put her evil eye on him. Lord save us, Jerry! he looks very quare!"

Mr. O'Hayes was too far gone in abstract cogitations to notice either Biddy or her husband.

"Oh! well now, d'ye hear that?" said the piper, who would not for the world have a doubt cast on the story before O'Hayes, "as if she didn't see me a hundert times over and over agin, spaking of cousin Mic of Jimakey, and how he ate off of goold plates, and had black sarvants in a state of natur', saving yer presence, to wait on him."

"And so I did, avourneen!" answered the wife in a soothing tone, and yet half swallowing the bait herself.

"But that's not the question at all at all," said O'Hayes, starting up from his reverie.

"Maybe 'tisn't!" was Mrs. Carroll's pithy reply.

"'Tis not the question in discursion," continued Jerry, in a quiet, inperturbed tone, "the true p'int which houlds the meeting is, if Paddy is Paddy or no."

"Is the pope the pope?" retorted the lady.

"Every one says he is, God save his rivirince!" replied her antagonist.

"Then ivery one says Paddy is Paddy; and so there's yer answer. And do lave off puzzling that mite of brain of yers, Jerry Hayes, with yer damonstrations."

Meanwhile Paddy's good fortune got wind abroad. No one of experience, or who has made a profitable study of the "*It Fama*" of our old friend Virgil, will ask how? or why? And so the news of Paddy Carroll's good fortune went its round, like the brass ball of a juggler, tossed from hand to hand, and reflecting a thousand false colours in its transit.

There was quite a levee at the piper's that night. Neighbour after neighbour dropped in—accidentally, of course, till the room looked like a wedding, or a wake, or something else equally droll. Paddy found his friends all of a heap; even those he had never seen, or who had never seen him, which is nearly the same thing, "claimed kindred that night." It is ridiculous to prate, like some bathists or pathists—take either term, the "ist" makes them all but synonymous,—of the slow and steady growth of friendship; nature and experience prove it a hot-house plant, with the dirty little worm of self-interest at the core. And had Paddy been spiteful, he might have paid off many an old score of unkindness that night; for where is the poor man, and above all the poor piper, who has not felt

"The whips and scorns o' the time"?

But be it said, to the glory of his true Irish heart, he melted in a moment, like a snowball before the sun ; he remembered no wrongs ; and he actually felt more eagerness to serve others than to exalt himself.

"Stop! stop!" he cried, putting down a debate which Jerry O'Hayes had raised in a corner of the room as to the best means of proving the difference between black and white to a blind man,— "hould that Bahbel of a tongue of yers, Jerry Hayes!"

There was silence in a moment.

"Give me the pipes, child! Now thin, to the divil with care! Foot it away, boys and girls! and, with the thrue speret of dance, bate the arthe from benathe ye, to prove yer immortal sowls by yer light leps to heaven."

Hugh O'Leary, who was present, then burst into the following song :—

PADDY THE PIPER.

"There was spreeing and dancing up in heaven that morn,
For the angels held coort whin the piper was born;
Necthar straim'd in galore, the ambroshee was natur',
And the Pathron himself brought a kag o' the cratur.
Sich music! sich manners! bad look to their aquals,
You 'd have met at Varsailles, Room, Mathrid, or Naples;
For the Seraphs, like gintry, play'd harps and pianos,
And the Saints sot all round with the ase of Sultanas,
Whilst the dacint young Cherubs footed it prettily,
With Widdys and Vargins—the crame o' the Litany—
To welcome this thrue Irish piper!

"Thin the christ'ning on arthe! Och! 'twas joy till yer heart broke,
Sich a pow'r of good humour in ache word the priesht spoke;
All the boys ran merth-mad, the girls, too, got frishky,
And the piper's ould sides bursht with lafter and whishky;
Till his riv'rince left joking, and, prim'd to the marrow,
Was rowl'd shnoring home in a dashing wheel-barrow.
Thin the jigging comminc'd! tantara! 'tis an arthquake!
Hearts and feet spring up wild to the thrill which the pipes make.
While a punch-bowl and bonfire, a song and a story,
With a few broken heads jist for frindship and glory,
Shaluted the young Irish piper!

When a babby, inshpir'd till his hair stood a-brishle,
He would play the jokaun* or the sakkymore† vhishtle,
Music's brathe was his life, from Jew's harp to trombone,
But his pride was the bagpipes' mayleefluous dhrone:
Till the janius one night—he could hould out no further—
Squeez'd his sack — and sich strains! O! 'twas madness! — 'twas murther!
Bowls and tumblers got tipsy—the pot, cutting capers,
Play'd *pookeen sooleen*‡ with the shlim rishin tapers:
Whilst the cabin reel'd round to the howl of ould shnarler,
And the pigs and the powltry danc'd jigs in the parlor,
To honour this rale Irish Piper.

* *Anglicè* squeaker. † Sycamore. ‡ Blind-man's-buff.

And sure Paddy's a scholard, a larnéd collagian,
With his rich Grecian brogue—the genuine Arcadian.*
Books, and bother, and tachers ne'er made him run crazy;
For the puric Doric reed was his *Reed-a-ma-dasy*.†
Thin his love—'tis a charm !—the melojus ould bellows
Blows the girls' hearts turf-red—dhrives the boys raging jealous:
But he softens their anger by gently distilling
Mountain-dew thro' their veins, till he spinds his last shilling.
Now up, up ! boys, and cheer him !—Hurrah for the piper !
Dhrink, dance, love, fight, sing, shout—Hurrah for the piper !
Hurrah for Pat Carroll, the piper !

And now I must declare to you, on the honour of an Irishman and a gentleman, that this "serious joke" was quite unpremeditated; a moment before starting it the thought had not entered my head. Nor should I have persevered, had not Paddy's aptness at roguery made me emulous to outshine him at least in talent for the humorous. The next day, when he called, I could perceive he did not come unattended, though he entered the office alone.

I could not help congratulating Paddy on his change of costume. Instead of the crownless hat, the stockingless shoe, and sometimes the no-shoe-at-all, and "the thing of shreds and patches," misnamed clothes, which, even, would not have remained on his back had they been worth a noggin, he was regularly equipped by his friends, and all in the Irish way too; one giving the "loan" of one article, and another, another. He had on a damaged, spicy-looking, white hat, which barely covered the top of the frontal; a pair of yellow buckskin unspeakables, newly washed, but too short at the knees, and folding over, like the wrinkles of bellows, both before and behind. The coat was an old red sporting-jacket, skimping in the sleeves, and studded here and there with odd buttons; while the waistcoat seemed to have been expressly cut out for him, with its great flapping pockets, fit for bag and bellows, if occasion required. He wore a pair of Hessian boots with one tassel, and a very high mohair stock reaching to his ears, and yet not high enough to cover the enormous shirt-collar, which stuck out on both sides over his mouth like the fins of Bloch's *Chætodon Teira*. The pipes, as might be expected, were left at home: this idle industry was entirely unbefitting a gentleman of Paddy's expectations.

"Why, you are quite the dandy to-day, Paddy."

"Now, don't I become 'um, Masther Brine?"

"You will take a glass of wine, Mr. Carroll?"

"Not a dhrop, thank 'ee, sir: there 's no speret in it. Musha, I 'd rather have one thimble of yellow whiskey thin all the red wather in France or Portigal ather."

"Well, as you like. You seem hot?"

"As blazes, sir. This chin-chopping crahvit keeps me in a strait-jacket. Well, now, I declare 'tis purgathory to be ginteel: there 's nothing like a free neck; but this is hanging in chains, a marthyr to slavery. To yer health, achree; and God be marcyful to thim that 's gone!"

While the piper was draining his noggin, I was planning how I

* Arcadum idioma asperius est, ut et Hibernorum; dicti ob id πλατειστόμοι, hoc est Anglicè, *Platter-mouths*, propter frequentem usum litteræ *a*.—Syl.

† Reading-made-Easy.

could best baulk, for the present, the expectations of his hungry escort, and at the same time sharpen them to a point of the most exquisite keenness.

"You must dine with us to-day, Mr. Carroll."

"Errah, is it me ye mane, sir? Now don't be making game o' me, if ye plase, Masther Brine."

"On my honour, Patrick, I really desire the pleasure of your company, and think a gentleman of your large income should be above vulgar acquaintance."

"Ye 're right, achra, ye 're right; and thim spalpeens afther me! I wisht they 'd know their places, the *feolochs*. Ye must tache me manners, sir: I 've a bowld speret whin put to it."

"I am persuaded you have," said I.

As the carriage that moment drove up, I had the best possible opportunity of giving Paddy's ragged regiment, now in a heap before the door, the *coup de grace*. I led the piper off with as much ceremony as if he was an old fortune or a young beauty. My brothers, who were bachelors, soon joined us, and away we drove as fast as good horses, an experienced hand, and a new whip could hurry us to ——.

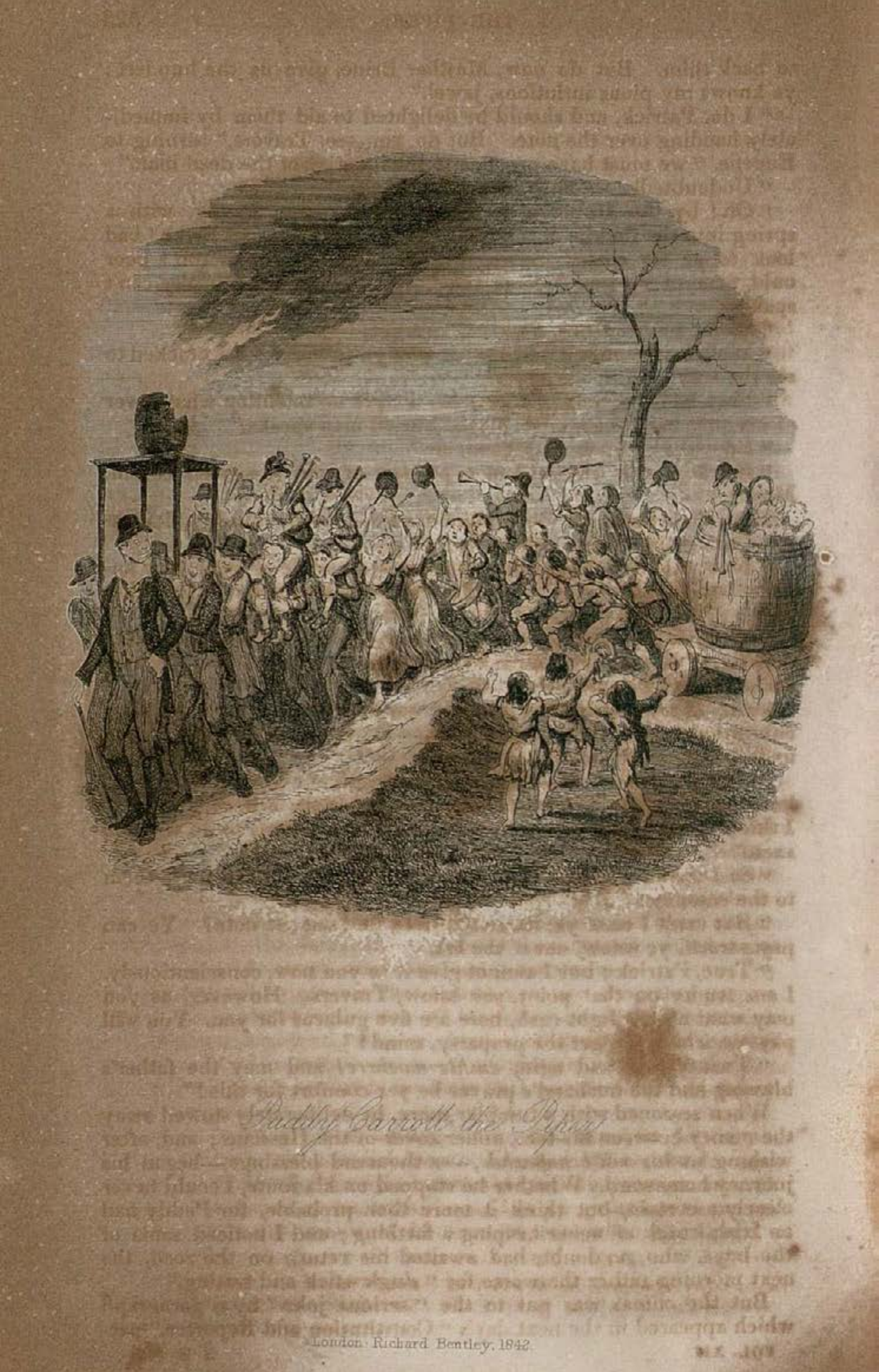
Oh! what would I give now for the hilarity of that night! We were "mirth-mad," indeed, and drew from Paddy every scintillation of drollery in his humorous composition. Of course we had company. To make Paddy merry was no labour against nature: a steaming tumbler or two brought him out gloriously. And to tell his blunders!—how he swallowed asparagus, root and all, half-poisoned himself with artichokes, scalded his throat with a devil, took *blanc-mange* for butter-milk, a jelly for frozen whiskey, thinking cook, among other wintery miracles of snows and ices, had congealed the mountain-dew into "a lump of cowld wather,"—however amusing to us present, who enjoyed his awkwardnesses, is too stale a jest, and has been too often served up, to please your dainty palate, most refined and Bentleyfied reader! One thing I cannot omit: we avoided making him drunk, and aimed only at extracting the rich honey of mirth which bubbled through every one of his veins. He danced and played,—we borrowed him a set of pipes,—and he sang, and laughed at his own jests and vagaries, till he actually floated in perspiration and jollity. When fairly jaded with active amusement, at a wink from me, all sat down to enjoy, by way of change, the "serious joke."

"Well, Pat, and have you the evidence?"

"Enough to satisfy the Pope in council, sir. There is Father Tom O'Shay's sartyficut,—he married the father and mother, and chrishened me; and there 's the ould gintleman's signayture in black and white for it. This is Nelly Malowney's—the craythur; she was the nurse-tinder, and brought yer humble sarvint into the world; and here 's the blessed cross of salvation for her name. This deeny little bit is from Jimmie Reardon, who stood for me, and is now throubled with the fallen-sickness, God betune us and all harm! And by it, ye 'd have poor Joan's, only she 's gone—may the seraphs give her pleasant drames this night! This is—"

"Oh! that will do," said Eugene Travers; "you are strong enough to weigh down the whole bench of judges."

"Och! I go bail for that, with the bishops and thir consciences



Paddy Carroll the Piper

London: Richard Bentley, 1842.

to back thim. But do now, Masther Brine, give us the hundert: ye knows my pious intintions, jewel."

"I do, Patrick, and should be delighted to aid them by immediately handing over the note. But do you see, Travers," turning to Eugene, "we must have proof as to the identity of the dead man."

"Undoubtedly we must," said the lawyer.

"Oh! by the Holy! d' ye hear that!" roared Paddy, with a spring into the middle of the room, which was large. "Errah! bad look to ye for chates and vagabones! Do ye want to rob a poor ould man of his own, becase the bones and ashes in Jimaky can't spake?"

"Come, no insolence, Paddy!"

"Well, I ax pardon; but isn't it enough to make a cat cracked to see the way ye humbug me?"

"Pray be calm, and hear reason. I have no intention whatsoever of keeping back the money till the buried man speaks."

"I declare ye're mighty good, sir."

"But I have in my cabinet a portrait of your deceased cousin, Mic."

Here Paddy ran his right thumb across his forehead, and muttered something about "Preserve us!"

"Now, all I require is, that as many as possible of your very ancient and very respectable family may bear testimony to the likeness."

"Why, that's anither guess thing, to be shure; but supposing they never seed him, which is by no manes impossible, how can they spake to his fatures?"

"Ah, man!" whispered Eugene, pulling him aside, "let them only stand out that the portrait is his—the dead tell no tales!—you understand me, Paddy?"

"Oh! I twigs ye, Misther Thravers," said our Orpheus, with an inimitable wink; and then turning to me, "Well, afther all, asthore, I think it will be asy for any of the blood of the Carls to do what ye axes."

"So I thought, Pat. They're an honest people—God spare them to the country!"

"But can't I coax ye, darlint, jist to lind me the note? Ye can pay yerself, ye know, out o' the lob."

"True, Patrick; but I cannot give it to you now, conscientiously. I am tender on that point, *you* know, Travers. However, as you may want a little light cash, here are five guineas for you. You will pay me when you get the property, mind!"

"Twinty-fold and agin, *cushla machree!* and may the father's blessing and the husband's prayer be yer comfort for this!"

When seasoned with a tumbler more, he deliberately stowed away the money between his toes, under cover of the Hessians; and, after wishing us his *mill beannachds*, — a thousand blessings,—began his journey homeward. Whether he stopped on his route, I could never clearly ascertain, but think it more than probable, for Paddy had an Irish knack of never keeping a farthing; and I noticed some of the boys, who, no doubt, had awaited his return on the road, the next morning rather the worse for "single-stick and trating."

But the climax was put to the "serious joke" by a paragraph which appeared in the next day's "Constitution and Reporter," per-

petrated, I believe, by no other than my mischievous friend, Eugene Travers himself:—

"It gives us much pleasure to inform all lovers of that truly Irish instrument, the bagpipes, admitted by every competent judge to be in power and harmony the monarch of music, that our old friend, Paddy, the piper of ——, has been left property, we believe, to an almost incalculable amount, in Jamaica, by a patriotic and discriminating relative."

The report of a moving bog or an immovable banshee could not have caused a greater sensation than did this equivocal paragraph. Not a moment, too, but teemed with fresh proofs of its unadulterated truthfulness. One had seen him drive out of town in a coach and six, possibly to Jamaica; others, who had witnessed the miracle of turning out money from old leather, were ready to be "on the vartue of their oaths before the mayor himself" that he was lined with gold,—"the rale ould Irish guinea-goold," even to the very boot-tips. The girls thought he had a wishing-cap, regretted he was married, and looked forward to the time when little Thady would be a "boy" for their sakes; but the old women, with more malice and greater penetration, whispered something about Mic Carroll, and, piously crossing themselves, hinted that Paddy had sold his soul to the devil, whom he cleverly passed off as a black "West Ingyman;" for who "on arthe ever heerd of a Carroll in Jamaky?"—whilst those who really got a sight of him kept their view, sticking on like bird-lime or hungry dogs, ready to snatch up the least scrap of his profusion or bounty.

As to the boys, they were too gamesome, and had too much time on their hands, to neglect the opportunity for sport. To work they went gallantly, headed by a fine *boy*, six feet four high, with the spirit of O'Neill and the strength of De Courcy,—the redoubted Terence Tyrconnell, who was the best hurley and the most unerring mark at a stone in all Dominick Street. He soon marshalled his men, gave to each his respective charge in a voice like a hurricane; and in a few days, just by St. John's Eve, there appeared two tar-barrels, cart-loads of bones, and piles of faggots* for the "fire." When these *impedimenta* were tied together, and duly hurdled, away they marched in roaring mob-order, with a din that frightened the fish from the harbour, and left the forthcoming *jours-maigres* to the unsubstantial fare of vegetable soups, omelettes, and potato-loaves.

I must candidly confess that Paddy was not altogether prepared for this magnificent testimonial of his fellow-citizens to his merits, and, perhaps I may add without breach of truth, to his fortunes; for he was in the rather awkward predicament of dead-drunk on Larry Hoolaghan's settle† in the little back-parlour, and had scarcely a sixpence left.

When the bonfire was lighted, and a few benches got together from O'Hayes's and the *Belcher* and *Franey*,‡ the reputable cognomen of Larry Hoolaghan's jig-house, the treating commenced. But Terence Tyrconnell, who, with the skill of an experienced general, did not allow the ardour of his men to cool when the drink, of

* *Hibernicè pro* furze.

† A wooden sofa. Sedes ad homines qui *locum standi* perdiderint (who are *settled*) valdè accommodata.—Syl.

‡ Two notorious Irish highwaymen.

which he took care to appropriate to himself a captain's full allowance, was exhausted, commanded, in a voice that roared far above the sounding rush of the blaze, the artillery-crackle of the flame, the braying of instruments, and the hubbub of a screeching, fighting, dancing, scolding, singing, shouting multitude, "The cheering!"—and forthwith a phalanx was formed that would have carried chaos and hell before it, had Tyrconnell commanded.

A lighted tar-barrel and four blind pipers were soon hoisted, and the musicians performed every unknown tune on all possible unmusical instruments: to wit, griddles, tin-kettles, horns, and wooden platters, with here and there a sprinkling of a regular fife and a genuine drum, got into order under Gusty M'Howragan, a discharged trumpeter of Richardson's far-famed company. This arrangement made, out drove in a potato-butt, from Larry Hoolaghan's yard, Paddy Carroll, as drunk as a piper ought to be on such an occasion, with Biddy and the children, even to the "darlint babby," seated on nature's easy-chairs around him. To unyoke the old stageen,* and for twelve of the stoutest of the boys to attach themselves with a well-twisted sugaun† to this primitive state-carriage, was the work of a moment for lads accustomed to feats of this kind.

The line formed, on the glorious procession moved townward, till the tar-barrel, burnt to an ember, was capsized into the Black-Water,‡ and sent down the stream to roast the fishes for the mermaid's supper that night,—till the aged pipers dropped off the shoulders of their *pii Æneades*, bag and bellows, into the gutter,§—till the musicians fell asleep on the road-side over their soft lulling recorders,—till the boys and girls filed off into the lanes and alleys to their straw,—till the sugaun broke, the horses disappeared,—till all vanished, save stern Tyrconnell, to wail over his destiny as mob-leader, when his great soul told him he had the genius for a field-marshal; and Paddy, his spouse, and the treasures, stuck in the il-locomotive potato-butt, to get home how they could at the dawn of blessed St. John's morning.

For a full fortnight after these memorable proceedings, which were recorded next day with the usual erudite and elegant *addenda* of the "all-knowing unknown We" of the newspapers, I saw nothing of Paddy. The truth is, he had so often been schooled by myself and family on his imprudence, that he felt ashamed to show himself after his recent fooleries. However, his amiable consort, who felt no such conscience-qualms, applied the full force of a tongue, of power to raise cucumbers in January, to compel him to action.

"Errah! what do ye mane, ye crowl ye? Do ye intind the childer to famish? As for me, 'tisn't the likes of ye, or yer sutty kin, I'd depind on. Look! see, Paddy Carl! I declare to ye upon my Bible oath, an' if ye don't put a bowld face an ye, and lave shilly-shally, dilly-dally at the dour, by the Holy Marthyrs,—God forgive me my sins! ye blaguard, ye! to put me in sich a passion!—but I'll desart ye, I will! and lave yer brats of childer to perish

* A horse not far from the hack's consummation—the knacker's.
† A rope of hay.
‡ The pure stream that waters the beautiful city.
§ *Hibernicè pro* "mud."

with the hunger! Ye vagabone, ye! to thry yer poor inoffinding wife's patience this way!" And then she perorated with a howl, in effect far beyond the Μὴ δῆτ' ὦ πάντες θεοὶ of Demosthenes, which constitutes the last stroke of the whipping that drove Æschines from his native city.

Paddy was off to Cork at daybreak next morning!

Most courteous reader! think not I began to feel no inklings of contrition,—no secret visitations of compunction,—no gnat-bites of remorse! Yea, of a verity did I! My conscience smote me sorely; and in a moment of resipiscence I made a vow to Mercury to discover all, and to make every possible reparation to honest Paddy the piper for not ruining him, and digging him an early grave with a golden shovel. This, indeed, was my most penitential, profound, and *passagère* resolve. But when Paddy appeared before me, with all the Carrolls in the county, male, female, and nondescript,—for, believe me, the epicene habiliments of some would have taken the needle-eyes of Aristotle himself to determine their gender,—well, when I had fairly in review this unmatchable pack of rogues, the very spirit of jest yearned in my *viscera*, and for the life of me I could not resist playing them off a prank or two, just to allay the ticklish humours of my quicksilver nerves. There they were, the burlesque of ugliness! Mob-caps, high-combs, blue and red cloaks, cocked noses, and teeth as long and yellow as the prongs of a salad-fork: this for the fairer portion of the group. While the gentlemen looked just as if Chaos had huddled together his most blundering elements, to fashion things varying in every possible degree from the whey-faced *shiveraun* to the potato-cheeked *bladder-um-skate*. As to Paddy, he was entirely chop-fallen; nor could all the winning frowns and affecting nudges of his amiable partner bring him from behind her cloak, fairly to the "sticking-place."

Looking as seriously as a bishop at grace-after-meals, I said, addressing myself exclusively to the bashful man, whom I courteously imagined to be visible,

"Well, Patrick, I suppose these respectable people are your friends, come to recognise Mic Carroll's portrait?"

Here I thought there was a sudden crossing in the company.

"Iss, sir," said Pat, peeping forth his pale face from the corner.

"Ould Kitty Haggerty, if ye plase, Misther Hal'ran," added the wife, pushing herself forward and her husband backward. "Honest Kitty will spake to him, for she knew him jist as well as her ould shoes."

I turned my eyes to the worthy creature to whom she pointed. A re-entrant-angle mouthed old crone, with cunning grey eyes, and freckles as large as parsnip-seed, who supported her sapless trunk on a crutched stick, which she struck hard against the ground as she advanced, presented herself as honest Kitty Haggerty.

"May the Lord God spare ye, sir!" said she, bending her death's head to the level of the crutch, and giving me a sound of the charnel in her voice, "I'm toult ye wishes to know of Mic Carl that's gone?"

"Yes, Catherine: were you acquainted with him?"

"'Quainted with 'um! to a hair in his head, agragil! and his father before him. Sure, wasn't we gossips at Darby Flyn's chrishning?"

"Is that long ago?"

"Jist fifty-three years to a day, come Candlemas next."

"Well, you have a wonderful memory, Catherine; I think you knew him just ten years before he was born."

"What d' ye mane, Alane?"

"Why, he was only forty-two when he died, a twelvemonth ago."

"By English reckoning, if you plase, sir," said O'Hayes, who was burning to put in a word, and thought his observation most opportune for the old woman. "You know the English miles are shorter nor the Irish."

"Very luminous and satisfactory, indeed!" replied I, with a smile at the schoolmaster, who was evidently quite delighted at the pith, point, and clearness of his argument. "And I suppose some more of you, as well as worthy Catherine, had the honour of knowing Mic Carroll?"

"Why, we 'd thry, Misther Hal'ran," said Biddy. "'Tis asy to know one's banafactors, avourneen."

"True," said I; "and now prepare to meet the dead man."

This solemn prologue startled the squad, but none so much as Hoolaghan, whose red-cabbage cheeks became lettuce-leaves in a moment. The crone was the only exception. Her rigid, blanched features and unshrinking death-fearlessness proved her vocation—fortune-telling, as I afterwards ascertained.

"We are ready, achree!" she said, in the same sepulchral tone.

Upon this I quietly drew from my portfolio a picture, and held it up to the gang, old and young, boys and girls, and all.

Intelligent reader, you doubtless have seen the aforesaid *tableau*. It is yclept "Puzzled which to choose; or, The King of Timbuctoo offering his daughters in marriage to Captain ——," a caricature inimitable for its racy display of the beauties of nature. There you behold the king, pointing with manifest self-gratulation and confidence to three *ivory-black* daughters; while the captain, a spruce little fellow, is fairly puzzled to determine which of the graces he shall make bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. At the sight of so much pure unsophisticated naturalness the girls hid their heads in their aprons, and the boys would have laughed outright, had not Kitty, who knew her business better, set up a *hullagoan* that would have brought the bones of Mic Carroll himself from Jamaica, if really there, and soon have attracted the town to my unpretending, quiet house of business.

"For God's sake, hold your tongue!" said I, "or you will ruin all! Not a sixpence is to go—these are his own words—to any one who may be foolish enough to cry after him."

Though a shower-bath of sorrows was in a moment before about to be loosed on me, had I now offered a pound for a sigh or a tear, I could have got neither, so attentive were these feeling creatures to the wishes of their deceased kinsman.

"You think, then, Catherine, it is like him?"

"Is it the black man ye mane, asthore?"

"Why, no; but the little gentleman with the cocked-hat in the corner."

"Mic Carl! Mic Carl!—'tis sure enough the dead image of ye! And I wished I may keen over ye; but the words of the dead are

like ould goold, not to be thrifled with. Eh! thin may the farmamint cradle ye, and all the Holy Innocents rock ye to rest, for yer thought for that dacint sprig of the family, good-natered Paddy, who won't forgit ould Kitty Haggerty, I go bail! May the Lord reward ye, sir! I 've done."

While this hardened old sinner was winding up the last thread of her skein of knavery, I occupied myself in sober reflections as to how I could best get rid of the gang, with the least possible loss, and the most possible amusement. I had it in an instant. Quitting the room for a short time, I whispered Con Rady, my groom; who, born to mischief, took his cue in a moment, and as usual was in readiness for a sally. On my return, Paddy, who it appears had had a lecture, came from behind his better half, and, in a tone between a whine and a threat, reminded me of the note.

"Eh! thin now, Masther Brine, and don't ye intind giving me the hundert? Errah do, duck! and I 'll pay ye what ye lint."

Before he could utter another word, or I reply, in rushed Con with a bundle of clothes at the end of a cudgel, and a howl like an Indian.

"What 's this?—what 's this, Con?" demanded I, in apparent amazement.

"Oh hone! oh hone! don't ax me, masther! Sure I 'm out o' my sinses! The ould man is gone!—he wint off last night with the cholera morbus, without lave or notice, or priesht or sacrament; and I can't raise a pinny on these duds of his to bury him dacently, though I stripped off his clothes, saving yer prisinse, ladies, to buy a coffin. And there they are, warm from his back," scattering the soiled garments, to the very gaiters, among the astounded Carrolls, and adding in a piteous whine, "Errah do, Biddy Carl, buy these breeches! Anty, dear, I 'll sell ye this shirt chape — he died in it, and 'tis of no use to me. Eh, thin, Kate Haggerty, I whisht I could timpt ye to have this flannel jacket."

"What are you about, you blackguard?" roared I. "Do you want to give us all the infection?"

"Murther! murther!—We 're kilt!—we 're dead!—we 're aten alive!—The priest!— the clargy!—Dig the grave!—Through my fault! through my fault! through my most grievious fault!"—and "May the Lord be marcyful to us sinners!" burst at once from thirty different voices, and out they dashed one over the other, not looking back or stopping, till, within their several homes, they found themselves on their death-beds preparing for the last sacraments.

I think I never enjoyed a joke more than this; and, as to Con, he positively lay sprawling and kicking on the floor for full ten minutes in convulsions of laughter.

But to return to the rout. I must avow my heart-felt contrition at having been the unlucky cause that honest Catherine broke her crutch, rattled her marrowless old bones against the pavement, took seriously ill, and died; not, however, without the full benefit of the *clargy*, which, God knows, she needed badly enough.

As to Paddy, he was fore-doomed; every step I took to retrieve him from his error was but a lapse made in deepening conviction. Whether it was ill-luck, or just judgment, or fate, or chance, or Providence, or what you will, I could never satisfy him that he was not the righteous heir to thousands.

He went to Father O'Shea, who advised him to give up money-hunting and go to confession. He went to honest Jack Sweeny,—our Irish solicitors are not all like this genuine specimen of an attorney, too noted for integrity,—but the sagacious lawyer, perceiving it was a hoax, and that he had a moneyless client to deal with, sent him straightway about his business, crying out, "Och! I see it all as plain as a pike-staff, the thief o' the world bribed ye to sell me!" He went to jail, whence I could free him only by compounding the debt which gave him so safe a lodging. He went to "*Dr. Commons's,*" in London, who was to show him the will for a shilling; but he saw too late that the chronicler of dead men's wishes was an *Inn* from which he did not succeed in getting *out* anything. He went up and down, and everywhere, like many more in the world, in search of riches, and found only ruin and despair. *He went—he went*—gentle reader, he went mad!

Will you forgive me?—oh! I can never forgive myself! My poor, my artless, my fond and faithful piper, I drove you to frenzy! And yet have I aimed at reparation. He is now a white-haired old man, in possession of good physical health, and as harmless and contented as a child. He imagines himself in full enjoyment of all he ever aspired to or toiled for. He conceives he is rich beyond the dream of the poet or the insatiable grasp of the miser, and plays his pipes with the calm delight of a mind at rest from its labours. As to Biddy, she is as kind a wife and as good a mother as affection and duty can make her.

EYES.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

From their sunny portals glancing,
Passions deep and soul-entrancing
    Shoot their arrowy beams
    'Midst purest crystal streams;
Or like fairy landscapes shining
Through the golden sun's declining;
    As twilight's placid hour
    Sheds its bewitching power;
Every grosser feeling calming,
Every sense of joy embalming:
    These are the magic eyes
    Youth claims—his richest prize.

From their deep and dim recesses,
Through thin silky-silver tresses,
    Looks melting in repose
    Their stainless thoughts disclose;
Telling of fond hopes alluring,
Ere heart-sighs were past enduring;
    Each feeling now subdued,
    To contemplative mood;
And, passionless, yet purified,
Like precious ore by furnace tried:
    These are the magic eyes
    Age scans with—hallowed prize!

RICHARD SAVAGE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Richard Savage takes leave of his patron.

But a matter of greater moment now solicited my mind. I must renew my search after Elizabeth. Dear, lovely, cruel girl! I struck my aching head with my clenched hand. I dressed myself hastily, and ordered breakfast in my own room. Scarcely was it dispatched when a servant waited upon me with "Lord Tyrconnel's service to you, sir, and will be obliged if you will attend him in his study at your earliest leisure."

"I was going out, but will attend his lordship directly."

"Vastly civil! plaguy polite! The sunshine before the storm! Let us see." I muttered thus as I descended the stairs.

His lordship was standing to receive me. He bowed gloomily as I advanced, his brows lowering; but he was very pale, with rage I conjectured, and my conjecture was right. We seated ourselves at opposite corners of one end of the table. I awaited his communication.

"Mr. Savage—hem!" he cleared his throat, for his voice was somewhat husky;—"Mr. Savage, it is time we should understand each other—that we should come to a *perfect* understanding."

"With all my heart, if we have not already done so."

"What took place last night," he resumed, "has decided me as to the course I ought to pursue. That is settled. And now, sir," raising his voice, "since it were vain—useless—to appeal to your feelings, let me address myself to your memory. Two years ago you were in great distress; nay, you cannot deny it. Touched by your misfortunes I took you into my house,—I allowed you a pension——"

"These are lies!" I exclaimed in a voice of ill-suppressed fury. "*You* took—*you* allowed!"

"Lies! Savage," he replied as furiously; "lies!—this language—"

"You must hear it, Lord Tyrconnel. But stay; it will be my turn to speak by-and-by."

"I took you, I repeat; I allowed you two hundred a-year,—I made you my friend, and I have proved myself one; and for this kindness, these benefits, what return have I had?"

"Return!" I answered with a "pish!" of profound contempt. "Return! and what return, good jobbing Samaritan, did you expect? What requital did you require? Embracement of knees, licking or kissing of shoes?"

"None of these, sir, did I expect. These would have been servility."

"And what, then, *did* you expect? Pardon me—I am curious. Your expectations, if you please."

"Gratitude!" he thundered.

There was something excessively ludicrous in the inflated appearance of the man, as his one portentous word was discharged at me.

"Have you done?" I demanded. "Are there any more counts in your indictment? Am I to speak?"

"I have more, much more to say—or had," he replied; "for to what purpose are my words?"

"Then spare yourself the trouble of uttering, and me the weariness of hearing, them. Now, O Lord Tyrconnel!" and I leaned forward on my elbows, and gazed stedfastly in his face.

He would have arisen, but I laid my hand firmly upon his wrist, and proceeded,

"You took me into your house — you allowed me two hundred a year! Do you think I do not *know* that to Mrs. Brett I am indebted for the allowance, and that she re-imburses you for my maintenance?"

He started up.

"By Heaven! a more pernicious lie——"

"Than you would utter were you to deny this, Lord Tyrconnel, by Heaven! was never uttered."

He sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing fire. He would have felled me to the ground, but I caught his arm.

"Infernal villain and liar!" he exclaimed, in ungovernable rage.

"Words, my lord, which I will exchange."

He wrested himself from me, and rushed into the middle of the room, drawing his sword.

I advanced towards him, my hand upon my sword-hilt. I released my hold upon it, and surveyed him for a moment, my hands clasped before me.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, with a grim chuckle, drawing myself up,—"oh! that I had in this hand at this moment every vile farthing of the money my mother has disbursed to you on my account, that I might dash it into that round, noble, booby face of thine! But if fortune has played me such a devil's trick as to have cursed me with a weight of obligation to so poor a swaggerer as thou art, run your sword into my body, and let out a life which is altogether too cursed in that it has been prolonged by thee! I give you but a moment to consider," dashing open my waistcoat, and approaching him—"are you ready?"

"I am no murderer, as you are, Savage," he replied. "Think of Sinclair."

"You make me do so — as sorry a coxcomb," I returned, drawing my sword. "Think you of his fate, and avoid it if you can."

At it we went like two devils, hating each other for the sins of each. He was an expert fencer. After a few passes his sword pierced my waistcoat, raking the flesh of my right side. At this moment servants rushed into the room.

"I have wounded you," said he.

"Not with your sword yet," I replied, rushing upon him and closing with him. "Off, fellows!" to the servants; "or you shall carry work to the doctor."

I said this when I had wrenched the sword from Lord Tyrconnel's hand.

"My lord, I pursue not my advantage. I shall not hurt you. This has gone far enough. Promise me on your honour that you will not suffer your servants to offer me any indignity."

He bowed in silence.

"Let one of them call me a coach. I myself shall look to what is my own in my late apartments."

So saying, I broke both the swords, and threw them under the grate.

"For all you did for me, Lord Tyrconnel," said I, stepping up to

him, and addressing him solemnly, "if any kindness — benefit, if you please, — *did* ever proceed from you, while it was done with delicacy, I thank you."

With this I stalked away, leaving him in my eyes, and perhaps in his own, a very pitiful figure.

My wardrobe was soon packed, my small property collected. Splendour — competence — these are very well. God be with them, and those that have them! But, while I had them, God knows I purchased them too dearly.

CHAPTER XXXV.

An abrupt determination to make an end of his narrative, and a partial disclosure of several wretched particulars, which seem to make it expedient so to do.

Lord Tyrconnel shortly after our quarrel, with a baseness all his own, under pretence that I owed him money, that is to say, converting the allowance I had received from him into a debt, seized upon every article I possessed, even to my clothes, at my new lodgings. I was speedily reduced once more to want. My best friends, Mrs. Oldfield and Mr. Wilks, had died a few months before. My pension, therefore, ceased; and assistance was at an end from a man who never refused me a guinea in his life, and whose beneficence, sometimes declined, was never to be denied.

In the meanwhile I did not forget my mother. Prudence might have whispered to me,—but when were prudence and Richard Savage on speaking terms? My purpose now was to make her feel; and the method of doing so that first suggested itself to me was similar to that I had before resolved upon putting in practice.

A poem entitled "The Bastard" was the result; and never was bolt shot that went more directly to its aim. From this poem, although I obtained plenty of empty praise for it, I secured no solid pudding.

In the course of a few months, when the blaze of admiration had died away, and my acquaintances began to think more of their own pockets and less of mine, I was again reduced to sound the depths and shallows of human misery. At length Mr. Strong of the Post Office —my friend (*once* he was a true one!), took me as an inmate into his house, and kindly entertained me. The concluding paragraph of my poem of "The Bastard" contained an eulogium upon Queen Caroline, with a pleading hope, artfully and pathetically expressed, that in her gracious beneficence I should find what fate or fortune had denied to me—the tenderness of a mother.

The Queen was pleased to accept my verses very graciously, and to order that the sum of fifty pounds should be paid to me annually. Her Majesty accompanied the gift with a permission, which was a command, that I should every year supply a similar tribute. This pension I received till her death. Between the time of its grant and of its surcease, beside the annual panegyrics, which, to say the truth, were hardly better than Cibber's better-paid performances, I wrote two poems of some length and pretensions, —"The Progress of a Divine," and "On Public Spirit with regard to Public Works."

No life of Richard Savage must be written by him, short as was the portion of it in which he was so happy as to enjoy thy company, without a notice, Samuel Johnson, of thee!

I was introduced to Johnson by Cave, for whom I had from time to time written various trifles in the Gentleman's Magazine. I found

him manly, humane, and sincere; learned without ostentation; when serious, without moroseness; when cheerful, without levity. My life had passed among men — his had lain among books; yet he had, and has, more wit than any man I ever knew, and a more comprehensive and, at the same time, a more accurate knowledge of human nature. We soon became intimate. He regarded me, and I loved him. We were both alike miserably poor; and poverty is a strong cement to friendship. How oft have we—I was going to use Tyrconnel's word —prowled, but no, paraded the streets from midnight till "morn in amice gray" arose, and lighted upon the lids of sluggish slaves a-bed, (what cared we for beds, who had none?) and bade them rise. No murmurings—no repinings were ours at dispensations of Providence, at unequal distributions of worldly goods and blessings; but, in their stead, philosophy, literature, politics — these were our themes. We have many times saved the nation without a farthing in our pockets, and tranquillized Europe while our teeth were chattering in our heads. Those nights had a relish of happiness in them even at the time; the memory of them now is precious to me.

I waited some considerable time after the Queen's death, in expectation that my pension would be paid to me as before. The allowance made by her Majesty to others had, as I was told, been continued. Wearied at length, and not so fearful that I had been overlooked as suspecting I had been purposely neglected, I waited upon Sir Robert Walpole at his levee, and in no obsequious manner demanded to know the reason of the discontinuance of my pension. He gave me to understand that I was no longer to expect it; but declined to satisfy me as to the reason why it was withheld. Upon this, I took the opportunity of reproaching him, in no measured terms, for his perfidiousness; for this man had, three years before, voluntarily renewed the promise he had made to me when I lived with Lord Tyrconnel of giving me an appointment; which promise, I need not add, he had never fulfilled.

I left him in a rage; his cringing sycophants, with whom the chamber was crowded, making an instant alley for me as I passed, and wondering, doubtless, whence the maniac could have sprung bold enough to beard a minister in his own house.

My affairs were now in a disastrous plight. My friends were becoming tired of extending their aid, and I had been long sick of receiving their assistance. Some urged me to a resolute exercise of my talents. Johnson was of the number of these. He was young, and knew not the crushing operations of necessity.

Well, at last I was reduced to the utmost extremity. From my best friends, or rather from those who best had it in their power to serve me, I had kept the knowledge of my miserable condition as long as I could; but it was no longer a secret. In this imminence of my affairs, several of them, including Sir Edward Langley and Burridge, met together to devise some plan for my relief. They proposed amongst them to subscribe fifty guineas a year for me, (Mr. Pope having offered himself to pay twenty guineas out of it,) on condition that I would leave London, under a promise never to return, and retire into Wales, where living, they said, (and life, they might have added,) was cheap. Langley was deputed to make this proposition to me.

I resisted the proposition with firmness, which they termed obstinacy; and with warmth, which they called indignation. I pleaded, which was true, that I had already made some progress in a second tragedy, on the subject of Sir Thomas Overbury; that I could proceed

with it more to my own satisfaction in London, where I had friends; that, when completed, I should be on the spot to superintend its preparation at the theatre; that I had no passion for the country; and, finally, that I did not care to receive anything at the hands of men who proposed at the same time to tie *my* hands.

I paid my respects to Mr. Pope, who had expressed a wish to see me. He received me with his usual gentle kindness. To borrow a word from the nursery, his *fractious* peevishness, of which the world has heard so much—a consequence of his wretched health—was never exhibited before me. During a considerable time we discoursed of general or of indifferent things, Pope evidently reluctant to enter upon the business for which he had summoned me thither. At length he walked to an adjoining table, from which he took an open letter.

"This," said he, re-seating himself, "is a letter I have taken the liberty of writing for you." He hesitated, and turned slightly pale—Pope always turned pale when he should have blushed. "I think," he resumed, "it is nearly what you yourself would write. You can copy it here. You know Sir William Lemon?"

"I do."

"It is to him—to be shown to Lord Tyrconnel."

What!—any man to take a pen between his fingers, and form letters, and frame words, and connect sentences, and express sentiments, or opinions, or feelings in my name, and without consulting me! I received the letter into my hand with a very ill grace. But when I came to read it!—why, this was one of the vilest letters! I blushed for Pope—I could do nothing for a time but blush.

"This letter," I said at last, "is to Sir William Lemon. In it I confess my sorrow that I offended Lord Tyrconnel. I feel none. I beg his pardon! I will not. Upon my honour, Mr. Pope, I take this letter to be remarkably small. Suppose I tear it into very small pieces, and fling it out of your window?"—and I did so.

Pope attempted to excuse himself, but lamely; and afterwards to rally me upon my pride, but very awkwardly.

I wonder Pope bore with my plain speech as he did. But what is a man to do or to say—a man of sense and feeling—when it is shown to him all on a sudden that he has done a very foolish thing, and has just been counselling his friend to do a very base one? Without entering, therefore, perhaps, into my feelings, or appeasing them, he saw at once the reasonableness of my objections, and agreed with me that the letter was rightly destroyed; and assuring me of his continued friendship, and that I might rely upon twenty guineas a-year from him, he permitted me to depart. But not these assurances could heal the wound he had inflicted upon me.

I could not help relating the substance of this interview to Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson," said I, in conclusion, "had fortune treated you as she has dealt by me, and you had been requested to transcribe such a letter, believing the appeal made in it would prove successful, would you have done so?"

He made one of his ugly, majestic faces, threw his arms up into the air, and took the room in three giant strides.

"No!" in a burst of thunder—"No! I would not."

"And you do not think the better of Pope for urging me to do so?"

"I admire Pope, Mr. Savage; you know it. He is a man of genius. But, sir, I do *not* think the better of Pope—I think very much the worse of Pope."

A JUNIOR BARRISTER.

My dear friend,

It is now five-and-twenty years since you requested me on the day of my call to let you know when I had anything to do, and I write after the expiration of a quarter of a century to redeem my promise. Though a member of Lincoln's Inn, the colour of my hair would indicate that I am a junior of Gray's; but, as I have this day had to get up in court, I shall probably be regarded as a rising young man, and, though I have not before been upon my legs, I am at least a barrister of considerable standing. Our profession, my dear friend, is acquired by eating six-and-thirty dinners, which I am not astonished should be regarded as a very great achievement, considering the great difficulty that is experienced in performing the same feat after being called, if a man has nothing but his professional earning to depend upon.

It is a very odd fact that a combination of causes, added to the absence of any cause at all, has prevented my rising to that eminence which you were so good as to predict for me. You told me I should sit upon the bench, and so far you were right, for I took the liberty of doing so one morning, before any one had come into the court, and I tried my hand by delivering an elaborate judgment on the imaginary case of Doe *versus* Roe, in which I flatter myself that I did ample justice to both parties. I had just decided that Doe might have a rule *nisi*, when I caught the eye of the usher, who was laying out the pens and ink for the Queen's counsel; upon which I bolted precipitately from the bench, and rushed as if nothing had happened into the robing-room.

I must, however, tell you the result of my first speech; for, while some are always upon their legs, as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, I, since I have been upon my own hands, have never until this day had an opportunity of moving. My instructions were to get a rule to compute made absolute upon the usual affidavit, a motion which is generally granted, upon its object being stated, in about six words; but you, my friend, had told me never to throw a chance away, and I was resolved, now the chance had come, to make the most of it. I commenced by a powerful panegyric on the supremacy of the law, and I then turned felicitously off into a complimentary strain on the purity of the judges. His lordship began to betray some impatience; but, attributing this to his modesty, I became warmer and more enthusiastic in my eulogies, and, my wit becoming playful, I declared that, in contrasting the purity of Cotten*ham* with the shocking corruption of *Bacon*, I could not, as I was not in the Court of Chancery, be suspected of *gammon*. The Judge at this point angrily interrupted me; but this I attribute to his being a Tory, who could not bear to listen to a compliment bestowed on a Whig Chancellor. Such, my dear friend, is political venom. It wrinkles the brow of justice, and spirts forth from the mouth of dignity to poison the fountain of genius. I felt the check, my friend; but I had accomplished my purpose. I had framed my exordium on the principles laid down in Blair; and, if I felt abashed as a man, I knew I had reason to be proud as an orator.

I then took a rapid glance at the nature of rules in general, and was about to enter particularly into the peculiarities of the rule to compute, when the Judge, boiling over with political spleen, desired me to "read my affidavit." "What!" thought I, "is it thus that genius is encouraged by the great luminaries of the law?" — and I could not help mentally ejaculating "How would the man before me ever have reached his present position, if, whenever he commenced a rhetorical display, he had been coldly desired to 'read his affidavit!'" This was too much;—my hand trembled, my instructions fell from my grasp. They were picked up by the usher, handed to the Bench,—perused by the Judge,— and such was the innate excellence of my case, that all that had passed could not prevent the rule from being granted. "You may take your rule, sir," said the Judge; and I left the court with the conviction, that, though cruelly snubbed as a man, I had at least been triumphant as an advocate.

I returned to my chambers, and found my boy—figuratively called my clerk—playing at leap-frog with some chits in the court, which, I regret to say, is Chitty's General Practice.

I composed myself, my dear friend, in the hope that, though ill-treated by the Bench, I should at least have justice done me by the reports in the newspapers. The next day came, and I perused the following paragraph:—

"Bail Court.—A learned gentleman, whose name we could not catch, in applying for a rule to compute, made a series of observations that would induce the suspicion that he was not in his right senses."

Ha! ha! my friend, hear that! "Not in his senses!" No!— it is ever thus. Genius is always madness; is it not, my friend? Galileo was regarded as a maniac, and it is not surprising that such should be the character assigned by a cold unfeeling world to

Your friend,

Barnaby Briefless.

THE PERSIAN SPY.

BY J. B. FRASER.

It is now twenty years ago since the time when the disputes between the Wâli and some of the Pooshti-koh chiefs, ran high; and the former was preparing to attack the Feilees, who had assembled in the plain of Seimarrah. But in order to do this with effect, and before deciding on his course of operations, the Wâli became desirous to obtain some information respecting the force and state of preparation of his enemy. The only mode of doing so was by sending a confidential person to act the spy; a service of great danger, for detection and death were the same thing. It happened that among the servants of the stable was Allee "such-a-one," who had already rendered himself conspicuous by certain very daring acts and by a reckless boldness, which, in spite of certain reports as to his character, had won him a good deal of consideration among his companions. So, when search

was made for a fellow of intelligence and nerve to execute a difficult duty, the Wâli's Meerachor came forward and said,

"If my lord permit, there is in the stable a lad who is exactly the thing for the work; a perfect *yerrimmâs*, who will attempt any desperate job, rather than remain idle!"

"Is that the case?" said the Wâli. "Then bring him hither—let us see him." So Allee was brought to the presence.

"*Penah-brukhodah!*" exclaimed the Wâli, when he set eyes on him; "is *this* the youth you mean? Why, what in the name of the Prophet has come over him?"—for this Allee had a very peculiar countenance.

"Oh! may I be your sacrifice!" replied the Meerachor. "He had a quarrel with a yaboo in his youth, and came off with the worst of it; but he has got wiser since then, and now only fights when there is something to be got by it. As for his face, it has little to boast of; but the face has nothing to do with the head, and Allee's heart is sound and stout—ay, and the head has brains in it, as your highness will find, if you try it."

"Of what country is he, say you?"

"He is from *Louree-buzoorg*,"* replied the Meerachor, "but from no part in particular."

"Oh! a Buchtiaree, I see—no bad blood for hard work, truly! But does he know the country? What say you, *Batchah*?—have you ever crossed the Kerkhah?"

"I would represent in your highness' service," replied Allee, "that I have crossed the Kerkhah, and the Dijheh† also, and that I know the country well from Ispahan to Baghdad."

"*Barakillah!* youth; you are rarely confident, at least. But, if he knows the country so well, is he not known himself—hah? May he not be recognised in the Feilee camp?"

"Allow me to state," said the Meerachor, "that, even should that be the case, he would not be known as your highness' follower. And, were there a risk of such a thing, Allee can disguise himself, and assume what character he pleases, like any Abbas Dousee.‡ He would walk through the same bazaar half a dozen times a-day, and buy and sell at the same shops, yet not one of the merchants would suspect he had ever seen him twice."

"*Ajaib!* wonderful!" said the Wâli, smiling; "then, if such be the case, let him go in God's name, if he be ready to undertake the work. He shall not want good pay, if he does good service. What say you, youth?—will you venture to Roodbâr?"

"*Be cheshm!* on my eyes be it," said Allee. "I will do my best, at least."

"*Afereen!* again," said the Wâli; "no man can do more. Then see, let him have all he wants,—horse, arms, money,—whatever he thinks may be needed."

"I beg to represent," replied Allee, "that your servant requires nothing. Your highness knows that this is work for the head, not the hands; but, if horse and arms be needed for your service, they shall not be wanted long."

"*Mashallah!* well said! there is mettle in the fellow," said the

* A district of Louristan, inhabited chiefly by Buchtiarees. † The Tigris.

‡ A tribe of hereditary professional beggars, and notorious cheats.

Wâli to those around him. "Well, my lad, *Bishmillah!* go in God's name—do your duty, and trust to me for favour and advancement."

Allee bowed and withdrew; and the next day, after a private interview with the Wâli, he departed. No one saw at what hour or in what guise he went; but on the morning of the fourth day there passed the Keikha, at the Pool-i-Gamaskân, a person in the garb of a Dervish, whose patched and tattered robe reached barely beneath his knee, displaying bare legs shod with sandals, and whose countenance was covered with grey ashes, while his head was swathed in a mass of tangled hair, which hung low over the left side of the face. Over his shoulder he bore a heavy staff loaded with iron rings and knobs; in his girdle was stuck a pair of tongs, for picking up a coal to light his pipe. At his back hung a drinking-vessel, and he brandished his club as he stalked along, shouting, "*Ahi Imaum Hoosein! Ahi Imaum Hassan! Yah Allee! Hak!*" His noise, not less than his appearance, attracted the notice of the Feilee camp, which was clustered round a small fort in the plain of Seimarrah; and he soon collected about him a group of gaping fools, who put a thousand questions as to whence he came, and whither he was going. His reply was, generally, that he was a native of Louri Buzoorg, but had travelled far into India: that he was last from Candahar, and was now on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Huzrut Abbas Allee, at Sheher-e-Keiloon. This announcement procured for the Dervish no small attention and respect; for among the Lours there is no place more holy than the Imamzadeh Abbas-Allee. So away went the Dervish with the crowd, who took the road to the Kallah, at the gate of which was seated Assad Oollah Khan Feilee, surrounded by a number of his chiefs, officers, and *Tushmâls.**

Now Assad Oollah Khan happened to be rather a graceless sort of *Bee-Deen*† himself, and no great admirer of Dervishes; besides which, he was probably engaged at the time in affairs of moment. So, when the noisy party drew near, and he heard the loud exclamations of the Dervish, he demanded, in no very pleasant tone, to know what was the matter; and replied in a smothered growl, like the grunting of a wild boar in the reeds of a marsh, to the holy man's benediction, who prayed that Heaven would grant prosperity and long life to "The Lion of the Lion of Allah!—the servant of the true vicegerent of the Almighty!" With a rough uncourteous tone he at length inquired whence the Dervish had come; and understanding that he had passed through the Buchtiaree country, and the *Peish-Koh,* he asked whether he had seen "that fox, Allee Merdan Khan of Khorrumabad."

"*Belli,* yes—I have seen him. I have been at Khorrumabad, as I am now at Seimarreh, and have eaten the bread of Allee Merdan Khan, and drunk of his cup, as I would do with Assad Oollah Khan. He is an honourable and hospitable chief!"

"Hum!" growled the Khan, "the fox has fed the snake no doubt, and probably sent him hither! And what saw you at Khorrumabad?—what was this honourable chief about?"

"Lion of God, prayer and contemplation are the occupations of the Dervish; with the business of the world he has nought to do. The alms of the pious and the charitable he accepts, but meddles not with

* Or elders of the tribe and villages.

† Without faith—an infidel.

their affairs. At Khorrumabad this worm saw nothing but the kindness that fed him, and suffered him to pursue his way in peace."

"Pshah! dog!" muttered the Khan, with ill-suppressed rage; "this is the cant of thy order;" and he was about to give way to his rising wrath, when, observing a murmur of dissatisfaction arising in the crowd that still surrounded the Dervish, he returned to those about himself, and continued, "How do I know that this fellow now, this Dervish, *mashallah!* is not some scoundrel spy sent from Khorrumabad to learn what we are about! There are no greater spies, no greater knaves, than these same Dervishes—foxes in sheep's skins. But, thank God, our eyes are not shut; we do not sleep when we should be waking, as this rascal shall find. It is well, Dervish—what is your name?" continued he, again addressing the holy man, who replied, with quiet humility,

"The name of this servant of Allah is Noor-u-deen Allee."

"Well, Noor-u-deen Allee, my Nazir will furnish you with lodging and food, and on your departure you will receive two gold pieces to help you on your way, though you Dervishes have little need of ready money, eh?—so begone. God be with you!"

"Fret not thyself, Khan; this creature of God will put thee to neither cost nor trouble. His wants are few, and easily supplied. A morsel of bread, this vessel full of water, are all he seeks as food; the nearest tomb or ruin, or the earth itself, with the pure air above him, serve for bed and lodging; as for gold, the whole earth is his, and why should he burthen himself with its dross? He enjoys what he wants, and neither Sooltaun nor Shah can have more. May God be with thee, Khan, and grant to thee a heart to share with thy brothers of the race of Adam the worldly wealth HE hath vouchsafed to lavish on thee!"

With these words the Dervish turned, and, repeating his cry or howl, with a flourish of his iron-bound club, made his way from the gate towards a cluster of huts at some distance, where there was a *Mehrman Khaneh*, the remains of an old caravanserai, in which he established himself.

"Now mark that Ghorumsaug," said Assad Oollah Khan, as the Dervish turned away. "Behold meekness and humility! On my head be it, he is an arrant knave. Here you, Kelb Allee, follow and keep him in view, and mind you report to me all that he does."

Meantime the Dervish had occupied a cell in the old ruin, where, seated on the ground in a contemplative posture, he was soon surrounded by numbers of the Khan's people, both military and simple Eeliauts of the plain; some of whom regarded the holy man from a distance, while others approaching offered such alms as they had to spare, and in return begged a blessing, a charm, or a rag of his tattered garment. To all this the object of their veneration paid but little attention; yet it appears not to have escaped him, that among the clowns around him was a certain person whom he had remarked as one of the Khan's attendants, with too much the cut of the *Noukerbaub* to pass unnoticed by one who had seen the world. This personage was constant in his attendance, and, though the crowd of comers and goers might change or fluctuate, he always kept his place among them. That he was watched was plain; yet the knowledge of the fact seemed little to concern the holy man himself. There he sat, for the most part abstracted, but sometimes conversing with those who, from their

address and appearance, might be known as respectable. Meat was brought for him; but, except a few handsful of boiled rice, with some morsels of dry bread and cheese, he would touch nothing. Of the latter he transferred a portion to his wallet. So passed the day; at night he retired to a corner, and, stretching himself on the ground to sleep, he was soon left alone by the greater part of his visitors.

That night the arrival of the Dervish, his wisdom, his holiness, his peculiar appearance, and twenty other imaginary attributes, together with the churlish reception given by the Khan, formed the principal subject of discourse throughout the camp. The conduct of the latter was universally reprobated; while the character of the Dervish rose higher and higher as the imaginations of the speakers got heated with their subject, until at length they all agreed that he must be some saint of high rank, perhaps the blessed Abbas-Allee himself, who had thus visited them to discover in what degree of respect his own shrine and person were held among the tribes. Thus, before the morrow's dawn a far greater crowd than on the preceding evening had assembled at the ruined Mehman Khaneh, to await the appearance of the holy man after his nightly slumbers or meditations. But, though the sun arose as usual in the east, no Dervish appeared. It was long before they ventured to intrude too curiously upon his resting-place; but at length approaching gradually and diffidently, for fear of interrupting the musings of the saint, the ruins were entered and searched throughout, but still no Dervish could be found; and after much astonishment and consternation, it was decided, that as the holy man, whoever he was, could not have made his escape without being observed, he must have disappeared miraculously; and that, assuredly, he could have been no other than the very holy personage already mentioned, *Huzrut Abbas-Allee,* who had thus honoured the camp with his presence.

Wonderful now was the value of the charms and rags that had been procured from him, and happy, doubly happy, the fortunate possessors of such treasures. The rumour went through the camp, and came at length to the ears of the Khan, who sent for Kelb Allee, and demanded his report. This man, his confidential servant, could not deny that the Dervish had disappeared; but stoutly declared that he, along with others, had watched so closely that it was impossible he could have quitted the ruin by any ordinary way undetected. The Khan grumbled, shook his head, called Kelb Allee an ass, and resolved to examine the place himself; but little resulted from the search except a confirmation of the fact that the Dervish was really gone. Examining with torches, certain fissures were indeed discovered in a recess communicating with the Dervish's cell, but every one declared that even a cat could scarcely have made its way through them, much less a full-grown Dervish. The Khan, indeed, persisted in his opinion that the Dervish was a rogue in disguise, of which fact his disappearance was a sufficient proof; but those who took part with the supposed saint were equally obstinate in maintaining not only his honesty, but his exalted rank and holiness.

Among the crowd that gathered on this occasion about the place there was a sickly-looking fellow, clad in the usual Louree garb, his head covered with an old felt cap, beneath which appeared a bandage, covering the left eye. His soiled and well-worn vest was partially covered with a dirty brown jacket, that reached but little over his grey

trousers of coarse worsted stuff; and he halted in his gait from a weakness, as it seemed, in one limb, which rendered the assistance of a long stout club needful to him in walking. There was little in fact remarkable in his appearance except his obvious ill-health, and that he seemed to be a stranger in the place; which in fact turned out to be the case, for he mentioned to those who accosted him that he had come from the borders of Kermanshah, where he had been engaged in a fray with some of the Gourans, and had received a severe blow on the eye, and another on the hip; but that being nearly recovered, and hearing that the Khan wanted followers, he had come to seek employment, and trusted that a day or two's rest would set him up, and make him fit for duty. This led to a conversation, in which the projects and arrangements of the Khan, so far as they were known, or surmised by the speakers, were freely discussed, and a great deal was said about the force he could himself command, and the quarters whence assistance was yet expected. Among others, it appeared that the Kelhêre tribe had not hitherto sent their looked-for contingent, and considerable anxiety was expressed regarding their intentions, seeing that nothing absolutely definitive had been heard from their chiefs. In fine, the stranger received a courteous invitation to become the guest of some of the party, who entertained him until the evening salaam, when it was proposed that he should be presented to the Khan. This honour, however, the stranger declined, observing that he desired to rest for a day or two after his journey, so as to be able to present himself to his future master under more favourable appearances. Nevertheless he went with the crowd, and made one of the circle which occupied the front of the open tent in which the Khan and his officers were seated. It so happened, however, that he took up a position the least likely to meet the chief's eye, and thus was enabled to see all that passed without attracting either observation or question.

Among the matters of business which were transacted that evening there was one which appeared to excite the stranger's particular attention. It was the despatch of a *chupper*, or courier, who, from the degree of interest which his departure obviously created among the principal officers, was probably proceeding on a mission of importance. He gathered that this man was to start before dawn on the following morning, and was to be mounted upon a particular horse, belonging to the Khan himself. On leaving the salaam he proposed to his entertainer and new friend that they should go to the stable, and look at the horses of the Khan. "By all means," replied his complaisant host, "we can easily do that. The Meerachor is a connexion of mine, and we shall have free access to everything; otherwise these Jeloudars and Mehters are coarse rascals, and might be rude to a stranger." So to the stable they went, and saw the Khan's stud. Many a noble steed was there of Arab and of Koordish blood, as well as of those bred in the plains of Alishtâr and Khawah; and many a look of admiration did the stranger bestow upon the goodly animals. At length, among a group of people gathered round a particular horse, he observed the very messenger who had received his despatches, and was to start on the morrow. In company with the Meerachor he was examining a remarkably compact and well-shaped horse, short in the back, broad in the quarters, with a fine, deep shoulder, ample chest, small head, and limbs strong and clean as those of an antelope. The smith

was just driving the last nails into its shoes, and the sleek coat and glancing eye betokened the high condition and spirit of the animal.

"Ay, Mahomed Takee," said the Meerachor, "this is the beast for work. He is as hardy as a mule, and would match the Gourkhur itself for speed and wind. If you are not at Kerrend within the four-and-twenty hours, it will be your own fault. But do the creature justice; don't spare the barley, and he will not spare his pace: but he must have food—he eats like a starved beggar."

"*Be cheshm!*" replied the courier, "be satisfied, he shall feed like a hungry Moollah; and I, *Inshallah!* shall see Kerrend before the sun rises over the Koh-e-Bessitoon: and rest assured I shall not forget your good offices in persuading the Khan to let me have the Arab Ogloo*."

"Good — good! so be it! and may the end be propitious! Hah! Seyed Allee, you here! How is it with you, man?—and whom have you got with you—eh?"

"A stranger, — from the north; come to take service with the Khan."

"Indeed! and what is he? what is his name?"

"By your head, I forgot to ask it! But he is my guest. Permit me to ask what is your fortunate name?"

The stranger gave his name, and the Meerachor inquired whether he had been presented to the Khan. On hearing the reason he gave for declining it, he cast a searching glance upon the man; then, shaking his head, said, "*He* take service? If he does, it should be with the cook, then; he seems fitter for the kitchen than the stable; — ay, and perhaps for the *felleck* than either. Look sharp after your friend, Seyed Allee!"

The last remark was made in a lower voice, but did not pass unnoticed by the stranger.

Seyed Allee smilingly replied, "Oh, it is all right! no fear of him; he is but a poor devil now, but a few days' rest may make a man of him."

Soon after they quitted the stable and returned home, when Seyed Allee, piqued probably by the Meerachor's remarks, questioned his guest pretty closely as to his history and business. His replies, however, were apparently satisfactory, for, when after a good meal they retired to rest, the kind-hearted fellow did his best for the stranger's comfort, and left him with hearty wishes that he might enjoy a refreshing sleep, and awake to renewed health. What were his astonishment and confusion, on looking in the morning into the place where his guest had lain, at finding the nest empty and the bird gone! Not an article, however, was missing; and, when his friend the Meerachor laughed at him for having been imposed upon by a knave, he retorted by asking if a man could fairly be called a knave, who, having it in his power to help himself to what he chose, had left his house indeed, but left every thing within it untouched.

The disappearance of this man and of the Dervish in so mysterious a manner afforded a perfect fund of speculation for the gossips of the camp on the succeeding morning; but next day the mystery was solved so far as the stranger was concerned, by the return of the courier, Mahomed Takee, sorely bruised, and stripped of clothes,

* Son of an Arab; a Turkish word often used as a horse's name.

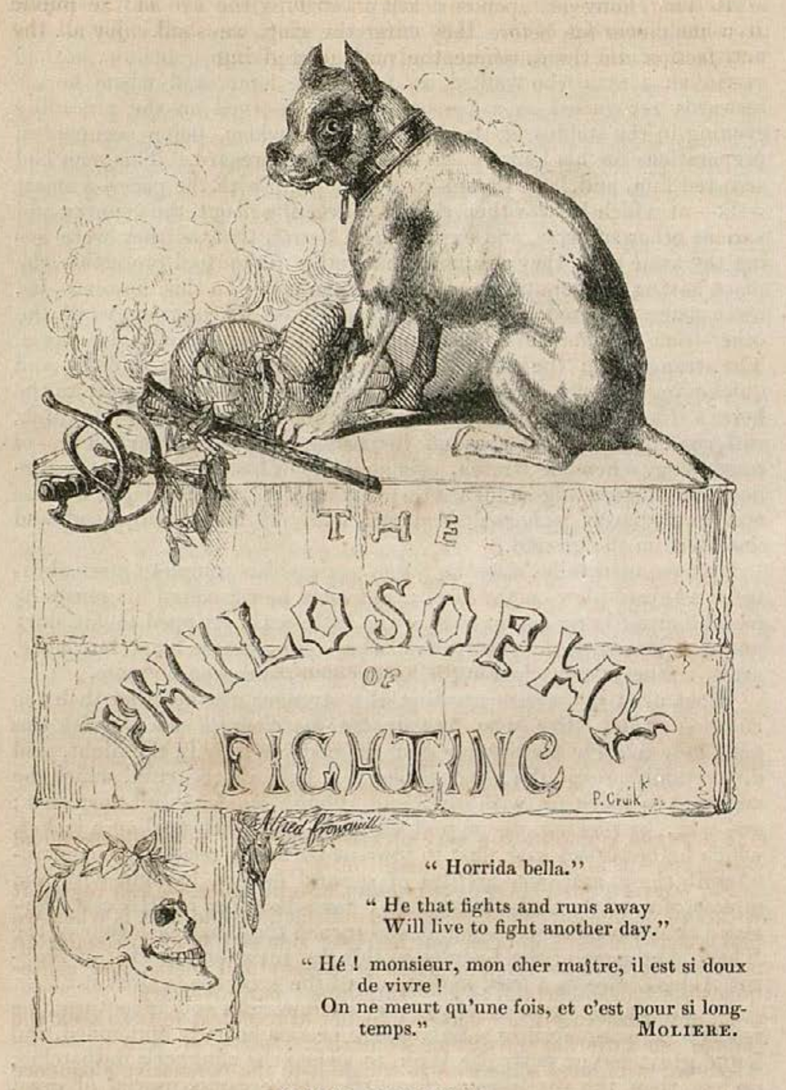
arms, and riding-gear, upon a sorry *yaboo,* which he had borrowed at a neighbouring *obah.* His story was short and sad. At a solitary part of the road, where the path dipped into a hollow, he had overtaken a man who walked as if he were lame, and whom he afterwards recognised as a person he had observed on the preceding evening in the stables of the Khan; but to whom, being occupied in preparations for his journey, he had paid little regard. This man had accosted him, and, lame though he was, kept up with the pace—a smart walk—at which he was then riding, conversing about the country and various other subjects, and expressing a desire, that, as they were going the same road, they should keep together for mutual protection, the place having the reputation of being dangerous. To this, however, he, the courier, objected, as he could not delay on his journey, while the other from his lameness must be unable to keep up with his horse. The stranger, on the other hand, protested his ability to do so, and quickening his pace, advanced in a supplicating attitude close to the horse's side. At that moment he was riding *kej* (sitting on one thigh, and consequently somewhat off his balance), for the convenience of conversing, when the wretch, seizing hold of his foot as if in the earnestness of pleading suddenly threw it up with such violence that he was immediately unhorsed, and fell with all his weight, head and shoulders on the ground.

Half stunned as he was, the fellow secured his complete insensibility by a severe blow on the head; and when he recovered his senses he found himself lying on one side of the little path, stripped to his shirt and drawers, with the stranger's clothes lying beside him; but horse, arms, clothes, despatches, and all were gone, and seen no more.

What need is there to say that the stranger was no other than the cunning rogue, Allee, who, finding that his disguise as a Dervish was not likely to serve his purpose, got rid of it secretly in the night, and did actually creep like a cat through a hole in the ruin, which he managed to block up with earth and rubbish so as to lull suspicion; and who, by picking up an old cast felt cap, and stealing a jacket, which he bedaubed with dust to prevent its being recognised, contrived with these, and some articles of apparel he had brought with him in case of need, to clothe himself as I have described? His cast Dervish's skin was afterwards found, and turned the laugh in favour of the Khan; but some of the Lourees to this day insist on the visit of Huzrut Abbas-Allee as a fact, in spite of all the evidence against it.

As for Allee, in spite of several narrow risks and adventures, he reached Khorrumabad in safety, where he was heartily applauded, and found great favour with the Wâli, to whom the *chupper's* despatches, no less than the intelligence from the Feilee camp, proved of great value.*

* From Mr. Fraser's new Persian romance, "Allee Neemroo," which will appear in a few days.—EDIT.



"Horrida bella."

"He that fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

"Hé ! monsieur, mon cher maître, il est si doux
de vivre !
On ne meurt qu'une fois, et c'est pour si long-
temps." MOLIERE.

ROUND THE FIRST.

OUR *aim* may be amiss, and we may consequently *shoot* wide of the mark in attempting the exposition of the uses and abuses of fighting. We shall therefore take the field *martial*, and discuss the art offensive and defensive in *general* terms. Our illustrations, we hope, will be considered as not without a *point*, although simply *cuts;* and should the critics sneer, and assert our best are but "drawn" battles, we shall only set down their strictures to the account of sheer envy, as they neither *conquer* nor *concur* with us.

Should they, on the contrary, applaud our efforts, we shall be happy to tap their claret, and give them a little punch in return.

Relying, however, upon our skill in striking the eye of the public by some clever *hit*, before they enter the ring, we shall enjoy all the satisfaction and the consequent advantage of giving



The first blow!

ROUND THE SECOND.

> " Oui, j'aime mieux, n'en déplaise à la gloire,
> Vivre au monde deux jours que mille ans dans l'histoire."

> " Discretion is the better part of valour."

Fighting is doubtless a very pleasant pastime; for millions spend —and *end*—their days in the pursuit of it.

For our own part, there is only one phase in which we can regard it with any degree of complacency and satisfaction, and that is when we feel a consciousness of being on the right side — *i. e.* of possessing an acknowledged superiority in point of weight and metal, and consequently a " dead certainty " of " thrashing " our adversary.

In any other case it appears the height of brainless folly to seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth.

Ambition induces some men to " list "—to the persuasive eloquence of a recruiting sergeant, while poverty alone compels others; and the latter is the most reasonable excuse of the two; for the man who has " not a shot in the locker " is pretty sure of getting one in his *chest*.

In war, the despairing lover may " court danger " with better success than he courted his mistress; the rover may be " *settled*," — and the truant scholar, who regrets neglected opportunities, will find a field of battle the best " finishing " school in the world.

The army is certainly a school of reform; — its moral discipline is miraculous; for the most dishonest knaves, rogues, thieves, and vagabonds speedily become *upright* men! although, in truth, they are sometimes known to—*steal* a march.



Under the influence of Ma(r)s.

ROUND THE THIRD.

We have certainly no heroes among the moderns whose exploits can be compared with those of the ancients—mythological or historical.

We have no authenticated account of any baby Hercules strangling *serpents* in a *cradle*, albeit we have witnessed many displays of courage in a *Cribb*.

The juveniles of the present day, influenced, no doubt, by the superior feelings of charity, instead of summarily punishing their *serpents*, like Master Hercules, invariably—*let them off!*

ROUND THE FOURTH.

For fighting—that is, from the ebullition of that combined spirit of pugnacity and ire—the Irish are probably unequalled in the world; truly it appears "mate, dhrink, washing, and lodging" to the boys, and breaks forth spontaneously even in their "wakes," fairs, and merry-makings. A shilelagh, indeed, seems born in the fist of every mother's son of them, so "iligantly" do they handle the "sprig,"—with so much *effect* and so little respect to the *cause!*

Of the antiquity of the "tool" we confess ourselves ignorant; but we have heard a "broth of a boy" (who has really *felt* the subject of his discourse) speak most cunningly of its *descent!* and declare, that if the shilelagh is not born with Paddy, it is undoubtedly his inheritance,—it comes so *pat* to his fist!

The ancient Britons were no doubt formidable fighters, and must have appeared in the eyes of their opponents as so many terrible spectres, for they always DYED before they went into battle, and of

course every tribe appeared under its own *colours*. This was not the only peculiarity of these brave warriors; for Julius Cæsar, as well as native writers, make frequent and respectful mention of them as club-men.



An Irishism.

ROUND THE FIFTH.

The Romans were famous fighters. The first families of their renowned city, like our Norman ancestors, were a band of brigands and cut-throats, who, in the language of Sam Slick, were "too clever by half" to live in their own country, and, emigrating from necessity, pitched their colony in this favoured spot, where, by degrees gathering around them many spirits of the same mould, they constituted, in course of time, a nation that astonished the whole world by their exploits and wholesale "appropriation," which, from the magnitude of their operations, historians have been pleased to term glorious conquests!

When they had subjugated all the nations around, they gave vent to their ferocious spirit in the public games, which were exhibited in the Circus or Amphitheatre, in which the choicest place was the *orchestra*, where the senate, tribunes of the people, and the vestal virgins were stationed. Before it was a platform (*Podium*), where the Emperor's throne was usually erected.

In process of time these amusements, which at first consisted only of gymnastic contests, and horse and chariot races, were improved upon by the introduction of gladiators, and the Naumachia, or mimic naval engagements; and truly they were sports and pastimes worthy of the barbarous age in which they were enacted. But they were all "honourable men," and must, indeed, have been most honourable men if

they adhered to their promises as strictly as they did to these "engagements."

We have a particular description of the manner in which they clothed their public combatants, but unfortunately we cannot discover in any of the commentators how they fed them.

The only word "familiar" we can find is "*batter;*" but we doubt whether they got this internally or externally — we firmly believe the latter.



The first fashionable Club.

ROUND THE SIXTH.

SOME men are only pugnacious in their cups, being what is appropriately termed *pot-valiant*, and are generally found in public-houses logically and literally progressing from "*taps*" to "*blows*."

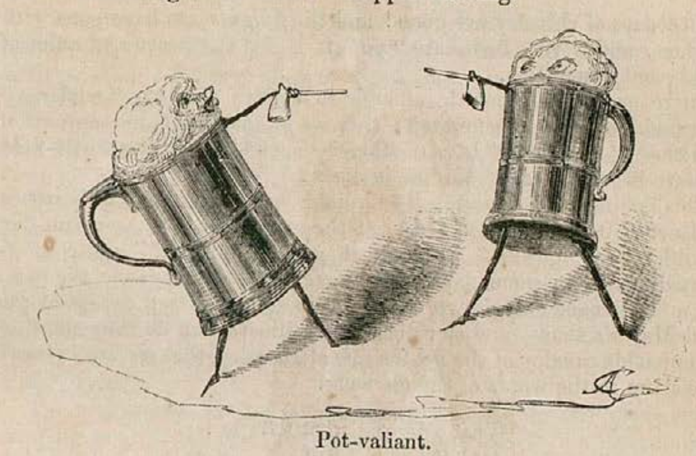
The evil "spirit" which possesses them is, however, soon laid, or if the spirit be the stronger, it soon lays them—by the heels.

There are such things, too, (we are credibly informed) as domestic broils; but these are very select and exclusive, and we would not for the world intrude upon the privacy of a parlour; nay, we should as readily thrust ourselves into the private box of a theatre as into the theatre of a private *box!* No; rather let every *Judy* have her *Punch!*

As for gentlemen of the Fives' Court, they are too formidable for us, besides they are professional—a fine *set too* are they: and we have heard some of them in our youth describe their fistic exploits with

wonder and delight; but we did not quite believe all they asserted, for by their own showing they were notorious "*fibbers.*" It is said that pugilism has latterly declined, the patrons having met with so many losses and "crosses."

The lower grades of the sex feminine sometimes exhibit in Billingsgate, and other low localities; and, like the lobsters they vend, generally rush to the deadly encounter with their "claws"—although the majority content themselves with another kind of clawing—very terrible, but less dangerous—called "clapper-clawing."



Pot-valiant.

ROUND THE SEVENTH.

"What is honour? Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday."

ONE of the most ridiculous remnants of a barbarous age is the trial by combat—the modern duel.

What is very remarkable is that these "hostile meetings" and "af-



The bullet-mould.

fairs of honour" nineteen times out of twenty terminate without the slightest wound; a result which we charitably suppose to arise from the conscientious seconds omitting to put in the bullets!

We hope no man of nice honour will demand satisfaction for this assertion, for surely the *charge* cannot be deemed serious—where there is nothing but powder!

ROUND THE EIGHTH.

THE days of chivalry are gone! and the *knights* too have gone with the days, and a very fortunate "go" it is for the peace and quiet of the present generation.

There are some romantic enough to believe that the "moderns" have dwindled and degenerated; that we are as dwarfs in comparison with those "thumping" boys of other days, and that in the battle-field we have become mere children—*in arms!*

This is a false conclusion. The knights of old were certainly *ironed* (and not unfrequently *mangled*), but the gentlemen of the present day are differently "got up," although they are "done for" quite as effectually as in by-gone days. The *case* is altered, but not the man. We no longer see men armed *cap-à-pie* in steel or brass, except at the Lord Mayor's show; and so ridiculous an illustration do they afford of the unwieldy cavalry of the golden age of chivalry, that we are induced to exclaim in the words of the old song,

"What a figure! what a fright!
'Tis a goblin or sprite!
Whoe'er saw such an iron-bound loon?
With his leathery phiz,
Spit and pot-lid it is;
He has surely dropped from the moon!"

A pretty sight it must have been to have seen these same stalwart knights encased in steel, running and tilting at each other in the tournay, mounted on chargers resembling a small edition of brewers' horses, and poking each other in the ribs with long lances! casting one another in sport over the horse's crupper, and rolling on their backs in the saw-dust, and floundering about like so many helpless turtles,



amidst the plaudits of ladies fair! Truly a most delectable and appropriate entertainment for those dames and damosels who were primed with a delicate *dejeuner* of beefsteaks and porter, with a red-herring for a relish! These things are, however, after all, a mere matter of taste—we allude to the tournay, not the breakfast.

ROUND THE LAST.

A YOUTH, rather out at elbows, and whose *habits* were evidently disordered, if not disorderly, was brought before a magistrate, charged with pointing a fowling-piece at a gentleman, with a threat of "bringing him down."

The gentleman, however, proving "game," although not exactly of that sort which the law grants licences to kill, had wrested the "deadly tube" from the hands of his assailant, and given him in custody.

The prisoner, being called upon for his defence, coolly replied, "that, being *disarmed*, he could not *defend* himself; that the affair was of a delicate nature, and, there being a lady in the case, he was too gallant to divulge her name, or hold her up as a mark for the comments of a curious public." And further, "that he could not offer bail, as he had invested all he was worth in the purchase of that particular *stock* (pointing to the fowling-piece), upon which the complainant had placed a *distringas*."

The gentleman, for the same reasons adduced by the prisoner, not wishing to press the case, the worthy magistrate, with a decision truly Hibernian, merely "bound him over to keep the *peace*, and took away his *gun!*"

Fighting of all kinds is a profitless folly; and the only difference between a civil and a military *action* is, that in the latter the parties are pretty sure to get *damages*, although their *recovery* is frequently dubious.

For our own part, we only wish we had the power by a single stroke (of our pen!) of giving a death-blow to Mars, or that we could effectually cool the courage of the combative by turning all the *warlike* —into the *Pacific!*

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

MALAY VENGEANCE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

I VISITED the coast of Coromandel purposely to see the far-famed procession of Jugghernaut, which I found so far from falling short of those accounts I had hitherto looked upon as exaggerated, that, although I had gone to see it fully prepared to view horrors, I came away sickened and terrified by scenes more revolting than imagination ever pictured. Indeed, to this very moment some of the incidents re-

cur with such sticking force, that I even now regret ever having looked on such abominations and cruelties. Men slicing their flesh with sharp knives; mothers sacrificing their children; bigots performing every torture on themselves, and fanatics dashing their heads beneath the enormous wheels of the car, which in the next moment crushed their skulls before my face, were amongst some of the lesser terrors of this disgusting *fête*, from which, after a few hours, I hastened away, fully determined never again to revisit it.

On my way back to Madras I stopped at the house of Mr. T——, one of the best fellows I know, one of the sincerest and most upright magistrates in India. Kind to his servants, an excellent parent, T—— was generally beloved by all who knew him.

When I arrived, I found my friend absent. His wife, however, did the honours for him, and gave me a pressing invitation to remain a couple of days, until her husband's return. She had three children, was one of the most elegant women I know, and, though of a hasty temper, was good-hearted and well-intentioned.

I accepted her invitation, and retired to dress for dinner. I had not completed my toilette, when I heard a great bustle in the house; so, hastening to finish my task of adorning, I quickly descended to the hall, where I found Mrs. T—— bitterly lamenting the loss of a superb emerald necklace, which had suddenly disappeared from her trinket-box, in which she declared she had carefully deposited it a few days before.

A strict search took place. Every servant was examined; but all to no purpose, till it was suddenly recollected that a young Malay boy, about ten years of age, who had hitherto acted as a sort of page, had been sent to the case to bring down a ring to his mistress on the previous morning. The boy had also been seen with some money, which he however averred he had received from his father, and in this statement he was borne out by his parent (who was one of the *kidmutgars* in the household); but, as it was only natural he should endeavour to screen his child, little attention was paid to his corroborating testimony.

The result was, that suspicion pointed so strongly at the boy that his mistress desired him instantly to be tied up and flogged until he confessed what he had done with the stolen necklace. The unhappy father threw himself on his knees, and, kissing the feet of Mrs. T——, besought her to relent. But, considering the case too clearly brought home to the young Malay, and annoyed at his refusal to admit his guilt, she refused to listen to the parent's appeal.

The boy was tied up, and punished till the blood actually flowed down his back. The father was present at the scene, and, though he nearly bit his lips through, he did not attempt to interfere. His son endured the torture without a groan, and after three dozen lashes he was taken down fainting, without having made any confession.

The next morning he was again flogged, but he still remained obdurate. A third infliction on the following day had no better effect; so, by my advice, Mrs. T—— abstained from further attempts to elicit an admission of the theft until the return of her husband, which had been postponed unavoidably for another week.

The boy speedily recovered, and soon returned to his work. The father, though seemingly much hurt at heart, uttered no complaint, and performed his duties as usual.

At the end of the week my friend T—— arrived, bringing with him some pleasant companions, who were, with true Indian hospitality, made welcome; and in a few hours they found themselves thoroughly at home under my friend's roof.

The next morning after breakfast the fond husband brought down a collection of little gifts he had procured for his wife and children, who eagerly flocked round him, and expressed their joy

"As each new treasure met their longing eyes."

"By the by, here is the necklace you may remember, my dear," said T——, turning to his wife, "you desired me to take from your trinket-box, and get repaired," and he drew forth a superb set of emeralds.

In an instant I saw him rush forward, only just in time to catch his wife, who fell swooning into his arms. My friend, who doted on her, was in indescribable agony. The suddenness of the fit, for which he was wholly at a loss to account; her sobs and bitter exclamations, as she slowly recovered, seemed to wring his heart. The whole scene was one of mystery to me, till with a sudden effort she raised her head, and in a tone of unaffected sorrow exclaimed,

"Forgetful wretch that I am! I have falsely accused poor Sidommy, and punished him for stealing it."

I started with horror. In a moment his countenance assumed a grave, a severe expression, and as his wife explained the affair to him, I could see the pain it gave him. When it was concluded, he pondered for a few moments; then desired Sidommy and his father to be summoned.

When they entered, T—— in a few words explained to the boy that his innocence was now manifest, and that the whole business had arisen out of an unfortunate mistake; and, as a recompense for his unmerited sufferings, he made him a present of a splendid European dress he had brought home for his eldest boy, who, though somewhat younger, was about the same size as the Malay.

Sidommy appeared delighted, and rushed from the room to clothe himself in his new garments. The father bowed low, and left the room without raising his eyes or uttering a syllable.

But a short interval had elapsed when the young page, with tears in his eyes, announced to his mistress that his father, on seeing him dressed, had instantly seized him and torn his clothes from his back, declaring that no finery, no European ornament, could ever cover the disgrace that had been inflicted on him, and that he had in his fury utterly destroyed the handsome jacket his son had just received as a present.

T—— was naturally angry at this daring impertinence, and would have punished the kidmutgar, had not his wife strenuously dissuaded him from it, by pointing out that such feelings were only natural in a parent, and that only time could wipe them out. Nothing more was therefore said about it, and all went on as quietly as before.

About ten days after this incident a letter from Madras, announcing the expected arrival of T——'s sister at that city, made my friend determine to go and meet her. It was agreed that I was to accompany him, get my leave of absence renewed, and return with him to spend another month in his pleasant mansion.

The evening before we started the Malay kidmutgar came in, and begged as a favour that his son might be allowed to accompany us, urging his prayer with great force, and so beseechingly, that, although my friend at first objected to take him, he finally consented; and away we went in high spirits to meet a young lady whom T—— had foretold would become my future wife.

On our arrival at Madras we were doomed to meet with disappointment. The young lady had changed her mind, and, instead of seeking a partner amongst the pagoda-laden Madrasees, had chosen to marry a handsome young ensign in a marching regiment at home, who by dire necessity was compelled

"To live on his pay,
And spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day."

We therefore hurried through the little business we had to transact, and joyfully set out again on our return, sending, however, a dawk-courier on before, that our arrival might be expected.

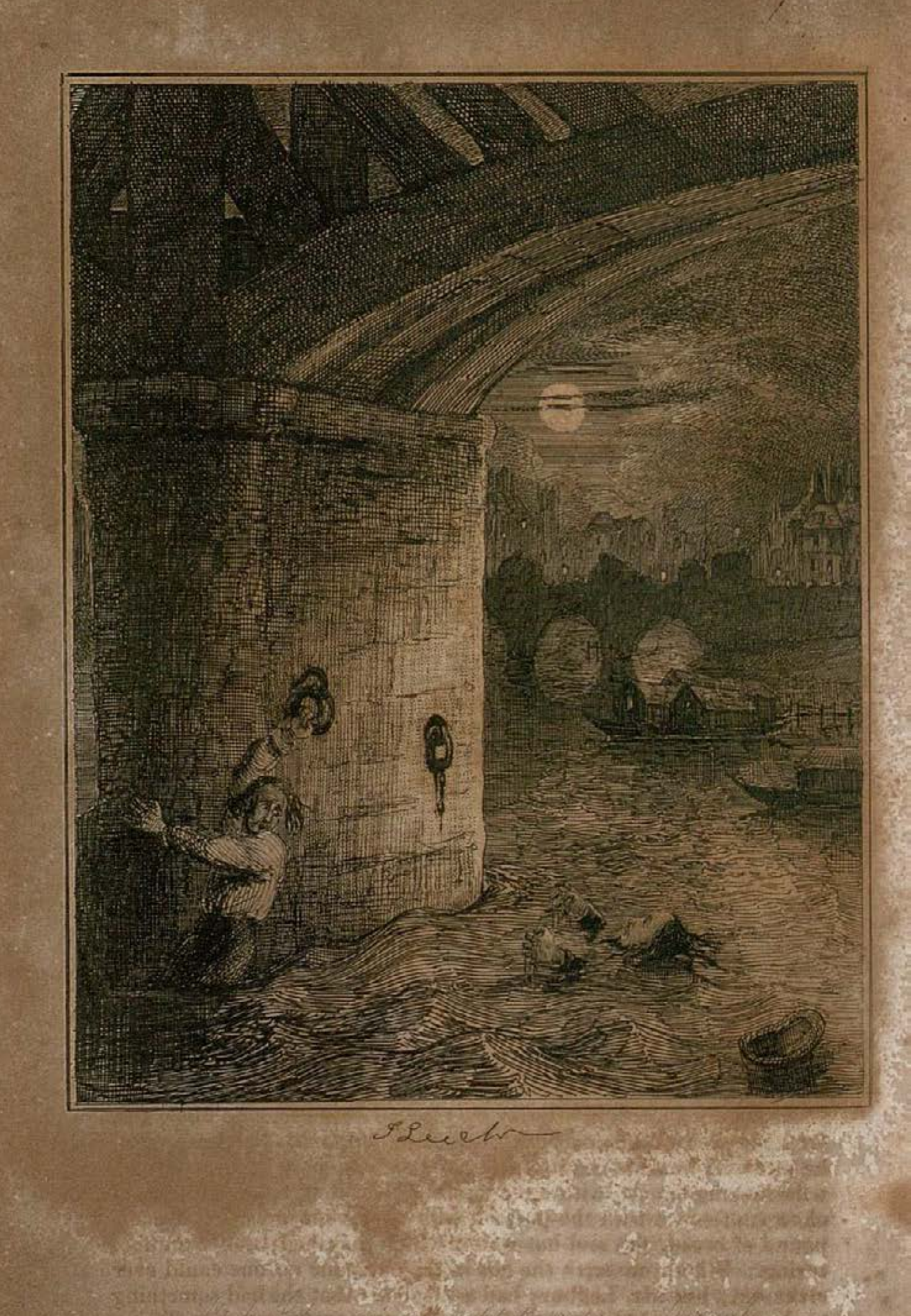
When we arrived at a small village about four miles from T——'s house, we were not a little surprised to find all his servants awaiting him. He naturally sought an explanation, when he found that they had all come there by desire of their mistress, who had received directions to this effect from their master. T—— was not a little astonished at so strange a statement, as he well knew he had given no such orders, and demanded if Mrs. T—— herself had told them to come; but found that these commands had been conveyed to them through the Malay kidmutgar, who alone had remained behind.

I confess I looked upon it as a hoax or a curious mistake, at which I was inclined to smile. Not so my friend, who seemed agitated as it were by the presage of some coming evil, and hastened on.

As we approached the house, we saw every window and door closed. Neither his wife nor children seemed to welcome my friend, who jumped out of his palanquin, and ran forward like a madman. I followed him, and found him vainly endeavouring to burst open the verandah door. With my assistance he effected this; when, horrid to relate, the first object which met our view, and that of the affrighted Sidommy, was the body of the Malay, surrounded by a pool of blood, his throat cut from ear to ear, whilst in one hand he grasped the razor with which he had destroyed himself, and in the other the very scourge which had inflicted the stripes on his poor boy!

I can scarcely tell the rest. My feelings were far too painfully harrowed up to describe what we discovered in the next moment, the still warm bodies of my friend's adored wife and his three children, evidently murdered as they slept by the revengeful Malay, who, after washing out his dishonour as the falsely-reputed father of a thief in the blood of his master's family, had with the same instrument put an end to his own existence.

The wretched boy who had caused this dreadful deed, though innocent of all participation in the crime, was so horrified that he fled, never to return. T——, after a few weeks spent in the true mourning of the heart,—a mourning which turned his jet-black hair to grey within three days,—returned to Europe, where he still lives a wretched and heart-broken man.


J Leech

MR. LEDBURY'S ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the Bois de Boulogne, and Mr. Ledbury's equestrian feats therein.

There is one very gratifying result attendant upon the exhilaration produced by a rather-more-than-usual indulgence in the various convivial beverages which pure French Cognac lends its aid to concoct. Its elevating effects go off with little systematic derangement; and it leaves none of those extra-uncomfortable reflections upon past folly, which the Acherontic rack-punch, the heavy bottled stout, or the coarse, fiery tavern brandy of England invariably induce.

Accordingly, although at the end of the last chapter we left Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson in that happy state which would have precluded them, for the moment, from casting up an intricate account, or undertaking any piece of work which required much cool reflection to perform, yet by eleven o'clock in the morning they were, to use Jack's expressive phrase, signifying the peculiar amount of coin which he generally selected to express an orderly state of domestic economy, "as right as ninepence." Aimée had been aroused from her slumbers, and now, like Kathleen Mavourneen, between sleeping and waking, (for the head of the little *grisette* was not quite so strong as those of her companions, and she was slightly drowsy,) was making coffee for our two friends. However, everything was very comfortable, and the events of the previous night—the "after-party" which is always so amusing to discuss with people of slightly quizzical powers—furnished them with much diverting conversation. The *gendarme* had cleared himself off, to make what excuse he best might for his absence from the police-office; and M. Mito had been carefully carried down stairs, and laid upon a pallet-bed, until returning consciousness should allow him to receive his wife's gentle upbraidings with proper feeling and effect.

Mr. Ledbury never correctly understood who Madame Mito was, for he seldom caught a perfect glimpse of her; but sometimes when he returned home at night he remembered to have seen a strange, wild-looking female, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, in close conference with the porter's wife over some mysterious compound of bread, fat, and hot-water, which they had been manufacturing. Where on earth she got in the day-time no one could ever make out; but Mr. Ledbury had a suspicion that she had something to do at some of the hospitals, as he occasionally saw her flitting about the Parvis Notre Dame, near the Hôtel Dieu; but whether

she officiated as nurse, or *sage femme*, was never determined. Jack Johnson, who detested all old women in general, and landladies in particular, said that she blacked shoes and shaved cats on the Pont Neuf; but he evidently spoke with a prejudiced mind.



It was a bright, cheering morning, and the rays of the autumnal sun shone from the clear sky, unclouded by the blacks or smoke which the coal-fires disgorge into the air of London. There was a transparency in the atmosphere unknown in our foggy climate, and attendant upon it an exhilaration of spirits,—a sort of indefinite wish to become a balloon, a bird, or a sky-rocket, and dart up joyously at once to the blue expanse above. Having despatched their breakfast, Aimée proceeded to wash the white crockery,—the plain white service of which we see so little in England, and which always reminds us so forcibly of the Continent. She had recovered from her languor, and was now singing, whilst she performed her task, as merrily as *grisettes* only can sing, and very joyous indeed withal over her occupation; for, next to dancing and hot *galette*, Aimée, in common with her class, was never so happy as when putting the *ménage* in order. Johnson and Ledbury were leaning out of window, and inspecting the contiguous chimney-pots,—the former gentleman also indulging the neighbours with a few vague attempts to blow the French horn, which Jules had left behind him for fear he should tumble over or into it on his way home. Ledbury was lost in a chain of surmises as to what made the French people so fond of keeping birds, as he looked down upon the various cages outside the windows; and, reflecting upon the penny hen-bullfinches he used to buy upon Tower Hill, which always died the next day, being mortally nipped in the neck by the vendor when he introduced his hand down the old stocking to pull them out of the cage.

"I say, Leddy," exclaimed Johnson, as he stopped in his performance to take breath, looking rather warm and apoplectic, like a Triton with the scarlet fever, "what shall we do to-day?"

"Anything you like until five," replied Ledbury; "and then, you know, we are going to dine on the Boulevards."

"Well,—let me think what is best to be done," returned Johnson, sounding a few wild notes to assist reflection, and then suddenly adding, "What capital things for fun these French horns are, especially when you are close to them in the orchestra of a theatre."

Mr. Ledbury did not see the great enjoyment derived from such proximity,—in fact he thought quite otherwise, and therefore ventured to ask his friend in what the diversion consisted.

"Filling them with peas," answered Jack, "when the musicians go out between the plays. You should see what a shower the performer blows forth, when he comes back again and tries his first note! Are you much of an equestrian?"

"I have ridden donkeys at Hampstead and Blackheath," returned Ledbury, half smiling at his vivacious friend's rapid shots from one subject to another.

"That's very low," said Johnson, "unless you mounted without a saddle, and sat quite back in the true charity-boy style; then, of course, the perfect assumption of the habits of the common classes made the amusement aristocratic. Why didn't you have a pony?"

"Because the donkeys were half price,—ninepence an hour, including the boy to run behind, and the pins in the stick. But why do you ask?"

"Not having much to do," said Johnson, "I vote for a trip to the Bois de Boulogne. You have never been there, and I want to see how you look outside a horse. I should say, very stylish in those clothes."

Truth to tell, Mr. Ledbury had some misgivings on the subject; but the desire to distinguish himself overcame his scruples, and he consented to go. Aimée received a special invitation to accompany them, coupled with the promise of a donkey all to herself when they got there; and they likewise proposed to call upon Jules and Henri, and request the pleasure of their society.

Toilets are soon made in the Quartier Latin, and ten minutes after they had decided where to go the trio stood on the landing outside the chamber of the young artists at the Hôtel Nassau, in the Rue de la Harpe, principally guided to the door by various diverting sketches, and likenesses of the proprietor of the house, drawn with chalk and charcoal on the walls. When they rang at the bell Henri came to admit them, and they entered the *suite* of one room and a kitchen pertaining to their friends. The chamber was much in the style of their own, with the exception that it was rather more scantily furnished,—the literal *ameublemens* consisting of a table, two chairs, a wooden box, and the bellows. The sleeping-places were formed by two lockers artfully let into the wall, which, as they were not very broad, it was charitable to suppose were very deep, and that the occupant contrived by some ingenious process, acquired by great study, to penetrate their hidden recesses feet first, and then slumber as he best might with his head at the opening, like a human cannon appearing at an embrasure or port-hole in the wall of an apartment. They had apparently been discussing some poached eggs for breakfast, which, a culinary odour informed Jack Johnson, had been prepared by themselves over a handful of incandescent charcoal in a small *fourneau;* and now Henri was drawing a "soldier of the middle ages" on the cieling, with a burnt cork tied to the end of an old fencing foil; and Jules, in an easy attitude, with his feet consi-

derably higher than his head, and without cravat or shoes, was enjoying a morning pipe.

As the young artists did not feel much inclined for work that day, and were speculating upon what they should do with themselves, they agreed very readily to accompany Ledbury and his companions to the Bois de Boulogne. They were not longer arranging their dress than their predecessors, and in five minutes the party started in procession, Jack Johnson leading the way with Aimée on his arm, the admiration and envy of all the Quartier,—and then Jules and Henri, with Mr. Ledbury attached to them, who, being outside, was seldom on the pavement, sometimes in the mud, and very frequently indeed in the gutter. In this order they crossed the river to the Tuileries, where, the space being broader for their promenade, they all five walked abreast, Jules amusing himself by imitating the French horn, as he played the duet in Puritani, and making Ledbury unconsciously march in time, with a warlike bearing, at his side.

"That's Cleopatra's needle," said Johnson to Ledbury, as they passed through the garden gates to the Place de la Concorde, and came near the Theban obelisk in the centre. "They are going to bring over her thimble next year; and the Viceroy of Egypt has hopes of discovering the entire work-box."

"I do not quite understand the meaning of the birds and black-beetles which are engraved about it," said Ledbury.

"They were done three thousand five hundred years ago," replied Johnson, "so that styles have altered since then; but it is supposed to have been a cheap public method of teaching the Egyptian charity-children zoology. It's astonishing how like the birds are to those of the present day."

"But some of them are dressed in short pea-coats, and walking upright," observed Ledbury.

"I believe it was the custom of the birds in ancient Egypt," replied Jack. "Don't you think so, Aimée,—eh?"

"Yes goodmorning everriwell," answered the *grisette*, smiling, and proud of her English.

They now approached the Champs Elysées, a spot presumed to derive its name from being a most earthly-looking place, with a perfect absence of anything like grass. It was almost too early in the day for the usual crowd of visitors, except two or three *bonnes* with their monkey-jacket children, who were tossing balls about, and pulling their headless wooden horses into everybody's way. Jack amused himself by making hideous faces at the children until they cried; or grasping a handful of their balloon-like trowsers, and running them along the ground upon tiptoe, to the great indignation of their nurses. Jules and Henri amused Aimée by keeping up a perpetual fire of slang with the proprietors of the camera-obscuras, and other perambulatory exhibitions, and addressing sundry speeches to a few grown-up babies, who were gravely circling in the roundabouts of the *Jeu de Bague*,—a remnant of the old sport of tilting at the ring,—or procuring an amusing emetic in a flight of four ships, which went up and down as they revolved. Then they came to a conjuror, whom Jack sadly put out by baulking his tricks, all of which he could do; and finally, stopped a short time to watch a travelling lecturer upon electricity, who was amusing his audience by

discharging bottles of gas with a spark, and blowing the corks out into the air. He moreover electrified individuals at four sous each, and soldiers—there are always crowds of soldiers in the Champs Elyseés—for nothing; because, since their pay amounts to nearly two sous a-day, more or less, they cannot afford to spend much in luxuries, and so they prefer all those which are gratuitous. All Jack's powers of persuasion could not induce Mr. Ledbury to be electrified, he having been once talked over to dip his hands into the two basins of water at the Polytechnic Institution, which threw him into a paroxysm of twitchings, from which he did not recover for some time. Aimée, who looked upon the lecturer as a species of necromancer in every-day clothes, was immensely gratified, although she had seen all his experiments a hundred times before, and nothing but the anticipation of a ride drew her from the spot. Mr. Ledbury contributed ten centimes towards the funds of the exhibition, and in return received a succession of bows from the lecturer, so rapid and animated, that they could only have been produced by attaching his own neck to the prime conductor of the machine.

Laughing and chattering, singing the choruses of interminable songs, and playing off perpetual small practical jokes upon each other, in which Mr. Ledbury was usually the victim, the party approached the magnificent Arc de l'Etoile,—which Jack Johnson informed his friend was erected to celebrate the victory gained by the French over the Prussians and English at Waterloo,—and before long they turned off to the left from the Neuilly road, and arrived at the Bois de Boulogne. There are always various beasts of burden standing for hire in this locality, and Aimée was all impatience for the ride; but the journey thither had made them somewhat hungry, and Johnson proposed a council to decide where they should feed. Mr. Ledbury wished to patronise a decent-looking tavern in the neighbourhood, and they therefore went towards it.

"Garçon!" shouted Jules, as they reached the tavern, "qu' avez-vous à manger?"

"De tout, monsieur," was of course the reply.

Jack Johnson immediately inquired if oysters were included in the everything.

"Oui, monsieur—elles sont de mardi dernier."

"Oh, par exemple!" cried Aimée, laughing. "Des huitres de huit jours!—merci, garçon."

"Mais de prêt—de prêt?" exclaimed Johnson, "qu' avez-vous de prêt?"

The man drew in a long breath, and then uttered, with a volubility only acquired by hourly practice,

"Du lapin, des pigeons, du bœuf, des côtelettes, du filet, des rognons, des lentilles, et du fromage."

"Et après?"

"Nous avons des pommes, des poires, du raisin, des mendians, et des marrons," repeated the *garçon*, all in a breath.

"Well, then, we don't want anything," said Johnson.

Jules here explained that they should pay very dear at this inn for what they had, so that he thought it would be better to buy some eggs at a shop he would point out, and have them cooked by a *marchand de vin*, who would make them into an omelette if they bought their wine there. Mr. Ledbury and Johnson thought the plan ex-

cellent, as did Henri and Aimée, who, provided they got somebody to give them something to eat somewhere, had little anxiety respecting the scene of the banquet; and the point being settled, they began to think about their equestrian diversion.

They experienced little difficulty in procuring steeds, but had some trouble in getting Mr. Ledbury, whose courage rather slackened as the moment approached, to mount one. And there was a singularly unsafe look about all the horses that were exhibited for hire, more especially about the fore-legs, which inclined towards the hind ones, as if the animal was practising to stand with all his feet on the top of a post, like an Indian goat. At last, however, they got him to cross a small broken-kneed pony, with the assurance that they would not go fast. Aimée was placed upon the only donkey they could find, which Mr. Ledbury's inherent gallantry alone prevented him from appropriating to himself; and the rest were soon mounted to their satisfaction, except Jack Johnson, who got on a side-saddle, which immediately turned round with him, and shot him on to the ground; and Jules, who would squeeze himself into one of the chair-seats, evidently too small, which compressed him so that he had considerable difficulty in getting out again. But, after a few ludicrous disasters, all was arranged; and Mr. Ledbury, who formed a not inapt resemblance to a clothes-peg on a line, grew quite bold, and even ventured to beat the pony with a switch, and use imaginary spurs, guiding the animal by a curiously fragile contrivance of string, old straps, tin, and bits of worn-out chain, which the owner conceived to be a bridle. Not having amongst them sufficient money to leave as a deposit for the horses, they took a boy with them, who was also to act as Aimée's running-footman; and the *gamin*, by a series of violent pantomimic attitudes and unearthly noises, finally got all the animals into a canter, Mr. Ledbury keeping a firm grasp on the pommel of the apparatus which represented his saddle.

They rode about the avenues of the wood for a short time, indulging in various facetious performances; amongst which, Jack Johnson attempted to stand on the back of his horse, after the manner of Mr. Stickney, and even to ride two at once; both which attempts were concluded by his downfall. And then, after awhile, when their appetite reminded them of the proposed meal, Jules offered to conduct them to the place where the eggs were to be bought, and forthwith led the way to a *depôt*, which combined the attractions of a chandler's shop, a "wine-vaults," and a bun-house.

"I think I should like to ask for the eggs," said Ledbury. "It will be a little practice for me in French."

"Go at it, at once, then," said Jack Johnson; "we 'll wait here. You need not get off, or perhaps you 'll have a difficulty in getting on again. Ride up to the door: it looks more imposing." And, acting upon his advice, Mr. Ledbury approached the *épicier's*.

Now the shop, like many others, had its floor some two or three steps below the level of the ground outside, and at the side of the door as you entered was a species of trellis-work screen, to keep unlawful appropriators from walking into the articles displayed in the window, without permission. As Ledbury rode up to the door, saying his speech over to himself, which consisted of the question,

"Avvey-voo des uffs?" some imp of mischief prompted Jack Johnson to the following trick :—He asked Aimée for a pin ; and being supplied with one by the young lady, after that digital investigation of various portions of the dress common with females when a pin is demanded, he inserted it quietly into the haunch of Mr. Ledbury's steed just as he was preparing to speak. The pony, not liking this acupuncturation, sprang forward. The small half-wicket that closed the entrance, with a remarkably persevering bell suspended behind it, gave way, and the fore-feet of the animal stumbling down the steps, Ledbury, pony and all, bundled into the shop. But this was not all. To save himself in his fall, he caught at the lattice-work on his right: it yielded, and with it a small shelf that ran across the window, supporting sundry *carafons* of brandy-cherries and preserved peaches, small bottles of liqueurs, and a store of *bonbons,* and dirty sweetmeats resembling treacle-ice. Amidst this terrible *chute,* and covered by its ruins, did Mr. Ledbury enter a shop to buy eggs!

A terrible uproar followed. The master of the establishment, who was luxuriating upon a dinner of cold artichokes in some secret parlour, bolted out in the wildest manner possible; and, not perceiving Ledbury in his haste (who was performing some curious postures on the floor, resembling the antics of Mr. W. H. Payne when he has sat down on a hot warming-pan in a pantomime,) tumbled over him, and began to kick blindly and desperately against a sack of *haricots blancs,* thinking it was the intruder, until he effected its downfall also. Johnson was screaming with laughter at the door; Jules and Henri were equally delighted; Aimée, half amused, half frightened, after a minute's pause, began to laugh as heartily as the rest; and the little boy who ran behind her, scared out of his wits, scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him. Of course the *marchand* let loose an avalanche of "*sacrés!*" and "*'crrée nom de tonnerres!*" as soon as he saw how things stood. But Mr. Ledbury, who really took a joke better than any one else in the world—and it must be confessed he attributed his downfall to his bad riding, rather than to any malice prepense on the part of the others,—made a rapid offer of payment for the damage committed, which the others volunteered to share as far as their treasuries would go. A few francs set all to rights; and in addition they purchased a quantity of eggs and bread, which were intrusted to the care of Aimée.

They then went back to the spot where they had hired the horses, not saying a word about the probable state of the knees of Mr. Ledbury's pony on the morrow; and, having found out a *marchand de vin,* whose establishment appeared likely to suit their purpose, they entered for their second *déjeûner,* and a very merry meal, yet strictly reasonable, they found it; so much so, indeed, that Ledbury and Jack Johnson were surprised to perceive the time go so fast, when the hour approached for them to leave, in order that they might dress and proceed to dine with their acquaintance of the preceding evening, according to promise.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the boarding-house on the Boulevards, and *écarté*.

The *pension*, at whose *table d'hôte* M. Auguste Blaquart, as he was called, had invited Mr. Ledbury and his companion to meet him, was situated at the corner of one of the principal streets leading on to the Boulevard des Italiens, and occupied the entire first and second floors, above the *entresol* of one of the very fine houses which adorn this quarter of Paris.

Madame Lagrange, the mistress of the establishment, was about five and forty; but a still perfect symmetry of figure, and, to use a theatrical term, an admirable *making-up*, with the assistance of *bandoline*, rouge, and hair-dye, threw off ten or a dozen years from her real age in the eyes of the casual beholder. She was even now a fine woman — had travelled much and seen more, whilst an easy self-possession, a complete knowledge of the usages of good society, and the power of inspiring her guests with the feeling that they could not make very free with her, proved that she had at some time or other moved in a superior set, and adopted their happiest manners. Evidently French by birth — for every gesture, opinion, and expression showed it—she spoke Italian, German, and English, with tolerable accuracy; and, perfectly competent to associate with the higher classes, she yet had tact enough to remove all uncomfortable feeling from those, palpably her inferiors in the common attainments of good bringing-up, whom chance frequently brought her into contact with at her own table. Her husband, who never appeared until evening, when the card-tables were formed in the *salon*, was certainly beneath her in every respect. He aspired to the costume and general *tournure* of the *homme comme il faut*, and his gaudy toilet and occasional bouncing talk dazzled many of the *pensionnaires*; but, compared with the really good conversation and demeanour of Madame Lagrange, he reminded one of placing the gayest of Madame Tussaud's creations by the side of one of Canova's statues, although even in this case many lovers of superficial glitter would prefer the former.

Who Blaquart himself was nobody had the least idea. He always took the bottom of the table in the absence of M. Lagrange, and there were many surmises that he had a share in the profits of the house. The English people, of whom there were always several staying here, "recommended on" from Boulogne and Calais, thought him a perfect gentleman; but the Parisians detected now and then some stray, careless action, or loose word, which had evidently been picked up in some questionable *quartier* of the city. And, indeed, one or two of the guests were sometimes astonished to meet him walking with very strange-looking persons, approaching in their dress and manners to those of a *chevalier d'industrie*, — their clothes cut in the extreme style of seedy fashion, and wearing their hats in that very scampish manner which the class known and spoken of in England as "gents" adopt when they wish to be considered men about town.

Ledbury and Jack Johnson were tolerably punctual to their appointment; and after many various mistakes in the direction, which Mr. Ledbury did not perfectly recollect, having left the thin glazed



card, with the microscopic name upon it, which Blaquart gave him, at home, they at length got to the house. But here again they were some little time finding out precisely where to go, for the *porte cochère* served as an entrance severally to a printer's, a paper-hanger's, a chocolate manufactory, and the *bureau* of an asphalte company; and the sanctity of each of these establishments was invaded before they pitched upon the inscription at the foot of the staircase, "PENSION AU PREMIER," which led to Madame Lagrange's *suite* of apartments.

They entered the drawing-room, where most of the guests were assembled; and Blaquart, who was ready to receive them, immediately came up in a most overwhelmingly polite manner, and introduced them to the mistress of the house. It was rather dark; and as the French people in every station never light a candle an instant before there is the slightest necessity for one, they could not see the company very distinctly; which somewhat comforted Mr. Ledbury, who would have been terribly fluttered at facing a large room full of strangers. He backed into an obscure corner of the room, with Johnson and Blaquart, where they remained until dinner was announced — our hero much gratified to find that English was as much spoken in the room as French.

The appearance of the *salle à manger*, when the door was thrown open which communicated with the drawing-room, quite dazzled Mr. Ledbury by its brilliancy. There was, however, little time to ruminate, for the guests hurried in, each person taking his proper place; whilst Johnson and his companion, being the last comers, occupied the two seats at the bottom of the table, one on either side of Blaquart. The table itself looked exceedingly well, with its profusion of cut-glass and wax-lights, and the napkins folded and twisted into cocked-hats, fans, roses, fools' caps, and all kinds of fanciful shapes. Every person had also a handsome *carafe* of wine before him, which the English usually drank during dinner, and the French made to last for a fortnight — the property of each individual being designated by a card tied round the neck of the bottle, a piece of tape, or occasionally a small chaplet like a candle-ornament.

A pretty English girl, introduced to Mr. Ledbury as Miss Bernard, sat next to him, and her mother, an exceedingly fine lady in an appalling turban, opposite. Then, higher up, came Mr. Bernard, a good-tempered, John Bull sort of a man, whose observations drew down perpetual black looks and glances of condensed thunder from his wife; and on the other side was Mr. John Bernard, a very "nice" young gentleman indeed, with his hair curled, and parted behind, a figured light-satin stock, and his wristbands turned over his coat, as if he had washed his hands when too late for dinner, and in the hurry forgotten to turn his cuffs down. M. Coquet, an old bachelor, who came there every day to dine, was placed opposite to Madame Provost, a very fine woman, with eyes and teeth like a hair-dresser's doll in the Burlington Arcade, and about the same expression of countenance. Then higher up still was a young Frenchman of fortune—at least of fortune for a Frenchman—named Achille Derval, and facing him an Italian *contessa*, or any other rank Madame Lagrange chose to give her for the setting-off of her establishment, who did nothing but talk about her villa at Fiesolé, and

make *les grands yeux* at her *vis-à-vis*, who was considerably her junior; and above them were several people, whose names and stations Mr. Ledbury could not catch from the distance. Altogether they sat down about twenty in number; and, taken one with another, like a bag of mixed biscuits, presented a pleasing variety. There was the usual confusion attendant upon settling into their places; and then, when everybody had got their soup and finished it, the usual buzz of boarding-house conversation began. Blaquart inquired of Mrs. Bernard, in broken English, where she had been that day.

"Oh! we had a delightful walk to the Madeleine," replied the lady, "and returned by the Rue de Rivoli to the Place Vendôme. My friend, Mrs. De Robinson, of Eaton Place, recommended me to do so. What a noble square it is!"

"Don't see anything in it, my love," interrupted Mr. Bernard.

"Young De Robinson says that there is nothing like it in London," said Mr. John.

"Nonsense!" continued the father. "Put the Nelson column into the middle of Euston Square; do away with the New Road, and knock down all the railings: then see what that would make. The only place worth going to is St. *Cloud*."

The last word was pronounced as spelt.

"My dear papa," quietly observed Miss Bernard, "I wish you would call it St. *Clew*."

"Why should I, Emmy? — it *is* St. Cloud. C. L. O. U. D. is 'cloud' all the world over, from the skies to a Turnham-Green omnibus."

Mrs. Bernard looked as if she had eaten a capsicum in mistake.

"Paris is a very interesting place," said Mr. Ledbury to the young lady, picking up a little courage to speak without blushing —an acquisition which the *grisettes* had certainly taught him.

"Oh, yes! I am *so* charmed with it!" exclaimed Miss Bernard, with much enthusiasm. "Miss De Robinson said I should be."

"I shall be very glad to get home," said Mr. Bernard. "I have not made one good dinner since I have been here—all wishy-washy messes. I was much happier before."

"You have been here before, sir?" asked Blaquart.

"Oui, moussou; after the peace: *then* I saw Paris indeed. I was at an English hotel. I came down to an English breakfast at ten; read an English paper until twelve; walked about the city with an English *laquais-de-place* until four; sat down to an English dinner at six; and was lighted to bed by an English chambermaid at night. That's the way to see a foreign country properly. Here, Alphonse, Jacks—what's your name?—get me some of that *veau-de-ville*."

"Plait-il, monsieur?" asked the attendant, not exactly comprehending him.

"Mon père a besoin d'un petit pièce de vol-au-vent," said Mr. John Bernard; looking towards Ledbury, as much as to say, "Did you hear that, sir?" And then he passed his fingers through his hair, and amidst the convolutions of his satin stock, after the usual manner of very nice young gentlemen.

"I think we have made the best use of our time," observed Mrs. Bernard to the company in general.

"Have you been to the Chaumière, ma'am?" asked Mr. Ledbury, perceiving nobody replied.

"Oh dear, no!" ejaculated Mrs. Bernard, tossing her turban about like the ship on the head of the sailor who always chooses wet weather to sing in the streets. "I believe it is a horridly low place!"

Mr. Ledbury felt very awkwardly situated indeed.

"We have some friends," continued the lady, "in Eaton Place—you know the De Robinsons of Eaton Place, I suppose—at least by name?"

It was evident that the De Robinsons were the great acquaintances of the Bernard family: everybody has De Robinsons in their circle.

"I have not that pleasure," replied Mr. Ledbury.

"Ah! that's a pity," said Mrs. Bernard; "they are most nice persons. They told me, when they were in Paris, some one wanted them to see the *Chaumière;* but they were glad they did not. The person who recommended it was nobody, as it turned out. He scribbled things, I believe, for his livelihood—quite unpresentable."

Jack Johnson, who appeared to have turned his hand to everything in his lifetime, had once been a bit of an author himself, and this speech somewhat annoyed him.

"Dear, dear," he thought, "if the *parvenu* gentilities of London,—in most cases remarkably dummy people,—whose position in society is so nicely balanced between the exclusive and the vulgar, as to resemble a Logan-stone, which the slightest influence will incline either way, or tumble down altogether: if these good people knew how the "scribblers" see through their struggles for copied display, like a piece of gauze, and in turn look down upon *them,* they would not be best pleased."

But Jack Johnson did not say a word of this. He merely remarked that, if travellers wished to observe the characteristics of a people, they should see every phase of life; but if they merely travelled for the sake of saying afterwards that they had been, or because everybody else did, the end was just as well answered by walking about the fashionable streets.

The *septette* at the bottom of the table had all their conversation to themselves; for the guests above them being all foreigners, placed a barrier between their communications as obstructive as a Jura custom-house. Mr. John Bernard now and then addressed a few words to Madame Provost; but, as she was principally occupied in playing the agreeable to Achille Derval, his attempts at gallant speeches did not create the sensation he desired, and he became silently dignified. M. Coquet, on the other side, finding himself next to the "Countess," was exerting himself to the utmost to be polite, and consequently did not say much to his neighbours; and the talk at the upper end of the table was kept up in one unceasing murmur, Madame Lagrange apparently answering the questions or replying to the remarks of everybody at once, whether relative to Duprez, Gavarni's last sketch, Milord Seymour et ses bouldogues, Rachel, or the proceedings of the Chambre des Deputés.

The ladies retired when dinner was over, and with them the majority of the gentlemen. Our friends, however, remained with the Bernards,—the head of the family persisting in sitting to finish his

bottle, as he would have done in England. Blaquart also kept his seat as croupier, and was particularly polite,—too much so for Jack Johnson,—laughing at all the jokes whether he understood them or not.

"Do you go much on the river in London?" asked Mr. John Bernard of Ledbury, with a patronizing air.

"Very frequently," was the reply.

"In a four or a six?"

"Generally in an iron steamer," answered Mr. Ledbury.

"Oh!" said Mr. John; "then you don't know any of the Leander men?"

"I cannot say I do," returned Mr. Ledbury; "but I know some that belong to the 'Thunder' and the 'Bridesmaid.' They are very civil."

Mr. John Bernard here looked very contemptuously at Mr. Ledbury; upon which Jack Johnson whispered to his friend that if he, Mr. John Bernard, put on the same expression again, he would give him such an extraordinary kick, that he should keep it to take to the British Museum as a curiosity when he got home. And Mr. John Bernard, perceiving that his companion was irate, endeavoured to turn the conversation, and began talking about the sweet wager-boat which his friend young De Robinson had bought at Searle's, and then walked very grandly into the drawing-room, whither Blaquart followed him. Jack Johnson and Ledbury waited behind a little while, until Mr. Bernard had told them two very long and interesting anecdotes,—one about a large trout he had caught with a single gut; and the other about some certain partridges that got up in a furze field, and flew over the road into a copse, where he brought down two of them. Then Jack Johnson, who never by any chance allowed himself to be outdone, related the story of his catching a porpoise in the Basingstoke Canal; and Mr. Ledbury, warming with the subject and the wine, was commencing the account of an excellent morning's sport he had in the Serpentine, when the old gentleman went into a refreshing sleep, and our two friends into the drawing-room.

They found that several strangers had arrived since dinner, principally gentlemen, who were chatting and vandyking about the room, or paying French compliments to Madame Lagrange, who was making tea and coffee in a kind of boudoir attached to the *salon*. Miss Bernard, having been requested by her mamma to play that beautiful waltz which Miss De Robinson brought her from Berlin, was performing it very indifferently on the piano, under the delusion that she was entertaining her auditors; and the Countess having made an attack upon Derval, to the extreme wrath of Madame Provost, M. Coquet turned his attention to Mr. Ledbury. Our hero was enabled to understand what the Frenchman said tolerably well, as he spoke slowly; and they were now enjoying a disquisition upon the extreme politeness of the lower orders in England, their love of refined amusements, and the superlative gaiety of a London Sunday.

As soon as tea was finished, a few card-tables were placed about the room, and several couples commenced playing *écarté*. Blaquart was most anxious that Johnson and Ledbury should form a party at the game; but they stedfastly refused, apparently much to his chagrin, although he still kept up his extreme politeness.

Whilst the usual guests of the house were in the room the play was exceedingly limited; but when M. Lagrange arrived, about ten o'clock, fresh games were immediately formed, and in twenty minutes nearly the whole of the company were occupied in playing or betting, and the tables were soon covered with *rouleaus* of Napoleons and five-franc pieces.

"I expected as much," said Johnson quietly to Ledbury. "This place, although ostensibly a *pension*, is in reality a private gambling-house."

"What makes you think so?"

"The style of the players. We were evidently invited to be pigeoned. I can see the set is at present made at Derval, and the 'Countess,' as they call her, is playing with him."

"Do you know *écarté?*" asked young Bernard of Johnson.

"I have no objection to a game or two with you," replied Jack; "but I should not like to mix with the others. The French seem to have a most singular luck in turning up the king."

Mr. John Bernard crossed the room to get a pack of cards, and Jack whispered to Ledbury,

"Now see me take the shine out of him. I wanted the chance."

They sat down together and played a few games, Ledbury looking on, and perfectly contented in being permitted to score for Jack Johnson on a piece of card cut into snips and angles, which fashion that inventive gentleman had borrowed from an *estaminet* in the Quartier Latin. At length Mr. John found himself so continuously losing, that he began to complain of a headache as an excuse for leaving off.

"'Tis the *vin ordinaire*," said Jack Johnson, "you may depend upon it. I thought you took too much at dinner."

Mr. John Bernard was indignant at the idea that anybody who went on the river in London, and knew some of the Leander men, could allow *vin ordinaire* to have any effect upon him.

"It cannot be that wretched stuff," he replied.

"It is a great deal stronger than you think for," said Jack; "and you would find it so if you drank it quickly, instead of taking your time about it."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," observed Mr. John.

"Now, look here," continued Johnson; "I'll bet you fifteen or twenty francs that I make the whole of this pack of cards into 'pancakes' before you can drink off a half-pint tumbler of Chablis."

"Oh, nonsense! I would not take the bet; it would be downright robbery."

"As you like. Will you bet twenty francs?"

Mr. John Bernard, who had lost about that sum to Jack Johnson, thought there would be no great harm in getting his money back again, so said that he would make the wager.

"But you will give me good wine?" he asked.

"You shall choose it yourself," was the reply, "and I will drink some first."

Ledbury being appointed a witness of the bet, Jack left the room, and procured the Chablis from the butler. He then invaded the kitchen, and having established himself instantaneously in the favour of all the servants, by paying them a collective compliment, and

kissing Madame Provost's *femme de chambre*, he got the cook to heat a tumbler-full of the wine until it was nearly boiling, and with this he returned into the drawing-room.

"Are you ready?" he inquired of Mr. John Bernard.

"Perfectly."

"Then fire away," said Jack; "but don't spill any over that pretty stock, because it would be a pity. You'll find the wine rather warm; but I presume that is of no consequence. We made no agreement as to temperature—it was merely as to quality."

As Jack rapidly began to make the cards into pancakes, Mr. Bernard put his lips to the wine, and saw that he was "done;" but still, thinking that he might yet accomplish the task within time, he attempted to swallow it. He sipped, and sneezed, and winced, and coughed,—his eyes watered, and his throat appeared losing its skin, but all to no avail. Jack's agile fingers completed their task before the tumbler was half emptied, and he tossed the last pancake upon the table in triumph as he added,

"I'll trouble you for twenty francs."

There was no getting out of it, and Mr. John Bernard's anger at losing his money was only exceeded by the feeling of humbled importance which he experienced. Throwing the money on the table with a very bad grace, he marched out of the room without saying a word to anybody; but inwardly putting Jack Johnson down as a swindler, and determining upon his return home to see if he could not retrieve his loss by taking in young De Robinson, or some of the Leander men, in the same manner.

During all this time the play had been proceeding at the other tables; and Ledbury and Johnson turned towards one of them to inspect the gamesters. There was none of that agitation or convulsion of countenance which they had expected to find in the faces of the players. They all appeared as collected as if they had merely been gambling for sugar-plums; and, whatever they might have felt inwardly, they did not betray the least token of anxiety by their outward demeanour. Now and then, to be sure, when a heavy stake was swept away, the owner muttered a subdued "*sacré!*" but this was all. The Countess, who was still playing with Derval, and apparently losing large sums, seemed far more careful in studying an attitude, in which her round white arm might be seen to the best advantage upon the dark-green velvet of the card-table than in looking after the chances of the game; although an attentive observer might have discovered that her lip occasionally quivered — but only for an instant—when her adversary made an important point. Lagrange and Blaquart were watching the game very closely, and apparently with anything but pleasure, for Derval was winning everything before him: and Jack Johnson had perception enough to see that the scheme had failed; and that the intended pigeon was going on in a fair way to break the bank, with which the two others had evidently supplied his fair companion. After a short period had elapsed, at a signal from Lagrange the Italian threw down her cards, declaring she could play no more against such a continuous run of fortune.

Ledbury and Johnson were leaving the room with the intention of going home, when Derval came up to them, and inquired of the latter in which direction their road lay. Finding that they were bound

for the Quartier Latin, he hoped they would allow him the pleasure of accompanying them; to which they immediately acquiesced.

"I live in the Faubourg St. Germain myself," he continued, "but at all events we can go together as far as the river. We will first have a bottle of champagne, and then depart."

The wine was ordered in, and paid for by Derval, in celebration, as he called it, of his good fortune. One bottle produced another, and it was nearly one o'clock in the morning when the party left the *pension,* and proceeded on their way home.

CHAPTER VIII.

The wine-shop in the Marché des Innocens, and the murder on the Pont Neuf.

Those whom business, or pleasure, has compelled to be about at a late hour in the streets of Paris, must have been struck with the dead quiet which reigns throughout the city after the bustle attendant upon the close of the theatres has subsided, and the principal *cafés* on the adjacent *boulevards* — the latest quarters of the town — have closed their doors. There are no night-taverns, as in London; neither is there that undying murmur and motion in the streets which never allows our city to sleep. By midnight the French capital is as tranquil as a city of the dead; nothing breaking the silence but the orderly round of the *garde municipal*, or the occasional apparition of some wretched wanderer crawling about the most secluded and dimly-lighted streets, because he has no home to go to — not even the miserable shelter which four sous will procure him in one of the *garnis* of the low faubourgs.

It was a fine clear night, and not feeling much inclined to go to bed, at the same time that the fresh air added to their excitement, Johnson, Ledbury, and Derval, sauntered along the line of *boulevards* until they arrived at the corner of Rue St. Denis, when, recollecting that they were coming considerably out of their way, they turned down the street. There was little at this time to attract their attention, and the very lights in the houses had been extinguished: whilst the dull lamps slung across the street appeared doubly gloomy after the gas in the thoroughfare they had just quitted. On they went until they came to a turning to the right, leading into the Marché des Innocens, when Derval insisted upon their going through the market, and having something to drink at a wine-shop which he knew to be open all night. Neither Ledbury nor Johnson were anxious for this intended treat, having both taken quite enough already; but Derval, who was sufficiently excited to be extremely obstinate, would make them come with him to Paul Niquet's — a *marchand de vin* who never closes his doors, and who conducts his establishment in the same manner as the early houses about Covent Garden Market.

A bright lamp over the door guided them to the shop; but this was scarcely necessary, for there was such a tumult within that it might be heard at the other end of the *halle*. Derval tapped with his knuckles against the door, and was immediately admitted, together with Ledbury and Johnson. The small, low room was filled with a throng of the lower orders, who, in point of dirt and repulsive appearance might have ranked on the same plane as the deni-

zens of that part of St. Giles's known as "The Rookery," consisting of *chiffoniers*, porters attached to the market, *charretiers*, and men belonging to the *chantiers*, or places where firewood is stored for sale, in company with bargemen from the lighters containing charcoal below the Quai de l'Ecole. Some were fast asleep upon the tables and benches, waiting for the opening of the markets; others were quarreling and vociferating loudly in their cups; and the remainder were lounging against the walls and counter, as they drank their wine or brandy; or devoured some coarse bread, and coarser cold meat, for what was to them a breakfast.

Two or three of the most sinister-looking amongst them gathered round the fresh-comers as they entered, apparently with the intention of hustling them; and Johnson told Ledbury quietly to put his handkerchief into his hat, and keep his hands in his pockets. Indeed they were both anxious, now they had seen what the place was like, to make their exit as soon as they could; but Derval kept pressing them to take some of the cognac he had ordered, continually saying that he was coming away directly. To satisfy him they put their lips to it, and then their companion gave the remains to a gigantic porter who was standing at his side. The man proposed the health of the new-comer previously to drinking the spirits, and this being received by the other parties with acclamations, Derval announced his intention of treating them all to whatever they liked best. Renewed applause followed this offer, and they crowded round the bar, some of them awakening their fellows to partake of the young Frenchman's bounty, which the master of the shop began to serve out as fast as he was able.

The riot and noise increased with the supply of liquor; and Johnson was more than ever anxious to get away, knowing that Derval had a large sum of money about him — the fruits of his winning at the *pension*,— and feeling certain that if he was not robbed, at all events he would make away with a great portion of it in treating the people about him. At last, however, they prevailed upon him to come with them, Johnson offering to pay for what had been served out, thinking he could get through it better than his companion, and without the chance of being cheated. But this Derval would not allow, and with the true heedlessness of an intoxicated man he pulled a handful of five-franc pieces from his pocket, and threw them along the counter with careless force; some of them rolling off upon the floor, and directly provoking a violent struggle been two or three men, who stooped to scramble them up. Taking advantage of this temporary diversion, Johnson gave Ledbury the hint, and, getting Derval between them, they half persuaded, half forced him from the shop, although not without opposition on the part of some *chiffoniers*, who appeared little inclined that they should part company.

"Well, thank God! we are out of that," said Johnson, when they once more found themselves in the Marché des Innocens. "There would have been an awful riot if we had remained there much longer."

"They are all good fellows," observed Derval.

"No doubt of it," replied Johnson; "but they do not carry their estimable qualities in their countenances. I never saw such a fearful set of ruffians in my life."

"I shall not go home," said Derval, leaning back obstinately as they came into the Rue St. Honoré. "I am too intoxicated."

"Why, what are you to do?" replied Johnson; "you cannot keep in the streets all night."

"I shall walk about and recover myself," was the answer; "but I shall not go home." And, as they approached the office of Laffitte's Messageries, he sat himself down upon one of the large stones against the wall, and announced his intention of not proceeding any further.

"Will he be safe if we leave him?" asked Ledbury.

"He will be quite safe *here*, if he does not move," replied Johnson. "The soldiers are always on guard, and will protect him. If he will not come, we cannot remain with him."

"And are we to go home, then?"

"I suppose so," returned Johnson, again endeavouring, but in vain, to get Derval to accompany them. "If I saw any of the municipal guard, I would send him to the guard-house. Will you give me your watch to take care of, and what money you have?" he continued, addressing Derval.

"You may have my watch and my money," was the reply; "but I won't go home."

It was in vain that they continued to persuade him. He kept affirming that he should wait to recover himself before he went to bed; so that Johnson, seeing nothing was to be done with him, took the purse and watch, and, accompanied by Ledbury, left him where he had seated himself.

"He cannot lose much now, however," said Johnson. "I have got all his money, except a few loose francs, so that he can come to no great harm; and perhaps it is as well that he should wait a little before he goes home. He might set his curtains on fire if he went to bed in his present state."

They crossed the Rue St. Honoré, and, turning round the *façade* of the Louvre, arrived at the toll-gate of the Pont des Arts, a bridge for foot-passengers only, which conducted from the building just named to the Institute on the other side of the Seine. The man who took the money at the gate had not expected any more passengers that night, and was ensconced comfortably in his box fast asleep, having drawn down the glass in front of the pigeon-hole, where payment was tendered. Johnson and Ledbury could not think of disturbing him to pay their two sous, and so walked on to the bridge without any interruption.

To our thinking, there is no situation in Paris which presents so picturesque a view as that obtained in looking up the river from the centre of the Pont des Arts towards the Ile de la Cité. It requires but little stretch of the imaginative faculties to fancy that the flight of time has been reversed, and that the fine old city, as it appeared in the brilliant days of the *moyen age* of France, once more rises up before us in its early beauty, so little change has taken place in its general features. Below this point, succeeding epochs have wrought a great alteration in the leading physiognomy of the river's banks. The Tour de Nesle, with its harrowing associations and dark legends,—the names of the infamous Marguerite de Bourgogne and the wily Buridan, connected so intimately with its fearful records,—have passed away. The grim turrets and fortified walls which

formed the boundaries of the old Louvre no longer frown upon the Seine; whilst the rough Tour de Bois has given place to the finest picture-gallery in the world; and lower down, the verdant expanse of the Pré aux Clercs, whereon, each summer's evening, the clerks of the Basoche and the students of Cluny mingled in the dance with the *grisettes* of the city, has been covered by modern and unromantic elevations. But above the bridge all is picturesque as formerly. The venerable and time-blackened towers of Notre Dame still rise in the same sullen grandeur above the surrounding edifices, as in the days when the names of Valois, Medicis, and Navarre were foremost in the chronicles of royalty. There are yet to be seen the pointed minarets of the Palais de Justice and Tour d'Horloge, where the first great clock in Paris was set up in 1370; and, nearer to the bridge, the fatal bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois—that dread alarm which rang out the knell of the Huguenots—still sounds across the river at eventide. The only building of importance that now no longer exists is the Grand Châtelet; but this intrudes so little upon the line of the Quais, as to make no great difference in the character of the view, seen from the spot where Ledbury and Johnson now stopped.

The soft calm moonlight slumbered upon the old spires and buildings of the city, now wrapt in an impressive silence, broken only by the occasional challenges of the night-watch, or the chafing of the Seine as it whirled through the arches of the bridge in its turbulent course below the Pont Neuf. To the left, the river-front of the Louvre rose like some spectral palace in dreamy outline; the solitary sentinel who paraded to and fro below the *façade* alone presenting evidence of life and motion in its precincts. The towers of the churches along the banks of the Seine now and then gave forth the sound of their sleepy chimes, fainter and fainter in the distance, and, echoing for a while, died away, leaving the universal stillness more apparent. The tranquillity of the scene did not fail to have its effect upon both our friends, and they looked upon it in silence, each lost in his own reflections,—Ledbury simply gazing with interest upon the fine view of a foreign city by moonlight, and Johnson recalling old times and associations with a sentiment which those who knew him most intimately would have given him little credit for exhibiting; since the world is apt to forget, that the same acute perception of the humorous, which imbues its possessor with so keen a relish for fun, can assume an opposite attribute whenever matter of graver moment chances to cross its path—and with equal intensity.

They had lingered for about a quarter of an hour on the bridge, unwilling on either side to disturb the waking visions of the other, when their attention was suddenly aroused by a shrill cry in the direction of the Pont Neuf. Another and another succeeded; and now they could discern, by the light of the moon, the outline of two figures, apparently wrestling with each other, on the coping between the summit of the buttresses which form the small shops of that thoroughfare. Immediately after they appeared to be climbing the parapet, and, before a few seconds had elapsed, another cry broke the stillness, and one of the figures fell from the coping into the river below. At the same instant the sentinel at the statue of Henri Quatre discharged his musket, and the remaining individual disappeared

immediately, as if he had fallen back upon the causeway of the bridge.

The whole of this transaction had taken up less time than the space occupied in reading the account of it, and Johnson and Ledbury were for the moment bewildered at the suddenness of the action. But the former soon recovered himself, and spoke hurriedly to his companion:—

"There is foul play going on there," he exclaimed. "Some one has been attacked, and thrown from the bridge. And see! he is fighting with the stream alongside the baths."

Whilst he was speaking, the indistinct form of a man could be observed struggling in the water, and directly afterwards rising above it, as he was borne by the force of the rapid current on to one of the shallows below the Ecole de Natation. He remained here for a minute; but the power of the stream overcame his efforts to stop upon the bank, and, yielding to its strength, he rolled over and over upon the shingle, and then was again hurried on in the deep water.

"He has sunk!" cried Ledbury, who was gazing at the river, half paralyzed with fear.

"No, no; he is at the surface again," returned Johnson; "but he has not strength to support himself. Run to the man at the gate," he continued, seizing Ledbury by the arm with nervous anxiety,—"run to the man at the gate—do you hear?—and awaken him: we may yet be able to save him."

With the quickness of thought Johnson took his penknife from his pocket, and, cutting the straps of his trousers, hastily drew off his boots, and threw them upon the platform of the bridge. Then, putting his hat upon one of the seats, he placed in it his money, and Derval's watch and purse; and, throwing off his coat, vaulted over the parapet-rail, as Ledbury started to arouse the gatekeeper Clinging to the light ironwork which forms the body of the bridge, and which everywhere afforded a firm hold to his muscular grasp, he slung himself, with fearful haste, from one beam to another; now swinging from the transverse ties, and now gliding down the uprights, until he reached the stonework from which they spring. The stream was still several feet below him; but, nothing daunted, he threw himself into the river at once, casting aside all idea of danger in the excitement of the instant. The cold, dark water closed over his head, and roared and bubbled in his ears, as he sank some feet below the surface; but, re-appearing immediately, he struck out towards the spot where he expected to find the victim. The stream was, however, too powerful to make any way against it. He perceived this in an instant; and turning towards one of the piers, he was enabled, after much exertion, to cling to an iron boat-ring, which was fixed into the stonework, fortunately within his grasp; and he had barely accomplished this feat, when the individual he was endeavouring to preserve was borne through the arch, still throwing his arms about, vaguely, in the agonies of a drowning man.

With an additional impetus, obtained by springing from the pier, Johnson immediately dashed through the current, and was at the side of the sufferer. A position of intense peril ensued. The dying man—for such he really was—made a desperate clutch at Johnson's

arm as he approached him; and, succeeding in the attempt, in an instant they both sank. It was but a moment; for they rose again almost directly, the hold of the other still remaining the same.

"Leave go my arm!" gasped Johnson,—"leave go my arm—we are both lost if——"

But the grasp of the sufferer tightened; and, in addition, he attempted to throw his leg round Johnson's, in which he would have succeeded, had not the other, with the tact of an expert swimmer, turned upon his side as far as the embrace of the other would permit, and thus prevented the lock which would have been inevitably fatal to both. Again he endeavoured to cast him off, but to no purpose, and again they sank deeply into the roaring water. At last, as they rose once more to the surface, Johnson collected all his force for one effort, and contrived to shake the other off: at the same minute that he dived under him, and came up in his wake. Seizing him by his long hair, he was enabled to keep him away; and, whilst he supported his head above water, they turned towards the bank.

In the mean time Ledbury had aroused the man at the toll-gate of the bridge. The sentinel at the Louvre had also followed up the shot of the soldier beneath the statue on the Pont Neuf; and the roll of drums in the Carrousel showed that the alarm had spread. And now the bright muskets of the *garde municipale* were gleaming upon the Quai de l'Ecole, and some on the other side of the river had reached the Pont des Arts; whilst others, directed by Ledbury's gestures rather than his words, hastened down the stairs, and along the edge of the river, with the intention of affording Johnson what assistance they could offer. Returning over the bridge, and taking up his friend's hat and its contents, Ledbury followed the soldiers who were at the side of the stream, and got up to them just as Johnson brought his charge to land. But human aid was now of no avail. A gush of bright arterial blood was pouring from a wound in the chest of the victim; and Johnson's dress, wet and disordered, bore traces of the same florid stream. And the courageous fellow himself sank down from pure exhaustion as he reached the bank.

The alarm had run like wildfire; and, from all the principal streets leading to the *quais*, parties of the municipal guard were now hastening, in the direction of the spot where Ledbury and his companions stood.

"They have secured the assassin, messieurs," observed a gendarme, who now joined the party. "He was disabled by a shot from the *factionnaire* on the Pont Neuf."

"And who is it?" asked several voices eagerly.

"A porter of the Marché des Innocens. He must have watched the deceased from that neighbourhood."

In a minute or two Johnson recovered his breath; and motioning the guard on one side, that the moonlight might not be intercepted, he parted the long wet hair from the face of the murdered man, and looked upon his features. A cry of surprise and horror broke from him as he recognized the countenance of Derval!

CHAPTER IX.

The Bal Masqué and the Guillotine.

It is the custom in certain melodrames, when any events occur which, although imperatively necessary to the elaboration of the plot, would weary the spectators by their actual representation, to inform the audience through the medium of the play-bill that "a lapse of five years is supposed to take place between Acts I. and II." And, furthermore, it is the habitude of the management, in order that a slight semblance of reality may be given to this supposition, to keep the aforesaid audience waiting as long as the patience of the house generally, and the pit and gallery especially, will permit. Now the first of these arrangements — for the second has merely been mentioned parenthetically, as bearing upon the subject, but having nothing in the world to do with our own case—is a salutary one; for it saves an immense deal of yawning, and obtrusive attempts to extend cramped legs. And so, in like manner, we beg our considerate reader to imagine that five weeks have elapsed since the events of the last chapter.

Little has occurred in this time to interest or amuse. The recollection of the murder hung upon the minds of our friends for some time, and they felt little inclination to join in any gaiety, — indeed Ledbury was very anxious to return home again. The autumn was giving place to winter; and the trial of the man concerned in Derval's assassination had taken place, ending in his condemnation to the last punishment the law can order.

"It is exceedingly fortunate for us," observed Johnson to Ledbury, as they left the court at the close of the trial, "that the murderer was taken in the fact, or it would have placed us in an unpleasant situation, to say the least of it. We left together that night; we were seen with poor Derval in the wine-shop; and I had his watch and purse in my possession. People have been hung before now where the chain of circumstantial evidence was much slighter."

No appeal had been made by the criminal to the Court of Cassation against the sentence of the Cour d'Assise, and the sensation gradually subsided as time passed on. And even Ledbury and Johnson thought less about it, and began to join the students, as formerly, in their amusements; the former of our tourists looking forward with some excitement to a masked ball which was advertised to take place, *par extraordinaire*, at the Pantheon Theatre,—the playhouse which, with the Luxembourg rendezvous for the admirers of the very minor drama, ("*chez Bobinot*,") forms the chief resort of the students and *grisettes* inhabiting the Quartier Latin.

As soon as the day was announced, Mr. Ledbury's inquietude respecting what sort of a dress he should appear in gradually rose to a degree the most unsettled and perplexing. Aimée, who, of course, was to form one of the party, had long ago made up her mind to go as a *débardeur*, such being the proper and appointed costume for *grisettes* under such circumstances; Johnson had also determined to accompany her as a postilion; so that Ledbury was the only undecided one of the *trio* as to his character, and, in company with the others, he routed over the stores of every *magazin des costumes* within a radius of one mile from the heart of the Quartier Latin.

"Here's a magnificent *moyen age* dress," said Jack Johnson, as they stood inspecting the gay contents of a wardrobe in the Rue de Seine. "Look at it—'a page of the thirteenth century.' You would look very great in that."

But Mr. Ledbury had not a pleasant idea of his own appearance in feathers, flesh-coloured tights, and spectacles; and so he turned over the page for another.

"I think I should like to go as a Chinese," he meekly observed.

"Pshaw!" replied Jack, "what can you do as a Chinese? You couldn't *galoppe* in that spangled bed-furniture. You had better choose a *débardeur*, after all. It's a good dress,—cheap and stylish, as they say of a ten-shilling Taglioni."

And so Mr. Ledbury, acting upon his friend's advice, and moreover assured that he would create a great sensation, agreed to go as a *débardeur*.

The dresses were sent home on the morning of the day, and Mr. Ledbury amused himself until evening by comparing them one with another, and disputing which was the most becoming, which dispute ultimately ended in his deciding that his own was. Although the performances at the theatre did not conclude until a late hour, and the ball was not to commence until twelve, yet our friends were dressed and all ready by half-past eight,—Aimée having been politely accommodated with a dressing-room by a young *repasseuse* in



one of the *mansardes* over their chamber. And when their toilets were all finished, and they sat down to coffee in Ledbury's room, there were certainly not three lighter hearts in all Paris,—perhaps not in all the world. Aimée appeared to have derived additional attraction from her piquant costume. Jack Johnson was rollicking about, and singing snatches of twenty different songs as he rode steeple-chases on the chairs, to the great dislocation of their joints, and the bewilderment of the lodgers underneath, or occasionally, in the joyousness of his heart, threw his wig at Ledbury, covering him with a cloud of powder. And Mr. Ledbury himself, not yet exactly understanding where he was in his new attire, but withal immensely pleased with it, was only wishing that some of the young ladies he had met at parties in London could see him now: wouldn't they be glad to dance with him — that was all! — and how all the other young men at Islington would sink into insignificance by his side.

Precisely at midnight they started for the ball. They had but a few yards to go from their door, and it was a fine night, so they walked in their dresses very quietly down the street to the theatre, —a proceeding which did not create any curiosity in the Quartier Latin. There was a great crowd of visitors at the doors; but, as only the ladies wore masks, they recognised several of their friends, including Jules and Henri, who came out uncommonly gay as two hussars. And although the *salle* is small, yet, when Mr. Ledbury was fairly in the theatre, the lights, the music, the dresses, and, above all, the lively and happy crowd around him, formed in their *ensemble* such a very enchanting scene, that he began to think the accounts of the festivities in the Arabian Nights were not the enormous lies he had always considered them to be.

"Gar' les jambes!" cried a man, running along the room, holding a tin can of water with a hole in it, with which he appeared to be flourishing hieroglyphics on the floor.

"What's he doing, Jack?" asked Ledbury.

"Aux places! messieurs et dames, s'il vous plait!" exclaimed the master of the ceremonies, causing a sensation which precluded an answer to the inquiry.

"Un vis-à-vis!" shouted twenty voices at once.

"Go and ask that little girl in the lancer's dress to dance," said Johnson to Ledbury.

"But she don't know me, Jack," was the reply. "Shouldn't I be introduced?"

"Fiddlesticks!" returned Johnson; "go and ask her, I tell you, and then come and stand opposite to me."

Mr. Ledbury mustered up courage, and contrived to make himself understood. He returned with the *grisette*, and placed himself opposite to Johnson; the band played a few bars of the opening quadrille, and the various sets fell into their places.

The dance proceeded, enlivened in the orchestral department by the glorious *cornet-à-piston;* and after the last figure such a *galoppe* took place, that Ledbury soon saw the use of the man with the water-pot in laying the dust. He was not very successful at the *galoppe;* but his partner was, so that it was of no great consequence. She bounded off with him the instant the air began; and, what with running very fast, leaping, sliding, and taking terrific strides, he

was enabled to keep up with her. To be sure, he tumbled down now and then, and got run over by twenty couple or so; but this was of no importance, for everybody was too much absorbed in their own whirl to look after anybody else; especially Jack Johnson and Aimée, who appeared to have taken an entire leave of their senses. And what a stirring chase it was! Down the declivity of the stage as hard as they could tear, to the boarded pit, and then flying wildly round underneath the boxes, and up again to the back of the theatre. It was indeed a *galoppe d'enfer*, as Aimée called it, especially to the inspiring "Postillon," with the accompaniment of the crack of the whip, and jangling of the diligence bells. Then came the *Danois galoppe*, and the *Fille du Danube*, and the *galoppe* from *Alma*, and a dozen others equally spirited; and waltzes by Labitsky, Lanner, and Strauss without end; until the very hours took it into their heads to *galoppe* too, and the night passed away long before Ledbury, Johnson, or Aimée perceived or wished it.

At the close of one of the dances, Mr. Ledbury was sitting down by his partner, endeavouring to wash down some of the dust with which they were choked, with *limonade gazeuse*, when Johnson came up to him, apparently rather excited, and said,

"I have just heard something worth knowing. The *gendarme* you see keeping order at the corner of the stage was at the river the night Derval was murdered. He has recognised you and me."

"Well, what then?" asked Ledbury in great fear, imagining that they were both to be immediately guillotined, in consequence, on the spot.

"He says that the assassin is to be executed this morning. It is not generally known yet; but if we like, as we were concerned in the affair, he can take us into the prison. Will you go?"

"I do not think I should like to see it, Jack," replied Ledbury.

"Nonsense, man! you need not see the execution. Come along: we must get these things off, and meet the gendarme outside the theatre in twenty minutes. It is now nearly six."

Half entreated, half persuaded into going, our friends left the house, and, hurriedly changing their things, returned to the theatre, where the officer was waiting for them. There were several cabs and coaches for hire at the doors; getting into a *citadine*, therefore, they drove immediately to the prison — a sudden and impressive contrast to the scene of revelry which they had just quitted!

On arriving at the prison, they remained at the door a short time, whilst the gendarme entered to obtain permission to bring them in. He returned almost directly; and, motioning them to follow him, at the same time that he ordered the vehicle to wait, led the way through many passages, gloomy in the dull light of morning, to the prison parlour. Several people were here assembled, and in the centre of them stood the criminal. Johnson directly recognised him, and pointed him out to Ledbury, who, perfectly overcome with terror, scarcely dared to breathe. A venerable abbé was at his side offering him the last consolations of religion, which the condemned man appeared to receive with respect and even gratitude. He took off a heavy gold ring, such as the gipsies wear, and gave it to the priest, requesting it might be forwarded to some female whose name he mentioned.

"She will know shortly," he said, "that she need not call to see me to-morrow."

Ledbury thought it strange that there should be a female who could care for this blood-stained, fearful man!

The persons whose duty it is to attend the culprit now came into the room, and having removed some of his upper garments, and laid bare his neck, proceeded to cut off his hair. As the coarse, dark locks fell on the ground, he picked up one and gave it to the abbé, requesting that it might be forwarded with the ring. His demeanour was altogether calm and unmoved. Once only he shuddered; and that was when, upon looking down, he saw the collar of his shirt upon the ground, which had been cut off by the executioner. He moved it with his foot out of sight, and became as tranquil as before.

A short time was spent in the necessary arrangements; and then the gendarme, approaching Johnson, told him, if he wished to witness the execution, he had better start immediately for the spot in some vehicle, as the *cortège* was about to leave the prison, and they would go at a rapid pace. A strange impulse now drew Ledbury on to see the end of the tragedy, in spite of its revolting nature; and, hastening out of the prison, they re-entered the *citadine*, and drove to the barrier.

It was now about twenty minutes to eight; and the inhabitants of Paris, being an early people, were quite alive and busy at that hour: but, as the time and place of the fatal operation of the guillotine are always kept secret, Johnson and Ledbury did not see that tide of spectators pressing towards the spot that they would have observed in England, until they arrived at the Val-de-Grace. Here several were evidently bending their steps in the direction; for in the immediate neighbourhood the elevation of the scaffold is a sufficient signal of what is to follow. When they came to the Place St. Jacques, at the Barrière d'Arcueil, in the centre of which the guillotine was erected, a great crowd of spectators had assembled, forming a large semi-circle, commencing from the barrier on either side. They were chiefly of the lower orders, but several respectable-looking females were amongst them; and two or three decent carriages were drawn up outside the ring and under the trees of the inner boulevards, filled with people. Of course all the windows commanding a glimpse of the area were fully occupied; and Ledbury was astonished to see two or three young girls, some of them evidently belonging to a superior sphere of life, anxiously gazing at the fearful preparations for bloodshed. The mob was certainly amusing itself in a most hilarious manner. Itinerant vendors of cakes, and *marchands de coco*, were perambulating amongst them; and a stranger would have thought, from their demeanour, that they were waiting during the *entr'acte* of an exhibition of mountebanks.

The guillotine was erected on a platform about seven feet from the ground, resting upon an open framework of timber, all of which was painted red. By the side of the plank on which the criminal was to be confined was a long basket filled with sawdust; and the box for the reception of the head was strapped to the uprights between which the knife was to fall. On one side of the scaffold was a common market-cart, in which two men were calmly sitting, and smoking their pipes—this was to convey the body away; and on the

other was a light waggon to carry off the scaffold itself when taken to pieces after the execution. The circle of spectators was preserved by municipal guards and mounted troops of the line, stationed in pairs at short distances; and the gendarmes were conversing in small groups in the centre.

A little before eight a cloud of dust at the extremity of the Boulevard d'Enfer proclaimed the approach of the cavalcade — a circumstance which seemed to be hailed with much glee by the mob. A large detachment of horse-soldiers came first, at a sharp trot; then some of the city functionaries, in a small, four-wheeled fly with one horse; and, lastly, the criminal van, in which were the prisoner, the abbé, and the executioner. The van opened behind, and was consequently backed against the steps of the guillotine.

The priest first alighted, after him the condemned, and then the executioner. The culprit still preserved his firmness, his complexion denoted no internal emotion; and yet the solemn silence reigning around him, which was now but faintly disturbed by the shuddering of the multitude—a minute before so heedless—appeared nevertheless to produce upon him at that awful moment a lively impression. Looking steadily at the knife, which, heavily weighted, and fixed at the top of the uprights, was now throwing back the beams of the morning sun, he ascended the steps, listening to the last exhortations of the abbé. On reaching the platform he shook his head, as if he wished to address the crowd; but, merely exclaiming "Oh! Dieu!" between his teeth, he took his place upon the plank, which was immediately lifted up, and pushed horizontally under the knife. A piece of wood, having a notch to correspond to the neck of the culprit, was then pushed down, to prevent his drawing back his head; and, as he was lying upon his face, he was actually looking into the box wherein his head was to fall.

All was now still as death; and, the catch being loosened, the knife fell swiftly down the groove; but the momentary check, as it cut through the vertebræ of the neck, could distinctly be perceived. Two immense jets of blood immediately spouted out from the divided arteries; but in an instant the body was pushed over into the basket, as well as the box containing the head. The scaffold was then washed down with pailsful of water, and the crimson stream poured down in torrents upon the pavement of the road; next to this, the basket containing the body and head were placed in the cart, which drove quickly off; and then the crowd gradually dispersed, apparently much gratified with the spectacle they had witnessed.

In the evening Johnson and Ledbury visited the barrier again. All the apparatus was removed, and the ever-gay population of Paris were passing outside the gates, to enjoy themselves at the *guinguettes*. But the stain of blood was still upon the road, and the hearts of our friends sickened at the recollection of the morning's tragedy.

"I have seen a great deal," said Ledbury, "since I left home, and shall not readily forget all I have witnessed; but I do not care to stay in Paris any longer. The winter is coming on, and I shall not be sorry to be once more at home again in England."

THE MASK OF MISCHIEF.

Sin and Folly, sisters twain,
  Came into the world as twins;
Yet, though coupled thus, 'twas plain
  They were not alike—for Sin's
Features were uncouth, unsightly;
Folly's looks were fair and sprightly.

Both resolved to push their way,
  Though diverse their temper's mould:
Grave was Sin, and Folly gay;
  Sly was Sin, but Folly bold.
Both, with all their odds, had *one* quest—
Both were fired with love of conquest.

Folly foremost took her course,
  Laughing, giggling as she went;
Some were charm'd, while some, perforce,
  Shrank from such mad merriment—
Till the jade, albeit so heady,
Got a *mask*, to look more steady.

Sin, intent to clutch her prey,
  Slowly stalked into the light:
Many scampered swift away;
  Others yielded from pure fright:
So the reptile tail'd with rattles,
Uses fear to fight its battles.

Pleas'd, yet vex'd withal, was Sin;
  Grinning hideous, like an ape;
Pleas'd some *converts* thus to win,
  Vex'd that any should escape;
For, to say the truth, the vampire
Burned for universal empire.

Quick to covet, prompt to ask
  What might to her sway add stores,
"Oh!" cries Sin, "*I* want a mask;
  Lend me, sister Folly, yours.
Of your own face you may dare crow;
But, you know, *I*'m such a scare-crow!"

Folly, caught by this appeal,
  (Compliment and candour mix'd,)
Did her ugly sister's will;
  "Take," said she, "the thing thou seek'st."
"Ha!" cried Sin, in wicked raptures,
"What shall limit *now* my captures?"

Hugely throve the borrowing trick—
  Since which time, this precious pair
Through the world their victims seek,
  Through the world their triumphs share;
In their common plans to screen 'em,
Having but *one mask* between 'em.

Mortal man, in every place,
  Shun, oh! shun that mask of shame;
Lest, when caught in Sin's embrace,
  Thou should'st all too late exclaim,
In thy plight so melancholy,
"Alas! I thought 'twas only *Folly*."

G. D.

A NIGHT IN THE ADRIATIC.

BY MRS. ROMER.

> "Dreams are toys;
> Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
> I will be squared by this."
>
> *Winter's Tale.*

The last time I was at Venice, I was tempted to cross over from thence to Trieste to visit two remarkable specimens of the wonders of nature and art, both equally interesting, yet completely distinct from each other, which enriched the Istrian territory, — I allude to the wonderful cave of Adelsberg, situated but a few leagues from Trieste, and the splendid Roman amphitheatre at Pala, placed at the extremity of the Capo d'Istria.

There is a steam-boat communication between Venice and Trieste; but certainly not of the best description. The steamers are small and tub-like, only fit for river-navigation, and not in the least calculated for the Adriatic, which, whatever poets may sing of that "moon-lit sea," is not to be depended on, but, like a capricious beauty, is liable to sudden stormy outbursts, which ruffle its smooth surface into towering passions, infinitely pleasanter to talk about than to encounter. The steamer in which I had secured my passage was to depart at night; and taking for granted, from that circumstance, that it contained suitable accommodations for passing the night on board, I made no previous inquiries to that effect, satisfied that I should find everything as it ought to be; though Heaven knows, and *I* already knew from experience, that "bad is the best" one meets with in foreign steamers. Modest as my expectations were, however, they were doomed to utter disappointment; for, on embarking, I found that beds were things unheard of in that vessel, and that hard benches, dignified with the appellation of sofas, (which surrounded the four sides of the one cabin in which men and women were expected to pass the night promiscuously,) were destined to do duty for the more legitimate couches usually found in sea-steamers.

Ignorant of this arrangement, and desirous of settling myself for the night before the vessel cleared the *lagunes*, I took possession of one of the aforesaid sofas, and, with my cloak for a coverlet, and my *sac de nuit* for a pillow, I stretched myself along it to rest — not to sleep. But, independent of the discomfort of lying down in one's clothes, which wearies instead of refreshing, the sights and sounds that ere long assailed me in that cabin were more than sufficient to "murder sleep." The motion of the ill-constructed steamer, labouring through the waves in the teeth of a stiff breeze, soon produced its effect upon the majority of the numerous passengers who encumbered the benches and the floor; and as I am one of those persons who, although never *quite comfortable* at sea, am only driven to the extremity of decided sickness from the force of example, I deemed it prudent to effect a retreat from the contagion which surrounded me, while yet I possessed the physical power of doing so, and, vacating

my comfortless couch, rushed to the blessing of fresh air and quiet upon the deck,—the last group that met my eyes below being a couple of Austrian officers, whose sufferings and whose *sang-froid* had awakened my pity and my hilarity (to my shame be it spoken) in equal degrees.

The steward of the steamer had certainly underrated the number of his passengers, or overrated their capabilities of defying sea-sickness, for he had not proportioned the quantity of those Wedgwood indispensables required on such occasions to the actual wants of the assembled voyagers; and, in this dearth of crockery, the two officers in question had appropriated to their joint use one basin, which each clutched pertinaciously with one hand, like supporters to a coat of arms, while in the other they grasped their cherished meerschaums. In the pauses of the noisy duet performed by them, which elicited the most extraordinary specimens of their *voci di petto*, they very gravely and assiduously smoked their pipes, while the tears forced from their eyes by such unwonted and involuntary exertions coursed each other down their ghastly faces; but not an exclamation or a complaint escaped their lips: and thus they alternated between their simultaneous contortions over the *cuvette*, and their solemn and almost motionless devotion to their meerschaums, until my powers of resistance, physical and moral, could no longer hold out against the moving pathos of the scene, and I abruptly escaped from it.

On the deck I found two or three passengers, who like myself had preferred braving the night-breezes, unsheltered, to the annoyance of facing the manifold horrors of the cabin; and, wrapped in our mantles and mackintoshes, we ensconced ourselves leeward of a pile of trunks, and prepared to pass the night wakefully *à la belle étoile*. One of these passengers was a northern German, another a French gentleman, both of them well informed, high-bred men, whose conversation was well calculated to lighten the tedium of the chilly vigil before us. Many were the subjects glanced at by them; which, eliciting variances of opinion in the speakers, afforded grounds for arguments sustained on each side with as much urbanity as spirit. The German was evidently strongly imbued with the mysticism and taste for the supernatural which tinges the literature of his country; and, to my surprise, the Frenchman, whom I had at first fancied to possess *l'esprit Voltairien* in an eminent degree, showed himself ready to go all lengths with him in admitting not only the possibility but the probability of occurrences which, among my own more matter-of-fact countrymen, I had been accustomed to hear treated as the vapourings of a sickly imagination.

The theory of dreams, of familiar spirits, of warnings and supernatural appearances, were successively canvassed by the two interlocutors with such talent and plausibility, that, while listening to their arguments, I almost felt myself justified in the bias towards credulity to which they were gradually leading me. However, in good time I bethought me of the opinion which two justly-celebrated philosophers (Montaigne and Labruyère) have agreed in enouncing, namely, that human reason, when grappling with the mysteries of the *immaterial* world, is liable to split upon two rocks,—a stupid and terrified credulity, or a systematic and boundless incredulity; and, suddenly checking my headlong career towards the former, I determined to vibrate midway between the two extremes, until

something less questionable than mere hearsay should lend its weight to determine which side of the balance should finally preponderate.

Among various interesting questions canvassed by the travellers, the French gentleman discussed at great length that of dreams, treating the subject as one of high metaphysical interest, and discarding the vulgar belief that to indigestion alone are attributable the horrible visions that occasionally visit the slumbers of humanity; in a word, he asserted the probability of their being sometimes chosen by the mysterious Power that watches over the destinies of mankind, as a medium of revealing to those persons interested in their discovery crimes and secrets over which the tomb had set its icy seal.

"I have no hesitation in avowing this to be my belief," said he; "and, if you will permit me to relate the occurrence that authorizes it, you will, I am persuaded, allow it to have been sufficiently awful to start the veriest sceptic into an admission that an all-seeing Providence must have directed the revelation, and that neither the operations of chance nor the workings of imagination could have been instrumental in bringing to light, in the extraordinary manner you will hear, a crime of which no suspicion had previously existed."

We all eagerly expressed our wish to hear the circumstance which had so strongly influenced the speaker's mind in adopting that belief which he had so unreservedly expressed; and the French gentleman, without farther preamble, commenced his narrative in these words:—

"One of my uncles, the elder brother of my mother, formed part of the *corps d'armée* under the command of Moreau, and with the rank of captain followed that heroic chief through his German campaigns. The regiment to which he belonged was one of those which, true to its republican principles, and contemplating with dread the rapid strides that Buonaparte was making towards absolute power, asserted its independence by voting against the *Consulate for life*, to which Napoleon was then aspiring, and which became only a stepping-stone to his more exalted fortunes. This opposition to his early ambition, however, was never forgotten by the young Dictator. He dissembled his anger; but the republican soldiers who had dared to thwart his views, by endeavouring to obstruct the torrent of servile partizanship which was bearing him onward to despotism, had afterwards to learn that Napoleon had not shed all his Corsican blood upon the sands of Egypt, or on the plains of Marengo, and that the principle of the *Vendetta*, which is the scourge and the shame of his native country, manifested itself in his conduct towards those who had offered a conscientious opposition to his all-absorbing ambition.

"Buonaparte was too politic to inflict any summary act of revenge upon those stern old warriors of the republic, who would not, like the mass of the nation, bend the knee to his rising power; but he marked them in his memory, and both by the severity of the duties to which he destined them, and the absence of recompense for their subsequent services, he at once gratified his personal revenge, and taught the world to know that he would brook no opposition to his despotic will.

"An early opportunity offered itself for the exercise of this unamiable and unjust resentment in the expedition to St. Domingo, which was then in preparation, and the command of which he had given to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister, Pauline, afterwards Princess Borghese. Napoleon incorporated *en masse* in this expedition all the soldiers who had ever given evidence of their attachment for republican institutions; and of the few of those who survived the ravages of the yellow fever, and the casualties of a barbarous warfare with the negroes, not one ever obtained advancement in the imperial army.

"My uncle retained his former rank of captain in this expedition, and he was fortunate enough to have in his company an honest peasant from Lorraine, his own foster-brother, and the son of his nurse, who had served with him in all the early wars of the republic, and whom he had been enabled, from his gallantry and general good conduct, to get promoted to the rank of sergeant; but, unfortunately, Jerome Chabert's total want of education had been an insuperable impediment to his obtaining the honours of an officer's epaulette.

"The devotion of this young man for his captain was as unbounded as was his tried bravery; and to the exercise of these two noble qualities did my uncle owe his life on the ever-memorable field of Hohenlinden. Overpowered by a charge of lancers, he was about to fall a victim to the sabre of an Austrian, when Jerome Chabert threw himself before the body of my uncle, and, in averting the blow destined for his prostrate officer, received it upon his own forehead, where, although falling with diminished force, it left a scar which the gallant Chabert bore to the grave.

"It appeared to have been decreed by Fate that my uncle should owe his life, under Providence, to Jerome Chabert; for on two subsequent occasions did the gallant fellow again become his preserver.

"Within a few days after the landing of the French troops in St. Domingo, my uncle, whilst bathing in the river St. Jago, the banks of which are overgrown with bulrushes and other aquatic plants, perceived the head of a caiman (or alligator) raised above the water, while the body remained concealed beneath the thick vegetation which covered the margin of the river. The hideous eyes of the monster were gloatingly fixed upon the bather, who made a desperate effort to escape the imminent peril that menaced him by swimming rapidly away; but, in plunging forward, his legs became entangled in the river-weeds, and his helpless position was a signal for his enemy to advance. The other officers, who were preparing to bathe, endeavoured to deter the caiman by their screams and shouts; but the instinct of the reptile too well convinced it of the utter helplessness of its victim, towards whom it swam with a savage intrepidity which caused the terrified beholders to despair of my uncle's rescue.

"But the noble Jerome Chabert had been a spectator of the scene from the bank. He saw that not a moment was to be lost, and resolutely plunged into the open river in the short interval which separated the caiman from his beloved foster-brother. The prospect of a nearer prey at once diverted the monster's designs, and he steered his course towards Chabert, who, closely followed by his pursuer, took advantage of the current, and swam vigorously for the opposite bank, where a number of negroes were assembled. These men, being armed with the barbed javelins which they use with such un-

erring dexterity, were enabled to destroy the horrible reptile, and deliver the devoted Chabert from the imminent danger to which he had thus voluntarily exposed himself for the preservation of his officer and benefactor.

"Shortly after this event, and in a more glorious cause, to the devoted Jerome Chabert did my uncle once more owe his life. At the attack of the Cabarèçades, (entrenchments which were defended by Toussaint Louverture in person,) just as my uncle was about to enter the breach at the head of his brave grenadiers, he fell pierced by a ball, which struck him in the middle of the breast. His comrades, believing him to be dead, passed onward without pausing to raise him. Not so the faithful Chabert, who, falling out of the ranks, placed his apparently lifeless captain upon his shoulders, and carried him to the rear, where he obtained that timely assistance which ultimately led to his recovery.

"Such were the services rendered by Jerome Chabert to my uncle,—services not to be repaid with gold, but which bind man to man for life, whatever may be the difference of their rank and station; and thus were they bound by ties of more than brotherly love,—by those of holiest friendship and gratitude,—when, after the death of General Leclerc, the wretched remnant of the St. Domingo expedition was recalled to France, where neither their past sufferings nor their long services met with consideration or reward.

"In vain did my uncle besiege the *bureau* of the Minister of War to obtain professional advancement for himself, and a pension for the heroic sergeant, whose health was so debilitated by the effects of climate that he could no longer remain in active service. It was in this moment of disappointment that my uncle, stung to the soul by such intentional and marked neglect of his claims, broke his sword in bitterness and despair, and, although late in life for such a change, devoted himself to the bar, the profession for which he had been originally educated; but which, like many others, he had abandoned at that exciting moment of the early Revolution, when what were then termed '*les Enfans de la Patrie*' forsook house and home to join the republican army.

"Having thus established himself as an *avocat* at Nancy, my uncle's first care was to secure a livelihood for his humble friend and faithful companion in arms, Jerome Chabert. He accordingly purchased for him a small house in the village of La Croix, lying between Nancy and Verdun, where having established him as an innkeeper, he obtained for him besides the situation of *garde de chasse* in the woods and forests of the nation.

"These details, unimportant as they are in themselves, and apparently irrelevant to the purport of this history, I have deemed it necessary to dwell upon at considerable length, because it is indispensable, for the consistency of what I am about to relate, to show by what means two persons originally placed in such different spheres of life should have been thrown into bonds of friendship and regard of a nature so uncommon as to have established between them sympathies and attractions rarely existing even between those who are allied to each other by ties of blood.

"Jerome Chabert, thus established, soon found that his duties of *garde de chasse* considerably interfered with the attendance due to his customers at the inn; and as the former of these occupations

was not only imperative on him, but more congenial to his tastes, he thought that it would be advisable to take to himself a partner, in the shape of a wife, to whose care he might consign the business and the attendance requisite at his little hostelry, while he himself should uninterruptedly follow his more favourite calling.

"Having quickly made up his mind on this point, and fully satisfied himself that he was only acting on a principle of duty, while he was, in fact, blindly following the impulses of an imprudent fancy, he set out for Nancy, to consult my uncle, the advocate; whom, however, as in their old campaigning days, he still invariably called '*Mon Capitaine*.' It is needless to say, that Chabert acted in this instance as all mankind has done since the creation—he asked for advice when he was determined to go his own way,—and he therefore easily combated the objections advanced by my uncle against such a measure; more especially as they only amounted, after all, to a general observation upon the imprudence of marrying when too great a disparity of age existed between the contracting parties. In short, in less than three weeks Jerome Chabert became the husband of Mademoiselle Catherine Brunet, whose whole fortune consisted in a pair of sparkling eyes, a saucy smile, and the freshness and gaiety of sweet eighteen; and although these personal advantages formed a striking contrast with the scarred face and debilitated frame of the veteran, who was more broken down from suffering than by years, their *ménage* went on happily enough; for, whilst the young wife admirably discharged to the public the duties of mistress of the village-inn, she neglected nothing that could contribute to render happy the home of the old sergeant of the Republican army.

"My uncle's professional duties required him to make frequent journeys between Nancy and Verdun, and on those occasions he invariably stopped for a day at La Croix, where his presence was the signal for a holiday to the worthy Chabert and his wife. To the latter my uncle soon extended some portion of that cordial regard that bound him to her husband; and he loved to dwell upon the obligations which he owed to Chabert, and to expatiate to Catherine upon those heroic achievements over which her husband's modesty would fain have thrown a veil.

"It was upon one of those occasions, about three years after the marriage of Catherine and Chabert, that my uncle, arriving unexpectedly at the inn of La Croix, was surprised to observe that Chabert did not come as was his custom to the door to meet his old commander, and hold his stirrup while he alighted from his horse. Instead of the scarred and sunburnt face of the veteran, lighted up with smiles as he performed that office, his eyes met the unknown countenance of a stable servant, whose forbidding aspect was rendered more remarkable by a sulky and embarrassed manner.

"'Where is your master?' inquired my uncle of the stranger as he put his foot to the ground. Before he could obtain a reply, however, Madame Chabert, hurrying from the house into the inn-yard, smilingly interposed.

"'Oh, Monsieur le Capitaine, how provoking that my husband should be absent, and how disappointed he will be to have missed seeing you! but the fact is, that the inhabitants of La Croix have been so annoyed of late by the ravages among their crops made by

the wild boars from the forest, that they have petitioned the mayor to take measures to relieve them from the nuisance; so yesterday morning all the *gardes de chasse* were summoned to the village, and to-day a grand *battue* takes place.'

"'Aha! that is extraordinary!' replied my uncle. 'I heard nothing of it at Nancy, and yet such an event is calculated to create a sensation there. I don't know but that, if Chabert had apprized me of it, I should have joined in the sport myself; but now it is too late to do so, and my business compels me to be at Verdun to-morrow morning; and you know, Madame Chabert, my motto is, '*Les affaires avant tout!*' So, get me some supper, and prepare me a bed, for I am both famished and tired. In a few days I shall be here again on my way home, when I trust your husband will have a good account to give us of his *chasse*, and that he will have a large supply of boars' tusks to add to his trophies, which, poor fellow! he seems to take as much glory to himself in bringing home, as he would in former days of having taken a standard from the enemy on the field of battle.'

"My uncle's orders were obeyed; and after a hasty supper (for Jerome Chabert was not there to share in the bottle of Moselle over which his *ci-devant* captain loved to linger as he drank to the memory of their old campaigns), he retired to the room always occupied by him when lodging at the inn of La Croix.

"It was some time before he could compose himself to sleep; a painful sort of dreamy delirium assailed his senses; which, although not amounting to slumber, deprived him of all energy, and of all consciousness, except of the unconnected events that seemed to be passing before him like the shadows of a magic lantern, in all of which the person of Jerome Chabert took a prominent part. The field of Hohenlinden was there, with its deadly strife, and its flying squadrons; again did the Austrian sabre flash in his eyes, as, blinded and breathless, he lay beneath the hoofs of the struggling horses. Then came the caiman of St. Domingo, its eager eyes glaring upon him with fearful reality, and its hot breath perceptible upon his cheek; when, lo! as he helplessly fell into its devouring grasp, the intrepid Chabert rushed between him and death. And then the scene changed to the intrenchments of the Cabareçades. Once more he felt the hot bullet pierce his breast, and then a swooning sensation assailed him; and as everything swam before his darkened eyes, he saw the form of Chabert bending over him, and felt himself rescued by him from the trampling feet that heedlessly passed over his prostrate body. But in every part of this vision the countenance of Chabert bore a mournful and death-like stillness, which contrasted strangely with the elated and joyful expression that habitually illuminated the features of the gallant soldier whenever those *souvenirs* formed the subject of conversation with his beloved captain; and that chilling, lifeless appearance, caused the general impression of the vision to be so painful that in an agony of agitation my uncle aroused himself from it.

"It was some time before he could shake off the effects of this harassing visitation, which left him in a state of complete bodily and mental prostration; however, attributing to some temporary physical derangement the sort of hallucination to which he had been subjected, he again composed himself to sleep.

"But a vision far more dreadful and far less confused visited

that restless slumber. The curtains of his bed appeared to be slowly drawn aside, and he thought he heard the very rings by which they were suspended grate on the iron rods over which they passed. He was conscious of making an effort to rise, but a hand of ice appeared to be laid heavily upon his breast, and to rivet him motionless to the spot. He thought that that touch awoke him, (for so ran the dream), and that he saw standing at his bedside the form of Jerome Chabert, wrapped in a winding-sheet, which he slowly unfolded, and pointing to his breast and throat, directed the sleeper's attention to the marks of freshly-bleeding wounds. He endeavoured to rush towards the ghastly form, but an invincible force seemed to hold him back; he tried to speak, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; he would have shrieked in agony, but a strangling sensation in his throat silenced the struggling effort. Then in a sepulchral tone the phantom thus addressed him:—

"'Catherine has deceived you! I have fallen a victim to her lawless passions. I detected her guilty intercourse with my servant, Pierre; and in order to escape from my just vengeance, the two wretches basely and treacherously murdered me. They have buried my mangled body in the stable, under the manger of the furthermost stall, where the stones have been freshly disturbed. *Seek for me there, and you will find me!* Master—brother—friend, farewell! Avenge my death!'

"Paralyzed with horror, his limbs bathed in a cold perspiration that burst from every pore, my uncle awoke with a smothered cry; nor was it until he had looked around him, and beheld by the moonlight that streamed through the window of the quiet room, unoccupied by any form save his own, that he could convince himself that what had passed had been only a dream. To seek again for repose, however, was impossible; and, therefore, with the first dawn of day he arose, and descending into the kitchen, found Catherine already there, busy with her household affairs. Her cheerful, smiling countenance as she bade him good morning acted like a charm in dispelling all sinister recollections of the last night's vision; he felt disposed to attribute to night-mare the horrible sensations that had assailed him, and without breathing a word to Catherine of what he had suffered, he simply intrusted to her the expression of his cordial regard for her husband, and proceeded on his journey.

"My uncle remained a week at Verdun, and on his return halted again, as he had promised, at La Croix; where his first thought, as well as his first question, was for his friend. On his road thither he had struggled to repress a painful restlessness, nearly allied to foreboding, which crept over him, as, despite his efforts, the impression of the agonizing night he had so lately passed there returned with a vividness which caused his blood to run cold; but, as he approached the house, his impatience to have his apprehensions dispelled became so great, and his desire to behold Chabert once more so strong, that, unable to control his feelings, he called aloud to him by name. His uneasiness became confirmed upon seeing Catherine run out to meet him alone, and with a mixture of embarrassment and vexation in her manner, say to him:—

"'Oh, sir! why did you not apprize us of the day you intended to return? Jerome will be really in despair to have missed you a second time. He is gone to the fair of Bar-le-Duc to sell a wild boar which he shot yesterday.'

"This explanation appeared mysterious and improbable to my uncle, and, coupled with the confusion perceptible in Catherine's manner, produced such painful doubts in his mind, that he retired to rest with feelings of depression and suspicion, which he vainly endeavoured to divest himself of.

"No sooner had he fallen asleep than the vision which had so terrified his slumbers a week before again appeared to him, with the same horrible distinctness. This time the lips of the phantom were mute, but its eyes were implacably fixed upon the struggling sleeper with an expression of anger, menace, and reproach, while, with a gesture not to be misunderstood, it pointed to the scar that seamed its forehead—that scar which Jerome had received when saving his captain's life at the risk of his own on the field of Hohenlinden!

"Awaking with a start of horror, my uncle sprang from the bed to his feet, and groping his way down stairs, and into the stable, caused his horse to be saddled instantly, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the snow that was falling in thick flakes, he mounted his steed, and hurried from a spot rendered intolerable to him by such appalling visions.

"No sooner had my uncle reached Nancy, than, at the risk of being accused of weakness and superstition, he hastened to the legal authorities, and made a declaration to them of the fearful conviction he entertained on Jerome Chabert's account, and the mysterious circumstance that had given rise to it. The dignity of the law at first revolted at the idea of undertaking an investigation upon grounds apparently so chimerical; but the friend of the unfortunate Chabert at last succeeded in inducing the officers of justice to repair to La Croix; where, upon removing the pavement under the identical manger pointed out by the phantom in my uncle's dream, the remains of the murdered Jerome Chabert were found wrapped in a bloody sheet, the throat and breast mangled with innumerable wounds.

"Catherine, and her paramour, Pierre, were immediately arrested, and conveyed to Nancy, where they were lodged in separate dungeons in the prison; nor did they meet again until at the ensuing assizes, when Catherine sat alone upon the *banc d'accusés*, and her guilty lover, with that treachery so invariably the companion of crime, appeared as her accuser. He had saved his wretched life by denouncing his miserable accomplice; but although he escaped the doom that fell upon her, and the guillotine was cheated of half its prey, retribution fell upon him at last; and when, a few years afterwards, I visited Toulon, one of the first countenances remarked by me amongst the hideous assemblage of crime assembled in the arsenal was that of Pierre, surmounted with the fatal green cap, the badge of condemnation for life to the galleys."

The dawn was breaking as the French gentleman terminated his recital, and in the distance was to be seen the port of Trieste, with its back-ground of white buildings glistening against the blushing skies. Our near approach to land suspended the exciting conversation, that had whiled away the first hours of our voyage, but the story of Jerome Chabert had made so deep an impression on my mind that my first employment at Trieste, after making up for my lost night's rest, was to transcribe it as nearly as I could recollect in the words of its narrator.

THE LAST O'ROURKE;

BEING

A PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF THE MONK OF KNOCKDERMOT.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray
That they will not cry out before they 're hurt.
BYRON.

THERE has been of late years a passion for notorious and extraordinary modes of crossing that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," and some very pleasant volumes, and instructive withal, have been written, upon the fancies of those who choose to lay their heads upon railways, or jump from the Monument; but were matters in the same state still as I have witnessed them, I could recommend the lover of a romantic exit a mode of compassing his end with equal promptitude and certainty, — and that were to attempt the exploit, from the consequences of which I once saved two daring wights. Mr. Israel Morgan, of Lyon's Inn, solicitor, had, it seems, the felicity of numbering among his debtors, Roderic O'Rourke, of Castlecliff, Esquire; an honour which Mr. Morgan enjoyed in common with a large number of the denizens of the "modern Babylon."

Mr. O'Rourke had been one of the "discreet burgesses" whom the borough of —— had contributed to the collective wisdom of Parliament, and in the first blush of his senatorial honours he managed to become recorded, to a considerable extent, in the ledgers of wine-merchants, tailors, boot-makers, and several other classes, the "natural enemies" of an Irish gentleman. These palmy days, however, wore away. "Kites" refused to rise; and the whole house of Israel seemed banded together to depreciate the autograph of Mr. O'Rourke (a commodity of which, by the way, he was much more prodigal than Mr. Daniel O'Connell when he refused his sign-manual to the Emperor of Russia before it was asked for). Never did the leader of a popular opposition more fervently pray for a dissolution than did the tradesmen of the honourable member for ——. And that consummation came at length; but Mr. O'Rourke had been a ministerial supporter, and he got warning in time to escape. Had he chosen Texas, or Timbuctoo, his victims might have hoped, but out of Connaught there was no redemption. Israel Morgan was the only one who had the courage to thunder forth a writ. Term after term did Israel labour strenuously to introduce the said Roderic to the Barons of the Exchequer, and cordially did monarch after monarch "greet" the sheriff of Mayo, desiring him to assist the attorney in his laudable efforts, if Mr. O'Rourke were "found in his bailiwick." But whether it was that the high county functionary was weak in his vision, or that he was not personally acquainted with the lord of Castlecliff, it is nevertheless a fact that he has dined at the same table with that gentleman, and returned next day an assurance, in bad Latin, that he "could not be found." For several months and years did Mr. Israel Morgan receive the same return to his formidable missives; and that which yet more astonished him was the fact that, contemporaneous with a "*non est inventus*," the Irish newspapers often informed him that the Ballycrasha stakes were won

cleverly by Mr. Roderic O'Rourke's Thunderbolt, "ridden by the owner;" or, "an affair of honour came off at Castlecliff a few days since, between Roderic O'Rourke, Esquire, and an English tourist: the cause of quarrel being supposed to be the English gentleman's having asserted that Castlecliff was built in the Saxon style of architecture, after Mr. O'Rourke's declaration that it was erected by one of his ancestors, who was monarch of Mayo, before the flood." These contributions to Mr. O'Rourke's biography added little to Mr. Morgan's complacency; and, finally, the report of a skirmish between the "poteen peelers" and the peasantry, "headed by Mr. O'Rourke," having reached town on the same day as the usual return, Mr. Morgan, *suadente diabolo*, determined to accompany his bailiff into *terra incognita*, and see "good service" done upon the delinquent. Roderic was informed of his city friend's intention, but was utterly incredulous on the subject, deeming the feat beyond the mental span of any mortal attorney; and it was not until true advices had reached him by the report of Lanty Corrigan, his whipper-in, that "a pair of sthrangers, with a guager-look about thim, wor comin' up the *boreheen*" (as the avenue of Castlecliff was entitled,) that he became convinced that Israel had been, as he expressed it, "so far given over to the devil an' his own devices."

At the time at which the attorney arrived at his destination, I had been returning from a visit of charity, and the October evening was setting in as I approached Castlecliff by a continuation of the *boreheen*, or bridle-path, already mentioned. I had just ridden into the shadow of the old square tower, which alone remained of the castle built "before the flood," when I heard angry voices in loud recrimination in front of the ruined courtyard-wall.

"Do you mean to impade me in the execution of my duty?" asked some one, in the pure Doric of the "liberties" of Dublin.

"Feth, then, I don't av ye go home ag'in dacintly, my jewel; but, by the blissid candle, av ye step another half yard it'll be over my remains," replied Lanty Corrigan.

"You'll answer for this, sir. If you don't in a moment let us pass," squeaked the treble of Mr. Morgan, "I'll make an example of you!"

"The first time I'm in London I'll lave ye my card, Misther Morgaun; but, in throth, I'd advise ye to be makin' yerself scarce; for, av the boys catches ye, an' knows yer callin'—an', by the vestment! here they come from the praty-field beyant—they might hit ye by mistake, ye see, in a mortal part, sir, and put the masther to the expinse of burying ye—that's when he comes home."

As Lanty concluded this piece of friendly advice I turned the angle of the wall, and confronted the party; while from the opposite gateway entered the "boys," from whose inaccuracy of aim the whipper-in had predicated such serious consequences to the attorney.

"Here's a gintleman, boys," said Lanty, "afflicted wid a very unforthnit madness. He thinks, ye persave, that he has a writ to take Masther Rody, an' this dacint man in the white coat, that's wid him, can't persuade him to the contrary."

The Dublinian gave a shrewd look at the whipper-in, and happening at the same time to catch the eye of the foremost "boy," who wielded a *clahalpeen* (*Anglicé* spade) in a very menacing attitude, he fell into the humour of the joke.

"Yes, boys," repeated the bailiff, "ye 'd betther keep off, for 'tis a very dangerous disease entirely he has."

"Thrue for ye, Misther Dolan," replied Lanty, "'tis the most dangerous he could have in these parts, any how, both for himself an' you. We 'd betther tie him on a cart, and take him over to Castlebar."

While this comfortable conversation proceeded Mr. Morgan looked on, half bewildered: and at length found words to exclaim,

"My God! Dolan, are you, too, in this diabolical conspiracy against my liberty? I tell you, gentlemen," addressing the "boys," "the writ 's as good as ever issued out of his Majesty's courts in Dublin; and Mr. O'Rourke 's a finished swindler, a blackleg, a—"

The continuation of the unfortunate attorney's address was cut short by a blow of a stick, which laid him sprawling on the ground, and I just rode up to the gate in time to stay the crowd in their rush at the two strangers, while Lanty Corrigan, mounting the wall, exclaimed,

"Oh! boys, for the love o' the Virgin, don't sthrike a madman! An' you, Jim Burke, 'tis fitter ye brought round the mare an' cart to take him a stage to Bedlam, than stand there wid sich a murdherin' weapon in yer fist."

Mr. Burke made very little delay in responding to this request; while, amid the most furious denunciations of action for false imprisonment, and indictments for assault, the ill-starred attorney was placed in the cart between two of the "pisantry," and driven by a third on the way to Castlebar.

The recurrence, however, of exploits of this nature gave Mr. O'Rourke a rather unenviable notoriety. The sheriff was at length placed under the necessity of finding Roderic "within his bailiwick," by certain unmistakeable intimations of his presence; and it was determined to proceed with the *posse comitatus* to make an inventory of the effects at Castlecliff, and a capture of its lord. It was in vain that Roderic sent a message to the sheriff by a gentleman, who had, like Dugald Dalgetty, served "all the Christian Kings of Europe." He would not come when he did call him; and, accordingly, Roderic was driven precipitately to leave the hall of his ancestors on the day before the intended inroad, leaving an intimation that, to save the sheriff trouble, he had made the materials of the inventory as few as possible; and adding, that it was firmly his determination to settle with his creditors upon a certain festival called "Tib's eve," which occurs neither before nor after Easter. Following the principle which is said sometimes to guide a fox that has escaped, when he keeps lurking near the kennel, Roderic determined to go to London, at least as a stage towards Austria, whose army he had complimented in his youth with his presence as a cadet.

For several weeks I heard nothing of the proceedings of my *quondam* parishioner. At length some compunction for neglecting his confessor came over him, and he complimented me with the following epistle:—

"It is long, holy father, since I learned to admire the wisdom of the Church; and in nothing is it more apparent than when it designates London a bishopric '*in partibus infidelium*;' for, by my conscience! more completely heathenish customs are not cultivated in the world than amongst the tradesmen of the "great metropolis."

They have no more idea of the respect that is due to a gentleman, than had Oliver Cromwell when he threw a bomb into the parlour at Castlecliff, as my great-great-grandfather and the priest were over their tenth tumbler. I 'm led into these melancholy reflections by a little incident which happened this afternoon in Regent Street. I was walking leisurely along, indulging in a little swagger, indigenous to Connaught, thinking of nothing in particular, when all of a sudden I got a cursedly familiar tap on the shoulder, and, wheeling about, I was confronted by a gentleman who, while I adorned the senate, viewed my capture only as a thing to be hoped for against hope, and who has ever since evinced the most acute anxiety to make my acquaintance. He was proceeding to favour me with the perusal of a document which he drew from his pocket, when, just to save him trouble, I knocked two of his teeth out, and made a race that would have blown Thunderbolt. This untoward event has hastened another little matter which I have on hand. Chance has thrown in my way a very good-looking brunette, with a pair of eyes that I never expected to see east of Athlone. But my astonishment was great when, on mentioning my royal patronymic, she replied,

"'There 's a shocking person of your name, sir, in Ireland.'

"'Indeed,' I returned. 'I have little doubt that there are several.'

"'But there 's one who owes my papa *such* a lot of money.'

"'And to many another, I 'll go bail,' I replied.

"'And do you know, sir, when papa went to Ireland to see him, a mob of savages persuaded him that he was mad, and carried him away on a cart.'

"'Oh!' thought I, 'is this the end of my new *affaire*? There have been less grounds for concluding a gentleman mad,' said I, 'than the fact of his going to Connaught to get payment of a large debt.'

"And here I changed the subject, and that with so much effect, that, shaking off my natural bashfulness, I obtained her promise to meet me next day. I need not detail to you how I pressed my suit, and what a high opinion she has of my chivalry and devotion, and how she confounds me with the O'Rourke of Tom Moore, and the other respectable gentleman, whose

'noble feast will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there and those who were not,'

the latter division, namely, 'those who were not,' I having assured her constituted a very large company indeed. To sum up, father, she elopes with me to-night; and if we escape my unlucky planets, old Morgan, and the New Police, you may hear *from* me; but if my usual good fortune attends me in this exploit, run your eye over the police reports, and you will undoubtedly hear *of* your persecuted parishioner, "RODERIC O'ROURKE."

It was about a fortnight after the receipt of the above that I read in the Dublin Pilot, "On Sunday last, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Southampton, by the Rev. Dominic O'Rourke, Roderic O'Rourke, of Castlecliff, Mayo, and Ballyricketty Abbey, Galway, Esq., Captain, 11th Austrian Yagers, Knight of the Tower and Sword, late M.P., to Julia, only child of Israel Morgan, Esquire, Solicitor." Roderic still sometimes visits his paternal ruin; but all his efforts have failed to induce his father-in-law to make one of the party.

"B."

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

THE LEGEND OF ROLAND.

"A GIGANTIC Norman, called Taillefer," say the authors of the Pictorial History of England, in their description of the battle of Hastings, "who united the different qualities of minstrel, champion, and juggler, spurred his horse to the front of the van of the Norman army, and sung, with a loud voice, the popular ballads which immortalized the valour of Charlemagne and Roland, and all that flower of chivalry that fell in the great fight of Roncesvalles. The Normans enthusiastically repeated the burden of the song."

The authority for this statement is Wace, whose "*Roman de Rose*, or Metrical History of the Norman Conquest," is one of the most valuable historical romances of the twelfth century, and who mentions the bold advance of Taillefer, the *Jongleur*, or minstrel, in verse, which may be thus rendered, somewhat after his own style:

Then Taillefer of the mighty voice,
Who rode upon a steed of choice,
The song of gallant Roland rais'd,
Of Charles, worthy to be prais'd,
Of Oliver, and those who fell
In Roncesvalles' fatal dell.

Chateaubriand and others have expressed their surprise and regret for the loss of the "*Chanson de Roland*," which was the war-song of the French during the middle ages, and was sung by their vaunting hosts in the field of Agincourt; but from Wace's description it is evident that the song was one of those ballad-romances so popular in the twelfth century, which described the valour of Charlemagne and his peers, and the fate of his bravest paladins in the unfortunate battle of Roncesvalles. These romances were usually from twelve to fifteen hundred lines in length, and were, therefore, only recited by professional minstrels; but very popular passages probably imprinted themselves on the minds of the soldiers, and gradually assumed the form of a modern song. Thus a few stanzas from the long "Confession of Golias," written by Walter Mapes, became the most popular bacchanalian ditty throughout Europe, and has not yet lost its celebrity among those who combine merriment with the study of the classics.

Only a few fragments of the original song of Roland have been preserved: they were collected by Alexander Duval, who from them, and the traditions which described the general purpose of the chanson, framed what may be called a re-production rather than a modern version of this celebrated song. After having compared it with the ancient fragments, we feel justified in saying that it is one of the most perfect instances of poetic restoration with which we

are acquainted. It is hoped that its spirit has not evaporated in the following translation :—

Say, whither are bound these illustrious knights,
  The pride and the glory of France?
In defence of his country, its laws, and its rights,
  Each paladin takes up his lance;
And foremost is Roland, whose scimitar keen
  The harvest of war prostrate leaves,
While, led to the slain by its glittering sheen,
  Death gathers them up in his sheaves.
      Shout! comrades, shout!
        Roland famous in story,
      And your war-cry give out
        For our country and glory!

On our frontier the Saracen armies extend
  Their legions in splendid array;
The unnumber'd bands from the hills that descend
  Their menacing banners display.
'Tis the foe! 'tis the foe! Sons of France spring to arms!
  And drive back the barbarous horde:
To them, not to us, will the fight bring alarms:
  Brave Roland has ask'd for his sword.
      Shout! comrades, shout! &c.

On—onward with Roland to honour and fame!
  Glory 's waving her flag by his side,
And those who would gain an illustrious name
  Must follow his plume as their guide!
On—onward, to share in his glorious career.
  He stops not to number the foe,
Till, cleft by his sabre or pierced by his spear,
  Their bravest and best are laid low.
      Shout! comrades, shout! &c.

"How many? how many?" the coward may ask,
  As he lurks in his covert secure;
But perilous odds urge the brave to their task,
  And danger itself is a lure.
To Roland the number of foes is unknown;
  To count them he never is found,
Until at the close, by his might overthrown,
  They be stark and stiff on the ground.
      Shout! comrades, shout! &c.

Once more rings the blast of the paladin's horn
  As he rallies our wavering bands;
But, pierc'd by a shaft, to the earth he is borne,
  His life-blood is clotting the sands.
Still faithful to honour, he heeds not the pain,
  But smiles with a welcome to death;
While high o'er the tumult is heard the proud strain
  Which he shouts with unfaltering breath:
      Swell, comrades, swell
        The loud chaunt of my story;
      Sing how nobly I fell
        For my country and glory!"

Although Roland is the hero of romances rather than of chronicles, there are authentic documents to rescue him from the class of fabulous heroes, and to prove that he was a real historical character.

Thus, we have an ordinance issued by Charlemagne, in the year 776, (*Præceptum Caroli Imperatoris, &c.*), in which he is called the Emperor's "right trusty and well-beloved friend and faithful counsellor." Eginhart also names him among the illustrious chiefs who fell at Roncesvalles, and he slightly notices the warning note to which Sir Walter Scott alludes in his account of the battle of Flodden.

"Oh! for a blast of that same horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died." *

The legendary account of Roncesvalles, and its fatal fight, has enough of historical truth to give importance to the fiction. According to the romances, Charlemagne, in a war which lasted more than seven years, had nearly completed the subjugation of Spain. The Saracen, or rather Moorish, monarch, Marsiles, in dread of total ruin, held a council of his principal emirs and nobles, who advised him to conciliate Charles by submission. A Saracen ambassador was accordingly sent to the Christian camp, who addressed the Emperor in the following words:—

"God protect you! Behold, here are presents which my master sends you; and he engages, if you withdraw from Spain, to come and do you homage at Aix-la-Chapelle."

The Emperor immediately summoned his paladins to council; Roland strenuously opposed peace; but Ganelon, and the Duke Naimes maintained that it was contrary to the rules of chivalry to refuse grace to a suppliant enemy. A discussion then arose to know which of the barons should bear a reply to King Marsiles. Ganelon offered his services; but Roland contemptuously declared him unfit for such a duty, and offered himself in his stead.

Ganelon, irritated by this scorn, said, "Take care that some mischief does not overtake you."

Roland, who was far from being a mirror of courtesy, replied, "You speak like a fool! We want men of sense to carry our messages; if the Emperor pleases, I will go in your place."

"You shall not go," cried Ganelon. "Charles is commander here: I submit myself to his will."

At these words Roland burst into laughter; his discourtesy gave great offence, and Ganelon was chosen ambassador. This, however, did not alleviate his rage for the insult he had received. He allowed the Saracens to gain him over to treason; though at his first interview with Marsiles he maintained the pride and dignity of a French chevalier. When the Saracen monarch said to him, "Charles is old now; he must be close upon a hundred years of age. Does he not think of taking some repose?" Ganelon replied, "No, no! Charles

* Scott has reproduced these lines in "Rob Roy" with such little variation that he seems to have designed the passage as a hint to the discovery of the authorship of the Waverley Novels.

"O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall."

is ever powerful. So long as he has round him the twelve peers of France, but particularly Oliver and Roland, Charles need not fear a living man." Yet soon after this conversation the traitor Ganelon agreed to lead the Saracens through the mountain-defiles to attack the rear-guard of the Christians, amounting to twenty thousand men, who, under the command of Roland, were wending their way back to France through the passes of Roncesvalles.

The old romance enumerates at great length the number of Saracen kings in Spain, Barbary, and Morocco, who sent auxiliary forces to Marsiles, and adds a graphic description of their various arms, reminding us of a similar passage in Mrs. Hemans' "Songs of the Cid:"—

"There were men from the wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from the hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from the sands where the ostrich runs,
For the wild horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West."

The legend states that Oliver, perceiving the Saracens closing up the passes through which the Christians had to march, climbed up a tree in order to discover if possible the number of the enemy. Perceiving that their hosts were vastly superior to the French, he called out to Roland,

"Brother in arms! the Pagans are very numerous, and we Christians are few: if you sounded your horn, the Emperor Charles would bring us succour."

Roland replied, "God forbid that my lineage should be dishonoured by such a deed! I will strike with my good sword, Durandal, and the Pagans, falling beneath my blows, will discover that they have been led hither by their evil fate."

"Sound your horn, companion in arms!" reiterated Oliver; "the enemies hem us in on every side."

"No," repeated Roland; "our Franks are gallant warriors; they will strike heavy blows, and cut through the hosts of the foul Paynim."

He then prepared his troops for action. Archbishop Turpin, perceiving that the fight would be desperate and bloody, commanded all the soldiers to kneel, and join in a general confession of faith; after which he bestowed upon them absolution and his episcopal benediction.

A similar circumstance is recorded of the Scottish army at the commencement of the battle of Bannockburn, which Sir Walter Scott has turned to good account in the "Lord of the Isles," noticing particularly the mistake into which it led the English King Edward:—

"Upon the Scottish foe he gazed,—
At once before his sight amazed
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
'The rebels, Argentine, repent,—
For pardon they have kneel'd.'—
'Ay,—but they bend to higher powers,
And other pardon seek than ours.
See where yon barefoot abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!

Upon the spot where they have kneel'd
These men will die or win the field.' "

Few passages in ancient romance surpass in interest and spirit the description given of the heroic defence of the Christian phalanx, when attacked in front, flank, and rear by the countless squadrons of the Saracens. It is so strikingly similar to Scott's parallel account of the battle of Flodden Field, that the latter may serve instead of a translation of the passage:—

"But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The moment that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

Numbers finally triumphed over valour; "down went many a noble crest, cloven was many a plumed helmet, the lances were shivered in the grasp of Christendom's knights, and the swords dropped from their wearied arms." Turpin, Oliver, and Roland still survived, and faintly maintained the fight. At length Roland, turning to Oliver, exclaimed,

"I will sound my horn; Charles will hear us, and we may yet hope again to see our beloved France."

"Oh! shame and disgrace!" answered Oliver; "why did you not sound when first I asked you? The best warriors of France have been sacrificed to your temerity: we must die with them!"

Turpin, however, insisted that the horn should be blown as a signal to the emperor, and Roland blew such a blast that the blood spurted from his mouth, and his wounds, opened afresh, poured forth torrents. Charles, though thirty leagues distant, heard the sound, and said,

"Our men are engaged at disadvantage; we must haste to their assistance."

"I do not believe it," replied the traitor, Ganelon, and dissuaded the emperor.

Roland once more with his dying breath rung a wailing blast from the horn; Charles knew the character of the sound: "Evil has come upon us!" he exclaimed; "those are the dying notes of my nephew, Roland!"

He hastily returned to Roncesvalles; but Roland and all his companions lay dead upon the plain, and the emperor could only honour their corpses with Christian burial.

Such are the salient points in the old romance on which the song of Roland is founded. So late as the close of the fifteenth century, the narrative was received as a historical fact; and when John, king of France, a little before the fatal battle of Poictiers, reproached his nobles that there were no Rolands to be found in his army, an aged knight replied, "Sire, Rolands would not be wanting if we could find a Charlemagne."

THE IRISH MANDARIN.

As Tom Spanker and I were walking one fine afternoon last August in the inclosure in St. James's Park, I stumbled against my old chum, Guy Wildgoose, Esq. of Gadfly Hall.

Wildgoose was a sort of person whose double one sees twenty times a-day in the streets, and yet there was a something about his appearance which gave him an air of exclusive singularity. He was tall, and remarkably thin, very good-humoured, very talkative, very restless, being eternally on the wing. If you *believed* him, not only Europe, but the great globe itself, had been explored in his wanderings. The consequence was, Guy had, like most travellers, a *penchant* for marvellous narratives *called white lies.* As Sheridan told his son, Tom, who wished to go down a coal-mine, that he might *say* he had been there, "Is that all? Then *say* you have been there—it will do quite as well!" So with Wildgoose, he saw no fun in *going down* in a diving-bell to hear mermaids sing "Deeper and deeper still," nor *going up* in a balloon to smoke a cigar with the private gentlemen *taken in and done for* there by Dame Luna. No; Wildgoose wisely thought he might as well say he had paid such visits, and seen such sights, as he would find very few in the city who had been there before him. He was very fond of foreigners and strange characters, though he did not speak ten words in any language beyond his vernacular, but had, as he complimented himself, a fortunate natural facility in almost intuitively discovering their meaning. Such was Wildgoose.

"Ha! my boy, how are you?" said he, heartily shaking me by the hand.

"Is it possible?" said I, drawing back, with a most serious look, "eh? What could induce you to come to town?"

"Ah! that's what I thought this morning at Dublin." (Spanker squeezed my arm.) "The weather looked queer—wind was fair, though—steam up—off I went. Sea in foam—literally flew across—quickest passage that I think *ever will* be made. Didn't stop—jumped on Patent Double-Lightning-Power Express Engine—whiz, whirl—whiz, whirl—and here I am."

Spanker coughed, and looked after a nursery-maid just past, whose mouth and blue eyes were opened full upon Guy.

"Well, good-b'ye!—glad to see you; give me a look in to-morrow early, as I have some thoughts of lunching at Dieppe, to see how the railroad gets on; and crossing the Channel will give an appetite for dinner."

I promised, and we parted.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Tom Spanker. "Why, you must have been in a madhouse to have made that chap's acquaintance!"

"No, Tom; that's a pleasure to come. Wildgoose is a gem of the first water, certainly, for singularity; but he's only mad north-north-west"

A sudden idea here entered my noddle. "Tom," said I, after making him in a few moments acquainted with Wildgoose's character, "what do you say if we invite him to dinner at chambers, and have a glorious spree?"

"Capital! We'll beat up for recruits. Who can we enlist?"

"Why," said I, "we *must* have a mixture, prizes and blanks,—audience as well as actors. Society, like singing, is nothing without *flats and sharps.*"

"Well! there 's Chafferwell—funny fellow—plenty to say for himself. He 'd talk the hind-leg of a horse off, or, what 's more difficult, an old woman out of an arm-chair. We 'll book him *Sharp, No.* 1."

"Agreed! Then there 's Snody Pooks, a splendid set off to Chafferwell, the Clapton poet, and sapient scion of the firm of Pooks, Snody, and Pooks, *Flat, No.* 1."

"Good!—and I think, if he 's come-at-able, Count Munchausenini. He 'll be a match for Wildgoose: he 's an amusing dog—*Sharp, No.* 2."

"And I 'll book the Honourable Augustus Fitzdoldrum. He 'll go anywhere for a dinner. *Flat, No.* 2. Tim O'Blarney, my cousin—I must have him. If I don't invite him to a spread, he 'll make it a personal affront. I have it—I 'll make him a Chinese: thin chap—flat face, yellow mug, bald head—*Sharp, No.* 3. Come, that, I think, will do."

Full of our plan, Tom and I did not let the grass grow under our feet. O'Blarney growled at first at my telling him the condition of his being a guest, that of wearing a tail, a Chinese dress, and to talk gibberish, declaring it would be a disgrace to his family; but I silenced his scruples by *l'alternatif*, which Montesquieu says is "*le plus convainçant*" affair in the world.

"You come as Hum Fum O'Ho! or never hope to stick your shanks under my mahogany for the term of your natural life, O'Blarney; and, what is more, I 'll never accept another bill for you."

He closed with a groan.

The only thing now wanted was to make sure of Wildgoose; and the best plan, it struck me, to attain that important point, was, on my visit next day, to invite him out of old acquaintanceship, and then to employ the remainder of the day in introducing him to the distinguished foreigners whom he would meet. Spanker having coincided in my views, it was arranged that he should see the Count, and, with his assistance, get up the costumes for the occasion, &c.

When I called upon Wildgoose, I found him with a large map of Europe before him, which he appeared to be very attentively examining, and noting down some particular route; a mathematical case, scale and compasses, and a gazetteer were lying on a small table on his right.

"Ah! Jack, here you are. Found me at work, eh? I think I can beat Waghorn to India yet. Sit down. Breakfasted yet? Don't say no—splendid boar's head—saw the boar killed by the Archduke Frederick, when I was boar-hunting with him at the forest of Burstengutz, in Bohemia. I am an early riser: early bird catches the worm, you know."

"I have come, Wildgoose, to ask a favour, and one to which I will take no denial or excuse,—none, poz. none. Guy, you must come and dine with me. I know your associations and feelings, and lost no time in order to render the little hospitality I was anxious to show my old friend palatable, so I personally solicited the company of several distinguished foreigners."

"My dear Jack, I really—"

"I 'll hear no excuse; *you must come.*"

"I have an engagement at Ross's Hotel, in the Desert, on that day, and—"

"I don't care; you must dine with me, and take *your desert* afterwards; that is, if you don't like mine, and your company. I have a few visits to make, and will call in an hour, and introduce you to a few of the friends you will meet. I know you 'll like them. You recollect Baron Dumcrambo, that figured away here some years since, and now supposed to be a monk of La Trappe!"

"Yes! to be sure."

"Monk!—all fudge! I've nailed him. Splendid fellow! He 's been adjutant-general to Abdel Kadir from the commencement of the Algerine war, and is now over here on some secret spec. I think he is going to revolutionize the oldest colony in New Zealand in favour of the expatriated Poles and impoverished Paisley weavers. Unsettle the settlement!—grand idea, eh?"

"Splendid! I should really like to see him. What time did you say?"

"Six, slick."

"I must note him down," said Wildgoose, pulling out his tablets. "Baron Dumcrambo——"

"No! no! he is now an Italian refugee, Count Munchausenini."

"The family of the last of the Doges?"

"Yes; of the *last dodge*—the Artfullini. Well! then, you know the great German Jews of Frankfort, the great capitalists, — czars of the cash, — monarchs of every money-market,—who can pull down or set up as many diadems as there are days in a week,—who can find the sinews of war and salvation sublunary with sovereign potency and swiftness,—the great Nathan Von Sweltergelt and Co."

"Know them! hang it, man! their credit is limitless. When I was exploring Africa with poor Clapperton, the reigning Sultana at Timbuctoo, the Begum Tittypoo, gave us an order on her treasury for a lac of gold-dust, by the mere mention of his name — yes, we had a lac of gold-dust."

"No doubt of it," thought I, "friend Guy; but no lack of imagination."

"Well, I have him; mark him well, and he 'll put you up to a thing or two touching Exchange doings,—bull and bear, put and call, bang, and do cock your ear to him. By the way, how is your ear?"

I forgot to say Wildgoose was rather deaf.

"Why, the left is not so well."

"Sorry to hear it. I must take care how I place you, then. "Then, there 's that rising genius and orator, Chafferwell — the Demosthenes of the nineteenth century, who defeated in the most splendid display of forensic eloquence the celebrated Mr. Serjeant Gammon in the great case of Nomatterwhat *v.* Everythingelse."

"Anybody else, Jack?"

"Why, by way of variety I was obliged to ask some of our own countrymen. I sent a pressing letter to a rising genius—a star of the first brilliancy in the firmament of song; Byron is a rushlight to him, and as for Moore, neither man, woman, nor child will give a maravedi for Moore's lyrics when once they read the inspired poet of the 'Syncretic Transcendentals,'—the already illustrious, and never to *ex*, but always to *dis*-tinguish, Snody Pooks."

"I never heard that name before," said Wildgoose.

"I dare say not; he has just emerged from the obfuscating atmosphere of his father's country-house. Dr. Johnson, you know, said, you might as well prevent the sun from shining as genius from showing itself, even under the disadvantage of Bœotian gloom. So with Snody Pooks; his 'Farewell lines to a Ledger' are beautiful."

"Ledger-lines, eh?" said Guy,—"curious subject!—were they the *red lines?*"

"No, Guy; but lines that will be read."

"Any one else, Jack?" said Wildgoose, carefully noting down every name, to store his memory for the event.

"I think, Guy, all spreads of any pretension should have a spice of aristocracy, just by way of keeping down any ultra-plebeian feeling which may by possibility evaporate with the wine,—therefore the Hon. Augustus Fitzdoldrum will join us.—A man of very contemplative character, and who doubtless would prove highly imaginative if he would allow his talent to escape; but he exercises such a wonderful control over the safety-valve of his ideas that you are never in any danger of an explosion. He is a ruminating animal, and chews the cud. I think his mother must have had a cow in her eye at a certain period, he is such a——"

"Calf, you'd say. Any one else?"

"Now, Guy, my old friend, prepare yourself to be announced as the first fellow guest at an English table of a Mandarin, a Yellow Button, on a secret embassy from the Celestial Empire?"

"What!" said Wildgoose, amazed,—"a Mandarin!—*you—don't—say*—so!"

"Wildgoose," said I with emphatic earnestness, and looking as solemn as an undertaker at his first order, "we have known each other many years. Promise me on the faith of old acquaintanceship one thing, Guy,—that you will never disclose the fact of the Mandarin being of the party."

"I swear, Jack," said Guy with equal solemnity. "Has he been long in England?"

"Not long; he doesn't speak a word of English: so any question you may ask you had better put through me. I know the *patois* of the provinces of Whi-Whi and Sing-Song, and will interpret for you. He's a great wag in his way."

"Is he, though?" said Wildgoose. "I never heard a Chinese joke."

"I think, now, that I have told you who the folks are whom you will meet. You will not want to visit previously. If you should like, however——"

"Why, Jack,—old fellow! between you and I, it would be better if I was to read up; for it isn't every day one tumbles into such society, and one would look particularly foolish to be found at fault, eh? so I'll waive the introduction, and await the pleasure of meeting the visiters over the viands."

"Very good, Guy; remember your promise—you will come?"

"Come! Jack; I would not miss it for the fee-simple of Golconda's mines! By the way, talking of mines, when I was in Mexico last year——"

"Guy, I'm in a hurry, and must, in order to secure these distinguished characters, keep them in view. I have been at some pains to

secure them, and all for you; and, if you disappoint me, perdition catch my soul! but I'll—I'll—"

"What?" said Guy.

"I'll *shave* you," said I. (And here, again, I must apologize to my reader for not mentioning it before, Wildgoose wore an enormous beard.) "*Addio!*"

The next day was devoted to preparations for the grand event. An unexceptionable dinner was ordered at the tavern we usually patronized, and no stint of liquids in quantity or quality wherewith to lubricate the viands. Munchausenini arrived about three, and rigged out Spanker and O'Blarney, and we were all in high spirits but the Mandarin, who seemed very much out of sorts. Poor Tim walked up and down the room in his celestial togs like a perturbed spirit, groaning, and uttering,

"Musha, Mr. O'Blarney, what a fool yees are!" wetting his whistle and cooling his rising indignation every five minutes with a drain at the sherry decanter. "Arrah! Jack," said he to me, "shure, man alive! what am I to do? Is it to sit in a corner like a cock-shy, or a poor relation, all night?"

"No, Tim; of course not. You join us, of course, man. I'll make signs to you, and answer for you. All you need do is to nod your head, and say something monosyllabic in Irish, or gibberish. So keep your mind easy, and let your whiskers grow, for you want them."

Shortly after the clock had struck five Mr. Snody Pooks was announced, —a thin, pale young gentleman, with a profusion of lanky black hair hanging over his shoulders; his shirt-collar widely thrown back, *à la Byron;* and a mercurial eye-glass, which seemed to have a great local dislike to the corner of his eye, where he was continually hitching it, and from whence it was continually dropping. Mr. Pooks was a literary luminary, of no small brilliancy amongst the *coterie* of cits at Clapton, where his father's *country*-house was situated. The minute Pooks saw the Mandarin, his eye—that is, the glass in his eye—became fixed, and, though he went through the formality of introduction to the Baron and the Count, his ogle never ceased to rest upon Hum Fum O'Ho! The Mandarin, who had been whistling Paddy O'Rafferty to the window-pane, on hearing Pooks announced, turned round. I brought Snody up to him, and, making signs with my fingers, introduced him.

"*Hurroo mundhuol!*" said the Mandarin, after looking at him seriously and attentively.

"Do me the honour to interpret," said Pooks.

"He asks," said I, "'How do you do with your eye out?'"

"Oh! ha! very good," said Pooks.

Fitzdoldrum now entered. He bowed formally to all; the Mandarin, of course, being the grand attraction.

"Hoki poki whanki fum!" said the Mandarin, quite grave.

"Aw—don't exactly understand," drawled Fitzdoldrum.

"He hopes your bowels are salubrious," said I;—"a Chinese compliment."

"Aw! much obliged, aw!—rather strange, aw!" said Fitzdoldrum.

But now came the great gun, Guy Wildgoose, who with a hop-step-and-jump bounced like a petard into the apartment.

"Ha! Jack! most obedient," stopping, and bowing round—declared

himself delighted to make the acquaintance of the Count—thought he had had the pleasure of knowing some of his family on the Continent.

"Ver possible," was the reply. "Dey are great number, dey are vidout *Count*, aha!"

To the Baron he bowed most obsequiously twice, passed Pooks and Fitzdoldrum cavalierly and quickly, his eye having rested on the Mandarin.

As our jokes were to be *ad libitum* and *impromptu*, I was now in terror at the reception Hum Fum O'Ho! would give Guy.—A break-down at first, and the difficulty in going the pace afterwards, would be tremendous. Guy, to our astonishment, stopped short when within five or six feet of the Mandarin, stooped, knelt upon one knee, and knocked his forehead three times on the other knee, and remained in that position performing what he called the proper *kotoo*, according to rank.

Chafferwell came in at the last moment, who will describe himself. The introductions being happily over, and dinner announced, we took our places in the following order:—

Myself, . .	Preses.
Guy Wildgoose.	The Mandarin.
Baron Von Sweltergelt.	Hon. Augustus Fitzdoldrum.
Snody Pooks.	Count Munchausenini.
Sportington Chafferwell.	

"Capital!" said Guy.

"Ver goot!" said the Baron Von Sweltergelt.

"Aw—not so bad!" said Fitzdoldrum.

"C'est superbe!" said the Count.

"It possesses all the unctuous, invigorating, and lubricating properties," said Pooks, "of—"

"Right good soup," struck in Chafferwell.

"Bless my soul!" said Guy, "the Mandarin has burnt his mouth."

Hum Fum was spluttering.

"*Na bock clish!*" said Hum Fum O'Ho!

"What 's that?" said Guy.

"Means 'Pass the wine,'" said I; "and a good hint, whether it comes from *China* or ——"

"*Cork*, ahem! more appropriately," said Chafferwell.

The bottle went round.

"Bearskin broth I found in Russia very excellent," said Guy.

"Mid de leetles ob de train-oil," said the Baron,—"ver goot

"Oil! can it be possible?" said Snody Pooks.

"Ver possible," said the Count; "ven de Russian ambassador vas first come to Londres, de *suite* drink up all de oil in de lamp in de passage in de palace; leave all in de dark; tink it vos dere souper."

"*Light* repast!" said Chafferwell.

"Ugh! ugh!" said Hum Fum.

"The Mandarin speaks," said the anxious Guy.

"He says 'Brandy.'"

"Schnaps ver goot," said the Baron.

The cognac performed the tour of the table. Fish followed.

"Some part of the shark is excellent eating," said Guy. "When I was in the South Pacific, we frequently had it."

"Tousend debils!" said the Baron, "ve hab too moch ob de shark at home."

"De gum-cutlets of de shark are ver piquant," said the Count.

"Indeed!" said Snody Pooks; "what may they be like?"

"Very like a whale," said Chafferwell.

"Ha! ha!" said Guy; "very good pleasure of a glass of wine, Mr. Chafferwell."

"Delighted!"

"Bless us!" said Guy, with the bottle in his hand, "the Mandarin is winking at me. What can he mean?"

"Fill his glass," said I. "That 's what he wants."

Guy did. Hum Fum nodded *à la Mandarin,* and the bottle passed. Guy was most attentive to the movements of the Mandarin, and put several questions to him through me.

"The Mandarin seems very fond of potatoes," said Guy; "ask him if they grow in his country."

I made signs. Hum Fum put his forefinger up to the corner of his eye, and stared Wildgoose full in the face.

"Explain," said Guy.

"He wants *to know if you see anything green there?*" said I.

"A most expressive Eastern metaphoric allusion, I opine," said Pooks, "as to the soil and its verdancy where that excellent esculent vegetates."

"But de potato do grow *en Chine,*" said the Count; "in de—"

"*Paddy* fields," struck in Chafferwell, "to be sure!"

"Ha! ha!" roared *omnes.*

Another glass of wine.

"Capital!" said Guy. "Hang me! but the Mandarin seems to enjoy the joke as well as any of us. How heartily he laughs!"

Hum Fum O'Ho! certainly was laughing, or rather roaring like a bull, and continually nodding and bobbing his head to Guy; which civility Guy returned by knocking his nob against the edge of his tumbler with the utmost seriousness.

"Did you not tell me," said he to me, "that Hum Fum's father was the great philosopher, Krazi?"

"Hah!" said the Baron, "I neber zaw von philosopher but vos vot you call *crazy.*"

"Without philosophy, I think," said Snody Pooks.

"The best thing you 've said," interrupted Chafferwell, looking at him full in the face. "A glass of wine!"

Pooks bowed.

"Ask him," said Wildgoose, "whether he thinks the war in China will have any material effect on tea?"

I made signs. The Mandarin made a fizzing noise with his mouth, and then let his tongue drop from the palate against his teeth, making a sound like the drawing of a cork.

"What 's that?" said Guy.

"It means that gunpowder is likely to be in demand."

"Very good! it will cost many *taels* per chest—I think I 'm right in the word. Ask him if the money in his country is not reckoned by the *tael?*"

Hum Fum broke out into an irresistible roar, and muttered something in Irish I could not catch.

"He seems to understand me," said Guy.

"Oh! yes," said I, "the word *tael* is strictly Chinese. He laughed at hearing you mention it."

"It not only means money," said Chafferwell; "but in the Mandarin's country the chief *rent* is paid by it."

Hum Fum winked. Guy said he was delighted to hear he was right.

I proposed the health of our guest, Wildgoose; who, in return, assured us that, wide as the earth was, and with most parts of it he was familiar, and countless as were the varied sympathies of its inhabitants, it was not more capacious than his heart, or so full of the mingled feelings of joy and gratitude at their kindness. He stated his intention of making four more tours round the world, and then of sitting down to write an imperishable volume. He should be most happy to undertake any commission, for any one present, to any part, and would most particularly feel honoured by carrying one from the Mandarin to his native land; and sat down with the earnest hope we should all meet again when he had completed his peregrinations. In conclusion, he begged to drink the health of Hum Fum O'Ho! and may the war in China be cemented securely by a speedy peace.

"A very phil—phil," hiccuped Pooks, "phil—anthropic toast—"

"For tea, and for one in his *cups*," said Chafferwell, who saw Pooks was getting *on*.

On interpreting the sentiment to the Mandarin, he performed an extraordinary manual evolution, placing his left thumb on his third and little fingers, and covering them in his palm, he elevated his hand, and extended perpendicularly his fore and middle fingers, placing their divided tips on each side of his nose; he then inserted between them, underneath his nose, the fore-finger of his right hand, which said finger he mysteriously wagged for a minute or two, winking all around.

The solution of this movement being desired by Guy, I informed him that it was in lieu of a speech which I had notified was expected, and that the meaning of the action literally expressed, "*I wish you may get it.*"

"Did you tell him that I would be happy to take any commands to China for him to his family?" said Guy.

I made signs, and the Mandarin put his arm over his left shoulder.

"What does he mean by that?" said Guy.

"His mother doesn't know he's out," said I.

"Beau—beau—beau—tifully expressive!" hiccuped Snody Pooks; Fitzdoldrum gave a loud snore; upon which Chafferwell gave "our *absent* friends;" and the Mandarin took a burnt cork and "*buzzed*" (blacked his face) Fitzdoldrum with great seriousness, and wished to do the same to Guy, who declined, until I told him that to mark a sleeping man in that manner was the custom in China.

"Ditheroo whack!" said Hum Fum when he had finished.

"What's that?" said Guy.

"It means, '*You're another*,'" said I.

"Ha! ha! true."

Chafferwell said that he would go and see what had become of the Count, who had been missing some time, and, after speaking in an under tone to the Baron, left.

In a few moments in rushed the Count, with a cap stuck full of feathers on his head, flesh-tights, tiger-skin cloak, spear and shield in

hand; he gave the New Zealand war-whoop, dancing, whirling, and jumping in most terrific style.

Order being in some degree restored, I proposed a bowl of punch: carried *nem. dis.*, and Chafferwell proceeded to mix. The Count then accounted for his sudden appearance in his New Zealand attire, which he said was, first of all, to amuse the Mandarin; and, secondly, he intended to go in it to the masquerade at Vauxhall; and, as the evening was fine, suggested a universal adjournment to that "gay and motley scene," after the discussion of the fragrant fluid,—a proposition which was vociferously cheered, especially by Wildgoose. Indeed, this explanation of the Count came opportunely; for Guy, *malgré* his state of elevation, began, I thought, to look rather incredulously at the Baron and Hum Fum, after the entrance and exploits of the New Zealand chief. Wildgoose declared his delight, remarking, "How the people would be taken in with the *real Mandarin!*"

The punch was rapidly quaffed, coaches were called, and off we rattled to the seat of merriment. It happened, by some unaccountable *neglect* of the clerk of the weather, to be an uncommonly fine night, and the gardens were tolerably filled. It is unnecessary to describe a masquerade; suffice it, our party studiously made the Mandarin the especial object of attention,—and Wildgoose's serious questions, put through me, with O'Blarney's gestures and my interpretation, though amusing enough, would fill too much space. If not "the observed of all observers," at least we were the "*best made up*" masqued party. Pooks met some young cits, who, as the phrase goes, "chaffed" the delicate and refined *littérateur* of Clapton upon his appearance at such a gathering; but he seriously assured them, with many asseverations of truth, of the circumstances of the evening, and that the *Chinese* was a *real Mandarin,* come to visit our sports and pastimes. All this flew quickly about; and we were followed by a motley mob of funless gapers—the *oi polloi* of such scenes.

Hum Fum whispered in my ear, "Musha! but this is cruel dhry work, Jack!" throwing a glance of the tenderest affection after a bowl of punch fuming fragrantly in the hands of a waiter. I took his hint, and we installed ourselves in the first vacant box, and ordered a *magnum* of the exhilarative liquid and adjuncts. About this time I missed Spanker; but Chafferwell said he had left him waltzing with a sylphide of about fourteen stone weight, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, in the Rotunda.

Our opinion had hardly been passed upon the first glass round, when a figure, dressed *à merveille* as a mandarin, came up to our box, and hitting Hum Fum O'Ho! a hearty slap on the back, composedly filled a glass, and, bowing round, looked the astonished Hum Fum full in the face, saying,

"Never did it better in your life, Tim, ha! ha! Begad, O'Blarney, you would make a capital aide-de-camp to Commissioner Lin! You *would* astonish the natives!"

Wildgoose stared hard at the speaker, then at me, then at Hum Fum, whom I pinched significantly. Hum Fum with great composure gave him a salutation, to the great amusement of all present.

"Very good! excellent! keep it up!" said the new Mandarin. "By Jove! you Irish fellows are the best humbugs in the world." And here he pulled Hum Fum's tail.

This was rather too much for O'Blarney, who started a glassful of

hot punch in the speaker's eye,—a signal for a general uproar. Wildgoose rushed out, and collared the *masqué* Chinese, and demanded fiercely to know why he insulted his friend, the Mandarin Hum Fum O'Ho. I was anxious to know who the deuce had found us out, and did my best to pacify O'Blarney.

"Oh!" said the mask, "if *he is* a Mandarin, I'll soon find that out; —I'll give him his revenge on the spot by a Chinese duel —*fight for our tails!*"

Wildgoose declared he believed Lord Amherst told him that was the mode of settling disputes in China, and submitted. We were all too far gone in fun for consideration, and a ring was formed, and the combatants placed opposite to one another; who, with great solemnity, proceeded to the fight,—the achievement being the seizure and tug of one another's tails. This was, after a round of manœuvring, productive of fun, adroitly accomplished by the mask, who lugged Hum Fum, roaring lustily, round and round, amidst extravagant shouts. At last O'Blarney bellowed out,

"Och! bad luck to yees, Tom Spanker! lave go of me tail! ye'll not lave me three hairs to comb—och! murther!"

Tom (for he it was), shaking with laughter, let go. Wildgoose, on hearing Hum Fum deliver this speech, appeared paralysed, and looked unutterable things at me.

"Come," said I, "Guy, let's to our bowl; the play is finished; and we'll discuss and explain the plot and characters of this evening's farce, entitled 'The Irish Mandarin.'"

"Ha! ha!" said the good-humoured Guy, "I see it all—capital!—But it must be my turn next, my lads!"

A night, or rather morning, of course, of rare merriment ensued; the only unfortunate consequence upon our adventure being the exile of Pooks from town for a couple of months, to escape the relentless jokes of his civic friends upon "his real *Mandarin, 'pon his honour!*"

J. B. O'M.

LINES ON LORD VIVIAN'S DEATH.

BY MISS FOX.

With eager wrench, as thirsting for his prey,
Death tore the barriers of life away;
O'er the spent frame asserts his stern control,
But owns the proud supremacy of soul.
Though, struggling in his suffocating grasp,
The imprison'd breath escapes in smother'd gasp;
Though, closely bound within his icy chain,
The impatient blood is fetter'd in the vein;
Death in his iron bondage may not bind
The buoyant, daring energies of *Mind;*
The manly sufferer in his anguish lay,
Calm as the evening of a summer's day.
Though torturing agony and crushing pain
Tax the strung sinews with redoubled strain;
Though strong convulsion rend the strings of life,
Till Nature staggered in the mortal strife;
Without a groan he yields his parting breath,
Soldier in life, and *Conqueror in Death!*

Kilmurry, November.

SIR ARCHIBALD!!

A WINTER'S TALE.

BY DALTON.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"A sad tale 's best for winter—
I have one of sprites and goblins."—SHAKSPEARE.

PICTURE to yourself, imaginative reader, a gloomy, old-fashioned apartment:—the wainscoting is of oak, which, after the fashion of ladies who put their trust in Kalydor and carmine, has been painted and varnished in tolerable imitation of itself; the ceiling is dingy, and intersected by roughly-hewn beams; the floor uneven, and covered with a carpet of apocryphal pattern. Adorn the walls with a tolerable allowance of pictures, such as sketches of eminent *figurantes*, a subscription portrait of Dr. Smith, head-master of &c. &c., another of the celebrated dog "Billy" in the act of destroying rats, a "Smuggler on the look-out," and a couple of Old-English interiors: add thereto a sofa, chairs of various descriptions, most of which, together with the tables, are covered with promiscuous heaps of sporting magazines, examination-papers, cigar-boxes, books, gloves, pamphlets, and spurs, and you have a view of the "rooms" in —— College, where, as the Oxford men say, Mr. Macdonald "kept"—what he kept it would be difficult to discover; certainly neither his tea nor his sugar, his wine nor his candles, nor, indeed, any article, long, of portability and general consumption.

The tenant, enveloped in a gay dressing-gown, occupied an easy-chair on one side of the grate. He was a tall, handsome youth, but with somewhat of a foppish and dissipated air,—visible through the unusual seriousness which seemed now to oppress him. His lips were compressed, and his eyes fixed earnestly on the mouldering white ashes. Opposite to him reclined a gentleman, a Bachelor, some years his senior, and of a very different appearance. He was stout-built, short-necked, and high-shouldered; had a vulgar, flushed complexion, relieved with light wiry whiskers. His costume was of a local nature, rarely to be met with beyond the boundaries of "Alma Mater," and consisted of a sporting-coat of strictly academical cut, fastened below the chin with a small brass platter, or large button, above which protruded a tumor of blue satin, furnished with a couple of gold knobs; his vest was wonderful; and his lower limbs were encased in trousers of rainbow-patterned plaid. His figure, upon the whole, might have suggested to a fanciful view the idea of a pouter-pigeon clothed in a "cut-away." He, too, like his host, was regarding the dying embers with very considerable gravity.

"What in the name of Heaven is to be done?" exclaimed the latter, at length, in a desponding tone.

"Done?—hand over the claret, and a '*principe*,' and I 'll tell you," replied his friend. "As the tin must be raised, what do you think of a voyage to the Caryatides, or whatever they call them?—Well, don't look disgusted.—I 've another notion—one not so original, perhaps, but more to the purpose. Write to our sovereign lady, the Governess."

"My mother?" said the young man.

"Of course—my mother," returned his Mentor, adding, in pleasing parody, "Oh! thou must come down with the dust, oh!—my Mother!"

"Hold, Asgill—hold! To send me here she has already made such



Sir Archibald!

London Richard Bentley, 1843

sacrifices as I shudder to think of; has denied herself the comforts—ay, almost the necessaries of life. She would not have me see it—but no matter—not one word of my mother. Even now," he added, after a pause, "even now, while we are pouring this costly poison down our throats, her fare may, for aught I know, be bread and water."

"Then why the devil don't you mix it, and make negus for the family?" asked Mr. Asgill. "Nay, never bend your brows, man! If the mother won't do, haven't you got such a thing as a melodramatic Uncle, all rage and rhino, who 'll knock you down, pay your debts, and talk about his extravagant dog of a nephew?"

Macdonald shook his head.

"And yet," said the other more seriously, "I think I have heard you speak of a certain Sir Gilbert as a near relation."

"We are but distantly allied: moreover, he has sons of his own,—is a stranger, and, if report speaks true, churlish, and miserly to boot."

"Offer him ten per cent. and a corner in your will."

"No!" exclaimed the young man bitterly. "My own folly has left me no hope—no prospect but a jail, disgrace, and ruin! This it is to live 'fast' at Oxford!"

"Very good, indeed," remarked Mr. Asgill, emptying his tumbler at a draught. "In the meantime, let 's have one more pull at the cruet, and then we 'll try the pasteboard. The hell is at Beauchamp's rooms to-night."

"I will not go. I have not a guinea left to hazard."

"What of that?" returned the other with a laugh. "Your I. O. U. passes current yet; so my advice is, sport it freely — raise what you can on your books and 'thirds'—go the pace till the vacation, and then—emigrate. Hush!—a knock. Do you encourage duns at this hour?"

The knock was repeated, and, though no permission was given, the door opened, and in walked a short, stout individual in top-boots. The countenance of the intruder, though ample, was not prepossessing, being overgrown with thick, black, bushy hair, set off with a complexion of many hues, among which crimson and purple appeared to preponderate. His costume was of the same class as Mr. Asgill's, but of a graver and more business-like character; the coat was greener, the waistcoat larger, the buttons bigger. He looked the very Grandfather of all cut-away-coated gentry, and was, "ay, every inch, a" horse-dealer.

"Ah! Grizly," said Macdonald, with a very unsuccessful attempt at a smile, "how do, old fellow? Take a glass of claret."

"No, sir, no," replied Mr. Grizly in a deep, husky tone, the result partly of cold, partly of "cold without;"—"I don't want no claret. I have come, sir, about my small account — 175*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; and, as I have a heavy bill to make up to-morrow, it would be convenient if you would settle at once."

"Impossible!" returned the other.

"Well, sir, as the whole is unpossible, I must be content with a part; so, if you will just hand over eighty or a hundred pound on account—"

"My good Grizly, just at this time I really happen to be singularly short of cash; but I expect remittances, and before the end of term—"

"Now, ain't this a pretty go?" interrupted the horse-dealer, straining fearfully at pathos: "I only ask you, Mr. Asgill. Here am I, vith a vife and family and two twins, put off in this manner by a gen'l'man as calls hisself a gen'l'man. Why, s' help *me!* I 've mouths

to feed, and eddication to pay for, and not a fi'pun note in the house. Ve shall all of us have to come to oats and hoss-flesh."

"Try beans, Grizzy," said Mr. Asgill.

"Ah! it's all very well," continued the other; "but I call it nothing but swindling for a man as comes up here only to larn a living for to go larking about like a gen'l'man of property, vith his hacks and hunters, dogs and tandems, when their friends never see anything above a vun-hoss-shay or a four-wheeler."

"You insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed Macdonald, as he felt the blood rushing to his face, "quit my rooms this instant!"

"I shan't quit no rooms," answered he of the top-boots doggedly, "till I gets my money."

"Pray permit me to arrange this little affair," uttered at this moment a low, pleasant voice, which seemed to proceed from an individual who had entered unobserved. "Your name, sir," pursued the stranger, a mild, middle-aged gentleman, with black clothes, powdered head, and pig-tail, "is, if I apprehend rightly——"

"Archibald Macdonald, sir."

"As I know to my cost," grumbled Mr. Grizly.

"Pray, my good man, be respectful," said the mild gentleman. "Of course you will be satisfied. I take the responsibility upon myself of declaring that your account shall, after proper examination, be discharged. I pledge the professional reputation of the firm of Dibbs and Slowcock to the fact; and, as soon as Sir Archibald——"

"*Sir* Archibald!" exclaimed Asgill, starting up.

"*Sir* Archibald!" echoed the young man himself.

"*Sir* Archibald!" stammered Mr. Grizly.

"Why, of course, *Sir* Archibald," repeated the gentleman with the pig-tail, betraying quite as much astonishment as any of the party.

"What the devil do you mean?" inquired the bachelor.

"Mean?—why, surely, gentlemen, you are aware—you know—you have seen from the papers——"

"I am aware of nothing, sir, and know nothing, and I never look at the papers," interrupted Macdonald impatiently.

"Indeed, sir; how very odd!" observed the lawyer;—"never look at the papers — dear me! But, still, you have received a private communication from our house—Dibbs and Slowcock, sir, Chancery Lane?"

Macdonald pointed, with a melancholy smile, to a heap of unopened letters, the greater part of which certainly presented no very alluring aspect.

"You see, sir, study precludes my paying any very great attention to correspondents. Pray explain yourself."

The middle-aged gentleman partook of snuff with gravity.

"Then, sir," said he slowly, "you are, possibly, not aware of the melancholy decease of the late Sir Gilbert Macdonald and his two sons, —their yacht foundered in the night off Cowes, and every soul on board perished. You, sir, I presume, are, without doubt, heir both to title and estate."

"Whoo—whoop!" shrieked Mr. Asgill, giving the death-halloo with enviable presence of mind, and in a tone so loud and shrill as to penetrate the double-doored and double-curtained common room. "Archy, my boy, your hand! yours, too, old Dibbs and Slowcock — no, hang it! give us your pigtail! and, Grizly, you ruffian! put to the chestnut

team, pack up a dozen of champagne from Ridley's, with a box of old Gag's "Emperor of Morocco" cigars; we'll be off to town at once: and, by the way, Nibbs, you may hand over a couple of "ponies" on account, —'pikes *must* be paid."

"I was a-going to wenture to observe, gen'l'men," remarked Mr. Grizly, breaking into a truly paternal smile, and fumbling with the clasp of a plethoric-looking pocket-book, "that I 've an odd twenty-pun' note or two, which, if I might make so free with Sir Archibald——"

"Oh, dear me! no, my good man," interposed the lawyer, upon whom the equestrian metaphor began to break; "on no account, I beg: with Sir Archibald's permission we will act as his bankers for the present."

"Well, settle it among yourselves, old fellows," said Asgill kindly; "only have the drag ready in half an hour, bring round a ladder to the back of the buttery, and, hey for London."

As for Macdonald, he said nothing, saw nothing; but, to his friend's intense admiration and amusement, buried his head between his hands and burst into tears.

———

Now, inasmuch as we lay claim to but little share of the epic in our composition, and bear no allegiance to those tyrant twins, "the Unities," we would intreat our reader, in the words of the last Adelphi melodrame, to suppose an interval of two years to have elapsed since the scene just described. He will find Sir Archibald Macdonald, whilom the denizen of dingy chambers at Oxford, reclining beneath the shade of laurel and myrtle trees, with the brightest sky above, waves of deepest blue below, and around breezes of such exquisite odour as float only among the more favoured temples of Nature: at his feet is a broken column; at his side a maiden, beautiful but sad.

The fact is, the baronet's career since his departure from Oxford had not proved, to himself at least, particularly satisfactory; he had never reached the precise position in society he aimed at; and, even in the circles to which his rank did procure him access, he found there were other baronets, and other fifteen-thousands-a-year besides his own, and that, if he wished to be a very great person indeed, he must look for adulation from those of a far lower grade: in short, he could not exactly say how, but he thought the world treated him ill, was perversely blind to his merits, and very sparing of its blandishments. Under these circumstances, he came to the stern resolution of turning his back upon the world: and very much grieved the said world would be, no doubt. The only question was, whither should he withdraw his rays? He took up Tom Moore, and thought of "the emerald gem of the western world;" but, no; the vale of Avoca, and all that sort of thing, was too near home: besides, her "faithless sons *had* betrayed her;" and white-boys, and black-boys, and blue-boys, and other extremely disagreeable boys, had rendered "Erin mavourneen" rather an ineligible retreat with reference to board and lodging. Timbuctoo was too hot; Tadmor in the wilderness a trifle too dull. But there was Greece—

"The isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung."

And it is there, that, after the above-mentioned "lapse," we find our hero located. Should any captious reader inquire more closely as to his whereabouts, we can only reply, as we were wont to do in days long, long ago to the generality of geographical queries put by our respected High Master, "It is an island, sir, in the Egean sea."

Asgill was, of course, his "*compagnon du voyage;*" indeed, with a rare and disinterested friendship, he had attached himself to the young baronet exclusively since the latter's accession to the family estates. Just at present, indeed, he was absent on a cruise among the islands; having left Macdonald, slowly recovering from fever, to make love among the myrtles with his host's fair daughter.

Tears, as we have said, or ought to have said, were dropping from the maiden's eyes. Macdonald held her hand clasped between his own, and in low tones, and very bad Greek, poured forth his prayer.

In his own country he had moved among the fairest of the land, with sense undazzled and heart untouched. The daughters of England were cold as their clime — the spell of Fashion was upon them all: their whole life was one war with nature; each nobler impulse of the heart was checked, each innocent desire quelled. Not a word nor deed, not a thought nor feeling flowed as the pure spirit prompted. They were enshackled utterly, hopelessly, in the webs of art and artifice. He had long since turned from such, to worship in silence and in secret some bright creation of his fancy, some shadowy vision of innocence and truth, whose mind and body, untainted by man, were fresh as from the hands of her Creator. And now all, all was realized: she—Irene, the idol of his imagination,—stood in her living loveliness before him!

The fervour with which these, and sentiments akin to these, were uttered amply compensated for any little inaccuracy in grammar and accent; they were, moreover, sufficiently novel to the young lady, who turned to her impassioned suitor with looks of love and trust. These, however, were but transient gleams of brightness, and she quickly relapsed into an air of habitual gloom and mystery. What the silent sorrow was that lay so heavily on her, Macdonald in vain attempted to discover. Direct questioning upon the subject only served to induce deepened sadness and fresh tears; and, as yet, he was as far from any clue to its cause as ever. To his protestations of love she would reply, "that it might not be; that Heaven had placed a bar between them, — an insuperable bar." No fuller explanation would she give, but said only, sadly and decidedly, "that she might never be his bride."

Days, weeks had passed by, and the eve of his departure was at hand. They were sitting, as we have described, among the remains of a pagan temple; broken marbles and prostrate walls were strewed around, half-hid by the rank and luxurious herbage. The arbutus and the mulberry-tree flourished in the deserted courts, and the declining sun poured its crimson flood on many a ruined column and rich sculpture. It was the hour and the spot to dream of long-forgotten days, to speak of the dead, and of by gone deeds. Irene felt the magic of the scene:— and he, her lover, would quit her on the morrow, and would think of her as one whose heart was cold and vain, unworthy alike his love and his remembrance! For the last time he besought her confidence. It was then, at length, the maiden yielded, and with trembling lips consented to explain her conduct, and reveal the secret.

She said that in the olden time a maiden of her race had listened to

the vows of a stranger,—had listened and loved, and loved too well. Deeper and darker crimes succeeded, o'er which oblivion had happily cast a veil. At length, his passion sated, the stranger disappeared; leaving her, the partner and the victim of his guilt, to die. It was said however, that, on discovering her lover's perjury, she had repaired to that very spot, — the ruined temple,—and, having there offered up fearful and forgotten sacrifices, had invoked the dethroned demons to aid her in her revenge. She added, that the accomplishment of this fell purpose, and the subsequent fate of the deceiver, were thus handed down in rude verse among the islanders; and the maiden sung, or rather chaunted, in a soft, low voice, the conclusion of the legend:—

The breeze is fresh, and lurid skies
  Shroud the departing day,
And higher the angry billows rise
  Athwart the vessel's way.
Yet still "More sail!" the chieftain cries,
  And his mates in fear obey:
    In vain,—for the shade
    Of the Grecian Maid,
The fond, the fair, the lost, the betray'd,
With her cypress wreath and her vengeful blade,
    Sits on the prow
    With low'ring brow,
And fixes her gaze on the Renegade!

A panting courser, barbed with steel,
  Is speeding o'er field and flood;
His sinews strain, and his senses reel,
  But his breed is true and good:
Yet still does his rider's armed heel
  At every bound drink blood!—
    In vain,—for the shade
    Of the Grecian Maid,
The fond, the fair, the lost, the betray'd,
With her cypress wreath and her vengeful blade,
    Fleet as the wind,
    Follows behind,
And mocks the wild flight of the Renegade!

The sound of battle rends the sky,
  And dim clouds load the air;
The scattered hosts of the Moslem fly,
  The red-cross triumphs there.
Yet still their Chief, with arm on high,
  Charges in fierce despair!—
    In vain,—for the shade
    Of the Grecian maid,
The fond, the fair, the lost, the betray'd,
With her cypress wreath and her vengeful blade,
    Unsteels the band,
    Unnerves the hand,
And quells the stout heart of the Renegade!

A Warrior on the plain is lying,
  His life-blood's ebbing fast;
His broken bands are dead and dying,
  His day of glory's past;
Visions of dread are round him flying,
  And he fain would pray at last!—

In vain,—for the shade
Of the Grecian maid,
The fond, the fair, the lost, the betray'd,
With her cypress wreath and her vengeful blade,
Laughs at his cry,
Stifles his sigh,
And kills the last hope of the Renegade!

Irene continued.—That avenging spirit was still abroad—the curse still rested upon her father's house, and from that hour the maidens of her race had gone down maidens to their grave. No one ventured to unite himself with a family which numbered so awful a visitant among its members. One solitary exception had occurred, and the fate of him who dared the doom bore fearful witness to the continued influence of the avenger's power. Many had seen her—many now living. "Nay," added the maiden, drawing closer to her lover, and glancing hurriedly around, "I myself have seen her twice: the first time was on the day your vessel touched our shore,—the last was yesternight. She passed between me and the moonlight as I leant from my chamber lattice, and her looks were of menace and of warning."

Loudly the young Englishman laughed at the tale; but, perceiving that Irene regarded his scepticism with displeasure, he plied her with arguments in a more tender strain. What was the avenging spirit to them? she could persecute but the false and faithless! The true could defy her malice, though they might not propitiate her favour. And were *they* not true? Ay, even as they loved then, so would they continue to love till love and life were quenched together.

Suffice it to say, Macdonald's eloquence prevailed. Many were the tears and bitter the pangs; but, when his schooner quitted the isle, it bore a Grecian bride to the shores of merry England. As for Asgill, he remonstrated long and loudly on the madness of such a step; not, indeed, that he apprehended much danger of a visit from the ghost, who being, as he facetiously observed, a "foreign spirit," would experience considerable difficulty in passing the Custom-house,—still he gave a great deal of excellent advice, and used much incontrovertible logic, but in vain. He might as well have recommended amputation of pigtail to the representative of the house of Dibbs and Slowcock, or requested an alderman to have mercy on green fat!

Time passed, and passed very pleasantly, too, amid the groves of Brockton. Shut out from the world, its follies and its uncharitableness, Macdonald and his bride drank long, deep draughts of happiness. It must have been a churlish heart indeed that had not rejoiced to overflowing in the love of so pure and gentle a being as Irene. Autumn, winter flitted by, and Macdonald had scarcely quitted the side of his fair Greek; but it is not to be denied that of late symptoms of restlessness and ennui had begun to exhibit themselves. Spite of himself, visions of the pleasures and gaieties of other days would occasionally pass across his mind; and, though he at once dismissed them as one who had bidden farewell to the false and sophisticated delights of society, still they were intruding each day more forcibly and more frequently. At length business called him—on previous occasions he had bidden it "call again," but now the summons must be obeyed. He kissed the cheek of his bride, and assuring her that his absence was unavoidable, and that his return should be speedy, set forth in an evil hour for London.

He *did* return; but, spite of the flowers and the freshness of the

spring-time, spite of the bright smiles of his Irene, Brockton had now lost much of its enchantment. The country at this time of the year was really so dull; besides, he owed it to himself not to remain altogether buried in obscurity. His love, of course, was true as ever; but—again business summoned him to London. This was a longer visit: it was repeated. Irene bore all without a murmur; not a look of reproach, not a word of sorrow escaped her: and if in her dreary solitude fancy sometimes bore her back to her own sunny skies, and waving forests, and happy home, her love was fixed and firm as in the day she quitted all for *him;* and the tide of her memory would turn, and she would think of her husband, and long — oh! how intensely! how painfully!—for his return.

But other subjects occupied Macdonald; he thought not of her. Under the agreeable guidance of Mr. Asgill he pursued pleasure in her worst and wildest forms; his time was spent in scenes where delirium occupies the chambers of the brain, and thought is banished.

It was after an absence of unusual length, and with the traces of prolonged and burning excitement fresh upon his brow, that he again entered his neglected mansion. Irene came not forth, as of old, to meet him; she was ill—not alarmingly—weak merely. In an instant the truth rushed deadly cold to his heart; and as he looked upon that fading being, and felt himself the guilty thing he was, there was a woe and an agony within that bowed him, spirit and body, to the dust.

Physicians were called in — soft, pleasantly-spoken gentlemen in sad-coloured suits and fine linen, — who in their mild tones recommended warm-baths, and cold-baths, and vapour-baths, and salt-water-baths, just as they would have prescribed dancing upon the tight-rope, had it happened to be the remedy in fashion. Before Macdonald they deprecated the idea of danger, thought the lady might possibly continue an invalid for some time, and especially enjoined rest and quiet. To all this the guilty husband gave eager credence; it was a potent drug to his remorse, an opiate to his conscience. Again the tempter was at hand, and again he left the drooping flower to the tending of strangers.

It were vain, and profitless, and sad to dwell upon the closing scene. A casual glance may mark the outward tokens of a breaking heart as they hover round the sunken eye, and the hollow cheek, and the languid form; but that slow chilling of the affections, that dying of the desires, and quenching of hope, that does the deadly work within, pass the power of man to picture or conceive.

Macdonald, meanwhile, sped lightly and pleasantly on: there was nothing very remarkable in his career; he drank a great deal of wine, lost a great deal of money, made a great deal of love, and, of course, experienced a great deal of happiness.

One night, or rather morning,—it was after the breaking up of a *petit souper* at the mansion of a certain Italian countess,—Sir Archibald, an especially favoured guest, was sitting *tête-à-tête* with his brilliant hostess; he was pleading his cause earnestly, and with every probability of success. The fair dame, who (or report belied her) was neither ice nor alabaster, even admitted a "*sentiment*" in his favour,—a pure and tender feeling, of course, by no means induced or influenced by the presentation of sundry articles of jewellery and the like. Still she had her scruples; — men were so unpleasantly fickle,— he would soon abandon her,—soon forget her love in the society of his charming Greek.

"Never—never! by Heaven!" exclaimed Macdonald.

The words had hardly passed his lips when he started to his feet, grasped the lady's wrist with one hand so tightly as to make her shriek with pain, and with the other motioned towards the open folding-door, which disclosed a spacious room beyond. This apartment was illumined by a brilliant lamp, placed on a table immediately opposite them; and, as the affrighted countess gazed in the direction pointed out by her lover, the light appeared for one moment obscured, or rather dimmed, as by the intervention of some passing shadow; no form, however, was visible. The eclipse, partial as it was, lasted but for a single instant: the next, the flame burnt bright again as ever.

"Eternal powers! what is this?" exclaimed the baronet. "Just Heaven! can it be——"

He paused: his jaws became rigid; but his whole frame shook like a wintry leaf. Recovering himself with a sudden effort, he sprang forward, dashed through the folding-door, and disappeared in the adjoining apartment. On his return he seemed as one struck with a fearful fit; every trace of colour had fled from his heretofore flushed brow, and his whole countenance exhibited the distortion, without the stillness, of death; sense and strength forsook him together.

"Woman! woman!" he muttered, "you have undone me!" and sank helpless upon the sofa.

The lady, in amazement, not unmixed with alarm, summoned her domestics. She could not think of detaining an invalid gentleman at her house. With their assistance, therefore, Sir Archibald was conveyed to his own. On the following day the death of his wife was announced to him by express.

"Well, Gibson," inquired Mr. Asgill cheerfully, "how is your master this fine morning?"

"Better, sir; more collected and tranquil than he has been since his attack. I would not, sir," the man added, "for money's worth pass through such scenes again as I have endured this last fortnight."

"Ah! indeed! I understand he raves a good deal at times;—an unpleasant habit,—very."

"—If it *be* raving," returned the valet with a shake of his head. "But he seems, sir, to imagine the constant presence of a something, or somebody; and, though we at his bidding leave him, I doubt *if he ever be alone.*"

"And whom, or what, in the profundity of your wisdom, do you take to be his companion?" sneered Asgill.

"Can't say, sir," replied Mr. Gibson with unaltered gravity; "but master says it has got *a knife, and a wreath of cypress.*"

Asgill threw a quick, searching glance at the speaker, but replied not a word.

"I'll just step up and see him for a second," he observed at length, and ascended the stair accordingly.

A few minutes elapsed, and the visiter re-appeared.

"Gibson, you may call up my cab."

"Yes, sir."

"And then you had better look to your master. He has managed to hang himself in some odd way with the bed-curtains."

"Hang himself!" exclaimed the servant.

"Hang himself," repeated Mr. Asgill with a nod, buttoning on his canary-coloured glove. "He is quite dead and cold by this time, I dare say—Good morning to you, Gibson!"

A TIGER HUNT.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

The anticipated delights of this royal chase so filled me with excitement, that during the night preceding it I could scarcely get a wink of sleep, jumping up every ten minutes to see whether it was yet daybreak. At length the appointed hour arrived, and I sallied out, on horseback, as far as the Political Resident's, whence the whole party were to set forth in regular order. When I arrived, at least a dozen elephants stood ready in the *compound* (field) before the door. Some had *howders* (we call them in England castles) for the ladies and elderly sportsmen; others had mere pads, resembling a couple of well-stuffed mattresses, fastened on their backs with strong iron girths. One of these animals was already mounted by half a dozen musicians, and another was laden with fire-works, and persons to discharge them, should the tiger refuse to leave the jungle. About fifty men on foot were lolling about, or talking to the *mohuts*, (the men who, riding on the elephant's neck, guide him, and urge him on with a sharp-pointed iron instrument,) bringing out their masters' rifles, and stowing away provisions in the *howders*, while a large party of English gentlemen and ladies looked on from the verandah. A more soul-stirring scene I never saw; it was certainly the most picturesque affair I ever beheld in India.

After a light breakfast, we proposed to mount our elephants, who each came forward in turn, and knelt down, while we ascended by a short ladder to our *howders* and pads. Every gentleman carried two rifles. In high glee the whole party set out.

I confess that I felt somewhat alarmed when, arriving at a deep *nullah*, (stream,) the animal on which I was seated coolly plunged into it. In a second he was off his legs. I could not help fancying he was sinking; for only about six inches of his back and the extreme end of his trunk appeared out of the water, level with which I was actually floating along. The animal, however, swam steadily forward, guided by his *mohut*, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The rest of the party crossed in equal safety.

In passing through a native village immediately on the other side, we came up to a poor little infant, of only a few months old, lying unguarded in the middle of the road. The elephant which led the van, without stopping, suddenly picked up the poor child at the very moment when I thought he must inevitably have crushed it, and in the most gentle manner placed it on the thatched roof of one of the low cottages. This, which I thought an occurrence of extreme interest and astonishment, seemed to inspire no surprise in the breasts of my fellow-sportsmen, who afterwards assured me that the sagacity of these splendid creatures is only equalled by their love for young children, and persons who are kind to them. No wonder, then, I felt annoyed and disgusted when I beheld, shortly afterwards, a *mohut* wantonly and barbarously amuse himself by prodding the head of one of the elephants with his iron skewer, digging it into the flesh with a fury and savageness, which to this moment I cannot account for. The persons on the animal called out to him, and remonstrated with him on his unnecessary cruelty, reminding him of the revengeful temper of the animal. After a time he desisted, and, as the elephant showed no signs of anger, we hoped no serious consequences would follow.

The motion felt by persons thus travelling is strange, and extremely fatiguing to those unaccustomed to it. To sit stiffly, or attempt to resist the sway of the body caused by each step of the elephant, is painful, and wearisome beyond description. The best way is to yield to his motion, as a sailor does on board a ship, and, swinging backwards and forwards with his stride, save yourself from the rude jerks which an attempt to remain steady subjects you to. After an hour's travelling, we arrived at the edge of a thick jungle, in which the royal beast was said to lurk. We therefore took up different points, in order to "view him" as he left the covert. Here we waited for some time: at length a couple of elephants entered the jungle, and began to beat about.

At this instant we heard a sudden, a piercing cry. We looked round. An elephant was in the act of trampling an unfortunate wretch to death. It was the imprudent *mohut*, who had a short time before so savagely goaded the animal he rode. At an instant when all was still, when every one was looking out eagerly to behold the tiger break cover, the revengeful animal had suddenly twisted his trunk round his rider, and with the greatest ease first raised him in the air, then dashed him with force on the ground, lifted him again, and a second time threw him on the earth; then, suddenly advancing, he began to trample on the now insensible Indian, who in another moment was a shapeless, disgusting lump of human clay, his ensanguined and disfigured corpse resembling in no way the form of man. Satisfied of his vengeance being complete, the elephant raised the remains of his victim, and throwing it into the jungle, quietly and safely trotted home, without guide or restraint, to the no small terror of the persons seated on his back.

The self-avenging elephant had scarcely got out of sight, when suddenly a royal tiger bounded out of the brushwood, close by the animal I was seated on. My companion and myself instantly fired at him. The nearest party to us also did the same, which I could not help looking on as a most dangerous act, since the slightest mistake in this cross-firing must inevitably be attended with the most fatal consequences. On the present occasion, however, nothing of this kind occurred. The tiger had evidently been hit; but springing forward, he galloped along. We now began to pursue him; but it was very much after the manner that a good shot in England marks down his game, and follows it, for to keep up with the royal animal was impossible. We trotted about eight miles an hour; the tiger about sixteen at the least. We therefore contented ourselves with following him, and dislodging him whenever he got into cover. Finding a village in front of him, the people of which had turned out, and fired several shots, the hunted animal endeavoured to double. In effecting this manœuvre, he came within shot of others of the party, who discharged their rifles with such effect that in a few moments the tiger lay senseless on the ground. We now descended from our posts, and approached to view our prize, which seemed of more than ordinary size. We had just come up to it, when Lindsay, by way of explaining some remark he had made relative to it, touched it with his gun. Imagine our horror and consternation when suddenly the beast sprang up, and with one bound cleared the circle. For an instant we stood paralysed, stupefied with excess of fear; then, rushing towards our elephants, we got *under* them; this being a comparatively safe shelter, no tiger daring to approach within reach of their trunks, the enormous animal

being ever ready and eager to kill the royal beast should he make the attempt. The tiger, who had just risen, suddenly finding himself hemmed in on all sides, glared around him for an instant. Several shots were discharged at him, some of which taking effect, so maddened the already infuriated brute that he made a sudden spring upon the back of the elephant, on which sat the musicians, and bit at the principal performer, who was nearest the croup. The poor man naturally shrank back. The tiger, however, caught his foot, and tore off a considerable portion of it; then darting into the jungle, and, despite of a volley fired at him, succeeded in gaining the thick covert; from which for some time we vainly attempted to dislodge him.

Finding all other means fail, we at length sent in the elephant that carried the fireworks, and began to throw them lighted into the reeds and brushwood, in order to frighten the tiger from his hiding-place. Presently, to our great horror, the jungle took fire. The *mohut* in vain urged the elephant, by goading him, to leave the spot. Alarmed by the flames, he stood perfectly still; nothing could induce him to move. The *mohut*, therefore, and those on his back, were fain to slip down, and risking even a rencontre with the tiger, make their way out of the now burning cover. This they did in safety.

Never in my life did I look upon a more magnificent sight than the conflagration now before me. Disturbed by the fire, animals of every kind, serpents of every hue, burst from the burning jungle. The cries of lesser creatures, mingled with the roar of the affrighted elephant, struck awe into our hearts. The flames were high; the whole country before us presented one mass of fire. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene. Standing on the plain hard by, secure from the danger, we looked on in silent astonishment and admiration.

Presently a louder roar was heard, and the elephant dashed out of the fire. He had evidently been severely burnt. The pads and trappings on his back were in flames, burning and rankling into his flesh; the iron girths were actually red-hot, eating into his sides. He was roaring with agony, and ran bounding along the open space, his trunk elevated, lashing his back with his disproportioned tail. Screaming, mad with torture, in vain we attempted to pursue him, or close him in. Pain had driven him mad; and as the huge animal galloped forward, the wind, acting on the flames, caused them to devour still quicker his thick flesh. His mingled roars and cries I can never forget. At length, dashing into a *nullah*, he instantly cooled the iron chains, which phizzed in the water, and in returning once more to their natural colour, added one more pang to the wretched animal. We now attempted to offer him succour; but it was too late. The elephant dived. The fire was extinguished; but as he came up he turned on his side, and with one convulsive roar expired.

We now proceeded to return home. The whole way the cries of the poor musician were occasionally heard. His pain was intolerable. He was but too well aware of his doom. There is a venom in the bite of a tiger almost always fatal. So, alas! it turned out in this man's case. He died within eight-and-forty hours.

Our breakfast-party again assembled at dinner; but, alas! much of their gaiety was gone. The tiger-hunt was anything but a subject of congratulation. Jameson had lost one of his best and most faithful *mohuts*; one of the most valuable elephants had been burnt to death; the principal musician in the Resident's service was now dying.

THE INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

If ever a man had a right to be a fatalist, it is the "Injured Individual." "If I had been bred a hatter," said one to us once, "I verily believe people would have been born without heads"—an extravagant hypothesis apparently, but not so irrational when we contemplate the man, and hear him recount his wondrous grievances! We hear much about the equal distribution of happiness, of the virtual equality supposed to pervade the various conditions of life, of the inward satisfaction attendant upon virtuous action independently of its results, the pride of fortitude, the supports of conscience in adversity, the elasticity of hope, and the mystical pleasures of poverty; and, although we do not profess profundity enough to refute the doctrine that good and evil are fairly apportioned to all men, we confess to some misgivings upon the truth of it, and are inclined to think Justice is after all but an one-sided or an impotent arbitress of our earthly destinies. We *insist* that it is so in the case of the "Injured Individual." There is no compromise for *him*,—he casts his bread upon the waters, and "there is an end on 't"—a conspiracy of accidents is clearly demonstrable against *him*—"blind chance" is *not* blind whenever *his* fate is in the issue,—and, let the philosopher of Massachusetts advance what he may upon the law of universal Compensation, here at least is an exception, if but a solitary one, to the working of his theory. Who has not met the Injured Individual? — the man of many wrongs — the scapegoat of treachery—the victim of the designing, the ungrateful, and the vicious,—the friend with legitimate long face and clouded brow, who comes to you ever with a new recital of his trials and a fresh illustration from his own experience of the villany of mankind? Gallantly has he performed *his* part; exemplary are the aptitude and assiduity he has displayed in all the enterprises in which he has been engaged; and, yet, how the malice of man, and the decrees of unseen powers, have worked against him for evil! Not few, but countless are the proofs his autobiography unfolds of his predestinated martyrdom through this life, and the unconditional postponement of all his little enjoyments to the brighter ages of the life to come. A very target for fortune to "shoot her bolts at"—his ill star ever glimmering upon him, like a dark lantern, to discover him to the malignant eye of his persecutors! This is no exaggeration. And the man is no illusion. There is "the lucky dog,"—and there *is* the "Injured Individual." The lottery of life has dealt him not only blanks, but forfeitures, pains, and penalties. Men and elements have combined against him. Frauds, and shipwrecks, and the "whips and scorns of time," are among the *minor* evils that have assailed him—Bankruptcies and hurricanes, prosecutions, revolutions, and even earthquakes, help to swell the catalogue of fell agencies that have wreaked destruction on his guiltless head, and before which, after long and fierce struggling, he now "'gins to pale his ineffectual fire," and seek a refuge under the disconsolate title of "The Injured Individual."

Reader, extend your sympathies to this man. But be not deceived

as to his identity. Be sure he is the veritable character he pretends to be, and not one of the million counterfeits abroad, imposing upon the credulous, and assuming to themselves the title and privileges belonging only to the *really* Injured Individual. Be careful not to be seduced by the whinings of the Insatiable, who would grasp *all*, and swear it is theirs not in law only, but in equity—thirsty souls, whose quick sensibilities *feel* the hardship of having to do an act of benevolence "for the sake of appearances," and the *unkindness* of the needy, who impose on them the necessity of refusing under any circumstances to transgress the limits which the forms of ostentatious charity prescribe — with whom the rights of property are a code of morals, and a claim upon their friendship a depredation, and an "injury!" Listen not, either, to the groans of the dilapidated idler, who never would follow advice, nor receive it, and has lived to verify in his own history the trite predictions of nursery fables and the aphorisms of his writing-master touching the rewards of industry and the fruits of disobedience. Truth is seldom welcome where it condemns, and few men can bear the idea of having "injured" *themselves*, even by a *lapsus* or a venial indiscretion. Those notorious for having been "their own enemies" are apt to be imaginative on the subject of their grievances, and can relate, many of them, some heart-rending "injuries" which they have sustained through the operation of the common course of nature — very *desperadoes*, when sympathy is denied them. They proclaim themselves Injured Individuals! Nothing requires more patience to bear, or philosophy to profit by, than the process of expiation. Consequences are *incurred* without a thought; but to *bear* them often "drives the soul to madness." There *is* a sort of lunacy which makes people fancy themselves "injured individuals;" like the man with the "turned head," the imagination fled to for consolation befools them into monomania. How many of the self-constituted "Injured Individuals" must have passed through the Gazette! What swarms must have recreated themselves in our prisons and houses of correction! And, in the professions — how many startling geniuses, from being too proud to stoop, too vulgar to please, or too indolent to work, become ridiculous for their presumption, or wound themselves with the sword they are not skilled enough to wield against a foe,—and yet condole with themselves as "Injured Individuals." An ambitious man rushes into an uncongenial sphere, and is eclipsed by a more competent rival—he is thenceforward an Injured Individual. The flatterer, who entices with his fair words, when discovered to be a "humbug," and treated accordingly, can conscientiously declare himself an Injured Individual! Nay even the very Bully, who chances upon a wrong customer, through defect of that astuteness, in selecting his victim, which seldom does accompany brutality of mind, even *he* will dub himself an Injured Individual. Then there are those of the *dashing* school, who are bold enough to run the risk of dreadful retribution for the chance of brilliant gain, and who, if the cast be against them, cannot endure the conditions entailed, and "strike" as soon as they are "put to their purgation." They, too, can call themselves Injured Individuals. The apple-woman in the street, who, scorning the admonitions of the police, invades the sanctity of the *pavé*, thereby "provoking Justice to break her *bas-*

ket" and scatter her provisions into the gutter, vows herself an Injured Individual! The husband who neglects his wife, because "no man can serve two *mistresses*," and is brought to atone for the dereliction by ignominy and disgrace, nominates himself an Injured Individual. The fool-hardy combatant, who *will* fight single-handed despite the entreaties of friends who know his weakness and the strength of his antagonist, and then gets worsted at a blow, has the poor consolation of fancying himself an Injured Individual. The sensualist, in the agonies of dyspepsia, pities himself into a frenzy and "jumps the life to come" out of his bed-room window—when his own testimony is not wanting to identify him, in one sense at least, as an Injured Individual. These and many others, such as the usurer who meets with losses, the gambler who "snaps his tether," the "crab" repudiated for his acerbities, the ruffian expatriated to save his life, the spendthrift embarrassed, the aggressor repelled, the cheat exposed, the proser coughed down, the trickster entrapped, the coward degraded—all are in turn arrogators of the merit and immunities contended for in behalf of the Injured Individual. In fine, for the protection of our client, the *real* Injured Individual, and of his benefactors the public at large, we may assert that most of the fraternity who give themselves out for Injured Individuals are generally such as, directly by word or deed, or indirectly by example, are most open to the charge of doing injury to others. They are *damaged* but not *Injured, Individuals*.

CURIO.

THE MONK'S CHOICE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"BROTHER JACQUES! Brother Jacques!"
"Who wants Brother Jacques?"

"An old man—feeble and worn is he,
Who waiteth below to be shrived by thee."

"Fool, fool!—didst not tell him refection was spread?
By the rood! I 'll not leave it to waken the dead!"

"Brother Jacques! Brother Jacques!"
"Who wants Brother Jacques?"

"A widow, who seems to be sore distress'd,
For her son, who lieth but ill at rest."

"Peace, varlet!—Hand me that flagon, and say,
I 'll hie me unto her by break of the day!"

"Brother Jacques! Brother Jacques!"
"Well, Brawler, what now?"

"A maiden is waiting thee; sly seems the jade!
(I marvel how such should want fatherly aid!)
As bold, too, as fair, for she laugh'd in my face,
When I ask'd if she came for confession and grace!"

"Good Ambrose! good Ambrose! I fear for thy fame,
Such converse befits not thine age or thy name!
Bid the maiden come hither! Didst say she was fair?
Then her sins are already dissolv'd into air!"

LIFE IN HANOVER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

THE GARDEN.

"I enter thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haidée."
BYRON.

THE traveller who has wandered through the north of Germany cannot fail to have been struck with the extreme liberality and good taste displayed by the proprietors of the many beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds in the neighbourhood of all the large towns, in throwing them open unreservedly to the public.

In no part of the country has more solicitude been manifested to make the most of unpromising materials than in the environs of the city of Hanover. If it were not for the swiftly-flowing Seine, which partly encircles the town, and pours one of its streams through its very centre, the task would have been one of some difficulty; but the facility of irrigation has greatly assisted the efforts of the land-owners,—and the result is the number of pleasant walks and gardens that surround the place. The royal domains of Herrenhausen and Montbrillant are the most extensive, and display the greatest pretension; but they are neither so well situated, nor turned to such good account, as some of the smaller gardens belonging to the nobility of Hanover.

It was in one of the latter that the opening scene took place of the occurrences which furnish the substance of the following pages.

In the summer of the year 183—, it chanced that a young Englishman accidentally took up his abode in Hanover, during an excursion which was destined to last some months in that part of Europe. One fine morning, therefore, he betook himself to the environs of the town to enjoy, if not the picturesque, at any rate the smiling, aspect of nature, beneath the clear blue sky and glowing sun of summer. It was yet early, but the occupations of life had already begun in the streets. The peasant-women were sawing timber for fire-wood, while their husbands smoked their pipes, and leisurely looked on; the city-scavenger had gone his rounds with his bell in his hand and his gigantic broom across his shoulder; and the *women* again — the old poor of the town—had nearly finished the labour of sweeping the streets through which he had perambulated. The grocer had begun to roast his coffee in front of his shop, — the market-folks had set out their fruit and vegetables, — the knitters in the sun had taken to their live-long occupation,—in short, the clock of the Neuen-Kirche had just struck seven.

Our traveller—let us call him by his name, Charles Denham—crossed the wide market-place near his residence, and proceeded in a southerly direction, from whence he had been told he might perchance descry the blue summit of the distant Brocken. He traversed the Waterloo Square, pausing for a moment only to look upon the bust of Leibnitz, and then pursued his course through a

fine gateway, beyond which lay before him a broad expanse of wooded country, on the verge of which the dark outline of the Hartz was distinctly visible. He had not proceeded far in this direction, when his attention was drawn to a pretty classical building, with a fine Greek portico, which stood at the extremity of a beautiful lawn, and was embosomed amid a mass of the richest foliage. From the situation in which this building was placed, with the long sweep of variegated country extending towards the mountains, and the rapid waters of the Seine occasionally glancing in the sun-light, as they escaped from the thick woods through which they sped their course, it well deserved the name which the hand that raised it had inscribed upon the entablature, that of "Bella Vista." Surveying the grounds with closer attention, he perceived at a short distance the entrance, which had previously escaped his observation, and where an open gate seemed to invite the footsteps of the wanderer. He accordingly returned in that direction, and, on a nearer examination, found that the rising wish had been forestalled by an inscription, which told that all "decently dressed" persons were permitted to enter freely, and loiter in the gardens as long as daylight lasted. An interdiction from smoking, and the reservation to the family of a small space immediately in front of the house, were the only restrictions to which the visitor was subjected.

Admiring the liberal spirit of this general invitation, Denham gladly availed himself of it, and, after proceeding a short distance along the carriage-road, struck off into a narrow winding path, which presently led him to the borders of a beautiful miniature lake, as solitary and picturesque as if it had been nestled in the very heart of the mountains. Crossing a rustic bridge, beneath which a gaily-decorated pleasure-boat was idly floating, he pursued his track until he reached the further extremity of the little lake, and then the path stole up a gentle ascent, amidst clumps of birch and mountain-ash, and was soon lost to the view. It was evident that every possible advantage had been taken of the irregularity of the ground, and that the most consummate taste must have presided over its present arrangement.

So thought Charles Denham, as he wandered delightedly amid the pleasant shades, endeavouring to conjure up some image of the fair being—for she must be fair, he thought—who had formed this oasis in the midst of a region so comparatively sterile. Of a highly-imaginative disposition, his temperament qualified him in a peculiar degree for the inoculation of German sentiment; and, with that presentiment which so often creates its own object, he confidently looked forward to an adventure. After traversing a wide lawn, remote from, but directly in front of, the portico of the mansion beneath which was told in marble the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta, while other mythological groups were scattered near, Denham entered a closely-planted thicket, and for a time the path wound amid a thousand fragrant and flowering shrubs, till at a sudden turn it emerged upon the broad bosom of a deep and rapid stream, which formed one of the boundaries of the garden. Here he stopped, and throwing himself on the sunny bank of the river, and leaning against the root of a tall poplar, resigned himself to one of those delicious reveries, the companions of summer solitude.

At length he became aware, or else his fancy beguiled him, that

other and sweeter sounds were mingled with the breeze, as if the naiad of the stream were chaunting one of those lays that oft have lured the listener to his ruin, as German traditions, and many a German ballad, sufficiently testify. Yielding to the influence of the soft music that seemed to float upon the air, rather than rousing himself to ascertain its source, he listened in silent delight to the tones of melody which gradually became more distinct, and syllabled themselves in the language of his own distant country. To have heard a German, an Italian, or even a French song, would have been an incident sufficiently in keeping with the scene to have excited no astonishment; but he was not prepared for the words which now reached his ears, sung, too, with a purity of accent that seemed to say that the language was native to the singer.

When the last notes of the song had ceased, Denham, who had till now been wholly absorbed in listening to them, rose softly from the green-sward where he had stretched himself, and stole towards the spot from whence they appeared to issue; but the foliage was too close to admit of his obtaining even a glimpse of anything that might be concealed beyond. He therefore noiselessly followed the path by the river's brink, till an opening in the thicket disclosed to him a passage through it. Following this route for a few yards, he came to an open circular space, where stood an antique-looking hermitage, constructed of logs, and roofed with thatch, and surmounted by a cross rudely shaped from the branches of the pine. The hermitage, however, had at present no tenant, though a small book lying open on a little table within indicated that it was not abandoned to utter solitude; but athwart the grass-plot in front of the building his eye caught the hues of a many-coloured parterre in a beautiful dell, where, half hid amidst a profusion of geranium, oleander, and Arabian jasmine, rose a light gilded summer-house of circular form, the trellis of which was sufficiently unclosed to admit of his discerning the outline of female forms.

They were three in number,—a lady of middle age, and two companions so much younger that they might have been her daughters. The elder lady was a very fair specimen of the matrons of her class in Germany. From the ease of her manner, and a certain grace of demeanour, it was plain that she was an *Edelfrau*, nobly born as well as nobly allied.

Of her companions one was busily engaged in drawing, and as she bent over her study Denham could mark a very classical profile and well-shaped head, with very dark hair, so arranged as to assist rather than diminish the effect of the contour. The other was leaning against the trellis of the pavilion; her back was towards Denham, so that her features were not visible, but the outline of a finely-formed figure was clearly perceptible. Her head was uncovered, and a profusion of fair hair flowed over her shoulders, and fluttered occasionally in the breeze as the light wind gently moved the sunny clusters. A little straw-bonnet hung by a ribbon on her arm, while before her she held a sheet of music, of which with one hand she seemed to mark the cadence. This was token enough to show who it was that sang the song which Denham had just heard, even if her clear silver tones had not betrayed her as she laughed merrily in reply to some observation from one of her companions. Presently another question was addressed to her, and the answer was

given in German, with that fluency of utterance and correctness of pronunciation which distinguish the language spoken in Hanover, and make it to Germany what the French of Blois is to France.

After a few minutes an exclamation arose in the pavilion, "*Wo ist er gegangen! — er ist weg! Wo ist der hund!*" and then came scampering past the spot where Denham stood a beautiful little Italian greyhound, with a long blue ribbon, which was attached to his collar, streaming behind him. Denham turned, and soon caught the little creature, and was leading him back towards the pavilion, when the fair girl, whose face he had not yet seen came running in pursuit of her favourite. Unaware of the presence of a stranger, her bonnet still hung on her arm, and her bright hair, to which exercise gave motion, floated around her, as, like the flying figure of the sculptured Atalanta in the distance, she eagerly rushed to the race.

"Zephyr! Zephyr! come back, sir!" she cried; when Denham appeared before her with the delinquent. She stopped, in surprise, while the glow of confusion added richness to the colour with which health had dyed her lovely cheek. Denham gazed upon her for some moments without speaking; then recovering himself, he expressed in imperfect German the pleasure he felt at restoring the little truant.

A brief "I thank you, sir; you are very good," was the answer returned in his own tongue, and with a low curtsy she withdrew; but *their eyes met* as she did so.

CHAPTER II.

THE BREAKFAST.

"He was a man of a strange temperament."—Byron.

It was with a very odd kind of sensation that Charles Denham found his way out of the garden, and went back to his hotel to breakfast. He certainly thought more of Italian greyhounds than of the "*gerauchtetes Rindfleisch*" before him; blue eyes more than divided his attention with the accustomed "*kartoffeln*," and "*pumpernickel*" was well-nigh forgotten in the remembrance of the bright tresses he had that morning seen. He contrived, however, after all, to make a tolerable breakfast.

But Denham's attention was shortly attracted towards other objects; while slowly discussing his last cup of coffee, and pondering abstractedly over the *Zeitung*, wondering if the very hard words and crooked black characters which he saw there could by any chance bear any relation to the sweet accents of the fair songstress of the garden. While thus engaged three strangers entered the room. At a glance he saw that they were his countrymen; for it requires a long residence abroad to continentalize the aspect of an Englishman. Let his hair and beard grow for two or three years; get him a very bad tailor; dress him in a dingy-green frock and blue trousers; put a pipe in his mouth; and crown him with a camlet forage-cap with a flat peak, and you may then mistake him for a German.

But the newly-arrived Englishman is known by other signs. He

has, for the most part, a fresh complexion, a neatness of costume, and an air of exclusiveness which belong to no other people: he is very much bent on manifesting his independence, which he looks upon as always about to be assailed; and he asserts it frequently, to the prejudice of his reputation for good manners. He begins his travels with a secret contempt for those with whom he is about to sojourn,

"Regardant tout avec un air hautain,"

and he does not care much to conceal it; above all, he endeavours to study the men and manners of the countries he visits, by consorting as much as possible with his *own* countrymen. Such are the majority of the untravelled English; but time and the hour teach them a different lesson, and shape them into different men.

The three who now entered the saloon differed much in aspect, though they resembled each other in purpose. The two younger were tall; one of them pale, with a deep-set eye and thoughtful expression of countenance; the other, of florid complexion, with good-nature, carelessness, and courage stamped on his open features. Both were university-men, lately released from the arduous pursuit of knowledge, not on the *banks* but on the *bed* of the Cam, where the most abstruse problems in mathematics are solved in an eight-oared wherry, and science is distilled from the recesses of "little pint-bottles of beer."

The names of these *alumni*—as Denham afterwards learnt,—were the Hon. Frederic Saville and Sir Nicholas Lackland, Bart. They were travelling, of course, for improvement; and were endeavouring to associate with it as much amusement as a stern sense of duty would permit.

He who completed the triumvirate of new-comers was a man whose appearance could not easily be forgotten. Some ten or twelve years olderthan his companions, his features, originally finely formed, bore on them the traces of many a stormy passion and many a deep excess. The habitual expression of his countenance was that of a reckless gaiety, which deepened when thought prevailed into an aspect of settled gloom, from whence all signs of mirthfulness had vanished. His powers of mind were prodigious, his reading deep, his observation deeper, his memory highly retentive, and stored with the choicest lore; in conversation he was fluent, in argument profound; a wit, a scholar, and a philosopher,—and withal, a most unhappy man. His personal appearance was no less remarkable. He invariably wore a large, rough, blue Taglioni coat, buttoned close across his chest—a garment that increased the almost Herculean proportions of his frame, which was about the middle height; white trousers, worn in all weathers and at all seasons, and a broad-brimmed hat pulled over his brows so as entirely to conceal the whole of his forehead; his hair was long and waving, and intensely black, and he cherished an enormous growth of dark beard and whiskers. His hands, according to the prevailing mode, were usually thrust into the front pockets of his coat, from whence projected a thick and heavy cane. To identify him by name, he was known as the eccentric John Templewell.

The party approached the table where Denham sat, and called for breakfast.

Despite an occasional coarseness of manner, Denham could not help feeling interested in his conversation, and making a casual reply to some observation addressed generally, was directly made free of the guild by Templewell.

"Ah!" said he, "I knew you were an Englishman before you spoke; let me introduce you to your countrymen. I don't know any of your names; but you'll find 'em all out in time. What a dull place this Hanover is! We must hit upon something to make it out."

There was a kind of freemasonry about Templewell's manner that operated marvellously on those who surrounded him; it overcame the habitual reserve which Englishmen always manifest towards each other before they are introduced, and established an intimacy at once.

"I'm the oldest resident of the lot in these parts, I believe," said Templewell. "I've been in this place exactly a month, as the cursedly long, illegible bill they brought me in here yesterday most unsatisfactorily assured me. I'll pilot you about the place this morning; we'll have a quiet table at dinner to ourselves there in the corner, out of the way of these fellow's toothpicks; afterwards we'll take a carriage and drive to the Lindenberg, and hear the bugles of the Jägers; and then we can finish the evening wherever it pleases ourselves—or the *polizei*; for they're deucedly fond here of *making* you get into rows, that they may have the benefit of your being *bestrafen*."

"*Bestrafen!*" inquired Sir Nicholas,—"what's that?"

"Why, in plain English, it means being fined. They fine you for everything here. If you walk on a grass-plot instead of a gravel-walk, half-a-dollar! Smoke a cigar in the streets, half-a-dollar! And, if there were such a thing as a pretty girl in the place, they'd fine us half-a-dollar for looking at her!"

"And are the women so *very* ugly?" demanded the Hon. Mr. Saville.

"I'll tell you what," replied Templewell, "if you can find me a handsome woman in the town I'll marry her; and that's rather a bold offer. Beauty! They dare scarcely open their mouths—except at dinner, for fear you should see their teeth. Their complexions are coarse; their figures clumsy; and then their ancles! Did you ever hear what a traveller lately said of them?"

"No; pray enlighten us," said the baronet.

"Why, he declared that the reason their legs were so thick was because they always wore *boots under their stockings!*"

"Come, come!" observed Denham; "he must have libelled them; I've seen some very neat feet and ancles already, I assure you."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Templewell; "then you must have made good use of your time, and were particularly favoured. But, suppose we make the experiment *en masse?* We can compare notes as we go. What say you to our adjourning to the Conditorei in the Leine Strasse?"

"Agreed!" cried the party simultaneously, and they accordingly sallied forth.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONDITOREI.

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?—Byron.

The Leine Strasse is the principal street in Hanover. The approach to it by the old bridge from the Calenberges Strasse is very picturesque. On one side is a long range of houses, varying in antiquity from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century, with the fronts curiously carved and sculptured; the upper stories projecting far beyond those beneath, and all terminating in high, pointed gables, of different degrees of elevation. A great peculiarity in all the street views in this city arises from the windows all opening outwards; and as they are never closed in the day-time during fine weather, the number of light lattices, with the sun gleaming upon the panes, produces the effect of myriads of dragon-flies' wings, and has a very singular and graceful appearance. Immediately opposite these old buildings is a large square, two sides of which are formed by the royal palace, or *schloss,* in which is included the public theatre; and at the extremity of the view is the Leine Strasse, containing the *residenz,* or king's house, the clubs, and the principal shops in the town; directly in front of the spectator, across an old market-place, is the dark yawning entrance of the Jerdein Strasse, narrow and gloomy, yet highly picturesque; and above all rises the high red spire of the Schloss Kirche, which is seen from every part of the city.

Proceeding across the bridge, and passing some beautiful relics of the ornamental architecture of the latter end of the fifteenth century, which are still preserved in the Leine Strasse, the four Englishmen made the best of their way to the *conditorei* indicated by Templewell.

A *conditorei* is a German pastrycook's shop, which differs from an English one in this respect, that everything to eat or drink may be obtained at it, from a butterbrot of caviar to a beefsteak, or from a glass of liqueur to a flask of Johannisberg, or a bowl of punch. These establishments, as is commonly the case everywhere, are graced by the presence of one or more fair damsels, whose personal attractions are not the least inducement to the idlers who frequent them. Though Templewell's *boutade* against Hanoverian beauty was so roundly made, it was plain that his secret conviction was very different, for the maiden who ministered at this *conditorei* was evidently the object that daily attracted him thither. Unlike the generality of her countrywomen, Doretta Brandis was of olive complexion, with large dark eyes full of expression, and long, silken, black hair; her teeth were as white as ivory, and revealed themselves not unfrequently as she smiled upon her customers. She was of the middle height, inclining rather to *embonpoint,* but very beautifully formed; and wearing the neat corsage and bright colours of her native town of Hilderheim, looked as pretty an object as a traveller might hope to encounter in such a spot. Though comparatively uneducated, her mental qualifications were of a superior order; and though ignorant of the language of her English visitors,

her quick glance and acuteness of perception enabled her at once to catch the meaning of almost everything that was said; and if allusion were made to herself, it might just as well have been spoken in her own tongue. Many sweet words and honeyed phrases had been poured into her ear by young and handsome strangers, but her heart had remained untouched till the arrival of the eccentric Englishman, and then it yielded at once, and to a mode of assault which, since the days of Petruchio, has rarely been adopted. Templewell had at first sight been struck by her beauty, and perhaps his eyes had involuntarily betrayed his secret, but his tongue as yet had never told it; he seemed, on the contrary, to have adopted for his maxim, to "woo her as the lion woos his bride," so rough was his greeting, and so abrupt the manner in which he invariably accosted her. Templewell presented his friends to the pretty *conditorina*, with his accustomed courtesy.

"Here, you German frau, Doretta, these are some countrymen of mine—what do you call 'em — landsleute?—curse your language—English herrs; gentlemen, though they don't wear rings on their forefingers like the Hanoverian noblemen. Give me a cigar."

Doretta laughed, blushed, cast down her large eyes, and curtsyed to the new-comers. Then affecting to pout at Templewell as she gave him a light, she said,

"Sie sind sehr böse (wicked) Herr Temple—" She could not pronounce the rest of his name.

"She says I 'm boozy, does she? Thank God I 'm not quite drunk! But what can one do in a place like this? It would be a mercy never to be sober again!"

A quick fire of broken German and English was then opened by the party upon the fair *conditorina*, who sustained her share of the dialogue with wit and self-possession.

"What's the German for 'pretty'?" asked the baronet.

"Why, the *German* for 'pretty,' as far as it goes," replied Templewell, "stands behind that counter. But the *word* for it is nearly as good as the conception of it in Germany. What do you think of '*hübsch*'? Isn't it melody itself to utter it? It was a wild boar, I believe, who first invented language in this country."

"Vous êtes — *particularly* — hübsch," said Sir Nicholas, looking tenderly at Doretta, and making what Mrs. Malaprop would have called a Cerberean effort to master three languages at once.

"What! caught already by that flirt?" cried Templewell. "Oh! she can understand you fast enough: it's always the last comer with her."

"Es ist *nicht* wahr, Herr Temple—" said Doretta, quickly, stifling a sob.

"What the devil! so soon down upon me! hold your tongue!—sey rukig—and hear what he 's going to say to you. Don't you see he has fallen in love; it's 'all round his hat' with him,—Ganz herum sein hut,—as it may be worthily translated."

"Ich weiss nicht was ist das! Ich kann nicht verstehen," replied Doretta, utterly unable to comprehend this jargon. "Was macht er mit seinem hut?"

"She wants to know what you are going to do with your hat," said Templewell, addressing Sir Nicholas.

In conversation like this, half idle and half satirical, the morning wore away, and, breaking up the conclave at the Conditorei, the party strolled about the city, examining with a critical eye whatever was worthy of comment, until the hour arrived which summoned them to assist in the labours of the *table d'hôte*.

When a moderate circulation had ensued of the grape called "generous" by prescription, Denham suggested the proposed excursion to the Lindenberg, to hear the really splendid bugles of the Jägers; and though, perhaps, Templewell and the baronet would rather have despatched another bottle of *Rüdesheimer* before they started, the proposition was finally agreed to.

"We must have the Count," said Templewell; "we can't do without him."

"Who is the Count?" inquired every one.

"You shall see," was the answer. "Here, Kellner, send up the Graf."

"Yes, sare;" and the waiter proceeded on his mission.

In a few minutes the door opened, and the individual called "the Count" made his appearance. He merits, perhaps, a brief description. The Count was an elderly man, hovering, it might be, on the confines of sixty years; but an air of pretension, to which he owed his title, robbed Time of at least ten years of his claim, and a red spot on each cheek, which some hinted was less natural than the hue of the winter-apple, which it most resembled, materially assisted the delusion. He had a light grey eye, whose ordinary expression was, "What can I do to be of service to you?"—but there was a cunning twinkle in it occasionally, that asked the real question of himself, "How can I make the most of these English Herrs?" Accordingly he shaped his conduct to meet both categories, and with a puckered-up face, on which there gleamed the rays of a perpetual smirk, he was every one's *lohnbedienter* (hired servant) who paid him for his trouble. He had originally served in the German Legion, and had subsequently been valet, courier, and—if you choose to believe his assertion, though few did—confidential domestic to a great many English gentlemen, whom, as he said, he "took care of." He spoke English and French remarkably well, and allowed his many masters to abuse his native language as much as they pleased. His figure was wiry and spare, and about the middle height; and there was an odd sort of motion observable in his hands when he spoke, which *he* said was one of the inevitable attributes of practised oratory, but which to a common observer bore a closer resemblance to the action of one accustomed to the flourish of a pair of barber's tongs. He had, in fact, at one time been the regimental tonsor, before side-curls were exploded. He was very particular in regard to his costume, inclining not so much to old fashions as to old clothes, for the excellent reason that what he wore was generally the cast-off apparel of the gentlemen whom he served. He always prided himself, therefore, upon the cut of his coat,—wearing blue with gilt buttons for choice,—and, by dint of furbishing and sponging, made as respectable a figure as many a faded old dandy of more extensive means. For his nether garments, he chiefly affected nankeens, and gave the preference to a white waistcoat and neckcloth. In fact, his ambition was to dress as near as possible to the style of a noble lord with whom he had once resided "in the Mansion House of the City of London,"

as he magnificently expressed it. One characteristic of his manners must not be omitted: it was his endeavour to render everything he said as impressive as possible, and therefore he invariably prefaced his speeches by an earnest adjuration, expressive of the honour and truth that dwelt within his bosom.

"Count," said Templewell, rising, and waving his hand with an air of mock courtesy, "we desire the pleasure of your delightful society to the Lindenberg this afternoon. Can we get there in time to hear the bugles?"

"Gentlemen," returned the Count, with a bow of deep solemnity, "upon my honour,—I tell you sincerely, — you will be exactly in the right moment if you come along now. It is no more than a half hour's drive."

"Is there a Jarvey ready?" inquired Templewell.

"He is close to the door," replied the Count. "There is no time to lose,—I tell you sincerely."

"Well, bundle away, old fellow." The Count looked with a deprecating air, as much as to say "Consider my dignity: these gentlemen are strangers." — "I beg your pardon, most noble Count,—we are ready to attend upon you. Be off!"

The party now descended from the saloon, and soon found themselves driving rapidly through the Vorstadt, or suburb of Linden, towards the site of the summer promenades.

The Lindenberg is one of the few really picturesque spots near the city, being situated on the only height in its vicinity. It stands a little to the west of Hanover, a short distance from the road which leads to Nenndorf, the single place of licensed dissipation in the Hanoverian dominions. The view from it is remarkably fine, the eye traversing a wide extent of variegated country towards the south, till the distance is lost in the dim outline of the loftiest range of the Hartz. To the left lies the town, with its lofty spire of dusky red towering above all; and to the right, the bold summit of the Deister, distant some twenty miles, rises dark and frowning from the plain. The grounds on the Lindenberg are very prettily laid out, and crowning the hill is a large building, originally, perhaps, a private dwelling, but now used as a *gasthaus*, whence the refreshments were procured for the company in the gardens.

The amusements were simple, — the ladies drank tea, the gentlemen beer; the music was excellent, and the waltzing superb. The English Herrs, sitting at a table by themselves, and discussing a bottle or two of champagne, with considerable demonstrations of mirth, were the focus of observation. Not the least conspicuous amongst them was Templewell, who spoke and laughed much louder than the rest, and threw into his manner an air of contemptuous defiance, as if he sought to provoke animadversion. The simple Germans, however, only stared at him, and gave utterance to the invariable monosyllable, "So!" and then resumed their amusement.

Denham looked anxiously amongst the many pretty girls who were assembled here, to see if he could perchance discover the damsel upon whom, in spite of himself, his thoughts still ran; but it was in vain—she was nowhere to be seen.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

"THOMAS, what be a *parkeypine?*"

"Lar'! doesn't thee kneow, Bill? Why, it be a zart of a hanimal as they breeds in Novey Scotia, or zome zuch outlandish pleace. I zeed one on 'em last Zizeter vair, and a martal odd-looking varment a was, to be zhure!"

"What was a like?"

"Why, zummut like a peg, only a's vet was sharter, and a's got a power o' plaguy long spikes all auver's body. They *do* zay as how a can drow 'em at 'e when a's tarmented, and put in a pelt. Thuck un I zeed the zhowman zed was a vemale."

"What, in the neam o' vartin, be a vemale, Tom?"

"What a gawney th' bist, Bill! why, a zow 's a vemale—a 'oman 's a vemale."

"Haw! haw! I zees! Then a man's a *he*-male, I war'nd?"

"Lar'! no; there ben't no zuch theng as a he-male, y' gawney!—why, thee bist a bigger vool than Jack Goddin!"

"Ah, zo you thenks; but Jack aint zuch a vool as a looks, I can tell 'e. What d' ye thenk a zed one day last winter to measter? Measter was very vond o' plaguing Jack, and used to ax un in th' middle o' winter if a'd heeard the cuckoo? One day a comed into the grounds, and began to tarment Jack as usual. Jack purtended not to hear un, and then measter halloo'd at un. Jack heard un all the time, and now a turned round, and grinned like a dog at a red-hot cowlter. 'Noa, I aint, measter,—I aint heeard the cuckoo to-day,' says 'e; 'but I heeard th' *owl* just now, pretty smartish.'"

"Haw! haw! haw! haw! that *was* a good un! What *did* measter zay to 't?"

"A didn't zay anything to Jack, but a looked a leetle flustrated like; and when a went drough th' geat a grunted zummut about 'a peart young wosbird.'"

"Haw! haw! haw! Measter won't tarment un agen, I war'nd!"

It is time that we should make the reader acquainted with the parties in this classic dialogue. They were two plough-boys, in the service of a wealthy Wiltshire yeoman, who, as they lay at their length under a hedge, discussing their noontide meal, thus entertained each other. Tom, the learned in zoology, was a conceited young rascal, who had paid many visits to the market-town, where he had acquired a spice of what the poet designates "a dangerous thing," with which he surprised his mates on such occasions as this. His companion would have left all the sights in the world for a dish of bacon and cabbage; but on this particular day he was anticipating a feast of a higher order, to wit, a harvest-home supper.

"I aint yett much breakvast," observed Bill; "and I won't touch a morsel mwore now, vor I zeed um a makin' zich a passel o' puddens up at th' house. I yeard our mother zay as how there was mwore nor a scare on um, and Measter Harnblow ha' killed a ship (sheep), and they be gwoin' to make un into pies; and there's a girt chine to be bwiled, too; and ——"

"'Od drattle th'!" cried Tom, interrupting his enumeration, "th'

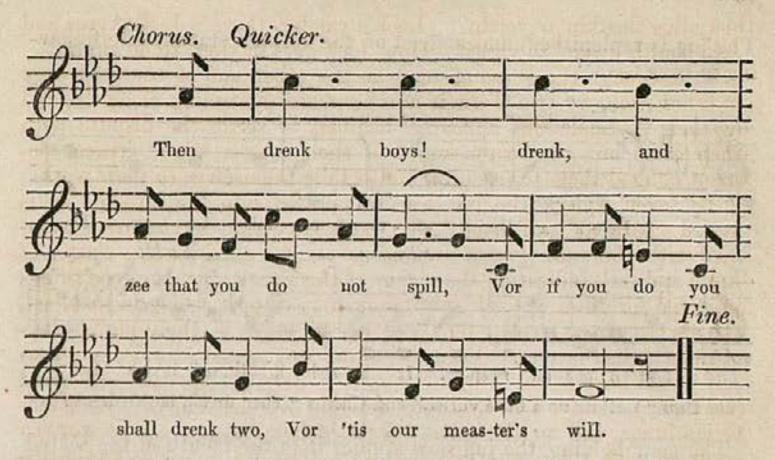
bist allus thenkin' o' yettin'! Look'e yander, there 's Jack Ayres and Jem Smith gwoin' to vight! How Jack does hakker, to be zhure!"

True enough the group of men at the other end of the field were in commotion, for two of their number were quarreling violently, and by their gesticulations appeared inclined to settle the dispute with their fists; but the reappearance of their master at the critical moment obliged them to separate, and betake themselves to their work.

By seven o'clock the last load was drawn into the farmer's well-stored "barken," and shortly afterwards his ample kitchen was crammed with the rude guests invited on such occasions, the clatter of knife and fork indicating the vigour of the attack upon the good things provided for their special entertainment. Supper being dispatched, the ale circulated freely; for there was no stint in those piping-days of the English farmer. Then there was *singing*, at which Pan himself would have pricked up his ears. "John Barleycorn," "When I had money," and "The Leathern Bot-tel," were executed with Stentorian lungs, and to the great delight of the company; who were so occupied with their entertainment that they did not observe the absence of the two men who had quarreled in the morning. The evening wore away, and the concluding ceremony was commenced, to the amusement of the female part of the guests, on whom also John Barleycorn had performed wonders. As this ceremony of a harvest-supper may not be known to many of the readers of the Miscellany, we shall endeavour to describe it as briefly as possible.

Every male guest is by turns seated in a chair. One of the company then rises, with a mug of beer in his hand, and sings:





Another man then rises, with a jug of beer, and sings as follows:—



(*Chorus*) And down let un go.

While this is being sung, the jug of the first singer is filled to running over, and the seated man is forced to drink, *nolens volens*, to the words of the chorus, the jug being held to his mouth, while his ears are rubbed violently, and the liquor is spilled down his bosom. If he be a three-gallon man, he may escape being made utterly drunk this time; but he has to drink to the health of his mistress before he rises.

The jug is replenished, and instead of the former stanzas the following is sung:—



Da Capo "Vill 'un up a little vuller." and Chorus "Then drenk, boys! drenk!"

The man holding the jug now applies it to the mouth of the seated wight, and purposely spills a good deal of the liquor over him, singing all the while

> Vill un up unto the brim,
> Unto the brim, unto the brim,
> And let your next neighbour joggle it in.
> Zeng hey, boys, zeng ho!

The chorus then sing,

> Then drenk, bwoys, drenk, &c.

This rude frolic had been indulged in for some time, and the mirth of the rustic party was becoming each moment more boisterous, when Jack Ayres suddenly entered. Nobody liked Jack Ayres: he bore a bad character; was suspected of poaching occasionally; and was, moreover, an ill-tempered cur, with whom his mates could never agree. As before observed, he was not missed at the feast, partly because he was not wanted, and partly owing to their being unusually engaged; but his sudden apparition among them refreshed their recollection, and then they remembered that there was another besides Ayres who had not sat down with them—Jem Smith had not been seen since sunset.

"Halloo, Jack! where hast *thee* bin?" roared one of the party. "We be all purty nigh drunk a'ready; here 's to 'e!"

Jack looked furtively around him, and smoothed the collar of his smock-frock: though evidently put on for the evening, it was much rumpled, and soiled with mould. He seated himself, and took a long draught of ale, which, however, had not the effect of allaying his evident perturbation. He next filled a pipe; but, after taking a whiff or two, he laid it down, and seated himself in the chimney-corner, apparently with a desire of shunning observation. But this strange conduct brought the eyes of all upon him, especially those of the two boys introduced to the reader at the commencement of our story. Emboldened by the ale they had drunk, they began to teaze Jack with impertinent questions, which they would not have dared to address to him at any other time.

"Why, Jack!" cried one of them, "we thought th' wouldnst come! What 's got howld o' th', mun? Have 'e bin to vight it out wi' Jem, eh?"

Ayres turned deadly pale at this question, and trembled like a palsied man. His emotion was not unobserved by the boys, who continued to banter him.

"Why, what dost hakker zo vor, mun!" cried they. "Why, a body *would* thenk thou 'st killed and yet un, haw! haw! haw!"—and the laugh of the urchins rose high above the hubbub of the company.

Ayres looked daggers at his tormentors, and, rising from his seat, with a bitter oath, attempted to kick one of them. The boys retreated to the other side of the kitchen, alarmed at his violence, and Ayres at the same moment beheld a sight which caused him to sink down on his seat with a suppressed groan. A small terrier dog which belonged to him trotted into the kitchen, with tail erect, and holding in its mouth a man's hat, which he laid at the feet of his master.

"Halloo! what 's this?" cried several of the company. "Why, here 's Jack Ayres' dog, Pincher, wi' zomebody's hat! Where did th' leetle wosbird get that?"

"Whos'n is it?" asked a dozen voices.

Each by turns looked at the hat, which one of the company had snatched up, and shook his head with a "t'aint mine," when the boy Tom came forward.

"Dald if 't beant Jem Smith's!" said he.

"It 's a d—d lie!" roared Ayres, recovering himself.

"Ha!" cried the carter, "thee zeem'st to kneow zummut about it, anyhow."

Ayres saw in a minute that he had committed himself, and was silent.

"There 's zummut ackerd here," continued the carter. "Where 's Jem Smith? Has anybody zeed un?"

"I zeed un crassing th' bruk, jist a'ter we got th' last lwoad into th' barken," said Tom. "A zed a was a gwoin' whoam to make hiszelf a leetle bit tidy. I dare zay Jack Ayres kneows where a went to."

He was interrupted by a torrent of violent abuse from Ayres, who protested loudly that he had not seen the missing man.

The merriment was now at an end; the women and girls looked pale and alarmed, and the men crowded round, their flushed countenances assuming an expression of seriousness as they noted the determined tone of the carter and the trepidation of the accused.

"Ye 're all a passel o' malice-minded wosbirds!" cried Ayres. "I 'll be cussed if I stays among zich a zet!"

With these words he attempted to leave the kitchen, when the carter interposed.

"Noa, noa!" said he, firmly, "we dwon't part zo easy, Jack. Thee kneowst zummut about Jem, and had better tell the truth."

"I tell th' I dwon't!" roared Ayres, attempting to rush from the kitchen; but he was seized and detained by the carter, who felt the more certain that there had been some foul play.

Messengers were now despatched to the cottage of the missing man's parents, when it was discovered that Smith had left some time before sunset, and that he had been joined by Ayres.

It will scarcely be necessary to relate that, under such circumstances, Jack Ayres was marched off to the neighbouring town, where he was consigned to the "round-house" for the night, and that on the following morning he was taken before the justice, on suspicion of having murdered his fellow-labourer, James Smith. The evidence against him seemed so clear that the magistrate determined to send the case for trial, and accordingly committed the prisoner to the county jail, the assizes being near at hand.

The day of trial at length came. Jack, among his friends, had raised money sufficient to fee an Old Bailey counsel, who, by blustering and cross-examination, succeeded in so flabbergastering the simple witnesses for the prosecution, that the prisoner was in a fair way of being acquitted; for the jury, as is sometimes the case, had made up their minds not to be satisfied with mere circumstantial evidence, when a hubbub was heard in court, which the judge in vain endeavoured to suppress, and two or three men rushed in, exclaiming that a human body had just been found in the brook which ran through the village where the prisoner lived, and that it had been recognised by every one as the remains of James Smith.

On hearing this intelligence, the prisoner's countenance fell, and he sunk senseless on the floor of the dock. On recovering, overwhelmed by the evidence against him, he begged hard for mercy, protesting that the deceased had attacked him first, and that he only acted in self-defence; but this plea did not avail him, and Jack Ayres was sentenced to be hung. His execution of course furnished a holiday spectacle to all the country round; and to this day, rustic dames, when the boys of the village quarrel and fall to loggerheads, shake their heads portentously, warn them of the fatal effects of ungovernable passion, and cite the sad example of Jack Ayres.

P. P.

SONG OF WINTER.

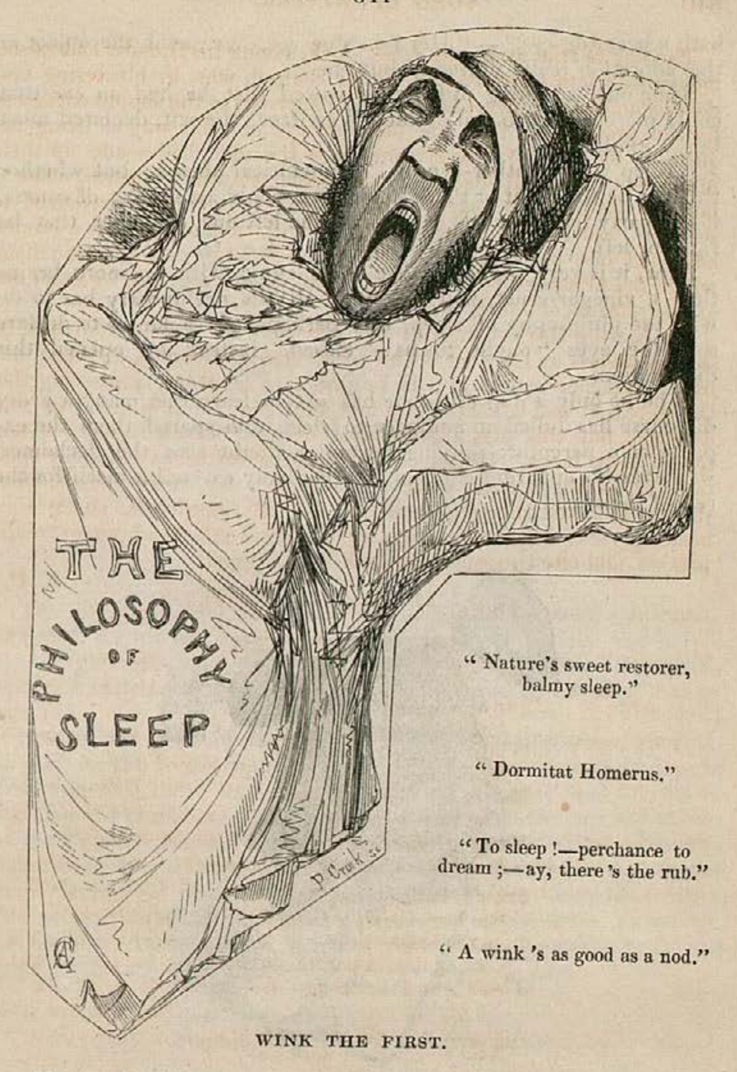
BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Snow is falling—ha! ha!
And the waters are glazed;
Whilst the mountains afar
By my fog-breath are hazed.
Leaves are withered—ha! ha!
The bare branches of trees,
Moaning, whistle and jar
As my wind through them flees.

Snow is falling—ha! ha!
See how moveless I stand
In my ice-ribbed car,
Casting dearth o'er the land!
There 's no green thing—ha! ha!
No herb, flower, or grass,
And pale groweth the star
As my hoar-frost doth pass.

Snow is falling—ha! ha!
I affright the proud day,
The sun's beauty I mar,
And he shrinketh away:
There is silence—ha! ha!
O'er the earth, sea, and air,
Till my tempest doth war;
Then they shriek with despair!

Snow is falling—ha! ha!
Doth man fear me?—no! no!
Spring's life-touch will unbar
My bright regions of snow.
Snow is falling—ha! ha!
To make pure the foul earth;
Then the flowret will star,
And green leaves burst to birth.



"Nature's sweet restorer,
balmy sleep."

"Dormitat Homerus."

"To sleep!—perchance to
dream;—ay, there's the rub."

"A wink's as good as a nod."

WINK THE FIRST.

"He that hath but *one* eye sees the *better* for it" is a quaint old quibble, and a truism; for if he had none, of course he could not see at all: but the old original two optics undoubtedly have the advantage—or, as mim, governess, pedagogue, or professor, must conscientiously acknowledge, two *pupils* are better than one.

People talk of the worth of a "Jew's eye," as if Jews were all Cyclops, and had the mental window stuck over their beautiful noses.

Now we must confess we never met a Jew with less than two, and who knew not how to use them, too!

It is not only a curious, but a *singular* phrase in the language.

Shakspeare speaks of the "poet's *eye* in a fine frenzy rolling;" and poets, frequently, in their rhyming rhapsodies, sing of "Lesbia

hath a beaming *eye*," — "Her fair blue *eye*," &c., as if the object of this adoration really possessed but one.

Some one, speaking of Garrick, vowed that he had an *eye* that could pierce a deal-board; which Wewitzer, the wit, declared must be "a gimlet eye!"

"Keep your weather-eye up!" is a nautical phrase; but whether this eye be the right or the left we never could ascertain; of course, if the party have but one, it must be the left one, whether that be right or left.

Now, it is very probable that some cynic, with no more brains than a vinegar-cruet, will ask what all this preliminary has to do with the philosophy of sleep, and perhaps go so far as to declare that the eyes "ought to have closed," instead of opened this dissertation.

If he be only a pup-critic, he has yet to learn that many a prosy discourse has lulled an audience to sleep, and spared them the expense of a narcotic; proving beyond a doubt that the declaimer, whatever his apparent egotism, had laudably exerted himself for the *rest* of the world.



The Broken Rest.

WINK THE SECOND.

NIGHTCAPS are not universally recommended by the faculty, and yet nineteen out of twenty who go without are afflicted with tic-douloureux, or the tooth-ache.

A nightcap is certainly not very "becoming;" even a handsome man looks ridiculously melancholy in one, and, deducting his whiskers, might be mistaken for his grandmother.



The ladies, we hear from good authority (for we are a *single* man, although we use the *we-we* style), have the taste to lace and befrill their nightcaps, and render them peculiarly *cap*tivating; sometimes adding a little *cap*illary attraction in the insinuating shape of a stray ringlet!

Besides the ordinary cotton, silk, and woollen nightcaps, generally used by the lords of the creation for covering their craniological developments, there are others, which are not only well known in the classical chambers of our colleges, but even in the cots and cabins of the humbler classes. They are usually composed of what the haberdashers and drapers call a "mixture;" that is to say, of the pure element of water, hot or cold, according to the palate, and a due proportion of spirits, Cognac, Old Jamaica, Glenlivet, Farintosh, or Geneva; those of low degrees substituting genuine malt and hops, believing, according to Horace, or *somebody else,*

> "*Alum,* si sit stalum, non est malum;
> Beerum, si sit cleerum, est sincerum;"

and right pleasant things are these same nightcaps, and proverbially efficacious in procuring "sleep at will," provided the imbiber partakes of a light supper:—

> "Somnus ut sit levis,
> Sit tibi cœna brevis;"

Anglicè

> "That your sleep may be light,
> Let your supper be slight;"

and therefore, noble compotators! take your *measures* accordingly, for, neglecting these precautions, the nightcap, however formidable, will not possess the charm of exorcising that evil-spirit called the night-*mare,* whose *foal* is *Terror,* and sire—Indigestion!



The Night-mare visiting after supper.

And, should any one chance to look upon you while under the baneful influence of this awful visitation, you may depend upon it you will appear many removes from a "sleeping beauty." And,



moreover, your "sleeping partner" may be seriously alarmed, that is, if (as is generally the case in the provinces,) the FAIR's *a-wake!*

But, on the other hand, if you and your partner should be what the gardeners call a "sleepy *pair*," the consequences may be harmless, and you may groan and groan again, until you have *grown* wiser, and eschew, instead of masticating, hot suppers; and then you may

"Slumber, my darling"

from ten till six, and rise from your couch refreshed and happy.

WINK THE THIRD.

We have incidentally mentioned "sleep at will."

We well remember, some four or five years since, a tall, gentlemanly man, with a slight touch of the brogue, and the gout, — two hereditary and incurable complaints,—favoured us with a call at our chambers.

After introducing his business, he introduced himself as Mr. Gardiner, the hypnologist, and presented his card, which set forth his power of producing sleep at will. We were much interested by his conversation, and offered our arm to lead him to his carriage.

"I have no carriage, sir," said he; "I wish I had; for I walked here with considerable difficulty."

"No carriage!" we exclaimed, "and you really possess the power of performing the wonders stated in this card! Why, my dear sir, if you can prove what you profess, you not only deserve a carriage-and-four, but, we have not the least doubt, you will obtain it. Had we the art of procuring such a blessing, or possessed the power of bestowing it on others, we should consider the secret of more value than the discovery of the philosopher's stone, or the longitude."

We had a great inclination to learn the mystery, and would have willingly disbursed the fee, even experimentally, but he required an oath of secresy; and, as the legislature have abolished all voluntary oaths, we hesitated, being moreover as incapable of keeping a secret as a woman!

Query: Did he really possess the power of commanding sleep? or, like the sage Sancho, when governor of Barataria, did he command without possessing the power of enforcing obedience.

"Your honour can no more make me sleep in gaol than you can make me king," said the youth.

"And wherefore cannot I make you sleep in gaol?" demanded Sancho.

"Now, my lord Governor," replied the youth, with a graceful air, "let us argue the matter, and come to the point. Suppose your excellency should order me to be carried to gaol, to be loaded with chains and shackles, and thrust into a dungeon, and lay a heavy penalty upon the jailer in case he should allow me to escape; and, lastly, suppose he should perform his duty with all imaginable care and success; notwithstanding all these precautions, if I have no inclination to sleep, and keep myself awake all night, without closing an eye, pray tell me, is all your lordship's power sufficient to make me sleep against my will?"

WINK THE FOURTH.

S——, a wealthy man, who was notorious for always sporting a shocking bad hat, was dining one day at a tavern with B—— and a snug clique.

The waiter slamming-to the door, the well-worn beaver fell from the peg to the ground, when one of the party rose to replace it.

"Don't disturb yourself, Jem; let it *rest*."

"Ay, in charity, do!" cried B——, "for to my certain knowledge it has not had a *nap* for many months!"

WINK THE FIFTH.

The wild and fantastic vagaries of Dreams — the misshapen offspring of Morpheus—sometimes assuming the ridiculous, and at others the terrible, are inexplicable, although there are some wiseacres who pretend to read and unravel these enigmas of the brain. In the words of Byron, we verily believe "it all depends upon digestion;" and, indeed, it is said that the painter, Fuseli, actually succeeded in producing some of his dream-drawn effects by previously supping on raw pork-chops!—delineating on the canvass, by the aid of his *pigment*, what his *pig-meat* had created!—and we dare say, for the sake of harmony, he painted with *bristles*.



The Pork Supper.

But, after all, the kaleidoscopic effects of these nocturnal visions (if we may term those *visions* which are *seen* when the eyes are closed!) are insignificant, when compared with the freaks of somnambulism; for therein not only the mind but the muscles are set in motion.

We have heard so many facts respecting sleep-walkers, that we are almost convinced that the march of intellect may progress even in a snooze; — that teachers may doze, and pupils "nap it," and still "keep moving." Certain it is that a bed-fellow with these peripatetic predilections would be anything but desirable; for what could be more disagreeable on a frosty morning than to find your partner eloped, and discover him or her, as the case (*gender ?*) may be, promenading on the parapet of a four-storied house, or banqueting on bread and cheese in the pantry, like some "poor ghost," or standing before a glass, shaving himself with the handle of a tooth-brush, with eyes, perhaps, wide open? Horrible! and yet more horrible, because "there is no speculation in those eyes!"

WINK THE SIXTH.

A GENTLEMAN, on whose veracity we can rely,* once narrated to us a curious incident which occurred during the Peninsular war.

A young man in a cavalry regiment had his horse killed under him by a cannon-ball, which at the same time shattered both his legs. The poor fellow survived the amputation, and, in due course of time, recovered sufficiently to appear abroad (or rather at home) with a pair of wooden legs, and soon after retired to his native village on a pension.

Supported by Government and his "pins," he went on tolerably well for one in his "walk" of life.

In the cottage where he boarded and lodged the fare was homely and wholesome, and his daily rations by no means calculated to promote dyspepsia.

On the Sabbath there was a standing dish, a pork-pie, of which the soldier was particularly fond. Being, however, of the circumference of a small copper-lid, there was usually about one fourth of the delicious morsel "put by" for the following day.

But, whether cold or hot, the favourite dish received the unabated attentions of the gallant invalid.

One Monday, seated at the lowly board, and armed with knife and fork, ready for action, he anxiously prepared for the attack, when lo! the cotter's wife announced, to his dismay, that the remnant of the choice pasty had disappeared—the dish was empty!

In vain they sought the cruel depredator; there were none on whom their suspicion could fall with any colour of justice. A week passed away, and another corner of the esteemed delicacy was deposited in the closet. The whole household had retired to sleep, and had been hugged in the arms of Morpheus for some hours, when the cotter, who slept on the ground-floor as well as the soldier, was aroused by a noise.

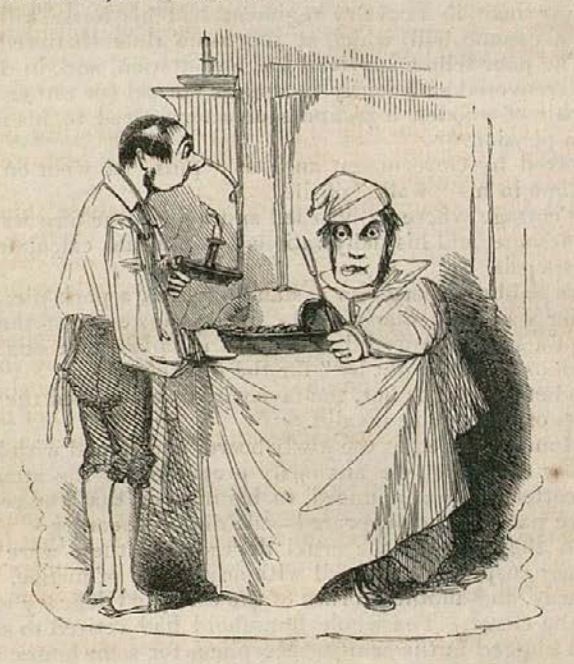
Half frightened, he crept from his pallet, and, gently opening the door, beheld, to his amazement, his wooden-legged lodger seated at the table with the pie before him, greedily devouring it. After finishing his repast, he replaced the dish, and stumped back again to his chamber.

The cotter followed, and confronted him, and was about to upbraid him for his duplicity, when, to his horror, he found the soldier

* Query: On whose *mendacity* we can *re-lie* ?—EDITOR.

was fast asleep! He was a somnambulist! The next day, when he informed him of the night's adventure, the soldier laughed incredulously, and delicately hinted that "he might tell that to the marines," setting it down as a *ruse* on the part of his landlord; and, the latter finding it impossible to convince the sleep-walker, he made up his mind on the following Sunday to watch till he slept, and take away his wooden legs, (as a sort of leg-bail,) in which cunning feat he succeeded, and, retiring to his room, endeavoured to court sweet slumbers, but in vain; he had gone beyond his accustomed hour, and became restless. Presently he fancied he heard some one moving; he jumped bolt upright, and pushed his nightcap from his ears. The sounds became painfully distinct; he slipped out of bed, and, peeping nervously from his door, he actually beheld the soldier at the table standing on his stumps, and eating voraciously of the doomed pie!

We only adduce this as one example of the disease, and can only say, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*"



WINK THE SEVENTH.

How sweet! how beautiful is sleep! The alderman, "with good capon lined," and a real Bandana thrown over his bald head, looks the very picture of plethoric placidity, when taking his snooze in his arm-chair!

"His custom always of the afternoon."

A pet puppy, with a blue riband round his neck, clean as a new pin, and hair as soft as floss-silk, sleeping on a velvet cushion at his mistress's tiny feet, is prettiness personified!

A plump infant (the first), adorned with lace-cap and other innocent extravagances, whose whiteness is as pure as its sinless self, its dear little dimpled hands and arms pressing the coverlet of its bacinet, is, in the fond mother's eye, the very concentration of love and sweetness: and should a smile, transient as a sun's ray in April, irradiate its features, the maternal heart is elated with the purest joy; for she believes some guardian angel is hovering over her treasure, and whispering in its ear! *

WINK THE EIGHTH.

"We are a' noddin'."

We read many marvellous accounts of great sleepers; but, undoubtedly, the soundest on record are the *sleepers* on a railroad.

It is said that, in the event of any deficiency, a supply is furnished on some lines by the Board of Directors!

"I know a *bank*—"

The old woman of Threadneedle Street very frequently falls asleep; and of so much importance is the fact considered, that a bulletin of her "*rest*" is periodically issued!

WINK THE NINTH.

Upon an average, one third, at least, of a man's life is spent in sleep. Sleep is certainly one of the greatest boons bestowed on man in his weary pilgrimage.

To enjoy this blessing in perfection, there are three things which are indispensably necessary, — good health, good exercise, and a— good conscience! Let the poor reflect on this, and envy not the wealthy; for the chance of attaining this enviable enjoyment is greatly in their favour.

Health and exercise are thrust on the poor from the necessity of labour, while disease and indolence attack the wealthy in the absence of that wholesome stimulus; and, warring against the decrees of Nature by late hours and irregular habits, one third of their mortal career is wanting in that refreshing and life-renewing slumber which the poor enjoy!

In the delicate matter of conscience the poor have, at least, less time and less temptation to err than the wealthy! It must consequently be conceded, if these premises be admitted, that in the enjoyment of one third of life the poor have the advantage; for the loss of which all titles, riches, honours, and luxuries offer no compensation.

WINK THE LAST.

Sleep—is like the summer dew which gently falls at eve, refreshing the parched verdure.

Sleep—is like a grindstone, which sharpens every *blade* blunted by the wear and tear of daily toil.

Sleep—is like the snowy mantle which winter spreads upon the earth, and withdraws in the spring or morning of the year, when herb, and flower, and tree come forth in all the freshness and beauty of a new life.

* This is an Irish superstition, which that talented poet, painter, musician, and singer, Samuel Lover, has made the subject of one of his many beautiful songs.

Sleep—is like the love of painting;—it induces every man to take to a *pallet*.

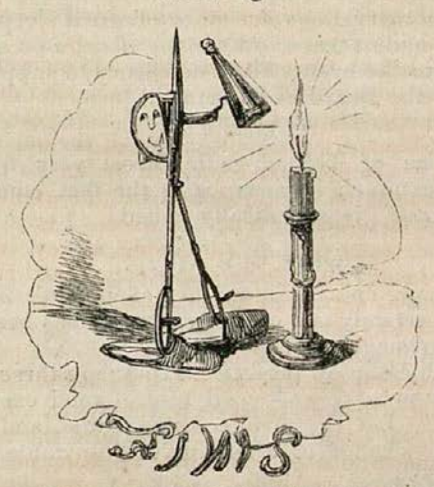
Sleep—is the infant's paradise (their parents', too, if they are noisy), and the old man's solace.

Sleep—is like an extinguisher, which prevents the candle of life from burning down too rapidly.

Sleep,—although the Image of Death, is in fact the true Elixir of Life.

Sleep is like—very like to set our readers nodding: we, therefore, wish you heartily

"Good night."



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In which Richard Savage takes his farewell of London, and of one whom it had been well if he had striven to deserve. In conclusion, his good resolutions, and how their effect was anticipated.

THE reader has probably inquired ere this what is become of Miss Wilfred? I will satisfy his curiosity.

My rupture with Lord Tyrconnel had been long foreseen by me, but in no manner provided against; so that no sooner had I left his house than I was again flung back upon the world, without any available resource but such as the knowledge of my quarrel with my patron would immediately extinguish. Still I did not relax my endeavours to discover whither Elizabeth had flown.

I continued my search with unabated perseverance for a month; but in vain. By this time I was reduced to great necessity. Tyrconnel, base beast! had seized upon my clothes, and I was compelled to lie hid in obscurity. As these necessities became extreme—a sense of utter abasement, of deep shame, overcame me.

I heard at last that she was living with Lady Trevor, and shortly

afterwards received a letter from her. It was full of the most tender forgiveness—of the most persuasive earnestness of love. She appealed to my reason, to my feelings, to my pride. She exhorted me to exercise with diligence the talents which, she said, Heaven had bestowed upon me, to strive against the seductions of vice, to yearn after the rewards of virtue. She assured me she would never be the wife of another; and told me that when I was worthy of myself I was more than worthy of her.

I returned such an answer to this letter as a man, who had yet a heart in his bosom with a throb in it, and eyes in his head that have not lost the cause, nor the course of tears, may be supposed, with a beating heart, and eyes that saw not what his hand wrote, to have written.

I received other letters from time to time, and answered them in a like manner. But days glided away, and years, and my promises remained unfulfilled; nay, at the expiration of each year, there was less chance of their fulfilment. I saw her, indeed, several times, at long intervals, when I would not have been seen by her for the world; but never from the moment of our separation till the evening I am about to record, did I speak to her, or hear her voice. I must mention, also, that I had received many packets containing money, which were left for me at a coffee-house, during the above period, and that it was only after this evening that I guessed whence they came.

And now I come to the

——" last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history."

My kind dictatorial friends must have their way. I must be banished from London for ever. I should do no good there. They would have it so. Remonstrance or complaint, or resentment was useless. My intention was to retire to Wales, and finish my tragedy; that completed, to return to London, to bring it upon the stage, and with the profits in my fist to wait upon my persecuting benefactors severally, and to thrust into their hands the money they had advanced to me. They had sent a tailor to me to measure me for a new suit of clothes, —(that insult shall be discharged at the same time with the other debts,)—and on the following week I was to be wafted to Llanelly.

It was a Sunday afternoon, declining into evening. I had heard the old woman of the house remark to a neighbour gossip, as she returned home with her baked meat, that it was a fine day. I guessed as much as I lay on my truckle bed; for when the sun shone, a whiter light came down between my wretched casement and a high wall, about a yard in distance from it. I had a reason for lying a-bed, which your men of spread cloths, your daily raisers of the knife and fork will hardly understand: I was without money or food, and had fared scantily the day before. As the light receded from the window, however, I bethought me of rising; and, since no future opportunity might be afforded me, I resolved upon bending my steps to a spot — a visit to which I had long meditated as a duty. A strange and deep melancholy which had settled upon my spirits favoured my intention, and to St. James's churchyard — to Ludlow's grave therein — I directed my course. On my way, I met my old friend, Mrs. Martin. She was going to see her son, Simon, who had left the army, and was now one of the turnkeys of the Fleet prison, within the liberties of which I had prudently taken my lodging. The worthy old creature was re-

joiced to see me. The simple tones of this dear, genuine woman affected me, I cannot say how strongly, and I was glad to break away from her, which I did abruptly.

I needed no softening to approach the grave of Ludlow. I hung over it in rapt and mournful reflection. My gentle, my honest friend! whose tender heart my frowardness, my obstinacy, my ingratitude, had so often made to bleed, whose life was bound up in mine—who loved me!

The beadle warned me from the grave once and again. I retired before him without a word. It was evening service; I entered the church modestly, for the temple of God in England is no place for misery that wears old woollen. The woman, whose duty it was to open the pew-doors, scanned me closely and contemptuously, but presently motioned me to go into an obscure pew at the entrance of the church.

The preacher was a simple, unaffected, and yet earnest man; he spoke of truths that I had heard when I was a boy, and in almost the self-same language. I had not been a scoffer, for I never was a trifler or a fool.

The service being ended, I would have left, but had a difficulty in finding my hat. In the meanwhile, a concourse of gaily-attired people crowded the aisle. My dress forbade the presumption of thrusting myself amongst them. I was fain, therefore, to wait till they had passed by. But two or three remained on this side of the church, and these not so advanced towards the entrance as to obstruct the opening of my pew. As I stepped out, a short, sharp cry caused me to turn my head. My arm was at the same instant gently, but quickly, laid hold upon.

"Richard!—Mr. Savage!"

Had I not known the voice, I had hardly recognised that face—though it was the face of Elizabeth Wilfred. The joy of seeing me (for joy it was) irradiated for a moment that aspect of sorrow, making it more sweetly piteous. A heavy groan burst from my bosom when I beheld her,—a groan of shame, of contrition, of despair. But mouths were agape, and the old pew-opener was about to interfere. They might well marvel at a recognition between two such persons! I turned, and fled out of the church.

She followed, and overtook me.

"For heaven's sake, dear Richard, do not leave me. Stay for me one moment, while I tell the coachman to drive home. Promise me; say that you will wait till I return."

I answered "I will wait." She came back in a minute.

"Whither are you going?" she said. "You must let me accompany you. You are very ill, Richard. I wish you would take my arm. We are observed here."

I made an effort to rouse myself, and moved towards the gate of the churchyard, Elizabeth supporting me.

She beckoned to a coach.

"Whither are you going, dear Richard?"

"Home, home; I must go home."

I whispered my direction to the driver, and was helped into the coach. She was instantly at my side. Few words were exchanged between us during the time we were in the coach. At intervals she pressed my hand, which she held between her own, and inquired whether I was better,—questions which I answered in the affirmative.

I dreaded that she should see where I lodged. But now, by hea-

ven! when the coach stopped, was the most terrible moment of my life. We got out of the coach. My old woman came to the door, wondering whether her spectacles were bewitched. I borrowed a candle from her, and led the way to my room. Closing the door upon us, I set down the light upon the table, and sank upon a box placed against the wall.

"I am at home. Dearest, best of women, leave me. Elizabeth Wilfred, I implore you, leave me."

"Here?"—surveying the apartment with a chilly shudder—"here? Oh! Richard!"

"Here. This is where I live—my home. I am better now."

She came and sat down by my side, and placed her arm around me, the hand resting on my shoulder. I dared not look upon her, and yet I could not help doing so. Her bosom heaved—a sob choked her utterance. She threw herself into my arms, her head upon my breast, and burst into a passion of weeping.

"Great God of heaven! this is too much—too much!" I exclaimed, almost with a shriek, striving to disengage myself; but very gently now, for she would cling to me. "Elizabeth, if you have pity, if a miserable man may claim—"

"Yes, yes; forgive me, dear Richard, I would not pain you; it is but joy that I have seen you once again."

"Thou loveliest, gentlest creature!" I exclaimed, "and is it thus you requite the wrong I have done you? Oh! Elizabeth! that my brain be not rent in twain, that my heart burst not asunder, leave me—leave me!"—and I stamped upon the ground—"on my knees, I pray you to leave me."

"I would not offend you for the world," she cried, in agitation, wringing my hands; "for mercy's sake compose yourself. I will leave you. Do you wish, Richard, that I should leave you?"

"Oh, my God! yes—yes—yes," falling upon the ground at her feet, and dashing my fists upon the floor; "I cannot bear this—cannot bear it." Such ravings as devils might have heard—perhaps did hear, rejoicingly—followed.

She was at my side—on her knees, at my side. That piteous, imploring face close to mine, those hands pressing my burning temples! Nature will have way. With a deep groan I hid my face, and wept aloud like a child. Oh! that then the world had passed away from me!

How long it was ere I recovered from this paroxysm I know not. When I did so, I discovered Elizabeth sitting near me on the chest, trembling violently, her hands clasped before her, and paler than ever before I saw the face of woman. I arose collected, the man of yesterday, or of to-morrow, and seated myself by her side.

"Elizabeth," I said, "you have witnessed a strange weakness. I am ashamed of myself; but it is the first and last." Then kissing her hands fervently, "I dare not call you my love, though that I love you, how much more than my life, Heaven is my witness, who knows how valueless life is to me."

She sighed. "Oh, Richard! not now such words. We are friends, are we not?"

"Blessed, admirable woman, yes; and I am now happy beyond expression that I have seen you once more before I leave London, perhaps, for ever. I thank God for it, and shall learn to thank Him for

all things, knowing that His providence watches over me. Our meeting proves it."

It was more than an hour after this ere she left me. Saying she would see me on the following day, she at length arose. I handed her to the door, and passing my arm around her waist, drew her gently towards me, and kissed her.

"God will bless you, my Elizabeth, even for your kindness to so sad a wretch as Richard Savage."

"You must not talk so, Richard," she replied. "He will bless you, too, when you ask His blessing."

When I could no longer hear the coach-wheels, I returned to my room. She had left her purse upon the seat. By mistake, I thought, at the first instant; but no. All the blood in my body rushed to my face.

Averse as I had been from leaving London, from this night I was as anxious to go as my friends could be that I should be gone. I saw Elizabeth Wilfred every day until my departure. I promised a thorough amendment of my life, and intended to set about it. She believed me, and was happy.

My friend, Johnson, attended me to the coach, murmuring comfort and philosophy, whilst the tears stood in his eyes. Nor was I less affected. I embraced him tenderly, and springing into the coach, if not with a light, with a buoyant heart, I bade farewell to London, for, as I believed and designed, a short time. Sight and sound of the vast city were soon lost to me. Longer, O London! have I kept from thee than I contemplated; but a few days longer, and I shall be with thee once again. Already the rumble of the leathern vehicle fills my ears —mine eyes are already full of thee. I come. Foes who have rejoiced that I retired, friends who will lament that I return—I come. A little older—a little sadder—a little, also, wiser.

I have done. For why relate how time has gone with me since that day? Wherefore tell how my subscribers (all except Pope) have treated me? I despise them too much to resent their baseness.

Were this a moral age, and it is not,—and I a moralist, and I am none—the world might derive some profitable instruction from the long commentary I should append to this familiar abstract of the life of Richard Savage, which I am now about to close. For oh! patient and courteous reader, (and you must be both if you have followed me thus far,) there *is* a moral in it.

Time lost or wasted, opportunities neglected or despised, talents misused, or for the most part misapplied; a life of debts, of dependence, of disgrace, of distress—the end a gaol. Surely, though it be an old lesson, there is scope here for a new version of it.

Be it mine to show that the lesson has not been lost upon me. Let my future course manifest, that a life begun and continued in shame, may yet be completed with honour. But to prophesy of my future well-doing in a gaol is somewhat premature.

A security for my future good behaviour will be found in these pages, after they have passed into print. Should I swerve, or fall off, will they not rise in judgment against me?

For what they contain, or for their author, at present I ask no allowance. I deprecate pity or compassion; I am proof against censure. But should there be one into whose hands these pages may fall, virtuous himself, and the cause of virtue in others; a good father of good children; a good husband of a good wife; should such a man be dis-

posed altogether to condemn me, to him I say, in words of my own, which he will find upon my title-page:—

"No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

Gentle reader—farewell!

CONCLUSION.

FROM MR. THOMAS DAGGE TO MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, TO THE CARE OF MR. EDWARD CAVE, ST. JOHN'S GATE, LONDON.

Respected Sir,

Your letter requests a more particular account of the melancholy events that have recently taken place in this prison; and you wish me to communicate as much as I know of Mr. Savage's manner of life during his stay in Bristol, and of his behaviour while under confinement. I hasten to comply with your wishes; but I regret to inform you that I have no particular information to impart as to the course of life pursued by your friend before he entered this gaol. All that I know has been derived from Mr. Sondes, a gentleman who was very much the friend of Mr. Savage, who accompanied him to prison, and who occasionally visited him until within the last two months, when, I believe, a misunderstanding arose between them, respecting a satire which Mr. Savage had threatened to write against the inhabitants of this city. Mr. Sondes informed me that Mr. Savage had led a very irregular and dissipated life since his coming to Bristol; that several subscriptions had been entered into for him, the money raised by which he had squandered in the most thoughtless manner; that his friends, however, willing to serve him, had been exceedingly perplexed to know how they could do so, seeing that he was not to be trusted with money; and that they had at last desisted, satisfied that nothing whatever was to be done with him, or for him.

He added, that whatever was the distress of Mr. Savage, and notwithstanding that it was brought on, for the most part, by his own imprudence, he bore the misery it entailed upon him with fortitude, which might be called magnanimity.

I have already, sir, told you that he was brought to this gaol accompanied by Mr. Sondes. This was in the latter end of January last. He had been arrested at the suit of a Mrs. Read, the hostess of a small public-house in an obscure part of this city, for a debt of eight pounds. In the hope that, by an application to some of his friends in London and elsewhere, he should be enabled to defray the debt, he had been staying at a sponging-house during the space of a fortnight; but, not succeeding (although he himself told me the celebrated Mr. Nash of Bath kindly sent him five pounds), he at last made up his mind to render himself to prison.

His appearance, sir, greatly prepossessed me in his favour. I allotted him the best room then vacant, and requested that he would do me the favour, so long as it was his misfortune to remain in my custody, of taking his meals at my table.

I hasten to relate that of which you require the most particular information.

On the evening of the 24th of July, Mr. Savage, Mr. Price, and

I, were enjoying a cheerful glass, when one of my men brought up a letter to Mr. Savage, which had just been delivered by the postman. Mr. Savage had for some days past been congratulating himself on the prospect of his speedy release from this place, and of his return to London. He told us that Mr. Pope had directed his debts to be looked into with a view to their settlement. You may imagine, sir, the pleasure of Mr. Price and myself, when, upon taking the letter into his hands, we heard the delighted words "From Pope!" proceed from his lips.

Alas, sir! our pleasure was not only premature, but short-lived. As he read the letter his countenance changed from pale to red by turns; and when he had completed its perusal he emptied his glass, and arose hastily, without a word.

"Good news, sir, I hope?" said Mr. Price.

"You shall see, gentlemen," he replied, throwing the letter towards us. "Nay, you may read it. D—tion! crooked little rascal!" muttering other words, which I could not hear, as he paced the room.

The letter was filled with warm resentment of what Mr. Pope called the ingratitude of Mr. Savage. It seems he charged him with having complained of Mr. Pope's treatment of him to one Henley, a person for whom the writer expressed a very great contempt; and the letter concluded by saying he should do no more for Mr. Savage; and desired never to hear of or to see him again.

"Why, sir, there must be some mistake here," observed Mr. Price, when he had read the letter.

"No, Mr. Price," he replied, "there is no mistake. Because he desires to discontinue his vile twenty guineas he must trump up this poor lie! But this is like him, sir; this is his way. The fellow's soul is more warped than his carcass."

He turned aside, and walked to the other end of the room; but presently returning, seized the candlestick, and hurried to the door. "Good night, gentlemen! good night!"

He took Mr. Pope's letter with him. We saw him no more that evening.

On the following morning I was told that Mr. Savage desired to see me. I went up to him. He was in bed. He requested that I would be so kind as to forward a letter, which he handed me, to the post-office. It was addressed to Mr. Pope. He looked extremely dispirited and unwell. I begged him to tell me whether he was so.

"Yes—yes," was his answer. "And I was about to say I fear I am growing worse—a strange word from a man to whom life has been long a burden. Shall I add to the many obligations I am under to you, Mr. Dagge, by requesting you to let me have a sheet or two of writing-paper? I want to send a letter to my friend, Mr. Johnson."

He said this very languidly. I provided him with the paper, and he wrote a letter to you, which was despatched that night, and which, it is needless to say, you received.

He was so evidently worse the next day, that we called in a doctor. This gentlemen, when he came down to us, said there was inflammation in the chest, which might be reduced; but that Mr. Savage was suffering from a fever on the spirits.

"That is your phrase for a broken heart?" inquired Mr. Price. The doctor nodded his head.

"If he do not rally, he is gone," said he.

Upon this Mr. Price thought it high time that he should attend Mr.

Savage, and offer that spiritual consolation of which all of us, in the prospect of death, have so great a need.

A melancholy change was observable in him on the following morning. He said that during the night he had been visited by horrible dreams, and desired to be left alone with Mr. Price. The worthy clergyman found him in a happy frame of mind. He forgave his mother freely and entirely, and protested with solemnity that he was now at peace with all the world.

In the afternoon I ventured to look in upon him. He called me towards him in a faint voice, extending his hand. I placed mine in it. He pressed my hand with both his own fervently, and thanked me in the most moving terms for what he was pleased to call my humanity and Christian kindness towards him.

"You will oblige me," he said, at length, "by bringing to me all the papers you find in yonder cupboard?"

Before I could bring them to him, he sank down upon the bed in an ecstasy of mental agony, burying his face in the clothes, which he grasped convulsively.

"Oh! I am lonely—I am lonely!" he groaned; "how will thy heart—thy heart of tenderness be riven when thou hearest that I am gone—that I am dead!"

A face more filled with grief, when he again raised it, I never beheld, although it has been my lot to see woe in all its degrees and aspects. He then used these remarkable words:—

"Yet I will not die raving—for, alas!
My whole life was a phrensy."

Mr. Price thought they were to be met with in Shakspeare, but he cannot find them.

"This," he said, presently, taking up a bundle of papers, "is a tragedy, completed when I was in Wales. Mr. Dagge, I insist upon your acceptance of it."

Mr. Price had entered the room while he was speaking.

"And this," he continued, taking up a large packet, "is my own life, written since I have been an inmate of this gaol. How death destroys our projects, and how the prospect of it alters the feelings that generated them! I intended that it should be published; but no,—that must not be. I wish you, sir, when I am dead, to forward this to Miss Elizabeth Wilfred, at the house of Lord Trevor in London. His voice slightly faltered, "*She* can forgive all."

Mr. Price expressed a strong desire to read it.

"I fear," said Mr. Savage, "you will hardly find its perusal worth your labour. I know not what you will think of it, or of me. Yes, you may, if you please, read it."

And now, sir, I draw towards a close. After this, Mr. Savage sank rapidly. He declined gently, but firmly, all nourishment except some very thin drink, and preserved an almost entire silence. About eight o'clock on the following evening his hour was come.

Mr. Price was praying aloud by his side, and I, a melancholy bystander, was watching on the other side of the bed, when my sister entered the room, and beckoned me towards her. "There was a lady below," she whispered to me, "just arrived from London, who *must* see Mr. Savage." Ere she had yet finished her brief communication the lady herself glided into the room like an apparition.

Mr. Price had been so absorbed in the function of his sacred duty, that he had not heard the poor dear lady. Her visible presence

alone aroused him. He gazed at her as though she had been a phantom, or a being of the higher world, and, rising hastily, made room for her.

In an instant the lady was on her knees by the side of Mr. Savage. She placed her arm under his head, and endeavoured, as I think, to raise it upon her bosom, but this her strength did not enable her to accomplish.

"My Richard! my love!" she murmured in a voice of endearment; "it is I—your own Elizabeth. Look upon me!—oh! in Mercy's name, look upon me! Are you happy—quite happy?"

When the dying man heard the sound of her voice he started so that the bed shook beneath him. He cast an eye of faint intelligence upon her, and recognized her. He struggled for utterance, and at length gasped—"Happy! most happy—dearest!—best!"

He could say no more.

"And have you thought of your Elizabeth? have you prayed for her?"

He raised his hand forth from the bed, and directed it towards her. It descended upon her face. She kissed it many times, and then laid it to her breast, gently clasped, gazing at him the while. At this time he passed away, but so softly, that we knew not the exact instant. Perhaps, sir, the calmest moment of his life was that in which he relinquished it.

Miss Wilfred was now sensible that Mr. Savage was no longer of this world. She declined her face to his, and kissed the cold lips and forehead fervently. We could not intrude upon a grief so profound, so sacred, so affecting, but looked on in silence, with tearful eyes.

But my sister's services were now needed. The lady had sunk back senseless—lifeless. My sister, with the utmost tenderness, drew her from the bedside, and rang for restoratives. In the meanwhile Mr. Price and myself drew near the corpse of our friend. We were aroused at length by a loud outcry from my sister.

"Mr. Price! — brother! — come this way. The lady, I fear, is dead!"

It was too true. She had, indeed, sunk back *lifeless.*

A few words more. We despatched a special messenger to Lord Trevor, giving an account of the lamentable event. On the third day two gentlemen, Mr. Grantley and Mr. Berners, arrived from London. The former, a person of very dignified deportment, handed me a letter. It was from Lady Trevor. It was written very incoherently, and was filled with afflicting lamentations upon the death of her sister. The dear creature, she said, had, they heard, received a letter early on the morning of her sudden, and, to them, mysterious departure. It was your letter, sir, apprising Miss Wilfred of the alarming illness of Mr. Savage. It was found in her bosom by my sister, and was delivered to Mr. Grantley, who read its contents to us. Lady Trevor's letter proceeded to say that Miss Wilfred had been long in a very weak state of health, and had been positively commanded by her physician not to leave her room. So that her death—dear lady!—was not to be wondered at.

To a gentleman, sir, of your learning and piety, all reflections upon the events I have related would be not only superfluous but impertinent. This once unhappy, but now, I trust, blessed pair, were this morning buried side by side in the churchyard of St. Peter's.

THE KEEPER'S GRAVE.

BY MARTINGALE.

When the narrow house
Makes thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice.—LEYDEN.

IN all the varied aspects of nature, presented during the recurrence of season after season, each advancing with a progress so imposing, so harmonious, and so beautiful; in all the changes of the year, the means of gratification and delight are spread around with a bountiful hand. But from the bright youth of spring to the rich maturity of autumn is the period to which the true lover of the sports of the field clings with a hearty fondness. If "slaughtering guns bring autumn's pleasant weather," what beauty and magnificence are spread over the woods at this delightful season! They have put on their many-hued robes, as though attired for a banquet of the fruits of the earth. The wide range of the oaks presents every variety of tint—here, as bright in their autumnal green as in their vernal hues — there, every shade of russet softly blending into one sober mass. The beech-wood, however, is the most attractive of all, with its brilliant saffron, and orange, and gold, rendered more attractive as the rich light of a cloudless autumn sun throws its beams over the varied foliage, bringing out, indeed, even the slightest touch that gives to the splendid picture its harmonious perfection. A magnificent wood is a magnificent poem. It is more:—it is a holy sanctuary; it is nature's archetype of cathedral solemnity and grandeur.

Let us climb the elevated ground, and mark at one glance the loveliness spread before the admiring eye. Let us take the ancient path, preserved from time immemorial,—over the old stile,—which leads through the village churchyard, where the warm sunbeams seem to have cast themselves down with a reverential fondness, rendering more holy the spot where holiness dwells, — lighting up the sacred sanctuary with heavenly glory, — the spot from whence ascends to heaven the incense-breath of prayer and adoration. Let us linger among the tombs, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" are sleeping the sleep of death, after life's fitful fever has passed and gone. Tracing inscription after inscription, — rude and ridiculous in many instances,—a turn at the angle of the venerable edifice brings us in the presence of a magnificent beech-tree, whose many-hued branches bend to the earth, as though shielding the tombs that are placed beneath. One of these is remarkably conspicuous. It is the KEEPER'S GRAVE. His is a sad story. Let us pause awhile, and dwell upon its mournful details.

However peacefully harmonious may be a residence in the country, characters may be found in each little community, which, though different in many particulars from those that are to be found

in the densely-crowded city, or the busy manufacturing town, display similar qualities which belong to the bad notoriety of crime. Such a character was TOM CRETON. He was by trade a wheelwright, or "wreet," as such a calling is termed in some localities. He was a knowing hand in almost all matters, and united with strong common sense a disposition to let nothing slip through his fingers, and to avail himself of all circumstances and opportunities which he might turn to his own advantage. Tom Creton could not be charged with the vice of idleness; but he had no fame for honesty of purpose. He considered every man as his victim, and that the cleverest player in the game of life was he who could come off victorious by the use of any available means, no matter whether right or wrong. With the prevalence of an unfavourable opinion among his neighbours, he did not meet with full employment in his legitimate calling; but he made amends for this in other respects. Thus, during the autumn, he contrived to buy crops of apples from the occupants of the neighbouring orchards,—or rather, the crops of a certain number of fruit-trees, bidding a price for them as they appeared to the eye, bad or otherwise, in point of productiveness; and it was never known that Tom Creton gave too much for any produce of this, or any other description. He pursued the same course with his potato bargains, — the same with turnips, — the same with hedge-bindings,—the same with timber. "Keep getting" was his motto. Nothing, indeed, escaped him; for if, in his perambulations to reap the reward of his bargains, he had to travel a few miles, as was sometimes the case, he never went empty-handed, or returned without his prey. He stripped the produce of every elder-tree in the parish, and cleared every pasture of its mushrooms, and every plantation or wood of its morels, — even the blackberries did not escape him.

To all these several occupations Tom Creton added the character of the arrant MIDNIGHT POACHER. The love of gain, no matter by what means acquired, was his ruling impulse. He was selfish, cunning, courageous, and, if need were, desperate. He had a remarkably quick eye, and a wonderfully attentive and correct ear. Even in the darkest night he could tell a pheasant on its perch sooner than any of his companions, and could hear the approach of danger more distinctly than the cleverest minion of the moon.

In his expeditions to plunder the preserves, he had the silent stealth of the cat, and the determined ferocity of the tiger; but he was discreet in avoiding an encounter at fearful odds. Thus, although he was always suspected of being a regular poacher, notwithstanding his industrious habits in other respects, he had never been detected, — a circumstance to be wholly ascribed to his great caution, and almost invincible cunning. But the very desperation of his character, which had been fully exemplified both in the village "public" and the village beer-shop, amid broils in which he had always proved himself the victor, showed both keepers and watchers the propriety, if not of avoiding Tom Creton, at least of encountering him with a superior force.

In a neatly-laid out and delightfully ornamented little garden, situated on the skirts of one of the most closely-preserved covers, which bore the name of Shirley Cover, and which, wide in the centre, extended its belts of plantings to the wall of the old deer-

park, overlooked by the family mansion, stood the cottage of MATHEW MAXWELL, the keeper. Neatness and order prevailed within its precincts. There bloomed the earliest flowers of spring, and there lingered, as loth to depart, the last blossoms of autumn. But, if care and attention were visible outside the cottage, with its low-arched porch overgrown with the rose and the honeysuckle, which ever climbed, as it were, to peep in at the diamond-paned windows above, what order and comfort prevailed within! Everything was cleanly,—everything in its proper place. And it was truly delightful on a summer Sunday afternoon to see the honest keeper and his faithful partner, and blooming children, sit in the snug little parlour, with the window thrown open to let in the perfume from the garden, and taking the social meal happily together; or even in winter evenings, when storms are loud without, to view him with his assembled friends surrounding the cheerful wood fire, smoking their pipes, and quaffing the brown October, and relating those adventures connected with the hound and the gun.

Many keepers are objects of detestation,—partly from their tyrannical bearing, and partly from their strongly-suspected deception and dishonesty exercised towards their employers. It was not so with Mathew Maxwell. No man was more deservedly esteemed. The post which he held had descended in his own family from generation to generation. If, from the nature of his calling and pursuits, defamation had breathed its slanderous breath upon him, he had preserved his character in unsullied purity. He was perfect in every department of his occupation,— in the preservation of game, and the breaking of dogs,—in the use of the fowling-piece, and the fly or the trolling-rod,—and in the destruction of vermin. Besides, his uniform civil bearing was such as to win the esteem of every occupier in the neighbourhood, as well as of every visitor at the hall, who was in the least attached to the sports of the field. He was, too, a fine stout man, in the bloom of life; and, in the performance of his more dangerous duties, was possessed of most unflinching resolution, and, under the most trying difficulties and frightful hazards, of the coollest courage.

Market-day night presents a somewhat singular scene in the village public-house. Farmers, small shop-keepers, and others, who have been to the adjacent market-town, assemble there for the purpose of taking a parting-cup, discussing the probable rise or fall in the price of grain, in short, the state of the markets for all descriptions of produce, intermingled with a little village scandal. The "long-settle" in the kitchen had been fully occupied; and the toast and the tankard had gone cheerfully round. At length, as the time was wearing late, one after the other departed homewards, until the only occupants left were Tom Creton and his "double," Bill Ashwood; not, however, exactly a "double," for the latter was a good second, but a bad leader—a ready instrument in other hands, but rash and indiscreet when left to himself. Between these two worthies a secret poaching expedition had been previously mentioned, but not finally arranged. The landlord had retired to rest; the landlady was taking a comfortable snooze in the easy chair in the bar; and the slattern lass had left by the back-door, to secure the calves and the hen-roost.

"All still?" asks Tom Creton, bending his head forward, and

taking the pipe out of his mouth, and casting a searching glance around.

"Mute as a fish," says his companion.

"Where's Max going to on Saturday?" asks Tom.

"To Congleworth feast, to see his relations."

"Sure?"

"Certain," answers Bill.

"Well," says Creton, looking at his companion inquiringly,—"in for a go—hee?"

"To be sure—Shirley cover? What hour?"

"What time does the moon rise?" asks Tom.

"Eleven, exactly."

"That'll do. Meet me, at half-past, at the top of the Riddings, where the four lanes meet. Hush! what's that?"

A slight movement in the bar here suddenly checked the conversation.

The tankards were speedily emptied; and the two worthies departed to their respective homes.

This conversation had been partly overheard by the landlady. She caught the words, "Max — Shirley cover — Saturday night — moon — Riddings." The rest was quite indistinct. As a few days had to elapse before the appointed time arrived, she contrived to let her suspicions be made known to Maxwell. But, although he could make little of her information, he was determined not to leave home, as he had originally intended.

Saturday night came; and the keeper, faithful to his trust, summoned two watchers to accompany him. They proceeded into the cover at ten o'clock, and secreted themselves there. The thick darkness, with occasional glimpses from the stars, impressed the scene with a degree of awe, — a feeling of which the stranger can form only a faint notion, as the tomb-like silence was occasionally broken by the "tit-tu-tu-whoo-o-o" of the owls, answering each other from position to position; the sharp bark of the fox; and the curious noises proceeding from the jay — the English mocking-bird. The deep gloom, however, became gradually softened with an unseen, but harmonious hand. At length the moon arose; and the clouds, which had hitherto prevailed, rolled aside, like a crowd of satraps before the presence of an Eastern monarch. The queen of night threw her radiance over Shirley cover, lighting up the long avenues, silvering the tops of the tallest oaks and pines, and rendering visible the thick mists which had congregated in the deep hollows of the extensive preserve. Then, not a sound was heard, save now and then the sudden flight of an alarmed wood-dove, the quick rush of the frightened rabbit, or the creeping rustle of the weazel or pole-cat. At length a shot was heard in the further extremity of the cover,— then another, suddenly followed by two more. The keeper and watchers were instantly aroused. To the former, particularly, every intricacy of the wood was perfectly familiar; and, of course, he knew the shortest cut to reach any desired point. "Yonder are three guns, at least," said he, — "follow me!" and the keeper instantly dashed along the narrowest by-paths to reach the desired point. As they proceeded, a shrill whistle was heard — a signal of danger. The body of poachers were moving off towards the extremity of the

cover. The keeper, followed by his men, hurried onwards. A fainter shot was heard, as if from the direction of the high road.

"Never mind that," said he to his men; "that 's only a decoy to delude us off from the main scent: that report was only a pistol. Deep hands these!—come along!"

In the meantime, Tom Creton and his companion had met, as agreed, at the top of the Riddings, which was situated at no inconsiderable distance from the keeper's cottage. Tom heard the report of the guns; and marking the whereabout of the sound with that attentive ear for which he was noted, said,

"A precious lot yonder, after the same purpose as ourselves; they 're in the direction of the Old Deer Park. Sure enough Max *is* from home: come along; but be cautious."

Bill nodded assent, and followed him as a lurcher-dog follows his master. They passed the cottage, where all was quiet. "Fast asleep, I warrant," whispered Creton, advancing along the side of the cover; and, after putting down half-a-dozen snares in the runs, they got into the very heart of the preserve. The pheasants, perched in the trees, could be distinctly seen, especially by Tom Creton; and, anxious to obtain as many as possible with the least expenditure of powder and shot, he contrived so to place himself, before he pulled the trigger, as to bring down more than two or three at a time; whilst Bill was ready to bag the game. Shot after shot was rapidly fired, and with deadly effect; and, after each discharge, the ear of Tom Creton was ready to drink in the least approach of danger from the Philistines.

Maxwell, whilst pursuing the larger party, heard the report of a gun in the direction of his own cottage. He immediately instructed his men how to intercept those who had at first given the alarm, and returned, alone, in the direction just mentioned. Shot succeeded shot. He hurried onwards; left the tortuous path; and, for a shorter cut, dashed through the thick underwood, in order to pounce upon the aggressor. In the meanwhile, Tom Creton and his companion had come out of the thick part of the cover into the broad riding; and, as Tom was re-charging his gun, he unexpectedly heard the crash through the dense underwood opposite. He threw a withering glance at Bill Ashwood. The thought that he had been betrayed, rushed through his mind; the dogs began to bark frightfully at the cottage; to attempt to escape was useless; the blood boiled in his veins. He slipped down on his right knee beneath the boughs that overhung the riding. Marking for a moment the topmost branches of the opposite hazels quiver in the bright moonlight. Maxwell sprang into the riding.

"Keep off, Max., or you 're a dead man, by ——!"

"Never, for Tom Creton! I have thee at last, villain!"

"Bang" went the fowling-piece; the sound roared through the cover with the roar of death, and trembled at its farthest extremities; Mathew Maxwell, the keeper, fell upon his back — DEAD! All this was the work of a moment. Tom saw him fall; sprang upon his legs instantly; and, making a rush at Ashwood, who trembled like an aspen, vociferated— "Liar! take that!" and struck him a tremendous blow, which felled him to the earth. No time was to be lost. Tom Creton dashed through the underwood like a tiger

through a jungle; nothing impeded his progress; he put the branches aside, as if by magic; soon gained the outside of the cover, and sprang over fence after fence, until he reached the open common. He then paused for a moment to take breath; he turned round to listen; all was still: but even silence pursued him; he panted like a dog; and, occasionally, as he cast a look behind, a deep sob almost choked him. But he hurried onwards; ran on the line of the old Eaa; passed along the bridle-road, and was soon at his own cottage. His abrupt entrance alarmed his wife.

"Mind," says he, "I 've never been here to-night," stowing away his gun at the same moment. "Here," he continued, pulling off his shoes, "throw these into the well; let me have the other pair; bring me my Sunday jacket and hat; put a shirt in one pocket, and a pair of stockings in the other—instantly."

Whilst his wife was obeying this imperative summons, he emptied the desk of the money which it contained, and took a desperate draught at a spirit-bottle which he had secreted there. He was re-dressed almost instantly; and, seizing a heavy stick, said, "Take care of thyself!" and left his home for ever, whilst his wife stood perfectly astounded at this rapid transaction.

The sound of the fatal shot which had deprived the keeper of his life, brought the two watchers to the very spot where the murder had been perpetrated. They found Maxwell quite dead; and instantly secured Ashwood, who by this time had partly recovered. They carried the body of the unfortunate keeper into his own cottage. His widow had been trembling at the repeated shots; the loud report of which smote her ear and heart with fearful import. She swooned away as the body of her husband was borne into the little parlour. Loud lamentations, and the wringing of hands, and the weeping of children, prevailed in that once-happy home. The report of the murder of the keeper flew throughout the neighbourhood like wildfire.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Tom Creton. Proclamation was made throughout the whole district; large rewards were offered for his apprehension by the owner of the estate; but Tom Creton could not be found. It was afterwards ascertained that the murderer had availed himself of the assistance of a pot-companion—the miller's man,—who concealed him in the upper story of the windmill; the elevated position of which enabled him to mark the approach of constables or police-officers, as it commanded a full view of all the roads in the immediate locality. He remained there three days and three nights. On the fourth night he left his hiding-place, made his way by by-roads to the nearest seaport. In short, Tom Creton, whose extreme cunning never forsook him, was never heard of again.

Ashwood was tried at the next county assizes, fortunately for him, at a period when a strong public feeling prevailed throughout the country against the game-laws: and the jury acquitted him.

The funeral of Mathew Maxwell presented an extraordinary scene. It was attended by the whole country around, anxious to mark the respect in which he was held, and to evince their commiseration at his unhappy fate.

And now the magnificent beech-tree, of which we have spoken, extends it protecting branches over the KEEPER'S GRAVE.

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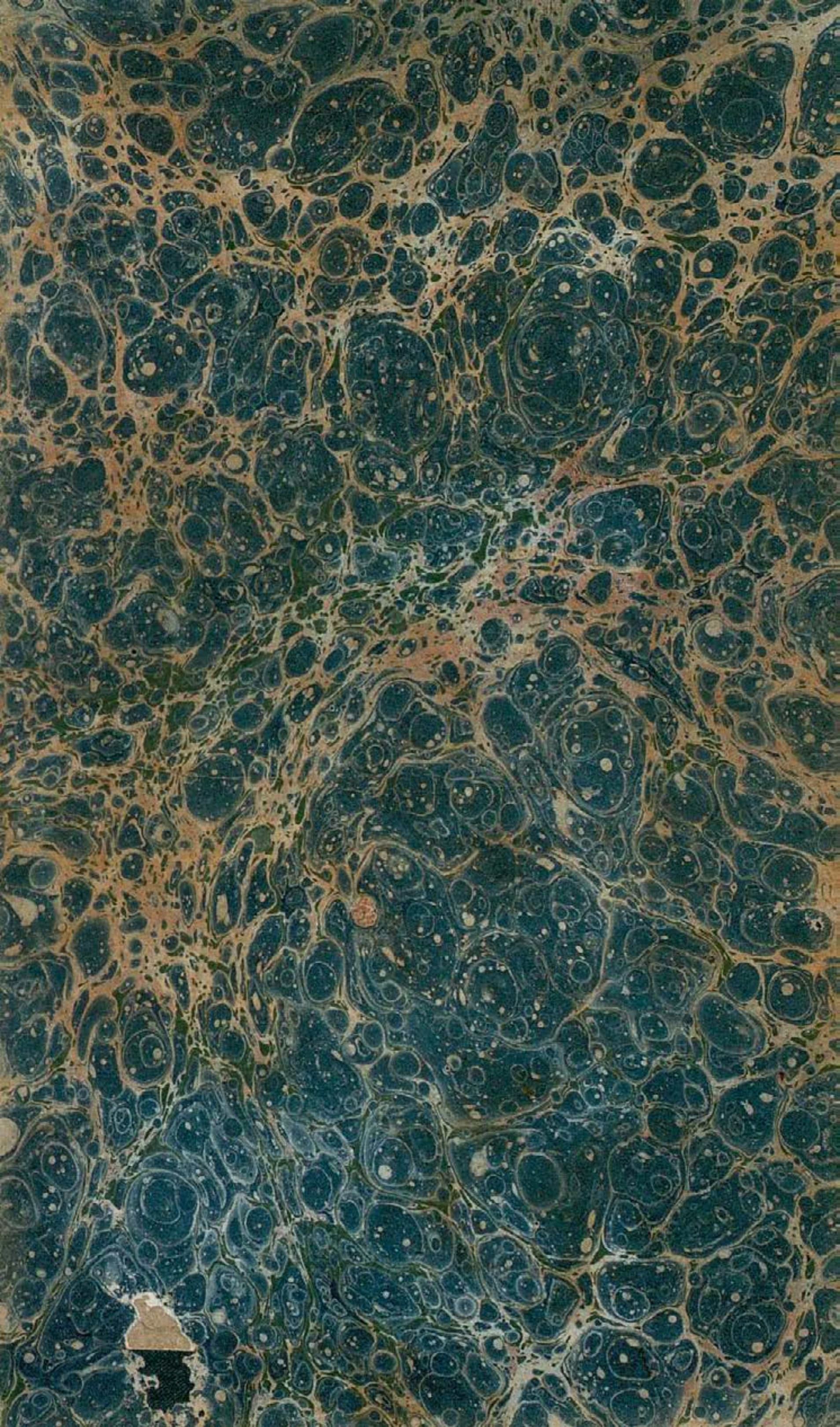
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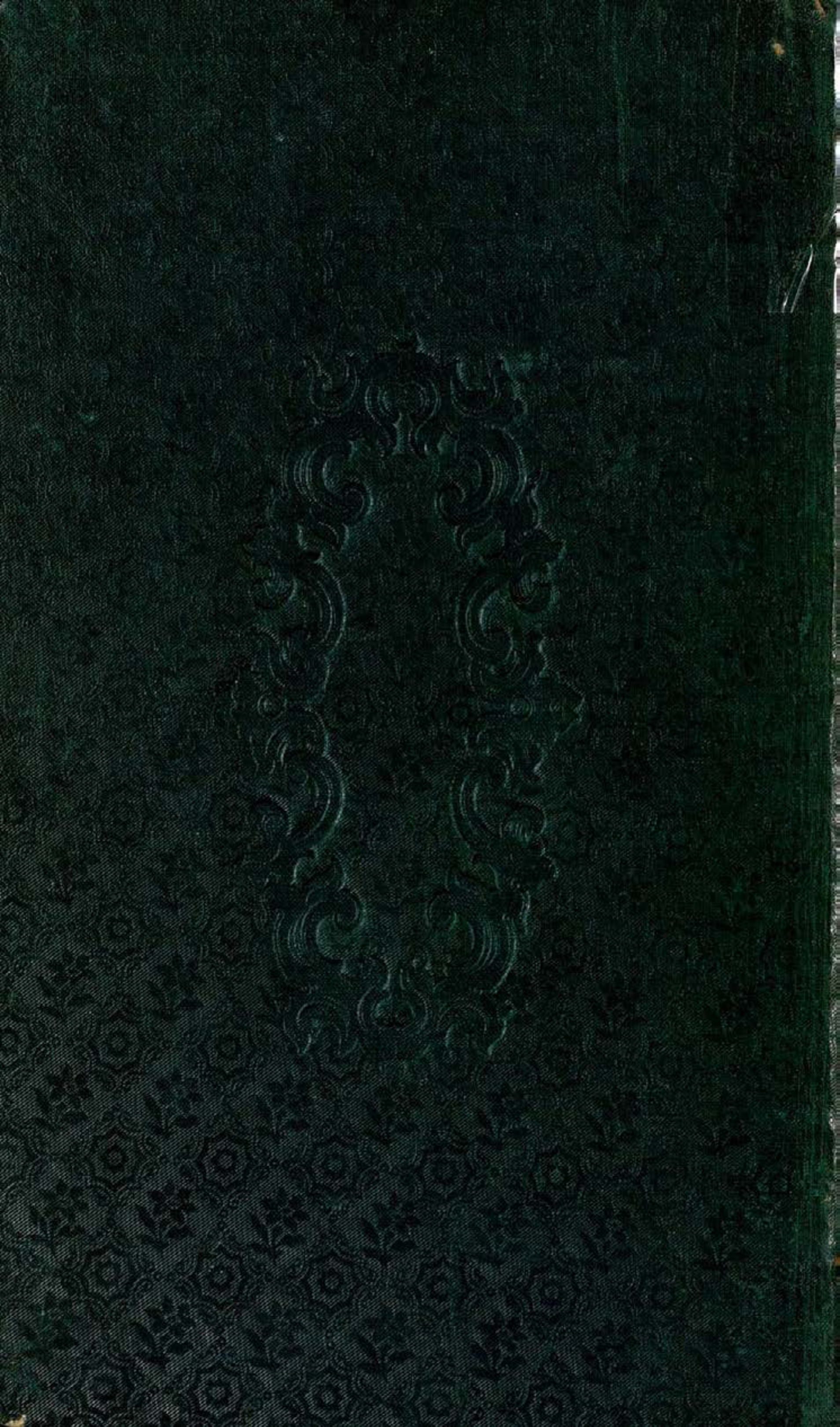
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